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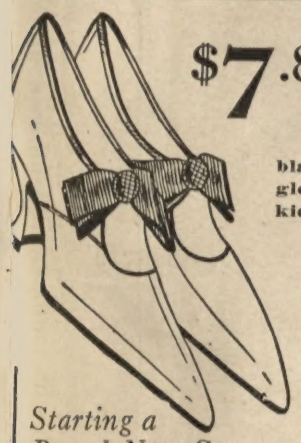
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1920 — NUMBER I

Some Indiana Characters

Great Hoosier Lawyers, Writers and Men of Affairs In Earlier Days Recalled and Vividly Described.

Mr. Nicholson, in contributing his paper to the first issues of "Topics," sent the following note:

> "If you care to chop some of the passages of this paper I suggest that you print a few words of preface to explain that it was written several years ago and used as an address, but never printed. Charlie Sherlock, the charming street car conductor referred to, has a job in Washington which he got through the friendship of Vice-President Marshall, who was a patron of the line."

Readers will be glad that it is impossible to "chop" the paper. And no preface is necessary, other than Mr. Nicholson's note. "Some Indiana Characters" will appear in subsequent issues.

By Meredith Nicholson

We who gain the watershed of the years, no matter how humble our station, or how flimsy our achievements, may be pardoned for loitering, to throw out and reappraise the accumulations in our pack with a view to lightening the load for further traveling. Those who pause at life's meridian to compare notes of their adventures may still profit by criticism; whereas others who wait to cache the reflection of their senectitude in the polar ice, to be resurrected by later travelers, may commit themselves irrevocably to error. If we have gained the ridge in good spirits we are still able to fight back, and to defend ourselves from attack.

The sunny slopes of forty are those that dip down on the farther side of the Great Divide. Any one can see with half an eye that they are far less precipitous than the geographers describe them. It appears from a cautious survey that by following the more deliberate streams that longest hold the heat of the sun we may delay appreciably our arrival at the polar waste. We are not of those who, having mislaid their charcoal tablets.

"in disdainful silence turn away,
Stand mute, self-centered, stern, and
dream no more."

We mean to give the official chloroformer a lively sprint before he overtakes us. We shall fool the world as long as we can by keeping our trousers pressed, and flaunting the bravest neckwear the haberdasher affords. By tacking a new collar to our spring overcoat and shaking out the mothballs we may carry it—thrown indifferently over the arm as though we never expected to use it,—a long way into November.

If we have scrambled to the top in some disorder, with an empty scabbard and a light haversack, it is all the more advisable to pause and take account of stock. We are old enough to know the value of an honest invoice and if we soberly face a trial balance at this altitude we may be spared the humiliation of finding the ultimate reckoning set down in red ink. We have lost some early illusions, but happily have gathered and retained a few others; and it may be that we have camped here and there in some bright orchard and nibbled the fruit of the tree of wisdom. If we are not seasoned veterans we are at least well out of sound of the fife and drum of the recruiting office, and those seductive pictures that were flung out for our beguilement at the point of enlistment seem pretty tawdry now that we have slept under frost and dew and made forced marches on empty stomachs.

Those of us who have reached the great watershed certainly can not complain of the fate that launched us on our pilgrimage in the last half of the nineteenth century.

An imaginative boy, born in the later sixties, could still hear the bugles and the clash of arms. Throughout this midwestern country every hearthside had its Iliad. Now and then, within my own recollection, there appeared at the doorstep of my childhood home in Crawfordsville, men, who, unable to re-domesticate themselves after four years of camp and field, still clung to the open road. How long the faded old army overcoat hung together,—and on how many shoulders it became an advertisement of valor, an asset, a plea for alms!

Having been denied the thrills of war itself it was no small compensation to look upon its heroes,—to observe daily in the street men who had commanded armies, to attend those gatherings of veterans that so brightly visualized for curious youth the magnitude of the great struggle of the sixties. If one's father had been of the mighty legion; if there existed in the garret a musket or a sword that he had borne in the conflict; if there remained, in a soap-box under the eaves, the roster of his company, an order or a report or a bundle of old letters, for inspection on rainy days, the luckier the lad to whom such memorabilia came as a birthright. It is inconceivable that any boy, born in those times, could have escaped the fascination of those heroes, whether he sat at meat with them daily in his own household, or saw them, in the streets, with the stamp of the drill sergeant still upon them. And nothing was so impressive as the fact that they had flung down their youth at the gage of battle.

The historian and the philosopher have not yet exhausted those decades that immediately followed the war. The social and political conditions of the post-bellum period present phenomena as interesting as any in our history, and in spite of the dark, shameful pages of reconstruction it still seems little short of a miracle that the combatants yielded themselves as readily as they did to readjustment. I remember when "The Fool's Errand" was a novel much discussed; it must have been the best seller of its day. But quite aside from its value as a criticism of life or as a protest against Ku-Klux ferocity, I recall Judge Tourgee's appearance in the Meridian Street Methodist pulpit one Sunday morning, dashingly arrayed in evening dress. The display of these obscene vestments, so coolly flaunted in the sanctuary, deepened my early impression of the literary life as a gay adventure, against which even the terrors of a provincial Sabbath could not prevail.

However, the garment oftenest in the eyes of the youth of those days was the enticingly described bloody shirt, whose pleasant appellation envisaged it in glowing scarlet and seemed to set it dancing on all the clothes-lines in Christendom. It was, I fancy, from the sheer contrariness of youth, that having heard from the cradle so much of the unreconstructed and menacing character of the Southern Colonels and Brigadiers, I early resolved to identify myself with the political party whose strength lay chiefly in the states lately in rebellion. I must be pardoned if I mention this the least bit jauntily, for in dark alleys and on vacant lots safely remote from the domestic altar, my irreconcilable playmates made necessary the defense of my apostasy with fists none too skillful and a frame wherein anemia threatened early extinction. My sinful leanings toward magnanimity and tolerance I shall not seek to justify on any high grounds; though perhaps there was a degree of sincerity in my feeling that the war being over it was preposterous to renew the fight every time the community was called upon to elect a constable.

Those feelings and agitations had the effect nevertheless of stimulating in most of my generation an interest in politics. The years between '76 and '84 were, in my retrospect, tinged with the very rose-color of romance. Many public characters were visible daily in the streets of our own city, and distinguished pilgrims were frequent visitors. The intense political feeling in the earliest presidential campaigns that I remember, established the contest for office, if not for principle, as an important item in the **entertainment**

(Continued on Page 16.)

94619
July 19, 1922

Winning Triumph in Europe

Walter Damrosch Orchestra's Tour of Foreign Capitals Veritable Conquest for American Music—Welcome in France.

By Ona B. Talbot

The most important musical undertaking in the history of American art is the European tour, by official invitation from the governments of France, Italy, Belgium and a committee of England's foremost musicians, of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, who sailed on the Rochambeau, April 22d, for a six weeks' tour. This was the first European tour ever undertaken by any American symphony orchestra, a tour which is unprecedented and indicates in a remarkable manner the new position of America in the world of music.

As the tour of the French cities is to be conducted under the auspices of the French government, Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra on arrival in Paris were officially received by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts and a delegation of French musicians and dignitaries headed by Camille Saint-Saens, Vincent d'Indy and Theodor Dubois. The reception and ceremony took place in the Grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne with the famous frescos of Puvis de Chavannes as a background.

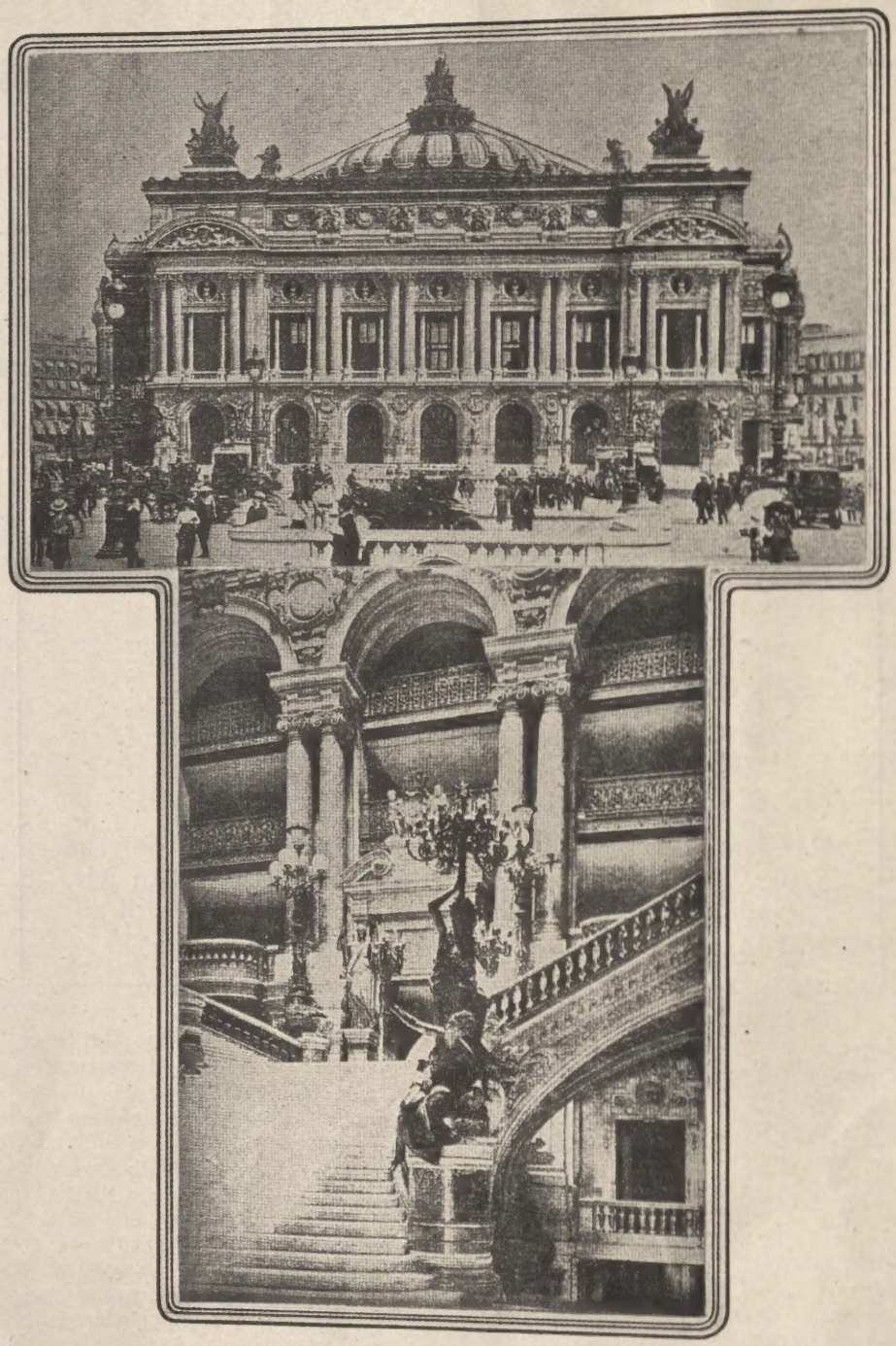
M. Lafere, the minister, welcoming the visitors, addressed Walter Damrosch as the dean of orchestral conductors in the United States and said that in this tour France desired to give to the Americans a proof of its sentiments of friendship.

Mr. Damrosch responded in French, saying:

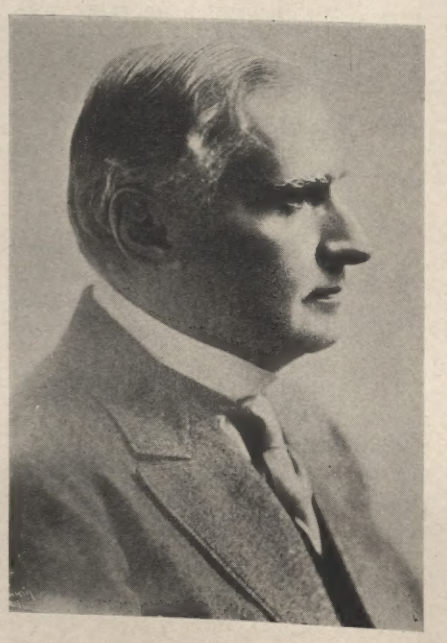
"The summer of 1918, monsieur, I spent in France, at a time when the enemy was almost knocking at the gates of Paris, and when his visiting cards were deposited there almost daily by the 'Gothas' and 'Big Berthas.'

Saw Chateau-Thierry Heroes

"On July 4th, I stood on the Champs Elysees and witnessed the welcome which you gave to our boys who had marched to Paris straight from Seicheprey and Chateau-Thierry, where they had so wonderfully proven their courage and manliness. It was one of those supreme moments in one's life-time which are unforgettable. My tears mingled with those of the crowds around me, as I saw the affectionate demonstration which the old men, the women and children gave to our marines as they marched by, under the Stars and Stripes.



NATIONAL THEATRE DE L' OPERA



WALTER DAMROSCH

"But today we come to you not dressed in khaki, but in sober black, not with the clarion but with the violin, not as messengers of war, under the god Mars, but as enthusiastic followers of the god Apollo. And we are proud to bend the knee and kiss the ground upon which Berlioz, Saint-Saens, d'Indy and so many other great geniuses of musical art were born.

"Art has no country, but artists have, and while our mission is artistic, and not political, we are glad of this opportunity which enables us again to testify to the love and admiration which we as Americans have for the citizens of France. We recognize the triumphs which you have won on the battle-fields, but your greatest mission in the future must be to lead in the arts of peace. And we hope with all our hearts that in the many years to come, your creative artists, back from the trenches, will again find that tranquillity of mind and soul that inner life of the spirit which transmutes the passions and aspirations of the world into exquisite works of art.

A Guarantee of Safety

"Never, never again shall this flow of inspiration from your country which has slaked the thirst of the world, be so ruthlessly interrupted. And to insure this, one hundred million American citizens will be ready—with their sword if need be—to guarantee your safety.

"We are deeply cognizant of the great honor which your country, through the Minister of Fine Arts, has conferred upon the New York Symphony Orchestra and myself in inviting us to visit your country. It is the first time that an American symphony orchestra has visted Europe. Please accept our musical ministrations as a tribute to you and to your art, from which we have drawn so much inspiration and encouragement.

"I need not tell you, monsieur, that the expense of transporting an orchestra of nearly one hundred men to Europe and of maintaining them here for two months is enormous—more than double what our receipts can possibly be. It would have been impossible for me to carry out this lovely mission, if it had not been for the wonderful generosity of the president of the New York Symphony Society, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler. It is altogether owing to his remarkable enthusiasm and generosity that the expenses of this tour have been met, and to him therefore belongs the honor, and to him we give our thanks for being here today."

The first program given in Europe, at the National Theatre de l'Opera, Paris, follows:

PROGRAM

Ouverture, "Benvenuto Cellini"---- Berlioz

Symphonie No. 3 (Heroique) en mi bemoll---------- Beethoven

Allegro con brio
Marche funebre. Adagio assai
Scherzo et trio. Allegro vivace
Finale. Allegro molto

Intermission

"Istar," Variations symphoniques.-- M. V. d'Indy

"Daphnis et Chloe," (Fragment symphonique) ---------- M. Ravel

Lever de jour—pantomime—
Danse generale

The opening programme was given on the evening of May 4th, followed by two other concerts the same week in Paris, after which the great American organization was heard in Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Monte Carlo, Genoa, Rome (three concerts), Florence, Bologne, Milan, Strasbourg, Metz, Nancy, Brussels, Antwerp, Liege,

(Continued on Page 16)

GREAT GOTHAM

Richard Bennett, Indiana Player, Stirs New York With the Production of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon"

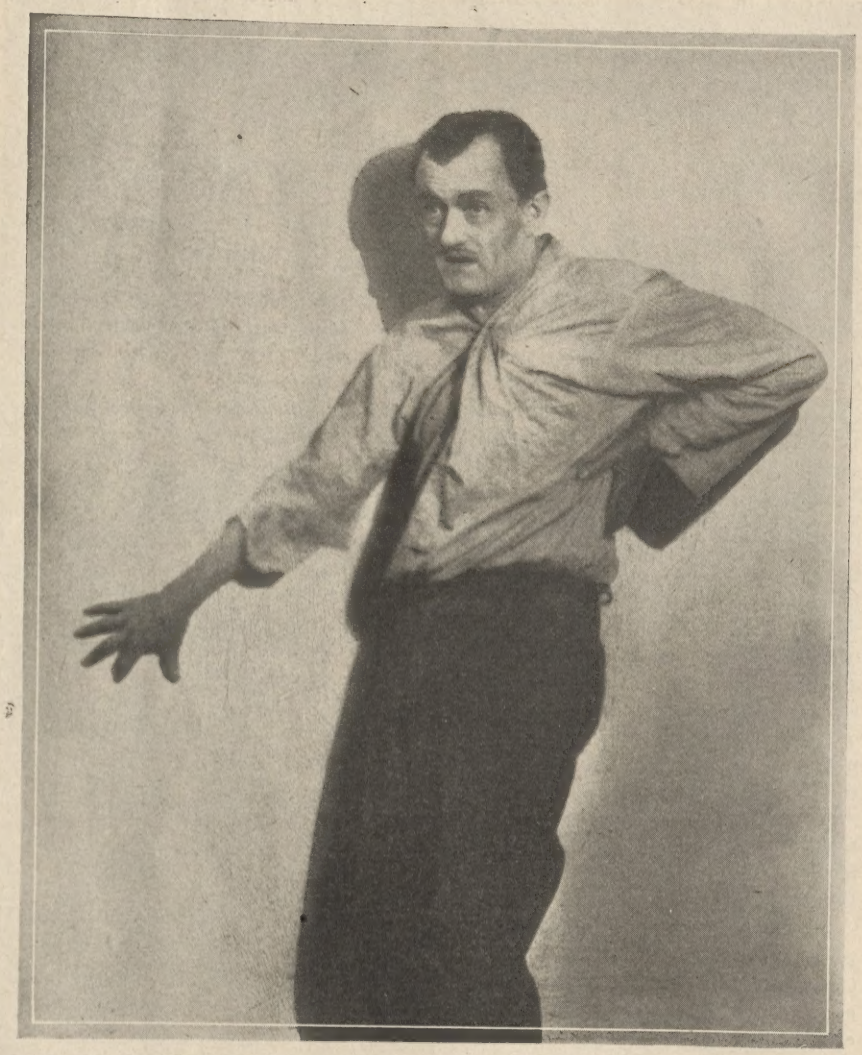
By Oliver M. Sayler

New York isn't all Hoosier—yet. Nor is everyone who is doing interesting and important work in art and letters by the Hudson a self-imposed exile from the banks of the Wabash. Still, the number of Indiana writers and painters and players and musicians in Great Gotham has become so extended and includes such a variety of talent and genius that the term "Hoosier" no longer summons the smile of sarcasm. On the contrary, the legend that everybody from Indiana either writes or draws or sings or acts—or at least that he could if he wished to—has become so widely accepted that a newcomer from that mysteriously productive commonwealth often finds himself hard put to live up to the ability he is assumed to possess.

It is only fair, therefore, in this first issue of a magazine made possible by the truth of these traditions, to begin my weekly record of the metropolitan panorama with the story of Richard Bennett and his success in one of the first of American realistic tragedies, "Beyond the Horizon." I have too much respect for Hoosier taste and sympathies to think that the readers of "Topics" will be satisfied with a mere recounting of the exploits of their fellow-citizens. Indiana joy in life consists in appreciation as well as in creation, and its appreciation is limited only by the scope of significant things and people which have been brought adequately to its attention. But when the significant happens incidentally to be Hoosier, too, its interest for us is heightened.

The story of Richard Bennett's rise from a humble Indiana fireside to a position of secure and acknowledged importance in the American theatre must be told some time. Just now, however, the romance of his struggle to bring before the public a play in which he believed and the decisive outcome of that struggle to provide sufficient theme, especially since that narrative has been somewhat neglected in the face of the equally engrossing romance of Eugene O'Neill, the author of the play and an Easterner, in getting his work produced.

The first I heard of "Beyond the Horizon" was out in Indiana last autumn. I was still in Huntington, completing my Russian books, when one afternoon in November the telephone



RICHARD BENNETT

rang and Richard Bennett was on the line.

"Come up to the theatre and see my new play," he said.

I pleaded illness and press of work, suspecting that "For the Defense" was just another machine-made melodrama, but to no avail.

"Come and see as much of it as you can stand," Bennett insisted. "I have something else to tell you about."

I remembered the eager independence which had led him to produce Brieux's "Damaged Goods" against all cautious advice a few years ago, and my curiosity concerning his new adventure got the better of me.

"For the Defense" was all I had expected. I stayed to the end, however, held by the persuasive freshness of Bennett's young newspaper reporter. Then at the end of the play came the real story, the first chapters of romance in the making. We didn't know its outcome then. It was still to be worked out in life. And the conclusion might be propitious, it might be disastrous.

"You see," said Bennett, "I ran across a real play last spring, a genuine American tragedy. 'Beyond the Horizon,' it's called, and Eugene O'Neill wrote it. It's his first full length play."

That sounded intresting. Eugene is the son of James O'Neill, of "Monte Cristo" fame. After a roustabout career at sea he settled down in a lonely spot on the Cape Cod coast by the waves he loved. Thence he emerged to fame at the hands of the Provincetown Players, for whose experimental and iconoclastic little stage in Macdougall Street, New York, he wrote several stark and impressive one-act plays.

"First, I got my manager, John D. Williams, interested in the manuscript," continued Bennett. "But he couldn't see any way to bring it to the stage. Then, at the end of my season in 'The Unknown Purple,' I took it out to the Pacific coast with me and read it and talked it to everyone who would listen. When I returned in the fall, Williams agreed to let me put it in rehearsal alongside this melodrama and try it on the road. There was so much work to be done on the latter, however, that I've had no time to spend on the play, which is the real reason for fooling around with this stuff. I'm going to do the O'Neill piece, though, no matter how long I have to wait."

That was the last I heard of "Beyond the Horizon" until I came East. By that time, Bennett was housed in the Morosco Theater, still droning away in "For the Defense."

Then one day, the first week in February, O'Neill's tragedy was announced for a series of matinees on the off days at the Morosco—a favorite way in recent years to edge a good play into timid Broadway. Stuart Walker proved his right to night performances of the "Portmanteau" in this manner. The Coburns won full time for the revival of "The Yellow Jacket" by the matinee method. The last season has been dotted by a half dozen similar attempts, not all of them successful. Bennett's project differed from the others in that it kept him and his company working at the rate of two performances a day throughout the week.

Broadway Dubious

The game, however, wasn't yet won. Broadway was still dubious about night performances of realistic American tragedy. "For the Defense" wore itself out and went on the near-by road, and still Bennett and his players came into the city to give matinees of O'Neill's piece. Then the managers began to think—an ex post facto process with most managers. The author's friends must have been exhausted by this time. Could it be that the general public had foresworn their supposed demand for the happy ending? It was worth a gamble to try them out. And so the stage of Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre, at present under lease by Oliver Morosco, was offered to Bennett, the very place he had set his heart on weeks before.

The rest of the story is known to all who follow the theatre. Well past its hundredth performance, "Beyond the Horizon" is one of a mere handful of serious plays to defy a summer sun. If the sun becomes too jealous, it may have to take a siesta until September, but it has lived long enough to bring sound satisfaction to player and author, substantial remuneration in return for their courage to be artists in a den of gamblers, and a searchlight ray of hope for the American theatre. If the rest of the country wishes to live up to its boasted superiority in taste over that of New York, it will permit Richard Bennett to do little else next season.

The Play's Story

The up-curve of Richard Bennett's success with "Beyond the Horizon" is only accentuated by the down-curve of the story of the play itself. Here is tragedy without compromise, without mitigation. The opening note of fresh romance is almost immediately clouded and from that point to the inevitable end, hope dies gradually away. Even "Lear" and "Hamlet" had their moments of apparent respite near the end, but O'Neill could find no gleam of reassurance in the lives of his foredoomed figures, and he is too faithful a realist to pretend that one existed.

The tragedy of Robert and Ruth Mayo is simply the tragedy of surrendered ideals—a dream relinquished

not at the demand of duty, but under the persuasion of a lesser dream. Robert, poet and visionary, gives up his cabin on his uncle's ship, gives up the lands beyond the horizon, when he discovers on the eve of departure that Ruth Atkins loves not his brother Andrew, but himself. Off to sea goes Andrew, therefore, although it is manifest that he is the one of the two to wring the boon of the harvest out of the begrudging New England acres. With the choice once accepted, an inexorable fate begins to draw its natural conclusions. On the death of his father, Robert lets the farm go to wreck, unable to see why it will not respond to his tireless but aimless labor, and vaguely hoping for a turn in fortune. Ruth tries to hold matters together until her body and her patience are exhausted and then she revolts against the fatal choice she has made. She yearns for Andrew's return and confesses her yearning to Robert—a yearning and a confession which are doubly embittered when the sailor comes back for a day with all thought of his youthful romance gone and with no intention to settle down and rescue the drifting homestead.

Years pass, and to the spiritual havoc there is added the specter of tuberculosis, snatching at the body of Robert, weakened by failure and despair. Once more Andrew returns, but it is too late, and the three, huddled together for Robert's dying moments, face the wreckage they have made of life.

Characters That Live

O'Neill has drawn his characters from the New England and the sea which he knows. Once conceived and started on their way, he refuses to interpose to point a moral or to please a public. Almost the only constructive fault the play possesses is the failure at times to realize the mechanical limitations of our theatre. With the present equipment of the best of our stages, the imaginative play finds outdoor scenes difficult enough, despite its slight demands on our credulity. Realistic drama, taxed at every point to sustain its illusion, encounters almost insuperable obstacles in outdoor settings, and yet almost half of "Beyond the Horizon" is played under the sky. Either O'Neill will have to learn the limitations of our stages, or our theatre will have to refit itself. There can be no doubt as to which of these solutions is the more desirable!

The typical Broadway manager is not the only one who is perplexed by the success of such a play as "Beyond the Horizon." Its artistic merits would not have been altered if it had not outlived its matinees. But there stands its material success as well. What is the reason?

I think the answer is fairly simple. Realistic tragedy has tried its fortunes in our theatres almost always in foreign guise. Ibsen and Hauptmann and Galsworthy and the rest may have presented universal problems and situations and ideas through universally typical characters. But the local element was always strong enough to interpose a bar to our complete understanding and appreciation. Give us Americans, faced by the questions which all of us know all too well, show them to us enmeshed in a pitiable fate, and you can be as relentless in your realism as life and art demand. Eugene O'Neill has taken up the mantle of Eugene Walter where Walter dropped it after he had finished "The Easiest Way." I hope his incentive will be so stimulating that he will have to share it with others in the seasons just ahead.

A Bit of Fine Acting

Anyone who knows Dick Bennett as an actor, who has seen him put a note of intelligence and imagination into the veriest clap-trap of our theatre, can understand how he has risen to the opportunity which he has dreamed and fought for His Robert Mayo stands beside the Lincoln of Frank McGlynn, the Henry Clegg of Dudley Digges and the Richard III of John Barrymore in the acting record of the latter half of the present season. It is surpassed only by the astonishing work of Jacob Ben Ami in Yiddish at the Jewish Art Theatre. I was never struck before by the similarity between Bennett and Barrymore, but no one can come away from the terrifying moments of that last act of "Beyond the Horizon" without calling Barrymore's Falder in Galsworthy's "Justice." There is nothing of imitation here: Bennett rings too true for that. It is simply a case of parallel gifts.

The ablest member of Bennett's supporting company is easily Louise Closser Hale, another guarantor of respect from Indiana. The steely staccato of her picture of crabbed age as the mother of Ruth is one of the most brilliant if not the pinnacle of her varied gallery in human portraiture. Erville Alderson, who plays Robert's father with raw-boned conviction, is another actor known to Indiana through stock company service. Nobody has yet sounded the possibilities of the role of Ruth, although three have tried it thus far.

An illuminating incident a few days ago threw into high light the significance of O'Neill's play. Winthrop Ames, the Little Theatre builder and proprietor, had just returned from a winter and spring in California. He dropped in, "just to see the first act." He stayed for the second act, and then for the third. After the final curtain, he went back to Bennett's dressing room, beaming with enthusiasm and satisfaction.

"Do you know," he said, "this is just the kind of play for which I built this theatre?"

October 14, '02

This morning at my window
The sun flashed in the tree,
A new and vague rejoicing
I felt spring up in me.

A swift and graceful vision
Had slipped my spirit by:
Two journeyed far in strange old lands,
Delighted—you and I.



In the midst of a wild scramble of excited ponies and men on the broad polo field south of Bellaire woods rode a trim little woman on a sorrel hunter. She was apparently the coolest person on the field, and she called fouls, settled questions of prime importance to the two captains, stopped the game if necessary and otherwise demonstrated the superhuman acumen necessary to a referee in the ancient and honorable game of polo.

Mrs. Robert H. Hassler, the firm and hardy referee of Hassler Field and the Bellaire Polo Club of Indianapolis, is calmly enthusiastic, judiciously exuberant, cooly buoyant, over the game of polo and all its players, ponies and paraphernalia. The lady will no more let her emotions over the game run away with her than she would let her pony carry her off. And her emotions on the subject are just as real as the pony.

Health in Polo

Four years ago, when Robert Hassler found that some sort of physical exercise was necessary to a state of perfect health, he took up polo with a mild interest. Now it is plainly evident to the dullest observer that the long, lean, tan gentleman in khaki-colored breeches and yellow shirt is wildly interested. He makes no attempt to restrain himself in the matter, and while he and his white pony, a new one that is just learning the meaning of a flashing ball and a swinging mallet, are off in a long easy lope, Mrs. Hassler pulls off her gloves—they button on the back of her wrist—and tells what polo has done for "Rob," for eleven-year-old Betty Jane Hassler, for the ponies, and what it is going to do for Indianapolis.

Hassler Field is apparently the ideal spot in these parts for a polo field. It is just north of the Fairgrounds, where the stables are easily available for the players, each of whom uses four ponies in one game. There is just one stable now at Hassler Field, accommodating at present sixteen ponies, but the plan is to build two or three more, a grand stand, and a track around the field, which will be enlarged to the regulation size, 900 by 450 feet. The

(Continued on Page 22.)

What SHALL WE DO for a Place in Which to Live?

Dispossessed of ancestral dwellings by the fat offers of garage and apartment house builders, thrust forth into the hot, motor crowded street by the pyramiding demands of the landlord who is obtaining his while the obtaining is not difficult, wanting to get out where there are sunshine and flowers and play space for the children, wrought up enough to go to extreme lengths just to get back one tiny particle of the freedom from worries about a roof to abide under, folks of Indianapolis run smack up against this troublesome question:

"What shall we do about a house?"

Well, what shall we? Building material and labor are high and scarce. To rent or lease a place which corresponds in the remotest sense to one's ideas of a home is not even considered any more. Houses are for sale, but not enough of them to preclude the necessity for a long, exasperating search for the right thing. Indianapolis, according to estimates of the Chamber of Commerce, while not possessed of a tent colony, needs at least 3,000 new houses to provide normally for her rapidly increasing population.

What, then, shall we do about that house?

Here are answers from representative citizens:

Watt Pugh, secretary of the Security Trust Company—Buy a house already built. Despite the fact that there is much talk about a shortage of houses I find that most agents have some very attractive homes for sale at prices which really are not much higher than those of three or four years ago. Of course, if you want to incorporate your own ideas in your home and must build it, it is possible to build and come out pretty well. I know several people who are putting up their own places and seem to be getting through without much trouble. However, with material prices as high as they are and the shortage of both labor and material so evident, many people who start building just now find out before they get done that the project costs them a whole lot more than they thought it would. I expect that if people keep on buying at the present rate the supply will be pretty well cleaned out by the end of the summer, but even then I do not believe it will be entirely exhausted, for new places will become available from time to time.

O. D. Haskett, president of the O. D. Haskett Lumber Co.—Naturally I am prejudiced, but I think I'm fair when

(Continued on Page 21.)

From Written to Spoken Word

Louise Closser Hale Makes Her Name Known in Drama After Establishing Herself as a Writer —Considers the Wordless Movie.



IN "FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

It is one thing to be called a success—it is another to look like the success that is supposed to go with the word of the press agent—to combine the two is the happy fate of very few people in a world of half-successes and failures.

Louise Closser Hale, whose reputation as an actress and writer is international, is that happy creature, the success she looks. Being an Indianapolis woman, educated in the Indianapolis schools, and still having a mother and other relatives in the Hoosier capital, Mrs. Hale must expect that Indianapolis will claim a share in her fame. She is claimed by the writing fraternity for some eighty odd stories and probably a dozen more books,—novels and books of travel,—and her position as an actress, attested by a long and successful career, is further strengthened by her important work in the organization of Stage Women's War Relief.

Now the movies have made a play for her attention and talents, in the person of no less a genius than David Wark Griffith. Whether they will ever obtain her services is problematic, for Mr. Griffith made his attempt on a false premise.

The program at the Little Theater in New York, where Mrs. Hale is playing in "Beyond the Horizon," said that the ugly, cross-grained paralytic in the wheel chair was Louise Closser Hale.

"Well," said David to Wark, "this is the very old woman I've been looking for. She's fearfully ugly, she has so many double chins they look accordion-pleated, and for all her misfortunes she's a human old cross-patch."



"IN OLD KENTUCKY"

While Mr. Griffith waited back stage to meet Mrs. Hale, he began to think over the possibilities of putting "Beyond the Horizon" on the screen along with his precious find. "Not many old ladies that ugly who can act, you know. Well worth putting her on the screen in this thing—Bennett should photograph well, and this old lady is a wonder."

Presently Mrs. Hale would see Mr. Griffith. Alas, where was his old lady? This beautiful, gracious person in a fashionable hat and veil and trim tailormade who greeted the picture producer was not possibly the wrinkled rider of the wheel chair! But that was just what she was.

His amazement was too genuine to be concealed. Mrs. Hale's brown eyes twinkled while she explained to the shocked movie man the mysteries of making up a double chin.

"You may put that kind of double chin over behnd the footlights," was his sorrowful comment, "but it's simply beyond the horizon in the movies.

When Mrs. Hale was Louise Closser she began her career on the stage with a merry troupe of barn-stormers. And the trouping spirit, brought to light at an early age, has remained strong ever since. The desire of most actor people to settle for a long winter's run in New York is not shared by the actress.

The photograph, hatted and ruffled, the height of fashion of the period, is Louise Closser in the happy days when she was the adventuress of "In Old Kentucky." She revelled in a yellow organdie dress trimmed with black butterflies—to show how wicked she was—and she and her gay companions traveled 26,000 miles during a season of one night stands in the West. She made various appearances in Indianapolis, one of the most memorable being at the old Grand in a tremendous thriller, "The Great Diamond Robbery," in which she was the hunted heroine, snooping around a darkened stage with a lantern and a misery cloak.

One day Bernard Shaw's "Candida" was put on in New York, and Prossy was played by Louise Closser Hale. She was a great success, and played all winter in New York, later touring the country. In "Friendly Enemies" in London a year ago, she was very popular. Her tiny part in "For the Defense," in which she played with Richard Bennett last winter, was a contrast that Indianapolis theatergoers had not expected, consequently suffering outraged feelings. The Bennett company introduced "Beyond the Horizon" at matinees for lack of a theater, and now they have given up "For the Defense" entirely and devote their evenings to the O'Neill play.

Mrs. Hale's home in Washington Square is the scene of many of her happiest activities. She has a passion for home decorating, and the spring usually finds her engaged in the laborious task of making a house look like a vision of spring. No work is too tiresome when the spirit moves her. A bedroom, done over this season in tones of green and tan, required a striking note to give it the right effect. By the expedient of placing bowls of different colored flowers in the room she discovered that the right thing was lilac, and a mahogany chair was sacrificed to the god of home decoration.

Green is Mrs. Hale's favorite color, especially in the spring time. While walking in the early spring in Washington Square Park with her sister, Mrs. Tarkington Baker, she was in an expansive mood on the subject.

"What shade of green do you suppose my new green frock and parasol and cushions and furniture enamel are?" she inquired.

Mrs. Baker cast a speculative glance about. The too substantial trees, the permanent grass, the light vines, green but undoubtedly well-rooted, were all too stable to represent that sort of verdancy that would be chosen by Louise Closser Hale.

Just then a bus went by.

"Bus green?" suggested Mrs. Baker.

A born trouper, even her favorite color is best represented in something that moves.



IN "CANDIDA"

TOPICS

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS IS PUBLISHED IN INDIANAPOLIS. ¶ IT IS CALLED TOPICS, AND ENDEAVOR WILL BE MADE TO OBSERVE THE FINEST STANDARDS IN ORIGINAL AND CRITICAL EFFORT. ¶ THIS INITIAL ISSUE, THEREFORE, IS NOW OFFERED TO A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC AND SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED AT FOUR DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE—THREE MONTHS TRIAL FOR ONE DOLLAR

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS

Editorial

AN INTRODUCTORY REMARK

This is the first issue of "Topics." The magazine will be published weekly and will discuss affairs of interest to Indianapolis and Indiana people, paying most attention to events in the world of art, literature, music and the theatre. It will be an organ of discussion rather than a record of news. Expressions of opinion are invited.

We have no high sounding program, our intention being merely to establish a medium through which ideas and opinions may be expressed. Indianapolis merchants have recognized the need for such a publication, as may be seen from their liberal patronage of the advertising columns of this first issue. Indiana artists and writers have also expressed a keen interest.

George Ade says, "Your enterprise has my best wishes." Meredith Nicholson has offered several kindly and timely suggestions, while Booth Tarkington sends "Congratulations and best wishes for the success of the enterprise."

"Topics" makes no promises and is engaged in no uplift or reform movements. Subsequent issues will speak for themselves.

TAKE A LOOK AHEAD

The politicians that foregathered at Chicago last week and those that will assemble at San Francisco in a few days should bear in mind constantly that there is no disposition in the United States to hark back to the days of 1870 for ideas on the readjustment of the political and economic situation.

"Unrest" is a sadly overworked word. Everybody talks about unrest on the part of the other fellow. Capital says the chief trouble with labor is unrest, in the form of desire for longer pay envelopes and shorter hours. Labor says the chief trouble with the country is capital's desire to multiply more rapidly, which is another form of unrest. The rest of us, in between capital and labor, are guilty of unrest because we are forever kicking about high prices charged us by business men who, when they verge on the edge of profiteering, are themselves guilty of unrest.

It has been a long time since there was absolutely no unrest whatever. It is such a far cry back to the days of Lincoln, Jefferson and Jackson that the worthy politicians who do this far crying so eloquently on the stump forget that there was unrest even in those days. Lincoln found little comfort recalling the days of Jackson, and Jefferson certainly did not ease his worries by recalling the early days of Washington in the first White House.

Politicians, therefore, who try to tempt the people this year with the suggestion that we all get together and go back to the good old days of Lincoln or Jefferson, will be wasting their time. The country is going forward, not backward.

There is nothing alarming in this fact, for the country has gone forward most of the time since 1787. It is not necessary, in the interest of progress, to take off the brakes. Neither is it necessary to jam them down hard. But it is essential that the engineer keep his eye on the track ahead, and those of us interested in knowing whither are we drifting will also keep an eye out in front. It will be just as well if the politicians will remember these things, and forego their ancient habit of tempting us to look back. Whatever the outcome of the election next fall, it is a safe bet that the country will choose a man who talks of today and tomorrow rather than yesterday.

THE KOKOMO IDEA

This city should be grateful to young Kokomo for more than its good automobiles and the fact that it gave Daniel Voorhees Pike to the world via the nimble brain of Booth Tarkington. Kokomo has produced, perfected polished and placed before the world the Kokomo idea.

The Kokomo idea is that every Kokomo man who has a sound industrial idea and a dollar is entitled to the dollars and sense of every other Kokomo man. Everybody in Kokomo backs everybody else in Kokomo. When a new factory starts in Kokomo, it is financed in Kokomo instead of Chicago, Zanesville, Neosho or New York City. Kokomo has adopted team play from the sport world, the "You scratch my back I'll scratch yours" idea from the political world, and worked them into a splendid industrial program.

It would not be fair to say that Indianapolis men are copying the Kokomo idea. On the other hand, the fact remains the Kokomo idea has been put to work here. Several of the best business heads of the city have joined their resources and judgments in the reorganization of the Midwest Engine Company. It is safe to predict that the company, as reorganized, will be successful. A company whose directorate includes the names Allison, Cole, Marmon, Sommers, Fisher, Fletcher and Wainwright is a good bet. Their joining hands means much for the company.

But the fact that they have turned to in a joint effort means more to the city, even, than it does to the Midwest Engine Company. This move will be a winner and it will be followed almost certainly by other such local co-operative efforts. With Indianapolis business men pulling together, and with back-biting and jealousies of the past forgotten, the city will go ahead more rapidly than before.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

The clever paragrapher of the News, who has been paragraphing brilliantly for so long that Indianapolis has come to take it as a matter of course and forgotten his name, was constrained to borrow a remark from a New York humorist the other day and apply it to the city of Indianapolis. The first hundred years, he said, are the hardest. Nobody has disputed that statement as to individual life. It remains to be seen whether the statement holds good for the city of Indianapolis.

There were tough times in the first hundred years for Indianapolis, but even so the first hundred years were not nearly so hard as they might have been. The city did not have to take off its coat and go out and work to round up the advantages of natural gas. No great effort was required to bring the interurban systems here, and most of the railroads came of their own accord. The most encouraging thing for the next hundred years is the fact that Indianapolis business men have at last come to realize that they can not sit around and wait for more good things to fall into the city's lap. There is a disposition now to go out and do things for the good of the community.

There is more collective effort in the direction of city boosting than there has been in years. We go into the second hundred years with the same natural advantages, the same splendid shipping facilities and the same sound social and political foundation on which Indianapolis was built. One added factor is the increasing tendency toward collective effort in bringing such industrial concerns as Duesenberg and Westinghouse. Another good omen is the new disposition of industrial and financial leaders to get together for the promotion of established home institutions such as the Midwest Engine Company. If these new trends persist, Indianapolis will travel much further the second hundred years than the first, and it will not be as rough going.

Editorial

Gossip of the Village

B. A. Worthington says that within three years Indianapolis will have a population of half a million people.

That is a lot of folks.

They will require houses, street car service, electric light service, paved streets, water service, gas service and all the other facilities that your modern city requires. Cities that go ahead nowadays put in their time planning and plotting improvements. It behooves Indianapolis, therefore, to see that the question of public utilities is adequately solved. There is no profit in criticising public service companies, any more than there was permanent profit in the tactics of the public service companies in the old days that begot much criticism. The public service companies must be permitted to get off the financial rocks, and must be placed in a position where they can extend and improve service, not only for the sake of the present population of the city, but for the sake of the half million of us who will be here three years hence.

We assume this half million, not because Mr. Worthington's word is law, but because it is corking good forecasting.

There is another publisher in town, one Harold Hall, of Chicago, who has come down to take charge of the Daily Times and help Jack Lederer make the paper a greater institution. He has been so busy he has not had time to mix around and meet many of the folks. He is all right.

William Blodgett tickled the neighbors last week with a tale about a man from Ferdinand at the convention in Chicago, who said "Whoop" to his soup. It was the only occasion recorded by Mr. Blodgett when a convention delegate used that word.

Many of the natives are ready for their vacations. They wound up the first hundred years with the Scottish Grand Opera Company, the Speedway Race, Centennial Celebration and the Advertising Convention. Long restful vacations will be popular.

Studebaker

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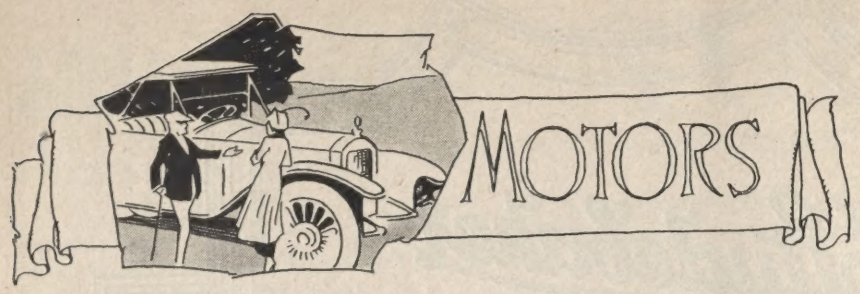
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60-H. P. detachable-head motor; intermediate transmission; 126-inch wheelbase, insuring ample room for seven adults.

All Studebaker Cars are equipped with Cord Tires—another Studebaker precedent.

"This is a Studebaker Year"





In this year of strenuous concocting, brewing, mixing, stirring, and doping of recipes in an effort to produce something with a real kick, the world's championship has gone to Jupiter Dope, supreme deity of the sport universe. It was on May 31 at the annual 500-mile Speedway race that his loftiness hit upon his celestial recipe for the now famous Elixir of Speed. Ever since Mount Olympus went dry and 2.75 per cent ambrosia was knocked out the Old Man and his side kick, Mr. Bacchus, had been working day and night in a game attempt to concoct something containing a real wallop to put pep into a thrill-tired world.

And here's the way old Jupiter Dope mixed his 1920 Speedway punch, the Elixir of Speed, that turned the trick.

The old gentleman took two dozen of the fastest automobiles in the world, manned them with an equal number of the finest drivers, poured in a schooner each of sportsmanship, science, and skill, added a large portion of courage cordial, along wtih gameness gin. He then put in the needed perseverance punch and a litre of luck, both bitter and sweet. Afterward his majesty added pep and ginger to suit taste, sprinkled liberally with thrills, mixed them all thoroughly and poured them into the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Bowl for the big $70,000 prize party on Monday, May 31.

The result was some kick, as any one of the 120,000 spectators, the greatest crowd in the history of Speedway racing, will willingly admit.

Two Kinds of Luck

Gaston Chevrolet, winner, had the courage and the sweet luck and Ralph DePalma had the same courage and the same amount of luck, but his potion was bitter, and Joe Boyer and Art Klein in Frontenacs supplied enough pep and ginger for a dozen races. The whole Duesenberg crew, Tommy Milton, Tom Alley, Pete Henderson, Ralph Mulford, Eddie Hearne, Jimmy Murphy and Eddie O'Donnell, had the perseverance punch, and by sheer grit, fighting determination and the stable construction of their cars came from nowhere in the race and in the last 250 miles placed five cars in the first ten finishers. Rene Thomas and Jean Chassagne, the French blue devils of speed, had the science and skill and landed in second and sixth places respectively. And the whole bunch, the Gregoire and Peugeot teams who didn't place, and the Meteor and Richards Specials, who fought to the very last, all had sportsmanship.

For many miles along toward the end of the race it looked as if the old tradition that no winner ever should repeat would be broken, for Ralph DePalma, winner in 1915, was running in first place, with Rene Thomas, winner in 1914, in third position. Between them was Gaston Chevrolet, in his green, Indianapolis-made Monroe, and when that old DePalma jinx got back on the job with all his old time effectiveness just 30 miles from the end, Gaston stepped out in the lead and a new name was added to the list of Speedway victors. Best of all, the long string of victories for foreign built cars was brought to an end.

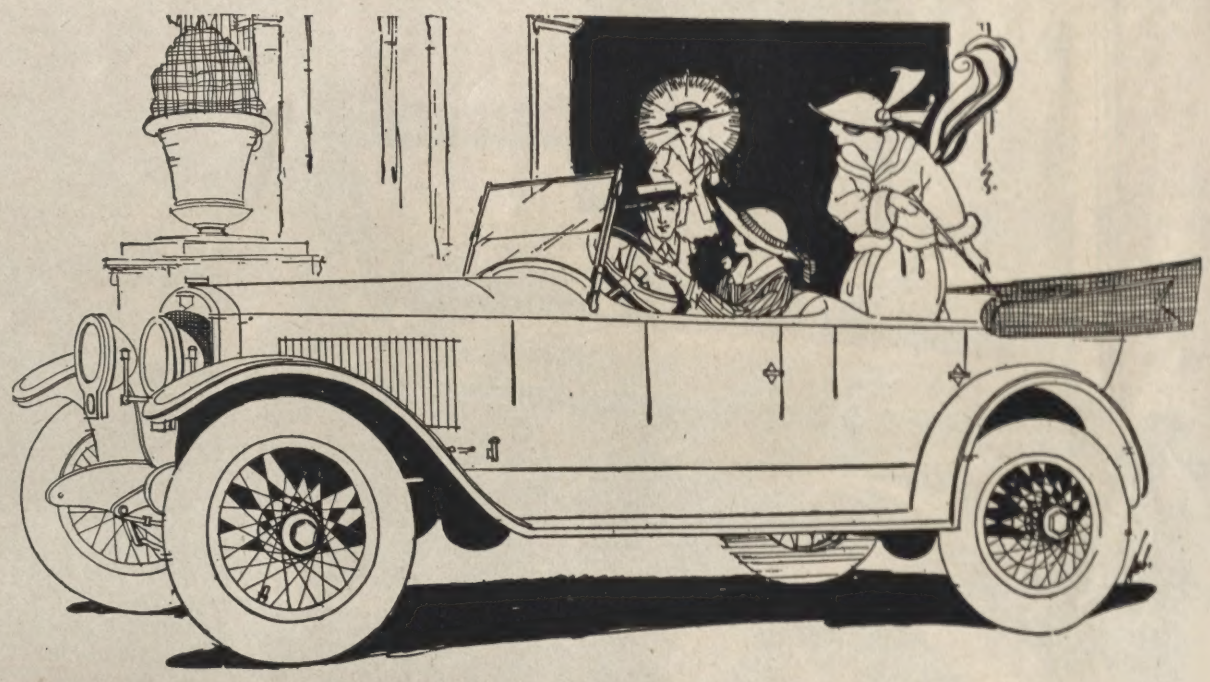
Results of the American victory, the first in eight long, lean years, may not be appreciated fully until next racing season. It is anticipated that under the inspiration of the Monroe success the large automobile manufacturing concerns which but for their more energetic younger brothers would have abandoned racing completely to the foreigners will be back in the game. As a result of the genius of Louis Chevrolet, the courage of Arthur, the determined, heady driving of Gaston, and the "come-come-take-a-chance" spirit of the William Small Company, it is not blowing one's 1921 bubbles too large to visualize Marmons, Nationals, Packards, Hudsons, Stutzes, Roamers and many of the other old timers hitting on high in a Speedway event once again.

Along this very line it was noticed that Harry C. Stutz gave all the cars a close-up, all-around, once-over the day of the big race and made a detailed visit to several team sheds on afternoons before the event. Though there hasn't been a single murmur, nor even so much as one clandestine unofficial flutter, the dope is that these snappy new H. C. S.'s certainly would go strong among the new 183 cubic inch displacement racers.

It takes no formal questionnaire addressed to a ouija board to find out whether or not the foreigners are going to be here next year. According to reports from England the Sunbeams will reappear to brighten up a corner of the track. By that time the Fiat factory will be on the pre-war production basis and may be counted upon for several entries. The Gregoires will have to be taken seriously after this year's expeditionary trip, and the good old Ballots and Peugeots will be right at the mark when the 1921 starting bomb bursts into air.

As bedecked and heavy laden with decorations as he already is, we would pin one more medal on the broad American chest of Eddie Rickenbacker with special citation for cleverness in after-dinner speechifying; for an unflagging remembrance of those American youngsters who lie at rest beneath those little mounds in France, and for sounding a real keynote for races of future years, at the lap prize banquet at the Claypool Hotel Monday evening, June 2, as follows: "I hope that the Speedway management will continue for many years to bar the entry of German cars from the race. I want

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to congratulate the Frenchmen. If it wasn't for these Frenchmen we might not have had the pleasure of witnessing such a thrilling race. The Huns might have been holding it."

De Palma's Real Trouble

The old DePalma Jinx was in a playful mood. This year the sportive hoodoo that has stuck so closely to the great driver in all but one of his Indianapolis races, announced its unseen presence at the very outset, when it sent him to the pits on the preliminary lap with a flat tire, a thing hitherto unknown on the local track. Jinx then kidded Ralph along for 470 miles, but with only 30 miles to go and DePalma five miles ahead of the field, it got busy in earnest. Gasoline from a leaky line came in contact with one of the two magnetos that drive the blonde Ballot. A fire broke out under the hood just as DePalma was rounding into the home stretch. While he was fighting the trouble, Ralph sent friend nephew and mechanician, Peter DePaolo, to the pits for additional gasoline as a precautionary measure. This gave rise to the report that the car was out of gasoline, which was not the case. Ralph made temporary repairs but on the next lap a second fire occurred that put the magneto entirely out of commission. He limped into fifth place with four of his eight cylinders and one-half his ignition system out of the running.

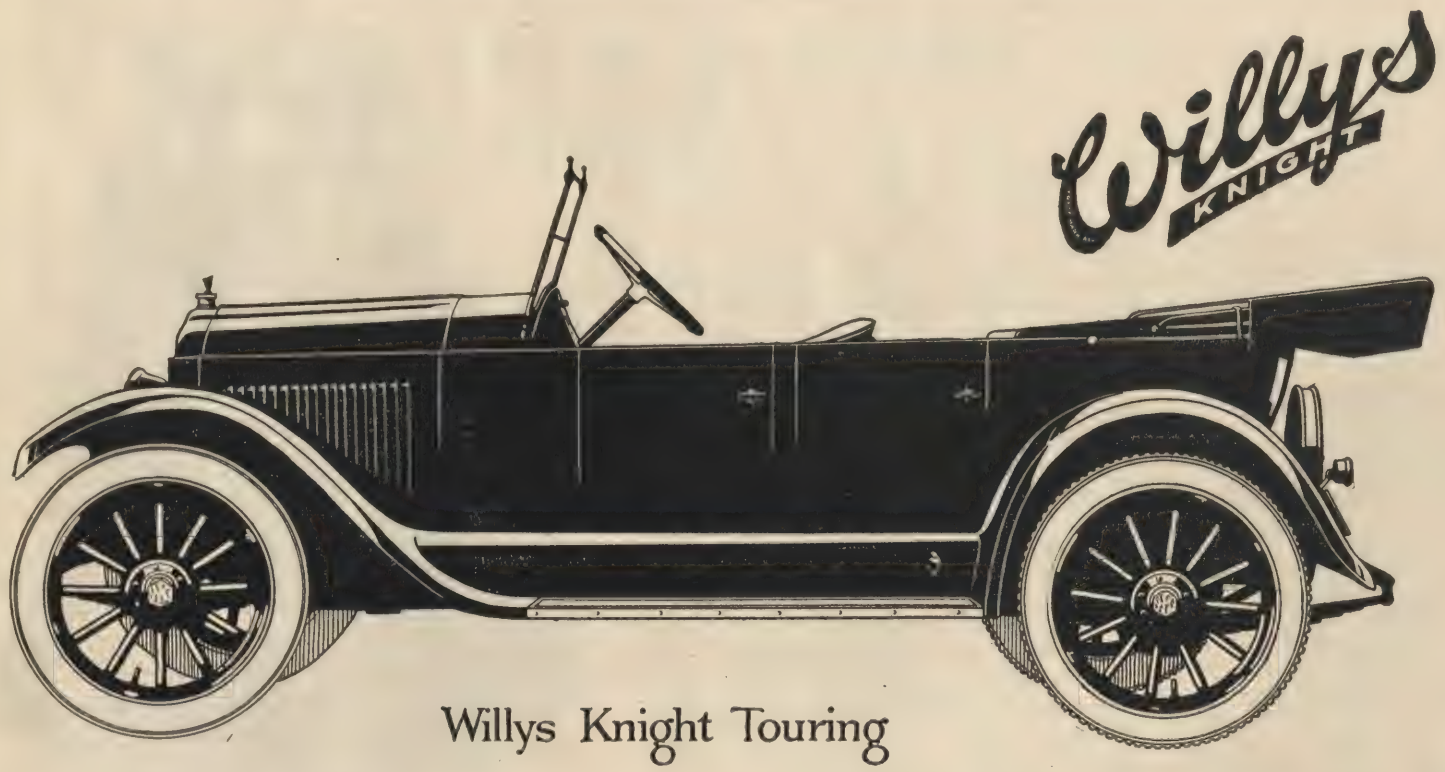
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The Newark Automobile Trade Association, of Newark, N. J., intends promoting a farm development truck tour similar to the one recently conducted by the Indianapolis Auto Trade Association.

C. E. Holgate, secretary of the Newark association, has written John B. Orman, manager of the Indianapolis association, for full particulars covering the staging of such a tour. The success of the Indiana tour has attracted the interest of automobile trade associations throughout the country.

The Lathrop-McFarland Company, distributor of the Cole and Maxwell cars, has added the Liberty Six to its line.

The Hoosier Motor Sales Company has taken over the Columbia Six, formerly handled by the Indiana Motor Company.

The Wescott agency has been relinquished by the Kanouse Auto Company.

Increased prices have been announced as follows:

Studebaker Special 6, $1,785.00 to $1,875.00.

Studebaker Big 6, $2,250.00 to $2,350.00.

Nash Touring, $1,595.00 to $1,695.00.

Liberty Six Touring, $1,795.00 to $1,895.00.

Cole "Aero 8" Touring, $3,050.00 to $3,250.00.

Winning Triumph in Europe

(Continued from Page 8.)

Ghent, The Hague and Amsterdam. Six concerts were given in Queen's Hall, London. The soloists engaged for the entire tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra were Albert Spalding, violinist, and John Powell, pianist.

Winning High Honors

Each steamer from Europe brings news of the great success attained by the orchestra. Between the letters come cables telling of signal honors conferred. Following the news of the sensationally happy reception accorded to the New York Symphony Orchestra in Italy comes the information that Walter Damrosch was decorated with the order of the Crown of Italy by command of King Victor Emanuel in recognition of the conductor's masterly gifts. A great reception was held for Mr. Damrosch at the Academy of St. Cecilia, at which were present some of the most notable people of the world of letters, music and art. Albert Spalding shared in many of these honors, having a previous acquaintance with the audiences of Italy, where he is a great favorite, while John Powell was pronounced a new favorite. The return to America of the orchestra is planned for July 1st, when they will go di-

It has now become a matter of serious thought, on the part of those interested in preserving the musical culture of this community, that Indianapolis should develop a John Harkness Flagler, an Otto Kahn, of New York, a Harold McCormick, of Chicago, or, better still, a group of public-spirited men and women, such as those for which Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit are grateful.

FARRAR COMING

Geraldine Farrar, the greatest American singing actress, member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will open the fall and winter music season at the Murat Theater, Sunday afternoon, October 17. Because of the many requests to continue these concerts, which have become a definite part of the musical life of the city and state, the management of the Ona B. Talbot concerts, promise greater plans than have ever been offered to this public in the past.

The success of Geraldine Farrar as an opera singer, and her later development as actress, make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of American art. Her beauty, her voice, and her dramatic talent have served to elevate her to high rank among the singers of her time, and while still a young woman, she has attained to a place in her art denied to most artists in a life's career.

The career of Miss Farrar should serve as an inspiration to other American girls who plan to make music their life-work. It goes to show what can be accomplished when talent is united with a capacity for work and a determination to succeed.

Some Indiana Characters

(Continued from Page 7.)

offered to American citizens. Indiana, being essentially a doubtful state, these doubts were expressed in terms that were quite within a boy's comprehension. The great processions, in which the torch-bearing partisans paraded themselves in shiny oil-cloth capes; and the stirring rallies addressed by the giants of those days—Ingersoll, Logan, Thurman, Conkling, Blaine, to say nothing of Harrison, Voorhees and Hendricks of our own commonwealth—were all calculated to awaken admiration in the bosom of a young observer. Next to the visit of a circus there was nothing so delightful as a torchlight procession, and it was a blessed privilege, not to be neglected, to look upon men whose names were household words, and to hear their voices from obscure corners of halls and wigwams. The effect of those experiences inevitably quickened in impressionable boyhood an interest in personalities as a factor in public affairs. Beginning with General Grant, who kindly honored my ninth birthday with a visit to the Hoosier capital, clearly that I might be thrust into line and suffered to touch his hand, it was

(Continued on Page 18)

"INDIANA'S MOST COMPLETE MUSIC STORE"

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Charles L. Henry, the traction man, recently called attention to a situation which requires attention not only from banks and bankers but from all borrowers of money. Having occasion to go before the Public Service Commission in connection with a petition for increased fares on his interurban lines, Mr. Henry worked out a table on financial conditions in Indianapolis. He did this by comparing the national bank statements made under the last five government calls. He showed that the six national banks of the city last September 12 had individual deposits subject to check of $43,146,417.15, and that on May 4 this amount had increased to $45,362,729.87. Under normal conditions this would be a most gratifying increase.

But, as has been said so often that the statement has become the worst of bromides, times are not normal. While deposits were climbing a little more than $2,000,000, loans and discounts jumped from $49,981,796.89 to $64,156,732.61. It is quickly apparent that the two gains are not by any means in proper proportion.

There has been too much lending and borrowing, even if all the credit transactions were for legitimate business transactions. Bankers who are inclined to doubt the efficacy of the Federal Reserve Bank System declare that the action of the reserve banks in raising rates has not had the effect it was intended to have. It was hoped that an increase in rates for money would cut down the speculative demand for it, thus improving the market for commercial and industrial uses. The effect, it is said in some quarters, has been the opposite, speculators still getting money regardless of rates and business men cutting down on their needs in the face of advancing costs. This is indeed a deplorable situation.

Investors should be interested because one result of so-called inflation has been that many sound industrials are voting new preferred issues instead of borrowing at the banks. They are increasing their dividend standards, and figure they will still be able to obtain money more cheaply than by going to the banks. Among the more recent offerings of this nature is that of the Midwest Engine Company, which is placing on the market a new issue of 8 per cent tax exempt cumulative preferred stock, and giving one share of common stock as a bonus with each two shares of preferred. This investment is referred to elsewhere in the current number of Topics.

Another among the recent issues showing the trend is that of the Servive Motor Truck Company of Wabash, which is placing seven per cent tax exempt cumulative preferred stock on the market through the H. B. Wilson Investment Company. The Service organization declares it has orders for twice as many trucks as it can make with its present resources. In that statement is found the brightest ray of hope in the financial situation. Nearly every industrial concern can sell more than it can produce, whether it be producing necessities or luxuries. Men who have been talking panic and criticising the Federal Reserve Bank system apparently sometimes forget that, industrially, conditions are sound. The country is underproduced all along the line. If bankers will keep up the close scrutiny of loan requests begun some weeks ago, the situation should right itself before very many months without any semblance of the much discussed and long predicted panic.

There is much to be said in connection with public utility credits, concerning which Mr. Henry talked when he produced the table already mentioned. Putting that question aside for future discussion, it may be said that however the present stringency may have hurt the utilities, it has served to make the industrial investment field more attractive to investors of all sizes.

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Some Indiana Characters

(Continued from Page 16)

my happy fortune to look upon much greatness.

There is, I am aware, a question of the propriety of a man's venturing upon his reminiscences while he is still possessed of much of his own hair and is able to get about without crutches; but my excuse must be an honest curiosity as to whether my impressions of men, manners and affairs are of interest to you who are so much younger than I. It is my opinion that we have seen here in our Hoosier capital and in our commonwealth as many interesting characters as have been produced by any state of the Union, excepting only Massachusetts and Virginia.

It must have occurred to us all very often how inevitably people fit into the environment to which they were born. There have been men and women in this community who could not have lived just the same lives elsewhere; who were as much a part of the landscape as the woods and streams that encompass us.

It is not my aim to review the history of our city—about which I make no pretensions to special knowledge—much less to catalog all the great and good of my time. I shall merely give impressions of my boyhood and youth, where they remain with me clearly, and I speak only of men who personally appeal to me. I am quite aware that we might plant a triple line of statues in close ranks around the monument to supplement those that now stand there, and in fancy you are all now doubtless peopling that plaza with noble effigies. If my omissions strike you as testifying to my own incompetence to deal with our past, be assured that I am myself dismayed by the paltriness of my review. The men I am citing are, however, mainly those only who spoke to my imagination or touched my own affairs in one way or another, and you

(Continued on Page 20)



Let's all go and be crooks, boys. It is the most thrilling life! Better to be a blacksheep than a white sheep any day, if it were all like the escapades of Mr. Nicholson's crooks de luxe. The wild stormy night, the sudden step, the shot, the hasty flight, the midnight encounter, the bluffing of the police, the underground system of the gang, the kidnapping of the child, and kidnapping her back again * * * doesn't it sound wonderful? On and on from there, over half the country, from New York to Michigan, by train, by motor, by foot, through battle on land and wave, in high society, in the halfway house of the gang, among scholarly crooks, and gentlemanly crooks, and "crookly" gentlemen, and ladies, lovely and crooked, and lovelier if not crooked, although, before you finish, you get a million guesses as to which is which. Oh, well, if we can't all have such high adventures, we can at least sit in the hammock and enjoy them.

The plot is not what you would call a sustained one. Rather it sustains one. It seems to run of itself, and at the author's accustomed pace, with a foot on the accelerator and NO stops. Incidentally along with the plot, or perhaps not so incidentally, there are a couple of characters that stand out, typically, displaying the insight and humor we always expect of Nicholson. The hero, in turning from the ideal bachelor brother and invalid club man, and all on account of a girl, into a thug and a member of a band of crooks, finds himself, when restored to the paths of virtue, restored also to health, considerably more of a man than he had ever been as a gentleman of impeccable character. The other notable is the governor, the super-crook, the guiding hand and the master brain of the gang. He quotes Laurence Sterne and Shakespeare, and casts his own horoscope in order to find out his next move. He talks like a cross between a sprightly college professor and a businesslike second story worker, and makes love like a knight of King Arthur's time. He delights in rare perfumes, in mystic philosophy and in daredevil risks of the most impossible character. He is simply one more of those fascinating people.

Mr. Nicholson's newest book comes just in time to be the most popular summer novel in town. If you want a novel that will last a long time, don't read it, for it will not keep. It is too bad, in the face of the crying demand for breezy summer fiction that will make vacationists come back for more, that the author can't produce stories like "Blacksheep, Blacksheep" by the dozen. If he could there would be an end of the publishers' eternal question, "What shall we do to bridge the dull summer months?"

Publishers ought to get together in a joint educational campaign of advertising, as the railroad executives, the prune growers, the orchardists and other groups are doing. If they could make a concerted move, they could convince folks that reading is the easiest, most comfortable summer pastime. One can read without sweating, sunburn or sunstroke, in the shade, with a glass of lemonade handy. It is much easier than tennis, golf or rowing. Reading, in fact, ought to be cultivated as a great outdoor summer sport. The publishers are welcome to this tip.

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Since the members of Stuart Walker's company seem likely to be regular guests of Indianapolis for summers stretching indefinitely into the future, the worst about them had better be made known. Beginning at the beginning there is Blanche Yurka, who probably would have the vote of the majority of theatergoers as well as that of the paid reviewers should a contest be held to determine the most expert and roundly capable performer in Mr. Walker's present organization. She knows all the tricks and she has unusual native advantages of voice and temperament.

Back in the days when Sothern was bidding the state a lingering farewell in such venerable pieces as "Two Virtues," "David Garrick" and "Lord Dundreary" she, as one of his prominent players, was already known as an actress of respectable rank. Since then she has done many things in many plays, good and bad. Jane Cowl, her friend, with extraordinary magnanimity for a star whose first consideration, speaking of the species generally, is to take no chances with competent rivals, gave her an important job in the cast of "Daybreak" and "Information, Please."

In 1919, when the Interchurch World Movement decided to go into the theatrical business with the production of "The Wayfarer," a spectacular piece, she was chosen from among twelve prominent actresses to play the part of Understanding, opposite Walter Hampden. From this engagement at the largest theater in New York she went to the smallest for a part in "Musk," an odorous failure, but for reasons that had no connection with its interpretation. Unfortunately, Miss Yurka's Indianapolis summer will be brief, because of a prior engagement that calls for her appearance in New York very shortly.

Elizabeth Patterson, who can do comedy character parts as well as anybody in America, received her early stage training in such classics as "Hamlet" and "Billy, the Kid." She played Ophelia and Viola with Ben Greet and she was thrust out into the snow in various melodramas as a member of an old-time Oklahoma City stock company. She was on hand to help in the founding of the Washington Square Company and played with that organization in New York and Chicago. Stuart Walker gave her a part in the New York production of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" and brought her along to Indianapolis last summer. Nearly every night after the theater she may be found in the coffee shop of a local hotel eating alone.

John Wray is one of the most promising of the newcomers to Mr. Walker's company. This despite a stage experience that included a tour with John Kellerd, commonly and somewhat too sweepingly known as the world's worst actor. He did things to Shakespeare also as a member of Robert Mantell's company, having played twice in Indianapolis with that persistent bearer of the Shakespearean torch. Most of his additional stage experience has been strictly high-brow, until quite recently when he got in with Al Woods as a member of the cast of "The Ouija Board."

Tom Kelly is his brother Gregory's brother and a first-class actor on his own, if his performances thus far indicate anything. He began at the age of ten with Eleanor Robson, and played everything that a "kid" actor could play with such stars as Ethel Barrymore and John Drew. Later he dropped off the stage for five years. Stuart Walker hauled him back for a part in "Seventeen." He has played in the same productions with his brother seven times and they are still friends.

Aldrich Bowker has been on the stage for twenty years, has played 500 parts, toured South America and the West Indies and survived four years with Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road" and "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." As an actor Mr. Bowker has force and virility. He is the only one of Mr. Walker's players who might be suspected of chewing tobacco.

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Shop Tours

Putting Up a Front

The man who grits his teeth and holds to politeness and his coat though the mercury bubbles high and higher now has a feminine companion. She wears her coat on the street, in the shops, while making calls, or even on her own front porch. The trim little jacket remains firmly and formally on the lady's back, and no persuasion can move her—or it. The frilly blouse whch shows at the opening of the jacket, giving promise of a creation to be revealed if the jacket is ever removed, is the cause of its permanency.

For that lacy blouse is not a blouse at all. It's all front. Should the lady in a moment of forgetfulness, or hot desperation, take off her coat, the blouse would be revealed as a vestee, a thing as false and beautiful as the siren of the Nile. One of the downtown shops has the most convenient form of such vestees, made with a collar that slips on over the head, while the lower edge is held in place by ties that fasten around the waist Severe pique, fluffy net, or any degree of dignity between the two may be obtained.

Pointing the way to a cool summer are the clocked arrows on new silk three-quarter hose for women. The silk runs almost to the knee and turns over to make a hem through which elastic may be run. The arrows are not the old embroidered kind, but are made by a drop-stitch. If garters instead of run-through elastic are desired, the same shop provides fancy frilled elastic, not more than a quarter of an inch wide, in any number of dainty colors.

The widely published and unkind remarks of the censors of New York bathing beaches have caused a ripple in Indianapolis shops, where genuinely beautiful bathing suits have been provided in great number if not in ample size. A blouse which must fall not lower than three inches below the collar bone is not the thing that Flo Ziegfeld and Mack Sennett have taught the makers of bathing suits to expect as the correct thing, and a tangle is sure to result when the Hoosier swimmer invades the Eastern beaches. Just what measure the censors will resort to when the short-skirted damsel steps out remains to be seen, but if he is a sensible man, he will no doubt not carry a foot rule with him.



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Some Indiana Characters

(Continued from Page 18.)

are not bound by my judgments upon them.

I am of course precluded by obvious considerations from mentioning many whose names will naturally occur to you; but among friends I shall venture to open the door to one corridor of my own private portrait gallery. I do this with the more assurance because the men I shall mention were characters who, if transferred to the pages of fiction, could hardly fail to win admiration for any author capable of portraying them. Fictionists are besought by their friends not infrequently to put this or that person into a tale; but all such counsellors may be assured that there is no lack of characters for novels; they are round about us everywhere. Not perhaps for the rushing yarn of adventure; and yet in my own time within the confines of the Belt Railroad I have known persons whose life stories are full of drama, even to the point of pistols. De Maupassant and Ibsen would have found abundant material in Logansport or Peru; and Balzac a life work for his pen without venturing north of Sixteenth street in our own city. You will remember that Mr. Howells visited Crawfordsville for the court scene in his novel, "A Modern Instance," and that he describes—unless I am mistaken—our dingy Union Station—predecessor of the present structure—in that tale.

Jane Austen would have loved I dianapolis; and Charles Lamb wou have picked up material for anoth Elia by chance conversations wi Charlie Sherlock, the courteous a genial conductor of our Pennsylvan car line. And speaking of Charli Sherlock, I mean not Lamb—is he n just as amusing as Kipps or Mr. Polly How pleasant it is for our wire emerging from an interview with th dentist, or awaiting at Market s with their neat baskets of onions lettuce, transparently concealed a layer of daffodils or carnations find Charlie smiling down at the from the deck of his schooner: a how sagely he appraises our taste an needs! His information is so vari his views of public matters so cathol his news so fresh and exclusive the death of a valued patron rival of a new baby in some hous within his territory—that we all immensely his debtors.

Dare I ask any of you to remem the old blind Joyful Oil Man who us to cry his wares from a queer lit booth, surmounted by an umbrella the southeast corner of Washingt and Meridian streets? His v blown merrily on the bleak win winds, was eloquent of infinite d lation, the sorrows of the world, t rude tumult of dark waters on th harsh beaches of the sea of Tim Isn't it possible that he would b proved to be another Joseph Vance o William De Morgan kown him?



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The House Problem

(Continued from Page 10)

I say that to build is the logical thing to do. It's about the only way to get the location you want, the kind of a house you want with the type of conveniences you want. There are so many other factors in favor of building that in my mind there really is nothing else to do.

Mrs. Edward Hecker, president of the League of Women Voters—Why, the only possible thing to do is to build. If you build you get what you want. Everybody knows that you can not buy what you want and certainly everybody is convinced by now that there is nothing for rent. Besides, if you buy you have to pay two prices and take anything you can get. For satisfaction in a home, I would build.

Emerson Chaille, real estate dealer I would buy a home because of the present high cost of construction, because of the great lack of good houses for rent and because there are just now many good bargains offered by people leaving the city or changing their mode of living.

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She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 10)

crying need of Indianapolis for a field for athletic meets will be met here, for the Hasslers intend to offer it for the use of all kinds of athletic events.

The women are intrigued by the dashing figure of the nervy little referee, who in her blue habit and narrow brimmed sailor seems to be the most important person on the field. Horses and riders go dashing past at a furious speed, the ball goes cracking down the field, mallets are swinging right and left, and this blue-eyed, thoroughly feminine little person lopes calmly about, blowing an important whistle and never getting shiny-nosed or freckled.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1920 — NUMBER 2

Names to Fill a Roman Line

Experiences in the Legal World Recalled From Days of Hendricks, Gresham, Harrison, Dye and Fishback.

Study of Maritime Law in Offices of William and Lew Wallace Leads to Literary Endeavor.

By Meredith Nicholson

If I may without too great offense ask you to turn back thirty years, you will recall that on bright spring afternoons the steps of our postoffice were adorned with most attractive heroes. Many of them were office-holders, who after conducting federal affairs all day, lounged a bit in the open before going home. The porticoes of Athens may have famed nobler and more august figures; but I sincerely doubt it. I gave them in my youth my ungrudging admiration, and the memory of them is a happy possession. They were actors and not negligible ones in the greatest events that have shaken our continent. Pleasant it was—pleasant and inspiring for any boy—to look upon the splendid figure of Judge Gresham, whose eyes were so fine, whose ways were so magnetic; to note him in a group that as like as not included General Robert S. Foster, General Fred Knefler, General George F. McGinnis, Horace McKay, General John Coburn, Major Charles L. Holstein—names indeed "to fill a Roman line." Or if court were in session one might see emerging in the wake of the honorable soldier-judge, Harrison, Hines and Miller, Baker, Hord and Hendricks, McDonald and Butler or Dye and Fishback.

My acquaintance with the local courts goes back to my fifteenth year, when I began to deliver packages to the county officers for the Hasselman Journal Company, frequently trundling a wheelbarrow laden with record books up Market street to the Delaware street entrance. I learned shorthand in the office of Paul Hendricks, whose office was on the third floor of the courthouse, and in a year or so became attached to the firm of Dye & Fishback. Many of you will remember Joe Keating, who was with this firm at that period. He was the most capable clerk I ever knew. He wrote two hands, both distinctive, and was a young man of great intelligence and industry. He left here to enter the office of Delancy Nichol in New York, and has been successful, I believe, as an independent practitioner in the metropolis.

I was in the office when Mr. Fishback was writing his open letters on the tariff to Stanton J. Peele, a member of congress from this district. Mr. Fishback's pungency of expression on every subject is well remembered. He was a versatile man of very unusual gifts, and his curiosity as to life and literature was insatiable. He never grew old, but to the end was keenly alive to all the affairs of a world that never lost its charm for him.

My work in the office was largely with Mr. Dye, and I shan't deny that I always stood a good deal in awe of him. His room was the farthest from the reception room in the suite the firm occupied in what we used to call the Vance Block. His room opened on the hall so that he could enter and depart without passing through the room where Keating and I were domiciled. Mr. Dye was very neat in his office habits; he hated disorder, and his flat-top desk was always cleared. On warm days he would divest himself of his coat and waistcoat and, resting his feet, which were notably small, upon his desk, would brood in silence for hours upon some problem. When he had formed his theory of attack or defense he would summon me and dictate a pleading or brief. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I have written some of the best briefs ever filed in the Indiana courts! The I. & St. L. Railway was in a transitional state from a receivership to a reorganization, and the new company was called the I. & St. L. Railway, in contradistinction from its earlier corporate name, the I. and St. L. Railroad.

It was part of my duties to write letters to claimants—a persistent and hungry horde—politely informing them that they should address not the one corporation but the other, or to admonish them that their remedy lay against the receiver, who was General John H. Devereux of Cleveland. The first praise I ever received for any literary work was Mr. Dye's approval of my efforts to throw a certain air of plausibility into those letters. He called them my probable letters, as they all contained the assurance that the auditor of one or the other of the companies or of the receiver (he was **de facto** the same individual!) would probably be in Indianapolis shortly and that the claim in question would be taken up. The variety of changes that would be rung upon these letters, the delightful humor of the thing—passing claimants from the railroad—these gave me the pleasantest sense of the joys of the legal life.

I highly resolved to become a lawyer. I studied Latin at night that I might master the fascinating legal phrases I encountered in that language. Mr. Dye was very sympathetic with these ambitions, and I learned a good deal of law from him. Incidentally the political atmosphere of the office made me most impatient of the Republican party and of the protective tariff. Having been brought up—if you may say that a boy of eighteen has been brought up—in the strict letter of the Republican faith, I spurned it and its teachings and assumed an air of superiority toward my family, who still dwelt in stygian Republican darkness.

Mr. Dye was a gentleman, a man of great sweetness and gentleness; and of course a distinguished legal scholar. He felt very deeply about public affairs and studied them with the greatest earnestness and solicitude. The last time I saw him was on a street corner, not long before his death. He warned me with some heat against the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and, leaving me to board a car, continued his denunciation of those heresies from the platform till he was borne out of hearing. A certain craftiness or shyness has been attributed to him, but I think never by any one able to sustain the assertion. He naturally didn't hang red lanterns on the pits he digged for opponents; but he was incapable of unfair dealing. I never knew a man with a finer sense of honor. He had an amusing way of remarking in conferences—"I don't want to be bound by anything I say—I'm just thinking aloud." I have found myself several times trying to get John T. Dye upon paper, and there's a fair description of him in one of my novels.

From Dye & Fishback I transferred my portfolio to the office of William & Lew Wallace. There I continued to read law books. I shan't say that I read law; there is a difference, I believe. From having transcribed many thousands of words of testimony for stenographers I really knew something of the rules of evidence, which I verified in Wharton. High on Receiver was one of my favorite works; but my particular delight was in maritime law. I had never at that time seen the ocean, but there was, I think, a wheezy steamer at Broad Ripple. I venture to say that at one period of my life I knew more maritime law than any member at the Indiana bar. I ran down the decisions on every case that seemed at all interesting. My great ambition was to be a proctor in admiralty. A few years ago the honorable judge of the United States District Court in and for Indiana suggested that if I were so disposed he would not frustrate this ambition; but as I am of a shy and shrinking nature I have never pressed the matter and seem destined to go to my grave without having Proctor in Admiralty written upon my headstone.

While in the Wallace law office I had an amusing encounter with the late Simon Yandes. I shall not attempt to describe that unique character to you who knew him better than I. He once purchased half of the Iron block, lately covered by the extension of Ayres store. By that time the writing of deeds in a good hand was a matter upon which I rather prided myself. I think I wrote a deed conveying that property to Mr. Yandes at least a dozen times. He was not satisfied with the description; or I might not have dotted an "i" or crossed a "t". He was not satisfied with the printed forms but the whole must be written continuously upon a single sheet of legal cap. Finally, when my spirit had been humbled to the breaking point by his constant rejections of my labors, the goal seemed to be achieved. I gaily went to the house of the warrantor, Miss Annie Butler, a daughter of the original Ovid Butler, as I remember, and took Miss Butler's acknowledgment. I recall very well my trepidation as I watched Mr. Yandes put on his glasses

and read the document with meticulous care. Finally he shook his head and laid it down, saying it would not do; that Miss Butler must personally draw a scroll around the word Seal after her name! Since then, whenever I have had to do with legal documents I have followed Mr. Yandes' example and made all the trouble possible for any lawyer I have been dealing with. It is only in this way that I can get even with Mr. Yandes.

Visits to the office by General Lew Wallace, who was then at the height of his fame as the author of Ben-Hur, quickened my already deep reverence for literature. I imitated his handwriting—not unsuccessfully, I was told—and began writing verses, short fiction, and articles for newspapers. The first story I ever wrote was during my two years or so on the second floor of Odd Fellows Hall—the building that preceded the present structure.

I wrote a story called "The Tale of a Postage Stamp" and sent it to the Chicago Tribune, which was then offering a prize of ten dollars every week for the best short story submitted. My first shot hit the target. This seemed so easy a way of earning money that I straightway purchased great quantities of paper and produced another story the same week. This did **not** receive the prize!

However, when I was twenty and the law's ladder seemed very long, and as there were many excellent lawyers already at our bar, I abandoned the profession and got a job as reporter on the Sentinel, then owned by Bill Craig, with Gus C. Matthews, of the well-known Indiana family, as editor. I was one of the two reporters on the paper at the time of the Greene Smith row over the lieutenant-governorship—when the Democratic state supreme court handed down a decision against the Democrats—whereupon the Sentinel came out with an editorial condemning this stupidly non-partisan view of the matter. The article began with the startling line: "Damn their cowardly souls!" It is my recollection that Matthews, who was one of the gentlest and most charming men that ever lived, wrote the body of the editorial and that Craig, who had no veneration for supreme courts, struck in the vituperative line to give it flavor.

I have elsewhere spoken of General Wallace as an Oriental born out of his clime and time. I knew him very well and profited by his friendship. His sobriety—and he had little humor—enhanced his fascinations as one not wholly at home in our Occidental air—a desert warrior, not without a certain quixotism, who might have ridden in a coat of mail down Washington street without seeming to do anything unbecoming or unusual. We leave to others the cold office of criticism as to his military or literary achievements; but he was one of the most striking personalities our state has contributed to the national life, and his charm and the distinction he brought to any gathering will not soon be forgotten by those of us who knew and loved him.

My identification of those groups on the postoffice steps with the return of spring may be due to the stimulus they exercised upon a young imagination in the springtime of life; or it may have been that these warriors, statesmen, barristers, exposing themselves to the western sun, suggested spring as unmistakably as the robin and bluebird.

There were other figures that I hope memory will long guard for me. I must mention Dan Ransdall—that gallant soldier who was long and until his death the most popular man in Washington official life. And there was Horace McKay, a soldier and a good citizen; he, too, held a position of honor in the federal service. He is primarily identified in my mind with those lecture courses that were offered the public by Plymouth church. I can remember Mr. McKay now as sitting in a box in the Park theatre, at a lecture given by Joseph Cook. I believe it was Mr. McKay who did the practical work of arranging those courses. They were very cheap, and gave us an opportunity to hear such men as Cook, John B. Gough, David Swing and such women as Mary A. Livermore and Kate Field, at a nominal price.

I should offer but a poor and incomplete picture of the stone facade of the postoffice if I forget the tall Indian-like figure of Myron Reed, who was much in the company of those I have named. I never had speech with him, but I recall no man who ever exercised quite the same spell upon me that he did. Having seen him one day holding his horse in Circle Park (what a modern thing the monument it!) smoking a cigar as he waited for a Grand Army parade to form, my curiosity was greatly aroused as to his occupation and previous condition of servitude. Thereafter I used to steal into his church, when I knew not a single soul of its membership; and I appropriated a back seat and took other boys to hear him. I think he had no gesture—and his were curious jerky gestures—that I did not know and possibly tried to imitate. I had been exposed to much preaching, but here at last was a man whose discourses were within a boy's comprehension. His allusions were to such as Marco Polo, John Brown of Ossawattomie,—he gave tang to the reference by thus adding the Ossawattomie—and Lincoln. He talked of the shepherd kings as though they were still imaginably tending their herds somewhere up around Broad Ripple, and he quoted Job familiarly as though that philosopher were just then writing a daily column in the Indianapolis Journal—E. H. Martindale, sole proprietor.

Many years after the time of which I speak I saw Reed in Denver, near the end of his life. He crossed the street toward me—a gray man, wearing a laborer's flannel shirt, and a broad gray sombrero. He might have been a cattleman, worn with long years upon bleak wind-swept pastures. To this day I never think of him without emotion; and I repeat, that I never had speech with him; but I am sure that many were sensible of his curious magnetism—the spell of those unsermon-like addresses he uttered from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church. I have been told that he added no members to his parish and that the crowds that flocked to hear him—notably on occasions when he spoke on some special topic—put no money in the collection basket. And yet it is quite possible that all the good that is accomplished for mankind is not reckoned in church statistics, and that light collections balance lightened hearts in the congregation. The stone pulpit that stands by Reed's grave in the Denver cemetery, erected by the laboring men of Colorado, is a testimonial that would have pleased him.

The constructive skill and industry he lacked were possessed in unusual degree by his friend, Oscar C. McCulloch. It would be absurd for me to attempt any review of Mr. McCulloch's many services to this town. He gave a new meaning and a fresh impulse to Christian service; his genius for organization left an ineffaceable imprint upon all our philanthropies; he was helpful, stimulating, resourceful, efficient—an all-round man. His personal kindnesses were countless. You will pardon me if I speak of two small incidents—and I speak of them because they were small and typical—in my earliest adventures as a reporter. When Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was new Mr. McCulloch preached a Sunday night sermon on Stevenson's book. I was sent, unexpectedly, quite late to report the address for the Sentinel, and found Plymouth church filled to overflowing. It was impossible to secure a seat and I heard only the conclusion from a point near the door. He did not usually, as I remember, write out his sermons. I hadn't read the book and

(Continued on Page 15.)

Life With a Humorist

By Mrs. Kin Hubbard

My experience in living with a humorist is just like taking an auto trip to Maine—it's a bit hard to get started, have a few stretches of bad road and an occasional blow out, but it is all a fine event and if the opportunity came would take the same course again.

Scores of people have asked me many questions in regard to Mr. Hubbard and his work. The principal ones are:

"Does he try out his funny things on you?"

"Is he as funny at home as his articles indicate?"

"Has he a hobby?"

And last, but the one most frequently asked:

"Do you write any of his stuff?"

Yes, he does try out funny things on me. He has tried out everything from a square hood Buick four to a very moderate priced palm beach suit. I have been thrilled by his descriptions and laughed at every joke and always want to continue to be his first sought audience, but when he appears with his lawn mower on the front bank, wearing a pair of service station khaki jumpers and a black derby hat I feel that not even my children are sufficient reason for enduring such.

Yes, in answer to the second question, at times, he is very funny at home. Mr. Hubbard has no real hobby yet. He has several pet diversions, weather permitting. Every spring he walks miles to gather mushrooms and, if he goes when and where mushrooms are, he is generally successful.

Circuses are his real delight, from parade to concert. For fifteen years we have left home at 6 P. M. on circus nights, mingled with the side show freaks, caressed the menagerie and sat for three and one-half hours on those seats that only a circus can offer. There never was any camouflage about our going "just to take the children." We simply went.

But he is really happiest doing his garden work, with vegetable, flower and landscape. Our first gardens were most interesting. We sowed lettuce and reaped calendula, pulled narcissus and served them for winter green onions and I never shall forget the cute little trellis we painted white and placed behind a sturdy volunteer in the flower garden, only to find later that it was far more prolific in the vacant lots, blooming under the name of iron weed. We picked flowers for the vegetable garden and transplanted marigolds to the flower bed, from which we later gathered tomatoes.

Things cease to be funny at our house about the time the first shipment arrives from Preer's nursery. We agree on what we want, but simply can not get together on where to put it. We are always filled with indecision until the plant or shrub is securely placed and tamped—then one fully decides that it should have been just where the other had said it could not be. And every time we have agreed on anything we invariably find out later that we were both wrong. My most vivid recollection of spring at our place will always be, a picture of us walking over and over the yard, Mr. Hubbard with a spade on his shoulder and me with a "piney" in my left hand. For six consecutive years we have moved six red "pinies" and everybody knows that "pinies" should be moved in August only.

I should not say red "pinies," for they have never been home long enough in one place to straighten up and bloom. There isn't any victim of rent profiteering that has been jostled about like our six red "pinies."

In answer to the last question—"Do you write his stuff?"—I would like to say that the real charm of living with a humorist, next to being gifted with a keen sense of humor, is getting credit for writing his "stuff."

Great Gotham

John Drinkwater, After His Success with the Play "Abraham Lincoln," Plans to Write Another on Robert E. Lee.

By Oliver M. Sayler

If Henry Adams had lived long enough, he could have added an interesting chapter, or at least a paragraph, to his "Education" after he had attended a performance of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." It would have been a perplexed kind of postscript, in the vein of the rest of the autobiography, bemused and not a little amused at the paradoxes of life; for the memories of the awkward days in the sixties when he had to listen in silence to the British abuse of the American President would have come back to him to face and be confounded by the fact of a British eulogy of that same President in the form of the best play about Lincoln which the stage has yet disclosed.

It may seem like bean porridge in the pot nine days old to try to say anything new about the first of Drinkwater's plays to be heard in our theatre. "Abraham Lincoln" was enacted in New York for the first time on the fifteenth of last December, coming by way of Birmingham, the author's home, and Hammersmith, London, and after a week in our own capital. Long before it reached us and ever since its arrival, newspapers and magazines have vied with one another to proclaim its worth. Play, playwright and players have become a kind of tradition. No one seems to doubt that an audience will still be found for it ten and even twenty years hence.

I take a certain satisfaction in having been the first to bring word of John Drinkwater to an Indiana public. I had found him in England's Midland factory metropolis and had spent a genial day with him in his library and in his trim little Repertory Theatre, far from the excitement and confusion which the first month of the war brought to London. And then, in the following winter, I told the story in the Indianapolis News of "Those Ambitious Amateurs from Birmingham." Amateurs they were then—Drinkwater and Barry Jackson, the young millionaire who financed the theatre. And amateurs they have remained ever since in the finest sense of the word, loving their craft and holding fast to their ideals in spite of the distractions of war and the degradation of all the other English stages. Drinkwater read to the soldiers in the trenches and Jackson served under the Union Jack, and yet back home the theatre held to its determined course, presenting over a hundred plays of genuine merit "above the battle" and maintaining alone in the field of drama the tradition of British poise.



McGLYNN AS LINCOLN

Since then, Drinkwater has made himself known in person to Indianapolis—a trim, self-confident but reserved specimen of his race, dispassionate except for high ideals, serious except for an occasional vein of light and easy humor. Success has not spoiled him. Barring St. John Ervine, author of "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" and several novels including "Changing Winds", whose contagious Irish personality has endeared him wherever he has gone, Drinkwater has been the most effective of the season's extensive staff of literary ambassadors from the British Isles. Nor, on the other hand, has his good fortune materially developed him. He had written "Rebellion", one of his best plays, before fame even started to hunt him up. "Abraham Lincoln" has merely called widespread attention to a playwright and poet whose gifts have long been known to a smaller circle.

There is one outstanding characteristic of Drinkwater's play, an element with several phases, which easily explains the ready popular response to it, not only in America, where love of the central figure and knowledge of the historic background are predispositions in its favor, but even in England. That characteristic is its continuity of interest, a thread running unbroken from first to last.

I suppose the most apparent strand of interest is the narrative. Drinkwater had everything in his favor here. The days of '61 to '65 were certainly the most dramatic in our national life, equaled in this respect in modern history only by those other stupendous civil conflicts, the French and the Russian Revolutions. History had built his framework for him, with anxious forebodings, suspense, mid-conflict, climax of victory and tragic denouement. To this skeleton, the author had merely to add the flesh and garments and spirit of concrete characterization and poetic interpretation. "Merely" is not a fair word, though, for these latter tasks test the ingenuity and the imagination of the playwright. It is from just this

Former Indiana Woman Manages Successful Exposition of Polish Art, Aided by Benda, Mora, Cooper and Others.

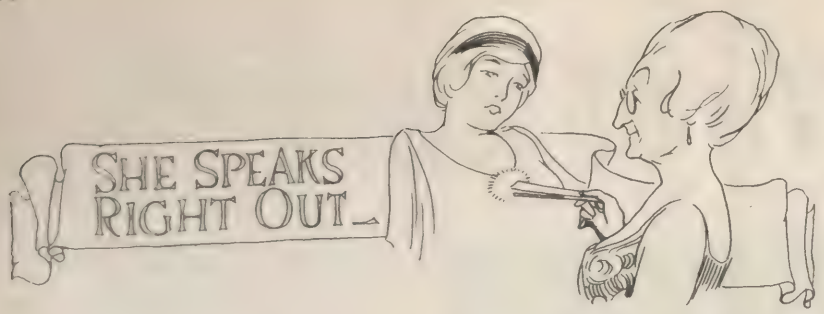
point that "Abraham Lincoln" sets out to become a very good play and Percy MacKaye's recently and briefly disclosed "George Washington", a very bad play. Drinkwater's drama is fused into unity in the process of clothing the skeleton; MacKaye's is the most scatter-brained historic pageant of our time.

Just as the strand of dramatic narrative holds the attention in the scene with the Southern delegates or in the stormy cabinet session over the Emancipation Proclamation, so at other times the personal characterization of the leading figures is the most obvious strand in the thread. Drinkwater has sketched them all simply, from Lincoln himself on down, as anyone can tell from reading the printed play. In fact, a reading of the play leaves a rather bare, unfinished impression. As these figures come to life on the stage, however, especially in the Lincoln of Frank McGlynn and the Seward of John S. O'Brien, they seem more like human beings than like the pasteboard heroes of school history of MacKaye's "Washington." Drinkwater knows the sound dramatic value of minimization, an expedient seldom used outside the Russian theatre.

Another point of contrast from which Drinkwater emerges as victor over MacKaye is in the handling of the poetic strand of the play's thread of interest. MacKaye thrust his fanciful character of Quilloquon, the ballad singer, so far into the midst of the realistic scenes of his drama that each destroyed the effect of the other. In "Lincoln," the Chronicler appears ghost-like only between the episodes and then fades away, an embodied Spirit of History linking the episodes more significantly than as a mere narrative sequence.

From various public and private remarks of the playwright, however, and from repeated evidence in the play itself, I am sure that the strand of interest which means most to John Drinkwater is the meaning of Lincoln's motives and impulses not only for his own time and emergency but for the chaotic world of today and for all time. By an unobtrusive touch here and a slight emphasis there, the playwright makes the president the protagonist of abstract justice through concrete acts. There is nothing of the academic theorist in his Lincoln, nor of the time-server. He knows that no ideal of justice and mercy can be at-

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Being born on a five thousand acre stock farm is not one of the requisites to becoming a first class horseback rider, but it is certainly not a hindrance. Mrs. A. A. Zion, one of the most enthusiastic riders of Indianapolis, and indeed of Indiana, declares that she was born on such a farm sixty-seven years ago, but it is hard to believe when her fresh complexion, easy graceful carriage and youthful manner offer vigorous testimony to the contrary. The fact that during all of that time she has never been far from a country road and a horse may be part of the explanation for her splendid youthfulness.



BOB TYNDALL, FULL TILT

The Blue Ribbon Stables in the Fair Grounds are the present center of interest for Mrs. Zion, who keeps her last and only horse, Monte Mark, Jr., there. About a year and a half ago, when Mrs. Zion sold off all her horses except this handsome eight-year-old, Frank Myers, formerly riding master of the Dayton Country Club, came to Indianapolis and opened stables in the Fair Grounds. Monte Mark, Jr., who is the grandson of Monte Cristo, one of Kentucky's finest saddle horses, soon found himself quartered there, and his mistress devoted as much time to him and to encouraging the art of riding by example as she could.

Many prominent Indianapolis people have become interested in riding since the establishment of Frank Myers' stables, and every fine afternoon and evening the roads leading from the Fair Grounds ring with the sound of galloping hoofs. Mrs. R. W. Hughes and Miss Mary Elizabeth Gardner have both done considerable riding, and through their influence other people have discovered what a pleasurable sport it is. Durr Friedley, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Friedley, Jesse Fletcher, Blair Taylor and a number of other men have spent long hours in the saddle during the past few weeks. The women who are finding riding a pleasant and healthful occupation are even more numerous. Miss Zerelda Rogers, Mrs. Harry P. Way, Jr., Mrs. Oren Ragsdale, Mrs. Robert Tyndall, Mrs. R. P. Geddes, Mrs. George Hume, Mrs. Nicholas H. Noyes, Mrs. William E. Day, Mrs. Russell Fortune and a number of others are strong believers in the extension of bridle paths in Indianapolis.



ANN AYRES, OUT FOR A RIDE

Even the children have become enthusiasts, and a number of ponies are kept for their special use. Helen Coburn, Jane Jillson, Diana Rockwood, Cornelia Lemcke, Elizabeth Stout and the Ayres children are all converts to equestrianism, and some of them are in danger of developing ambitions lying circusward.

Races and exhibitions of horses are now a feature of the Blue Ribbon Stables, and Frank Myers and his patrons are trying to interest the city of Indianapolis in the establishment of bridle paths so that riding parties in all the parks of the city may be arranged. James H. Lowry, of the board of park commissioners, has expressed interest one time and another in the laying out of bridle paths similar to those which are a part of the Louisville boulevard system, and he has recently offered to clear a field for polo in Riverside park.

Further help from governmental sources is hoped for from Warren T. McCray in the event of his election as governor. Mr. McCray, formerly superintendent of the horse department of the state fair, is keenly interested in all that pertains to horseflesh. Under his direction the Horse Show reached the zenith of its success. Other cities no larger than Indianapolis have made riding one of their most acceptable diversions, and there is no reason why Indianapolis should not do the same.

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Society Folk Turn Out in Large Numbers to Applaud Feats of Local Polo Players



A MIX-UP NEAR THE GOAL



CARL FISHER, SET TO SHOOT

Superpianist, His Title

John Powell, Virginian, Tempted by Work on Lyric Drama to Enter Field of Operatic Composition.

Playing the Music of Brahms, Beethoven and Schumann Brings Tears to Eyes of Sculptor Rodin.



JOHN POWELL

By Charles Henry Meltzer

John Powell shines both as a pianist, of great personal distinction, and as a composer. He is a musician and an artist in both characters. And to say of pianists that they are real musicians is to exalt them from the plane of the mere virtuosi to the high heaven of the elect in art.

He has been applauded by the public of two continents, as a creator and an interpreter of music.

By birth John Powell is a Virginian. At a tender age he gave evidence of genius. For, lacking genius; the God-given quality, could he—when barely four—have written melodies? Child prodigies, of course, are apt to peter out in later years. But this does not apply to our John Powell. He took to piano playing early in his boyhood and, when but twelve, made his appearance at a Richmond festival, and surprised his hearers by a most intelligent, if not impeccable, performance of Beethoven's concerto in C minor. Before letting him dive deeply into music, his people very wisely saw to his education in the usual way. He graduated at the Virginia University. And then he went abroad, where he became a favorite pupil of the then almost inevitable Leschetizky. This was just eighteeen years ago.



CARUSO—

Having mastered his technique under that teacher, John Powell, at the age of twenty-five, made brilliant debuts, as a pianist, in four capitals. In Vienna, Berlin, Paris and at last in London, his skill and artistry aroused enthusiasm. His "personality" no doubt assisted him. For it suggested much that one associates with musicianship. A head well molded, an expressive face, firm lips and chin, a high and thoughtful forehead. There was a good deal that gave hints of power, of an uncommon kind, too, in his face—hints that he knew he was the captain of his soul, and possibly, the master of his fate. At all events he made a deep impression many times in the European concert rooms. He was spoken of in the most glowing terms by such critics as Richard Specht, of Berlin, Max Kalbeck, of Vienna, and others.

On his return to America, he appeared as soloist with most of our great symphony societies. In 1914 he made his debut with the famous Boston orchestra. Before that he had played in New York. One New York critic spoke of him, not long ago, as "one of the greatest pianists of our time—one of the superpianists."

Though he is said to have a fair share of the wilfulness that so often goes with art, John Powell has good reasons to assert himself. For he has done things, and not only talked of doing them. He has brains. And some musicians have lacked brains. He has sympathy and poetry, to boot. He has passion and diversity of feeling, besides a fine command of tone and color. He can be light or serious, graceful or severe. He is especially delightful in the romantic Schumann repertory. Chopin and Liszt are both within his range. Nor does he, as some do, shirk Bach and Handel.

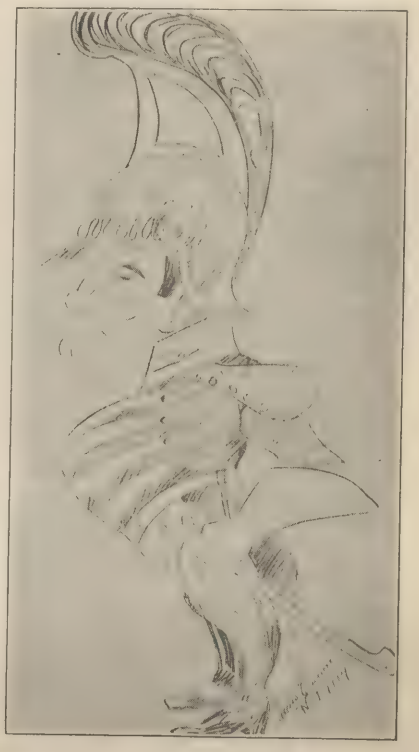
"One of the few who play from within" was the expression of a Berlin critic. In London he was praised for other things, among them "the maturity of his style" and the beauty and variety of his tone. John Powell is, in short, that **rara avis,** a musician with a heart and mind and soul.

Much of John Powell's time is devoted to composing. Among many of his works which have been performed are his "Sonata Teutonica" and his "Rapsodie Negre" ("Negro Rhapsody") for piano and orchestra. In the sonata, he endeavored to express, as he himself explained about three years ago, no less a matter than "the oneness of the Universe as embodied in the Teutonic idea." A tall order. It might be idle to pretend that all who hear this daring outcome of his invention will recognize the intention of the composer. But all will feel that whether it does or does not really embrace the Cosmos, as music it is dignified and emotional.

Just now, it seems, John Powell is engaged on a great lyric drama, for which his friend, George Harris, has made a book. The subject of this work is "Judith" and what he makes of it may lead him—as some hope—to turn his attention in a steady way from the concert music to the opera field.

In Europe he has played for royalty and been the comrade of great artists of all kinds. Once, at the residence of a Paris friend, he sat down to oblige his host and performed several works by Schumann, Brahms and Beethoven. Among his listeners that night was the great sculptor, Rodin. While he was playing, Rodin rose and

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—BY HIMSELF

TOPICS

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS IS PUBLISHED IN INDIANAPOLIS. ¶ IT IS CALLED TOPICS AND ENDEAVOR WILL BE MADE TO OBSERVE THE FINEST STANDARDS IN ORIGINAL AND CRITICAL EFFORT. ¶ THESE INITIAL ISSUES ARE THEREFORE OFFERED TO A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC AND SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED AT FOUR DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE—THREE MONTHS TRIAL FOR ONE DOLLAR

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS

Editorial

THIRD PARTY TALK

Third party talk is heard in the land again. Just now it comes in the nature of an aftermath to the Republican convention, that seems to have been a dismal failure as far as re-establishing party harmony was concerned.

The American people, through long established habit, seem capable of thinking only in terms of two parties. It is doubtful whether, wanting some great, real cause, political adventurers can lead any great number of voters to the support of a third party for any considerable length of time. Third parties in this country have come to mean revolt rather than principle. The futility of revolt as a means of establishing a party was fairly well demonstrated by the late lamented progressive movement. In that movement, men were variously drawn by love of Theodore Roosevelt, by honest desire for progressive principles and by inborn desire for political revenge, to break away from the Republican party. Many more left the fold than remained in it. That was eight years ago. Today, Theodore Roosevelt is dead, the progressive principles seem to have been pocketed and the desire for revenge has been almost completely blotted out.

The recent convention left sore spots, as witness the attitude of two of the newspapers in Indianapolis, But there seems to be no real lasting reason for the formation of a third party among dissatisfied Republicans. There are rumors abroad that the forthcoming Democratic convention may likewise cause an organization split. No one can predict safely that this will happen. If it did and Republican dissatisfaction persists, then we might have the spectacle of two dissatisfied elements getting together in a third party, as contrasted with the one disgruntled element of 1912. This would be twice as hard to handle, and only half as effective as the 1912 excursion.

Men and women who feel that the two old parties are merely machines upon which to ride into office instead of living exponents of vital principles, should cease trying to use the old machines. They should give them up as a bad job, and get together on their principles in such a way that they would not give the general impression of a bunch of soreheads.

Many people believe the country would be better off if there were three or four major parties instead of two. England worries along with several sorts of parties, playing more politics in a month than America plays in a year and maintains a government that is much more flexibly democratic, more quickly responsive to the public will than our American government. It might be that America would profit by breaking up the old dual political leadership forever, but that remains to be seen. Only one thing seems certain in this welter of third party talk, and that is any successful third party must be founded on honest causes in an affirmative way, rather than upon purely negative dissatisfaction with the two old parties.

BUILDING HARMONY

Here is something for ladies and gentlemen who like to hold meetings and appoint committees to consider.

A recent visitor to Indianapolis spent several days in a dentist's chair in the Hume-Mansur building. During the intervals when the dentist's hands were not in his mouth, the visitor studied the roofscape through the front window, with the result that he memorized a view of the intersection of Meridian and Vermont streets. On one corner is University Park, and on another, a church. The third corner is occupied by the apartment house built years ago by Lew Wallace, and the fourth holds the Fahnley house, built along colonial lines. No two of the three corner buildings was built with any regard for each other, architecturally speaking, but the three worried along in peace and friendship for years. Lately a tall, modern apartment building has lifted its head above the rest and looks down on the three from the north. It has no regard, again architecturally speaking, for any of the other three buildings, and the result is a rather nondescript picture.

Each of these four buildings is all right in its place, and there is no disposition to quarrel with any of them. But, as the visitor pointed out, they have no business being grouped together because there is an utter lack of even the simplest elements of harmony.

Every property owner and builder has a perfect right to any choice of architecture he may fancy, but there ought to be some manner of either controlling or advising with a view to the beautification of the city as a whole. There are many instances where garish brick and plaster structures have been set up alongside noble old stone buildings, to the absolute ruination of them both. Property owners suffer for this sort of thing in the long run, and so does the city. If the architects could get together and decide on some form of consultation to keep the community on the right architectural path they would confer a favor on Indianapolis.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL

Whatever the outcome of the Democratic convention at San Francisco, there is one fact that stands out in connection with Indiana's favorite son:

His chief handicap, in the public eye, is the sense of humor with which he is cursed.

Always appreciative of the humor in any situation, Mr. Marshall has been in a position since 1912 both to enjoy and to express his appreciation. Being vice-president is not much of a task, for whenever the vice-president tires of the wearisome debate and picayunish parliamentary practice of the Senate, he can call up some elder Senator to take the chair and gavel, and himself find relief with a cigar in the lobby. Mr. Marshall has had a good time being vice-president because he did not take the job seriously. Nobody with a sense of humor could. In his public speeches and in private conversation, Mr. Marshall has made light of his duties.

There has been sense in his sayings, underneath his jesting, but the public did not get it. Mr. Marshall has contended all along, as in a recent article in Collier's, that the vice-president might well be a business manager of the Government for the president and the people. In the last year or two he has rather dropped his lighter air and seems studiously to have avoided humor in public. The result is that people in other parts of the United States are thinking better of him all the time.

We at home here know that Tom Marshall has a lot of sense. The Democratic party could go further than Indiana and do a great deal worse.

If he does not get the nomination it can be set down that one of the chief reasons is his sense of humor, which is nothing short of criminal in public officials as viewed by voters

Editorial

On the other hand, the Senate might drop some of its ridiculous procedure if it had humor enough to see the picture it is making in the public eye. Again, on the other hand, nothing but President Wilson's keen sense of humor enabled him to keep going as long as he did under the tremendous strain he shouldered through the war.

Gossip of the Village

Charlie Coffin, the Chamber of Commerce Charlie, not the auction bridge Charlie, and Felix McWhirter, of the editor's bank, visited friends in London, last week.

Ruth Page, of here, is visiting in London, after having danced all over the U. S. and South America. Called on Pavlowa at the Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Page was invited to visit at the Pavlowa home outside London during her stay in England. The lovely portrait on the front cover of this issue is Miss Page's.

A short story was printed in one of the magazines recently telling of a horseman who, given a quart of champagne, fed it to his horse and then went out and won the race. The yarn was supposed to have foundation in an incident of the career of Lee McDonald, Indianapolis horseman who is said to have given a horse a quart of whisky and thereafter won a big race at North Randall. McDonald used to drive Stoughton Fletcher's horses. Asked about it, Fletcher said he had never heard of any such thing.

"That would be a terrible waste, wouldn't it, giving it to a horse," was his laughing comment.

Uz McMurtrie is already worked up over the two Indiana football games to be played here next fall.

So is Dick Miller, Democrat.

Quite a few prominent Indianapolis Democrats are attending the National Convention at San Francisco.

The State Legislature, without its wool socks and cough drops, is going to try out Indianapolis as a summer resort for a few days. If these legislators keep on, they will get so they know their way around in the city.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Topics welcomes pertinent discussion of affairs on the part of persons having ideas and the ability to express them clearly. This holds true whether the subject has to do with literature, business, politics or art.

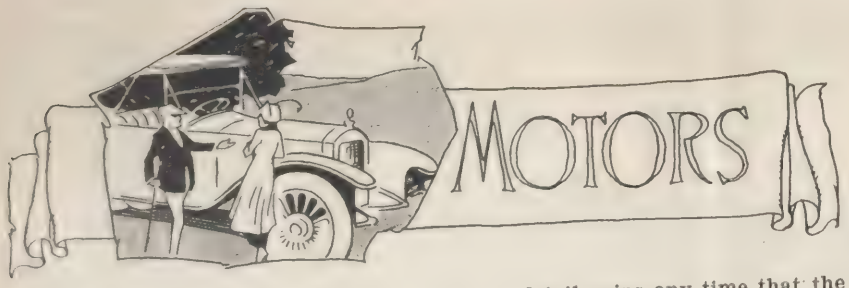
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

We have all read about them, we have all talked about them, and every one of us cheered them as they slid around the track in Speedway races. Affectionately we have nicknamed them "Duesys" and "Doodlebugs", but not a single one of us ever took a joy ride in a Duesenberg pleasure automobile.

Why? Because there ain't no such animal. But there will be soon. In another thirty days the first twelve traffic-tamed Duesenberg pleasure cars will be amongst us suffering all the agonies of our innumerable traffic laws, vainly trying to remember whether the avenue traffic moves with the north-south or with the east-west signal, puzzling over when a left turn is O. K. and when it is downright treason, worrying when to park flat, when to park at forty-five degrees, and when not to park at all.

In other words, Fred Duesenberg has gone into the pleasure car field and he is going to have his establishment right here in Indianapolis. For years the Duesenberg motors have been famous on land, on sea, and in the air, on the race course, in power boating and in aviation, but until now with the Indianapolis Duesenberg automobile factory at Washington and Harding streets, no attempt at pleasure car building has been made.

Fred Duesenberg and his organization have come to Indianapolis to build automobiles, to live here, to become an integral part of the city. There are no earmarks of blue sky, wildcat speculation in their proposition. It is simply this, the application of the Duesenberg eight-in-a-row motor that recently shattered every speed record up to five miles, that so well stood the test of the long 500-mile grind at the Speedway May 31, and made a clean sweep at Uniontown last week to the pleasure automobile.

For years Fred Duesenberg has gone about his work in the same spirit as does the artist and the sculptor. He was working for mechanical perfection in his product and what became of the product itself was secondary to him. He made little attempt to commercialize his ability. But now to his mechanical genius has been added one of the best producing and selling organizations in the country. To say that the new Duesenberg will be high grade is unnecessary. To say that the prices for these custom-built beauties with a speed range from three to ninety-three miles an hour will vary from a mere $6,000 to $16,000, will cause a flutter among many automobile owners and a panic among the proprietors of stem-winding joyboats that buck when throttled down to a jerky twelvemile gait and threatens nose dives and tail spins any time that the old speedometer registers above thirty.

Although the organization is new it has a decided morale of its own and there is a marked individuality that is refreshing. G. R. Blake, sales manager, certainly deserves this week's citation. He talked about the Duesenberg for almost an hour and never once did he say that he wanted to "sell" his idea, never once did he refer to the car as a "job" and last but far from least, he never once spoke of any man in the organization as a "live wire". For these terrible sins of omission he probably will be expelled from the Automobile Sales Managers' Union.

Big speedways have their thrills, but there is a certain something in the sight of a light car taking an unbanked curve on a one mile dirt track that no scientifically constructed speedway in the world can supply. That is the reason there will be a turnout at the Fair Grounds July 5, the official Fourth, for Bill Feeney's cootie-car contests. There will be a number of preliminary races, and then the winners will get together in one big final speed sweepstakes.

Speaking of automobiles, Detroit moved from second division in the United States Census League to fourth place with a gain of 113 per cent in population in the last ten years.

Jules Goux was after all the biggest winner in this year's 500-mile race. The popular French driver and war veteran didn't win a place, he didn't capture a single $100 of the lap prizes, and he dropped out of the race when only a little more than half way through but he won just the same. The bride's name was Miss Ruth Edith Davis and of course she is from Indianapolis.

S. L. Bennett, manager of the National Automotive Company, does not deny that he is to be one of the principals in an early marriage, but refuses to divulge the date.

There has been no letup in the demand for Cadillac and Dodge Brothers cars, the E. W. Steinhart Company reports. It has kept the company on the jump to keep enough cars ahead to fill their display floor space this season.

Two hours after the first of the two passenger series twenty Studebaker roadsters to arrive in Indianapolis was put on the floor of, The Buck Company it was sold to one of four customers who engaged in a scramble for it.

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Names to Fill a Roman Line

(Continued from Page 8.)

my only hope of turning in a report was to ask him to dictate a synopsis. When I waylaid him at the end of the services and stated my case, he drew from his pocket the quite full notes that had been the basis of his discourse and gave them to me—much, you may be sure, to my delight and relief. With his usual kind thoughtfulness, when he went on the platform to introduce Miss Kate Field, on an occasion when she lectured here, he dropped down upon the reporters' table proof slips giving the lecture in full, thus greatly lightening our labors. Little things, but of such were all his days and of such is the kingdom of kindness.

Superpianist, His Title

(Continued from Page 11.)

left the room. Soon after he was found outside in tears—tears due to the delight of hearing three of the composers he most loved expressed so well.

John Powell has a deep and living faith as to the future possibilities of American music. But he believes that it will have to be American, not a mere imitation of great French and German models. He thinks that the American composers will at some time learn to express their national ideals and desires in terms of music. And then, but not till then, they may build up a school of music truly national.

[Note—Mr. Powell will play in Indianapolis within the next year. The foregoing tribute to him by Mr. Meltzer represents the view of a man regarded by many as the finest music critic in America.]

The Caruso family has been having its share of troubles. While the head of the house was far away in the humid isle of Cuba, a burglar in New York stole all of Mrs. Caruso's jewelry and not many days later the admired Caruso was nearly blown up by a bomb in Havana. The stage of the great National Theatre on Havana's central plaza was destroyed when a bomb, timed for the triumphal scene, exploded in a washroom in the gallery over the stage, hurling masonry and scenery to the floor below. Since the performance had been delayed, the explosion came when only two persons were on the stage, and they escaped injury. Panic seized the company and audience alike and the performance, the final one of Caruso's engagement there, was called of.

When Caruso is not busy buying more jewels for his wife, or busy earning more money to buy more jewels, he occupies himself making sketches. The accompanying caricatures show him in two of his operatic roles.

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The Bookworm, in an endeavor to find out the wishes of the public in the book line, painstakingly gnawed his way into local book shops to learn what books are most in demand. The list follows:

Fiction

Kindred of the Dust, Peter B. Kyne.
The Rescue, Joseph Conrad.
Affinities, Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Non-Fiction

The Rising Tide of Color, Lothrop Stoddard.

Economic Consequences of the Peace, John M. Keynes.

Letters of Henry James.

Letters of Travel, Rudyard Kipling.

The Orient in Bible Times, Elihu Grant.

Not so high in demand, but equal if not higher in interest, both locally and in reading circles the world over, is a book by an Indianapolis author, "Neither Dead Nor Sleeping," by May Wright Sewall.

From a literary standpoint, undoubtedly the best thing about Mrs. Sewall's detailed description, of her communion with the dead, is the introduction by Booth Tarkington. In reading the volume itself, one is struck forcibly by the unliterary character of the writing, as if Mrs. Sewall, in her strict effort to avoid all appearance of charlatanism and that mystic affectation which is associated with popular spiritualism, had gone to the other extreme, and made her narrative as dry and unadorned as possible. As literature, it is poor reading. As a human document, and a record of human experience, real or fancied, depending on the judgment of the reader, it is so fascinating as to make one almost lose sight of the hard character of the reading. I say, almost. For aside from the peculiar interest of the subject matter, both in the light of the recent revival of interest and in view of the personality and position of the writer, the book makes exceedingly stiff reading.

Indianapolis readers do not have to be told who Mrs. Sewall is and what she has hitherto stood for in the life of this community, of the nation, and of the world, especially the world of women. She is probably the best known, and most widely accepted as authority on many other subjects, of any of the hordes of people who have come forward, positively affirming that they have held and do hold communication with those whom we believe dead. Further than that, she belives she has received from them help both spiritual and physical, which has enabled her to overcome a fatal disease, to exist under conditions which are impossible under the laws of Nature as we know them, and under these impossible conditions to perform more than human tasks. These things, she affirms, are not supernatural, but processes according to laws we know nothing of, laws which she imparts as revelations from her husband in the spirit world.

The author traces her own development in receiving spirit messages in various ways, from the time when, a scoffer, she first listened to the voice of her husband from the beyond, to the point at which she "finds it increasingly difficult to distinguish between her own thoughts and their suggestions. For by this time she is in communication with many of the great dead, and is receiving instruction from many. In the interest of credulity of the manuscript, the ordinary skeptic can not help wishing her instruction were some other than Rubinstein and Mesmer, or else that she actually become a great musician, or hypnotist. But this is the vain search for the artistic touch of literature, and far off the track of appreciating a volume of such unusual significance.

As to Mrs. Sewall's sincerity, both her previous position and her evident searching analysis of her own motives and feelings through a long period of years, renders any doubt absurd. The hoax would be too gigantic, the effort too great to work out in such detail the laws, the tests, the evidences, and the collaboration of numbers of people to allow any suspicion to rest even upon a person of no known integrity. Of Mrs. Sewall, it is unthinkable. She believes her assertions. Throughout the volume she is constantly referring to her own disbelief in the evidence of her senses, to the tests to which she put her spirit advisers, and to which they voluntarily put themselves. In spite of many apparently contradictory statements, as to details, the whole rings true so far as her conviction is concerned.

If we accept, as we are forced to do, the sincerity of the author, we are then forced also to accept the conclusion of Mr. Tarkington in his introduction,—

"Either her subconsciousness, her dream maker, has been up to a dumbfounding prodigy of dream building, or else Mrs. Sewall has been in communication with living people whom we have thought of as dead."

If, however, we are to accept science as we know it, and as our authorities know it, we can not go very far on the theory of the subconscious mind when we consider the extent and complexity of the experiences related, the detailed instructions and ideas totally foreign to Mrs. Sewall's beliefs or knowledge.

Accept or reject, considered as hallucination or gospel, the volume is undoubtedly destined to be one of the landmarks in the progression of spiritualism either as science or cult. The interest in the belief of the author as to her own experiences, alone, is paramount to the interest in the fact that such a book is read at all, not only with interest, but without ridicule.

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"If there ever was a buyers' market, this is it."

E. T. Ellington, representative in this territory of the National City Company, summed up in the foregoing sentence the judgment of virtually every investment dealer in the country. He made the declaration a few days ago after reviewing in conversation some typical sound investments now offered to the public. Among those mentioned were the following bonds:

Rail, Northwestern, selling slightly under par, to net the investor 7.05 per cent; Government, Belgian, selling around 97.25, to net 7.95 per cent; Industrial, Hershey Chocolate, netting 7.85 per cent; Utilities, Consumers Power of Michigan, netting 7.50 per cent.

As typical of the preferred stock issues, he mentioned the Motor Wheel Corporation, selling at par and paying 8 per cent.

This prevailing range of 7 to 8 per cent for the soundest type of investment would have caused the investor of a decade ago to smell around a long while before buying. He would have feared an undue risk, if offered 7 to 8 per cent for his money. The high cost of money, twin brother of the high cost of living, is perplexing investment bankers just as H. C. L. is puzzling the rest of us. From the bankers' standpoint, too many people are spending their money on living rather than on investment, which pays better returns.

Even with the 7 to 8 per cent range, money is none too plentiful, and many sound, substantial concerns are offering extra inducements in the way of the old "two for one" preferred and common proposition. This is by no means a reflection on the stability of such concerns. Rather, it is an added index to the supply of investment money.

Investment bankers describe the market as a little slow, due perhaps to the diversion of money in the direction of crop financing. With the crop movement ended in a few weeks, they predict brisk buying.

Those who can dodge the high cost of living and save out a little money with which to take advantage of the high rates afforded by many securities, may rejoice at the strenuous competition for funds that produces these rates. Why can we not have the high rates without the high cost?

"Why," asked the hobo, "can we not have some of these nice warm June days in January, when we need them?"

Because the two are so tightly bound together they can not be pried apart. Credit and merchandise fit like the two heads of the same drum. On one side, your merchant sells you anything from an Irish mail for the boy to a gas car for the oldest daughter, on almost any kind of credit terms. He charges you more, and while he is waiting for his money he finances himself by borrowing at the bank. One Indianapolis merchant, for example, dropped in at his bank the other day to arrange a little matter of credit, and produced his books, showing accounts receivable of a little more than $900,000. And he was not one of the big department store men, either.

With the merchants stripping the banks to sell us goods before we can pay for them, it is small wonder the investment field is attractive. Manufacturers, utilities and other borrowers must pay unusual rates to attract the capital they require.

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:: Shop Tours ::

The amusing competition of three downtown shops which displayed bathing suits in prominent windows last week was given a decisive turn by one shop which undoubtedly deserves the prize. The first shop blossomed out with a Sunday display of jade green silk suits, combined with gold colored hose, knickers, and other necessary accessories. The next day another shop put on a party, against a futuristic background, with nymphs lolling about in black taffeta aproned and ruffled suits and—shades of the spectrum—hose which had been

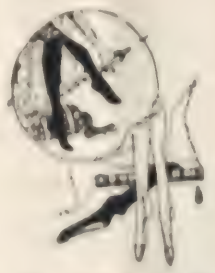


colored according to the now famous Batik process. No guarantee appeared as to whether the colors would run still further, but probably none was needed, as the wearer of such a suit would not be expected to venture into the water.

The third shop displayed a backdrop showing a placid sea, against which two sensibly clad figures took on a realistic air. One wore a wool jersey suit, the kind that stands a daily swim. The other wore a pretty and practical suit of plain cut, made of knitted silk. The punch was delivered by a small card, neat but not gaudy, reading, "Practical Bathing Suits".

The woman with a narrow foot—and what woman will not claim that she has at least one?—will be interested in the offer of one of the shoe shops to provide her with a tennis shoe that fits. The makers of tennis shoes are undoubtedly men with big-footed wives, for there never was a tennis shoe sent out to these parts that did not come in a width suitable for a German peasant.

A number of slim-footed tenn players invaded a shop the other day all with that desperate gleam in th eye that makes the shoe man want t run. He showed them what he ha the usual eight-inch square arrange ment, and they wept with disappoint ment.



Then he was inspired. Some round toed pumps with one-inch heels we brought on the scene. They came moderately narrow widths, and wh the heels were removed and ribb ties fastened on at the sides, th made ideal tennis footwear. Of course, they cost somewhat mo than the ordinary canvas shoe, b they more than compensate the pu chaser in their slim lines, high c well-fitting sides, and better wearin qualities.

These round-toed pumps come in number of leathers and colors as we as in white cloth, and they are welcome as sunshine, not only to th tennis player but to any woman wh likes a low-heeled dress shoe.

The uses of organdie this summ are many and diverse. One of th more exclusive shops is showing complete costume for a hot summer day, all made of the filmiest Frenc organdie. The material is as sheer a mist, and as transparent. The fa is woven with perfect evenness, n a thick place, a knot or a break i the thread marring its unblemishe surface.

To begin at the beginning, which is to say immediately above the silken garments that undoubtedly belong be neath so delicate a frock, there is straight skirt attached to a camiso top, all suspended from shoulde straps of pale yellow. This slip, whi

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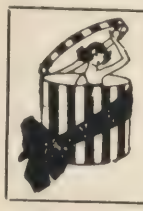
of course, is decorated on the bodice with pale yellow ribbon bows which match the shoulder straps. The straight gathered skirt is festooned with frilling of yellow, yards and yards of frilling running in a twining design in that usually undecorated space between the hem and the knees.

Over this confection of white and yellow is arranged the simplest of overdresses. The bodice is cut all in one piece. Tiny sleeves are in one with the body, which is cut full enough to allow for fine, exquisitely set gathers in the neck at front and back. The skirt is straight, full, and finished with a deep hem.

With this frock there is a broad, shady hat, made of two or three layers in the most unassuming way with a broad band of yellow ribbon which hangs down, little girl fashion, almost to the waist. The primrose by the river's brim may be yellower, but it is surely no more delightfully simple and unaffected than this costume.

Similar outfits are obtainable in tender shades of green and violet. No two are alike.

The hitherto mysterious and unbuyable tan silk glove has at last arrived in town. All sizes and at least five different shades are to be found, and the price range is from two dollars up. Gentle ladies, who like to have their hands modestly gloved, will welcome the news that no matter what their favorite shop, tan gloves are once more included in its stock.



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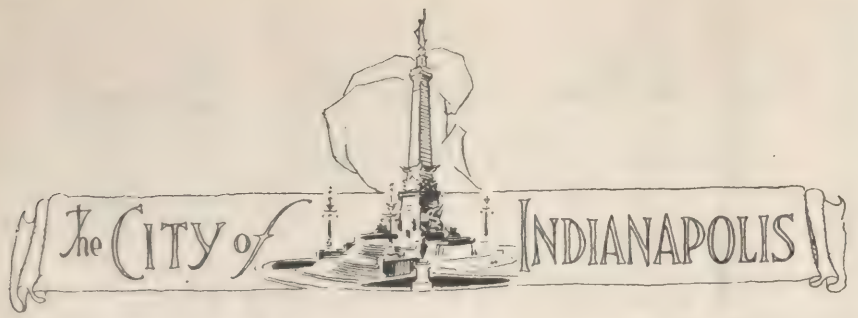
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The public improvement program of the city of Indianapolis, in common with that of other cities, especially that pertaining to the resurfacing and new street work, is seriously handicapped at the present time by a shortage of construction material, especially cement. Of forty-two contracts which have been let for resurfacing or new street work, fifteen are actually in the course of construction, and nearly all of these are being delayed due to the contractors' inability to get delivery on cement. The starting of the work on the other twenty-seven contracts is being held up on account of the contractors' inability to get delivery on cement, although orders for cement were placed at the time the contractors accepted their contracts. The work can not be started until proper transportation facilities are secured to move the cement from the mills.

In addition to the above contracts, the Board of Public Works has on file ready to advertise for bids, twenty-one resolutions for new and resurfaced streets. They have not been advertised on account of the shortage of cement and other materials. There are also in the course of preparation eighty-five resolutions for resurfacing and new street work, many of which are very important, such as the resurfacing of East Washington street, North Delaware street, Prospect street, Shelby street and New York street.

It is understood there is plenty of cement at the mills, but the great difficulty lies in the matter of transportation, due to the car shortage. The inability of the contractors to get a sufficient amount of material prevents them from accepting work which is much needed in order to complete the resurfacing and new street program for 1920. One supply house has contracts from contractors who have street work for the city now pending, amounting to 25,000 barrels of cement. This house is unable to make deliveries owing to inability to get cars to transport this cement from the mills.

So much has been said in the way of criticism of the street situation that it is only fair to print an authoritative review of work already done and an outline of work pending. Work done since June, 1919, is as follows:

Contracted and finished—39 streets—10.45 miles.

Under contract, not finished—9 streets—2.95 miles.

Work stopped by remonstrance by resident property owners and orders rescinded by the Board of Public Works—34 streets—17.45 miles. These have been again included in the program. Among these streets are the following: Senate—from 10th to 16th; Boulevard Place—from 16th to 21st; Prospect street—from Madison avenue to Keystone; Shelby street—from Virginia avenue to Southern avenue; East Washington street—from Liberty street to Audubon road; East street—from Washington to 10th street, and Fort Wayne avenue—from Alabama to Central.

Held for bids, plans or 1921 program—49 streets—17.47 miles.

New Street Work

Contracted and finished—7 streets—1.11 miles.

Contracted but not finished—33 streets—8.72 miles.

Held for bids, plans or 1921 program—36 streets—9 31 miles.

The 1920 improvement program follows:

Widening of New York street from a 40 foot roadway to a 50 foot roadway, between Alabama street and Indiana avenue.

Enlargement of street intersections on Sixteenth street, between Capitol avenue and New Jersey street, for safety.

Enlargement of street intersections on Twenty-second street, between Pennsylvania street and New Jersey street, for safety.

Straightening of College avenue, at Massachusetts avenue.

New bridge over Canal, north of Tenth street.

New bridge over Pleasant Run, at Churchman street.

New bridge over Pleasant Run, at Olive street.

New bridge over Pleasant Run, at Raymond street.

Flood prevention levee on east side of Eagle Creek, north of Morris street.

Straightening of New York street at Randolph street.

Straightening of Michigan street at Highland avenue.

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INDIANAPOLIS



Motion Pictures

The comments made on a picture shown in Indianapolis within the last fortnight are of interest chiefly because they show an amazing lack of perception of the beauty of a romantic story and exceptional acting.

The picture had all the advantages of excellent screening and projection, and the support of a well-trained orchestra which played appropriate music. There could have been nothing to complain of in the comfort of the house, which has good ventilation and thickly upholstered chairs. It was the story, the actress, her support, the acting of the company, in fact, the **tout ensemble,** that failed to please.

A number of people objected to the person of the actress, an accomplished woman of great beauty and distinction of manner. These objectors had found perfect satisfaction in the cheap prettiness of the Mary Pickfords, and their education had not included an appreciation of reserved beauty which did not make its appeal through flirtatious glances and coquettish ringlets.

The hero of the story is an Episcopalian minister. One loyal member of that church found discomfiture in his downfall, a reflection on the purity of the church. Another critic maintained that such asceticism is not encouraged by the church, that his action was justifiable, and that the Episcopalians were misrepresented in a picture that indicated such standards of self-discipline. On the whole, the minister was the most criticised person in the play, for he was attacked with equal vigor on the grounds of poor acting, over acting, and being badly cast.

There was more justification for the disparaging remarks made about the gentleman who, in the stage version of the play, was a dashing and gallant figure, a Chesterfield in manner, a dandy in dress, and who in the picture turned into a somewhat cadaverous looking person resembling a careful family solicitor or some equally staid sort of retainer.

The picture on the whole was so artistically done that nothing but coldness could be expected from a public used to a diet of froth. A substantial and worthwhile work, it may return another year when beauty need not be cheap, acting wildly emotional and settings elaborately tawdry to make a popular success.

During the past week the same picture theater is making money with a thriller of the deepest dye. It is in the class of the Dead-Eye Dick story, and it is having as wide a circulation. The only difference between the two is that Dead-Eye Dick was a man, while in the film he is a woman. Male Emily Moores, Mr. and Mrs. Lee stars are well enough, but they can not compete in the class with the female who trots around with a bear for her protector and fights her way to glory against gangs of hairy armed, black-fisted rascals that make your blood run cold.

It was with great pleasure that the acting of Marjorie Rambeau in the film version of her former stage success, "The Fortune Teller," was seen last week. The acquisition of such notables as Miss Rambeau, the Barrymores, and Doris Keane by the movies indicates an onward and upward movement in the art of picture-making.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 10.)

Society turned out for the polo matches between the Indianapolis Polo Club and the squad from the Miami Valley Hunt Club of Dayton, Ohio, at the Speedway last week.

Among the more prominent present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Brown, Representative Merrill Moores, Miss

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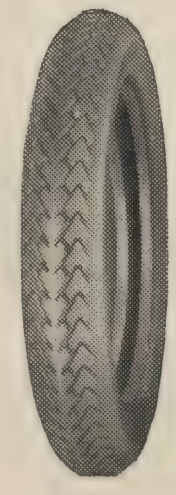
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Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 9.)

tained by hatred or revenge or fear—a knowledge which few statesmen of our time possess. And he knows likewise that there come moments when firmness, blind-eyed firmness, cold and relentless as steel, is the only path to the ideal. Not much has been said or written about this phase and this purpose of the play. The poison of war hysteria still beclouds the minds and the hearts of too many of us. It isn't pleasant to hear the manner of unbridled speech, in which you have so recently indulged, held up to ignominy by the calm firmness of the greatest president. Drinkwater didn't intend it to be pleasant. He did not choose Abraham Lincoln at random as the subject for a play. Instead, he saw in Lincoln the man and Lincoln the historical figure a clear and ringing ideal of human conduct, and he determined to focus the attention of a muddled world on that ideal by reviving the memories of the man who embodied it.

Whether he will find so earnest a motive for the other plays which he has returned to England to write this summer, is an interesting question. They are three in number and will be woven round the lives of Oliver Cromwell, Mary Queen of Scots and Robert E. Lee. Some cynics think Drinkwater is embarking on a hero spree similar to Augustus Thomas's unattained ambition to write a play about each of the states of the Union. Such an assumption, however, is unwarranted in the light of his work thus far and incredible to those of us who know the intensity of his own ideals and the fineness of his imagination.

Art From Poland

It is a far cry from Lincoln in the theatre to Poland in the picture gallery, but New York affords strange contrasts, and sometimes a strange light breaks through in the presence of those contrasts. If any country in Europe or in the world today possessed a single Lincoln, the suicidal struggle along the Beresina and the Dnieper would be impossible. I lost some of my respect for Poland when I returned from Russia (where the artists honor their calling by practicing it) and found Paderewski breaking up his piano to make political fences. It is particularly heartening, therefore, to find that some of the Polish artists, after all, have held to their craft and are proud enough of their profession to send examples of their work all the way to the United States.

This first exhibition of paintings, water-colors and sketches by the artists of Poland, held for four days last month in the Plaza Hotel, had its genesis and was carried to success, strangely enough, at the hands of a once-upon-a-time Hoosier—that is, if twenty-three years' residence divided between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis establish Indiana citizenship. The driving power and the enthusiasm back of the venture were contributed largely by Miss Rose G. Szewc, now secretary to the counsellor for the Polish consulate in New York. Szewcka, we called her, back in Indianapolis before the war—an eager, restless girl who couldn't find enough occupations in life to absorb all of her energies. Her parents had brought her from Warsaw to Fort Wayne in childhood, and by the time she came to Indianapolis in 1915 she had picked up in her spare time a substantial knowledge of six or seven languages. Stenographer, secretary and translator were insufficient professions, however, and so when the United States entered the conflict she volunteered for several risky missions in the Secret Service in addition to teaching English to the Poles and the Czechs stationed at Fort Harrison.

The idea of an exhibit of Polish artists came to her last fall and it was carried to Poland by a departing friend, only to be forgotten by its sponsor, as most of such dreams should be in a world more interested in cartridges than in canvases. The bearer of the message did not forget, though, nor were the artists of Warsaw slow to gather their work together and entrust it to uncertain transportation and distant shores. And so, one morning this spring, the secretary at the consulate was informed that numerous cases awaited orders at the customs dock in the Hudson. Something had to be done, and Szewcka did it. Loyally aided by other Poles and friends of Poland, she arranged for the place and the dates, induced F. Luis Mora and W. T. Benda to serve as a jury and Colin Campbell Cooper and Mona Lie, among others, to be the hanging committee, obtained the names of several scores of men and women prominent in public, literary, educational and artistic life as patrons and patronesses, including President and Mrs. Wilson, several governors and senators and generals, and brought to the Plaza a wide range of spectators.

The exhibit itself was most interesting in its wide scope. Almost every school of painting, except the most radically modern, was represented. No new or original manner of expression seems to have originated in Poland, but the known methods are used freely to depict Polish life and custom and legend. Of the work of thirty-two artists, that of S. Nowakowski, an architect of Warsaw, stood out most strikingly. His subjects, naturally, were architectonic, but they were far from being mere working drawings—free with the freedom which I can not help wishing our own architects would use sometimes instead of the brutally accurate lines of plumb and level.

It is a pity that such exhibitions can not be passed on to other cities before they are scattered. Americans far and wide know Augustus Saint Gaudens today simply because several years ago his work was displayed in its entire range in one gallery after another. Some time we are going to have the organization and the mechanism to coordinate such efforts all over the country and exchange the products and the discoveries of various communities. Only thus can our appreciation of art and music and the theatre shake off its provincial smugness

---

A. W. Buck attended the celebration commemorating the opening of the new $20,000,000 plants of the Studebaker Corporation at South Bend this week end. The Buck Company is having extensive plans to market the Studebaker light six, which is to be the product of the new South Bend factories, in this territory

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1920 — NUMBER 3

Shawled Men of Other Days

George Merrit, Ben House, Dan Paine and Colonel Holloway Among Last Wearers of Cloaks in Indianapolis.

Literary and Editorial Giants of Those Days Included Berry R. Sulgrove, a Critic Much Quoted in Other Cities.

By Meredith Nicholson

I have meant at some time to prepare for posterity a list of the last men to wear cloaks in this town. If any member of this company is willing to be synchronized with me in those vanishing times I shall gladly suffer him to revise my recollections. It is possible that Mr. George Merrit —O clear and venerable name!—was not the last man to wear a shawl in our thoroughfares; but until I am corrected I shall contend that he was the last shawled man I ever saw here. As he was an old neighbor of ours in the transpontine areas beyond the delectable canal my recollection of him is very clear from my earliest youth, and he certainly wore a shawl when it wasn't a cloak—never, I think, an overcoat. Within a year or so before he died I saw him with a shawl over his shoulders in the monument plaza.

Colonel Holloway wore a cloak for many years after I had added him to my gallery of worthies. But he produced no such stirring effect upon the imagination when blithely turkey-trotting through the streets as Ben D. House, a poet whom I must not pass without dipping my colors. He was a big fellow. He confided to me once that his cloak had been made by the father of Laurence Barrett, the actor. Barrett's father, according to House, had practiced the tailor's trade in this town. Verification of this statement I must leave for some one to refute who is willing to remember the burning of Morrison's Opera House. Footnote for the curious: I did not witness that conflagration. My fires began with the burning of the Academy of Music.

House died just twenty-eight years ago, and it is possible that I am the only man alive who can quote any of his verses. House was the first poet I knew, and perhaps because I was interested in poetry, I spent much time in his company. He was a native of Vermont, who had served in Custer's cavalry, and for some reason had drifted to Indianapolis at the close of the war. In his cloak and slouch hat he seemed to me quite the real thing in poets. I used to steal into his office when he was adjutant-general of the grand army, and sit, a pale anemic youngster, adoring him and listening to him as Desdemona listened to Othello. He breathed the very spirit of romance.

One of House's friends was another cloaked poet, Dan Paine, who wrote a poem on the death of George Harding that contained what House said was one of the finest lines in the history of poetry. That you may judge of this for yourselves I will quote the stanza that contains this line; for I have a sneaking idea that House was right.

Such spirits blaze the pathways of the world,
And stand or fall still facing forward when
The gonfalon of progress is unfurled
And valor calls for men.

On freedom's heights they stand as sentinels
Brave tropic suns, delve in earth's deepest caves,
And climb the ladder of the parallels,
To sleep in icy graves.

The idea of climbing the ladder of the parallels to sleep in icy graves, is pretty good, we must admit. Paine had a fine instinct for literature and was the helpful and encouraging friend of many young writers.

It may be that the fountains of Hoosier song are drying up, but certainly there are fewer poets visible in our local landscape than there were in those times. I have purposely omitted reference to Mr. Riley, as too near and dear for casual allusion; and his attainments and fame have lifted him out of the class of the amateurs that seemed, in about my seventeenth or eighteenth year, to bring Olympus down to our local Grub street, which was Market street between the Circle and the Journal office. In those golden days poets would rush from the Herald office and seize a passerby to drag him in and read him a new sonnet. I weighed much less in those days than I do now, and wore, I fancy, a wistful and tubercular air; which must account for the fact that much verse was confided to my ear by those bards. They also confided to me in certain instances their pecuniary embarrassments and domestic embroilments. Two of those poets told me in the strictest confidence—which I have not until now broken—that they had every honorable intention of shooting each other. Whereupon both immediately left town, greatly to my regret.

I assure you that I am not romancing. With these memories in my keeping you will understand the resentment with which I have viewed the soiling of this classic neighborhood with ignoble commercial and financial uses. It is impossible for an Indianapolis boy to stroll down town these days, exchange one of Mayne Reid's or Cooper's novels at the public library and continue on to the Circle park pump for a drink, thus fortified at the Parnassian spring, inspect our men—and women—of letters as they aired themselves in Market street.

My joy in the days of the cloak is running away with me; but I should acquit myself poorly if I failed to mention Major Jonathan W. Gordon, who had served in two wars and was quite ready to do battle again. I can readily imagine that I hear now his deep resonant voice booming through the courthouse as he pleaded for the life of some murderer he was defending before criminal court jury. He had been a surgeon before he took up the law and enjoyed ragging medical experts on the witness stand. He, too, was a poet on occasions. There used to be a little magazine and newspaper shop on Pennsylvania street close to the Odd Fellows Hall, owned by a Scotchman named Wylie, who was assisted in the business by his granddaughter, whose name, I think, was Jean. Learning that this very charming young lady was about to cross the seas to visit the home of her ancestors, Gordon composed some lines in celebration of the event and I recall that one morning he came into Mr. William Wallace's office to read Mr. Wallace his lines. And for some reason a couplet from that poem lingers in my memory:

It gars me greet that thou mon gae
To Scotiae's shore in blooming May.

She was a charming girl, and her manner of handing out Harper's Weekly was informed with a delicacy, a certain reluctance even—that quite lifted it out of the realm of commercial transactions. I wonder whether she survived that excursion —and the Major's poem—and whether she was ever again the subject of mortal verse!

Among newspaper men still upon the scene in my nineteenth year when I set forth, note-book in pocket, in pursuit of the elusive item, I must mention Berry R. Sulgrove, one of the most amusing and interesting of characters, and the heaviest consumer of chewing tobacco I have ever known. I recall vividly my first visit to his house in South street, when he received me in his stocking feet, being otherwise clad in trousers, galluses and undershirt. He immediately gave me a complete history of my own family to remote generations. He told me, I remember, what I had never known before, that during the civil war my father had acted for a time as artillery drillmaster, breaking in newly organized batteries in the commons beyond my grandfather's house on Blackford street. When I was about to leave him he said that if I would wait for him to dress he'd walk down town with me. The Eden-like incompleteness of his afternoon toilet led me to believe that an hour at least would be necessary to make him presentable for the street. However, he reappeared instantly, having pinned a black silk handkerchief about

This is the third and last installment of Mr. Nicholson's charming paper on the Indianapolis of an earlier day. He has given many readers some pleasant hours of reminiscence. Several persons have asked for complete sets of the three installments, but the supply of Topics is limited. Those readers who wish to preserve the three numbers should send their requests early to the publication office, 1114 Peoples Bank Building.

his neck and chest to obscure his lack of linen and put on his shoes and coat and hat.

A Pickwickian figure—short, bald, rotund, asthmatic, heavily-spectacled—he was very nearsighted—his appearance gave no hint of his fine scholarship. He knew—I fear to say how many languages, but I remember that Hebrew was among them; and he wrote with wonderful clarity a good deal after the manner of Macaulay, and with frequent recourse to Macaulay's rolling antitheses. His literary habits were peculiar to himself. We used to suspect at the News office that he made his own ink by squeezing the juice from elderberries. He wrote, with a mammoth cork pen, an almost microscopic but perfectly legible hand. His manuscript was usually produced upon scraps of paper, election tickets of the old narrow type being his favorite form of papyrus; or hand bills—picked up in the street and not necessarily clean. It might be said in classic phrase that he could and did write on any old thing. His contributions to the News used to reach the editorial rooms early in the morning—a funny little roll that was shot up the pneumatic tube—and he easily got half a column into a piece of paper the size of the hand. He rarely visited the office; in fact I never saw him there but once and he never wrote anything on the premises. It was his habit to rise in the morning with the sun, walk out into the river bottoms and ponder the world's mysteries and the beauties of nature—then go home and produce with incredible ease the column or so of editorial he sent to the News daily.

His work was restricted to the discussions of general topics, not strictly to the day's news, but he was a free lance and wrote what he pleased. Occasionally he sent in an item of news picked up in his wanderings, or the changing moods of nature in the McCarty bottoms would be described in charming Thoreau-like paragraphs. He wrote much on foreign politics, on exploration, or social and political changes. Very often his work was not available and there used to be great fat rolls of it in Mr. Holliday's drawer. Once when the boss was absent and nearly everybody else was sick or on vacation we survivors, being hard put for copy, fished out a lot of Sulgrove's old manuscript—some of it several years old—and filled the editorial columns with it for several days. Footnote: We never told Mr. Holliday of this heinous offense, but I dare say he was conscious of our perfidy, for there was no mistaking Berry's style. It could not be imitated; I know for I used to try it myself.

At his best Sulgrove was one of the ablest editorial writers of his time; his articles were quoted constantly in other journals; the Philadelphia Telegraph reprinted one nearly every day. His was a simple and modest nature and he had, I think, no appreciation of his amazing talents; certain it is that he never made any great use of them. When I would cut his reprinted articles from the exchanges and send them down to him he manifested the most child-like pleasure in the compliment the metropolitan dailies paid him. We carried on at that period a desultory correspondence, his notes reaching me almost invariably on the back of the envelope that had contained my own epistle—and the reply always came rolled up in his morning's wad of manuscript.

"Bud" Lacey, a printer of the old school—alas! that I did not begin in the first place to write of printers I have known!—Lacey, like many compositors of that time—was cursed with the wandering foot and would take the road occasionally. He told me that he had once gone to Chicago largely to escape from Indianapolis, and that after he had got a job subbing on the Inter-Ocean, the first "take" of copy he pulled from the hook was Berry Sulgrove's—the prolific journalist being, it seemed, a long-range editorial contributor to the Chicago paper. An unusual person was Sulgrove, and over his smooth-flowing but often incisive and vigorous prose I can weep in despair to this day. I have said that he had modeled himself upon Macaulay; he had, too, Macaulay's prodigious memory. I will not say that he knew everything, but he knew more—and had it at his finger tips—than any other man I have known.

If I am reminding you that these people were interesting and that the conditions of life in this town in those days are not a worthless burden upon the memory, you may perhaps be saying that there are no such people here now; but I can not for a moment agree with you. I have already cited Mr. Sherlock, the politest street car conductor west of Boston, as a character worthy of all admiration, and I insist that the eligible list may be extended indefinitely.

So many statues adorn the perspective of the long corridor that leads toward my youth that I am oppressed by the inadequacy of my catalogue. I must not, however, omit George W. Julian, who dawned early upon my horizon by reason of family ties with Wayne county. He was one of the sanest and wisest men our state has known; a man of vision and courage, and with the highest ideals of public service; nor may I neglect Professor Hoshour, scholar of the old school and the author of Altisonant Letters, whom I passed—it seems only yesterday—in Washington street, with a book under his arm. He had combined with my grandfather in publishing a newspaper at Centerville, then the capital of Wayne county, back in the days of the Mexican war.

Truly the proper study of mankind is man. And I consider it the highest privilege to have known not only some of the bright and shining lights who have illumined our Hoosier heavens; but also a great number of the blackguards who have danced nimbly on our horizon—thieves, confidence men, gamblers, second-story men, barkeepers, murderers and members of the city council. I have been on fairly close terms with a number of gentlemen who have done time in penitentiaries. One of these was the lamented Simeon Coy, whom I knew much better than I should confess were it not for the safeguards of the statute of limitations. He was one of the most mischievous men our local political arena has produced; and I shall not attempt to whitewash him; but he was an original and most amusing character; and he was truthful—when he undertook to tell the truth—generous and kind. He once showed me a personal kindness that I shall never forget. And having confessed to my lingering affection for this saloon keeper, political boss, and convict, I will add as a postscript that the most contemptible scoundrel I have ever known was a minister of the gospel. And I make this assertion not in a spirit of cynicism but because for years I have been waiting for just such an opportunity as this to make just this particular invidious comparison.

With a generosity that astounds me I have suggested characters enough for half a dozen novels or stirring biographies. American life not interesting! No other life was ever half so interesting; and no other town ever offered anything like the subjects and suggestions that are everywhere about us.

* * *

That is a pleasant incident which Wadsworth gives as a text for his poem, "Stepping Westward". "We met in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us by way of greeting, 'What, you are stepping Westward?'" The poem continues:

"The dewy ground was dark and cold.
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

And coming to the farther slope of the Great Divide—and stepping westward, we can not quarrel with the fate that set us down where we are. There are many experiences we would not repeat—failures, defeats, heartaches, doubts and questionings that it is as well to forget. But after all our Hoosier world is a cheerful place. As our poet says very often, when I have been riding with him—and perhaps after a long silence, and laying his hand on my knee—"This is a mighty fine old world and there are lots of good people in it." And who is there who has breathed the kindly atmosphere of this good city for forty years or twenty or ten, who will not affirm the poet's dictum? So many splendid lives have gone to the making of this community; the faith and fortitude and aspiration of so many noble men and women speak in its institutions, in habits of thought. The splendid lives have gone to the making the fate of those of us who have been blessed in knowing some of those spirits who have contributed to our city and state so much of security and prosperity, and sweetness and light.

And if those that might carry us away captives should require of us a song; and if they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the Songs of Zion; how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Motion Pictures

There has been a free interchange lately between the world of the stage and screen in the mater of plays and players. It used to be considered a remarkable evidence of good feeling when one movie producer made a loan to another, the articles exchanged including Hindu temples, elephants, repoussee silverware. Battenberg laces, egg beaters, envelope chemises, crutches, mountains, false whiskers, typewriters and fresh doughnuts. Now they think nothing of shouting across the back fence that they would appreciate the loan of a handsome leading man or a curly ingenue.

An era of good feeling has come about in the world of motion pictures, and its contagion has spread to the stage. The numerous business affiliations of the past few months have been an evidence, not a cause, of the pleasant relations between the Goldwyns, Smiths, Laemles et al. on the one hand and the Woods, Belascos, and Thomases on the other.

One of the pioneers in effecting this profitable arrangement was undoubtedly Alice Brady, whose arts as go-between, though unconscious, were none the less far-reaching. Papa Brady had never been very keen about Alice's ambition to go on the stage, for as a prominent producer, he was too well aware of the hardships of the work for an ambitious girl. But after being forced to yield on this point, he was next compelled by the exuberant Alice to sanction her entrance into pictures. Miss Brady's genius for consolidation possibly influenced her choice of a husband, for her marriage last spring to the son of Dr. Frank Crane leads to fruitful thoughts on Dr. Crane's facile pen, which could and will no doubt be turned toward the preparation of scenarios.

At any rate, giving credit where credit is due when that is made possible by a free statement of facts from accurate press agents, the fact remains that plays which have had their day on the stage are now finding their way to the screen, and vice versa.

Last week one of the famous crook plays of several years gone by was shown at a picture house here. It was an excellent choice for film production, for the melodrama, the comedy, the moment of possible tragedy, all derive their strength from situation, and very little from the lines. When Paul Armstrong wrote the play he

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Great Gotham

"Jane Clegg" Notable Among Winter Plays That Still Flourish Despite the Summer Sun of Manhattan.

By Oliver M. Sayler

Time was when June or even May doomed the serious play to death or sent it to the storehouse until autumn, while the "summer show" reigned in its stead up and down Broadway. I suppose there was a time, if the pioneer memory be consulted, when even the "summer show" was limited to the variety performance and the circus; and there are some who try to make us believe that there was a day when Coney Island itself was still unborn, although that iconoclastic tradition is probably due to some staid historian who walked the streets with blinders on.

Things have changed, though, with the discovery that Great Gotham is one of the most attractive of the nation's summer resorts, and today it takes positively withering weather to close the doors on the season's best plays. The better the play, in fact, the longer it defies the thermometer.

At least, that is the result this year. I suppose the three best plays of the season have been Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" and St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg," and as I write, with the leaves of one of the few trees in Greenwich village motionless outside my window under a heavy sun, they are all victors thus far over the calendar and the weather man. Two of these plays have already afforded me topics for "Topics" and the third presents an excellent opportunity to tell the story of one of the most interesting ventures in the contemporary theatre.

"Jane Clegg" is the sixth production of the Theatre Guild, Inc., son and heir to the late Washington Square Players.. In fact, the new group is so nearly identical in personnel with its progenitor that the change in name reminds me of the way Russian newspapers under the Revolution were suppressed under one title one day and the next reappeared with the same staff and often from the same offices under a new caption. The Guild, of course, had no similar reason for altering its appellation in free America, where the playhouse, at least, is still immune from the red-baiting hysteria. The Guild probably wished to escape from the impression of novice which attached to the Washington Square Players, a reasonable motive, and to exchange its predecessor's emphasis on American drama for a more cosmopolitan program. The latter motive is less laudable and even unfortunate, for it leaves the Provincetown Players as the only insurgent group in New York devoted to the cause of native drama in the spirit of the new theatre.



MARGARET WYCHERLY AS JANE; DUDLEY DIGGES AS HENRY CLEGG

Since its organization a little over a year ago, the Guild has gone abroad for five out of the six plays which it has presented to the public. Spain yielded for the opening production Jacinto Benavente's "The Bonds of Interest." Ireland gave up St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" to complete the first preliminary season. For a brief run last fall, the Guild presented a dramatization of William Dean Howells' "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which was followed by John Masefield's Japanese tragedy, "The Faithful," and Count Lyoff Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness." Returning to Ireland and Ervine, the Guild courted and won lightning a second time in the same place, for "Jane Clegg," produced February 23 at the Garrick Theatre, has filled the house ever since, making unnecessary all the plans for a revival of "John Ferguson" to fill out the season. Overseas the Guild went once more for August Strindberg's "The Dance of Death," presented recently at two private performances for its supporting membership. And announcement has been made that Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" will open the new season in the fall.

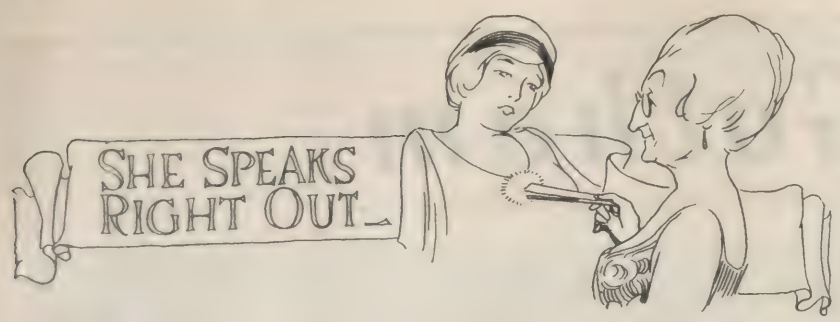
Obviously, the Theatre Guild has thrown overboard the solicitous interest in native drama which the Washington Square Players cherished. That is unfortunate from several angles. Native drama needs to be cherished and it is worth being cherished. It needs encouragement, for it is still unable to compete at scratch with the best plays from other literatures. It is worth encouragement, as Eugene O'Neill proved with "Beyond the Horizon." The Guild, I understand, had an opportunity to do O'Neill's tragedy, but turned it down.

The preference for overseas drama is open to another objection, for, with the best of judgment in choosing producers, a play from a foreign tongue, an alien civilization, can be only partially interpreted. We may or may not know our own life well enough to express it in the theatre, but in spite of our blood heritage from the ends of the earth we know astonishingly little about the lands beyond the horizon. Perhaps that is because as in O'Neill's play we have sent our business men abroad and have kept our poets and our artists at home toiling over ledgers and the rotation of crops. And if that is a truthful explanation, would it not be well for the Theatre Guild to seek out our poets on farm and in city and ask them what they have seen and dreamed this side of the horizon?

The two public productions of the Guild which I have seen illustrate the chance an American theatre takes with foreign plays. Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness" failed almost utterly as an interpretation of Russian life. "Jane Clegg," on the other hand, is unfolded with a sympathy and an understanding which even a native play might command. The Irish are near unto us, after all. And so it will be in future, with ups and downs in insight and understanding, if the Guild persists in flirting with strange gods.

It is hard to be ill-natured, though, in the presence of such honest and able effort as the Guild has bestowed on Ervine's play. Here is an incisive page out of life, an illuminating example of the service which realism in art can perform. A patient wife and mother has tolerated a rotter of a life-partner for years until he commits forgery to pay the bills of his "fancy woman." When she discovers this dual infidelity, she makes good the shortage out of her small savings and releases him to go to Canada with his new romance. That is all, and yet Ervine has managed to pack so much genial and poignant insight into hu-

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One of the pleasant features of living in Indianapolis is the fact that it is within a few hours' ride of any number of pretty places where one may vacation enjoyably. Half the fun of having a home here is the knowledge that many pretty lakes and woods may be reached, where mosquitos are guaranteed to be at least as big as those of the camping places of other states, and where swimming, riding, tennis, golf, and the like strenuous pleasures make home seem the happiest spot in the world.

Not all the Hoosiers are as loyal as the little boy who said on his return from the dune region of northern Indiana, "Mother, when I'm grown up like daddy I'm not going to Europe to see the sights. I'll just go to the hotel and see enough sand and water and mountains to satisfy me for another year."

But a great many Indianapolis people do find pleasure in the Indiana lakes and streams, and any number of families move out, bag and baggage, to Maxinkuckee, Wawasee, Burt Lake, Tippecanoe, or one or another of the neighboring places suitable for camps and cottages. The arrangements vary from the most primitive type, consisting of tents and cots, with cooking apparatus on the verandah, so to speak, to elaborate and complete establishments, provided with plaster, plumbing and furance.

A permanent home is that of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Potts, whose rambling house at Maxinkuckee is inhabited at least six months of the year. Some years ago it was an unpretentious camping cabin, but the requirements of the family have increased its size until now it occupies a considerable ground space.

When the place was enlarged, it was made to include a stage and small auditorium, for Mrs. Walter Vonnegut, formerly Marjorie Potts, enjoys keeping up her stage work on a small scale during the summer. A number of years ago she organized the Maxinkuckee Mummers, and the stage in the Potts home is the scene of frequent performances.

The meandering design of the house might not qualify in an architect's book of plans, but it makes a highly satisfactory home for the Potts family. Mrs. Potts is very fond of the place, and regrets the few weeks in summer that must be spent elsewhere. At present her daughter, Mrs. Vonnegut, is there, while Mr. Vonnegut supervises the care of an orchard of some two thousaid apple trees on the grounds.

The house is ideally located for year 'round occupancy, for it is about fifty feet above the lake, and surrounded by a heavy growth of trees, forming an excellent wind-break. Mr. and Mrs. Vonnegut, who live in New York during the winter, find that it gives a delightful combination of work and play in the summer.

Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut's summer home at Maxinkuckee is a place of especial enjoyment to her, for she had an old farm house made over. No home is as completely satisfying as the one that gives evidence of careful and extended planning. The joy of cutting in new doors and windows, building cupboards, having floors and walls painted and taking a hand at puttying up old holes is one that is seldom equaled, and when a home as lovely as The Hollyhocks results the zenith is reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Curburo have just built an attractive summer home at Maxinkuckee. It is set well back from the lake, and sheltered by trees. In design it is patterned after the Italian style.

Tippecanoe is the scene of the yearly sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Buchanan. Wandering farther afield go Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Fleber, who travel up into Michigan. Mrs. Arthur B. Grover enjoys spending the summer in the woods of Minacqua, Wisconsin, where she has her summer home. The daughters of J. K. Sharpe Miss Julia and Anna Sharpe, go reg

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COOL WAYS TO TRAVEL IN HOT WEATHER

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Duckwall, 3818 North Delaware, keep cool at Miami in winter and in northern waters in summer, skipping the waves in their champion speed motor boat, Hoosier V. The photographs below show them once in a hurry, and once loitering along at their leisure.

Marjorie Vonnegut, on the other hand, likes to drift about at her leisure on Lake Maxinkuckee. The photograph at the side shows her and her little daughter Irma Ruth, off shore from the lovely Potts home.







Sarah Walker Coming Home

Singing Under the Name of Madame Cahier, Contralto Has Won International Recognition --Studied in Vienna

An Indianapolis Woman, She Received Her Early Musical Training Here—Will Sing as Soloist With Orchestra.

By Ona B. Talbot

Indianapolis has again been honored in the musical world by the latest, and perhaps one of the greatest, achievements in the successful career of Mme. Charles Cahier, better known in Indianapolis as Sarah Layton Walker. Her early musical education was received here. Mme. Cahier was chosen as one of the soloists for the great Mahler Festival in Amsterdam in May, under the direction of Holland's greatest conductor, William Mengelberg. Musicians from all parts of the world assembled to honor Gustav Mahler—the first international gathering since the war.

The soloists for the Amsterdam Festival were not engaged for their merit alone, but for some particular relation to the great Mahler. Especially was this true of Mme. Cahier, who has sung under Mahler in Vienna, and was intimately acquainted with his interpretative ideas. She was selected by the composer for the first performance of the Eighth Symphony, and created the contralto part of the "Song of the Earth", in which her glorious voice and rare interpretative art in the super-earthly settings of the Chinese verses, has made her share in the Amsterdam festival some of the unforgettable moments.

The "Song of the Earth," a composition most tenderly atmospheric of Mahler's works, consists of six settings of Chinese poems of the eighth century, (Li-Tai-Po, Tschang-Tsi, Mong-Ko-Yen and Wang-Wei are the authors) for the orchestra with tenor and contralto alternately, forming a sequence of movements. The first of these movements—the "Drinking Song of Earthly Misery"—is the allegro, the rushing stream of life, the cup overflowing and the drop of bitterness within, which in the finale has become a flood of melancholy. "The Parting" is the title of the finale, the poet's leave from life, a touchingly beautiful essay on the sadness of earthly existence. Between the two there is a slow movement, "The Lonesome One in Autumn", a piece of the finest spun impressionism, and the three scherzo-like pieces, a gay bit "Of Youth"—a warm blooded fast pulsating love rhythm, "Of Beauty" and another rhapsody, "The Drunken One in Spring", more darkly colored than the first. The whole is a masterpiece of harmonic finesse, and the most precious example of Mahler's orchestral workmanship.



MADAME CAHIER (Sarah Layton Walker)

The Eighth Symphony of Gustav Mahler is justly called "The Symphony of the Thousand", and by critics is considered his greatest public manifestation and revelation of self. This great orchestral work formed the climax of the Amsterdam Festival, and was described by one present as the "music of the planets rushing through the universe", and the most profound that Mahler's visionary genius dared to imagine. The success of the Mahler Festival in Amsterdam has been conceded to have realized the fondest dreams for which it was given to the memory of a genius at last come into his own.

Gustav Mahler has been dead almost ten years, and during this time his worth has been steadily rising, through the loyalty, almost to fanaticism, of his friends, chief among them, Willem Mengelberg.

In America, Leopold Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, had the vision and imagination to present the Eighth Symphony of Mahler at the Metropolitan Opera House, two seasons ago, after which performance, Stokowski was acclaimed the greatest conductor of them all, which is no exaggeration. He has now reached the pinnacle which many of those who heard him several years ago, when he first directed the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, in a series of orchestral concerts in this city, predicted he would attain. Mr. Stokowski is truly a poet-conductor. A wonderful folk these Russians. The glamour of romance, the potency of restless and seemingly exhaustless energy, the power to seize and voice the moods that stir the emotions, whether joy or melancholy, passion or the impetuous urge to bold emprise, these are the heritage of the fallow years, and these their title to the commanding place they already hold in the art life of the world.

Willem Mengelberg, who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, is the acknowledged uncrowned king of Holland. Music in Holland is more than an art. It is a second religion, and its cultivation is almost universal, looking back upon a tradition of centuries. The National Festival, in which the whole town, in fact the entire country, takes part, covers a period of two weeks, and all activities other than those of making the festival a success are set aside. The wonderfully decorated gates of the city are the goal for thousands every day, all conveyances that lead to it are gayly bedecked, the doors of the homes are never closed.

The chances are that Willem Mengelberg will bring much of his superabundant enthusiasm for the composition of Mahler of New York when he comes to this country next season, as guest-conductor, for a series of concerts with the latest established National Symphony Orchestra of New York, of which Arthur Bodanzky of the Metropolitan Opera Company is the regular conductor.

All during the war Mme. Charles Cahier (Sarah Layton Walker) had the most distinct successes, particularly in the Scandinavian countries. In the Royal Opera House in Stockholm, Sweden, she is a prime favorite. It is good to hear that arrangements are being made for her return to America next season. She will sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra, The National Symphony Orchestra of New York, with Willem Mengelberg, conducting, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and many concert engagements are being made. When Mme. Cahier's tour has been definitely planned, Indianapolis will unquestionably be given the opportunity to hear one of her own, who has had the highest honors in the art world bestowed upon her.



PATTI HARROLD

Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, has been causing a deal of talk among the folks lately. She is singing the title role in "Irene" at Mr. Vanderbilt's theatre in New York, and doing it so well that the writing men on the Gotham papers predict a career greater than her father's for her. She was born over here at Muncie, and she gets her first name from the fact that she is the god-daughter of Adelina Patti.

Editorial

RAILROAD TROUBLES

At a time when the country is crying for disinterested, clear thinking on economic problems, it is a pity so much error and propaganda should be ladled out. The railroad problem is an example. John Candee Dean, in one of his recent letters published in the News, makes a praiseworthy effort to convince the public of the seriousness of the transportation situation. People generally do not appear to know how vital it is.

But it is too bad Mr. Dean should have canceled the merit of his letter by such misstatements as this:

"During the war the government did practically nothing to add to the railroad equipment or to keep it in repair."

The plain fact is, of course, that the railroads have had from the government some $2,250,000,000, advanced to them during the war to guarantee return on investment, buy new engines and cars and keep track and roadbed in repair. Every factory in the United States that makes engines and cars was kept busy throughout the war and their product was used, practically every dollar's worth, either in the United States or the American railroad system behind the front in France.

If there was a single railroad equipment concern in this country not producing during the war, Walker D. Hines couldn't find it. And Hines, who was chairman of the board of the Santa Fe, might be expected to know the equipment field.

In another paragraph Mr. Dean says:

"In this crisis we naturally look to the government to assist the railroads in obtaining credit to buy cars and locomotives."

The Esch-Cummins act guarantees a return to railroad investors after maintenance and depreciation, bases rates for service on this return, and provides a fund from which the roads may borrow to build up their properties. What more could be asked? Mr. Dean's expression "naturally look to the government," is good. If the railroad executives would drop this all-too-popular habit of "looking to the government," they might fare better. Their own skill and ingenuity should serve more efficiently.

Again, Mr. Dean says:

"Railroads should be permitted to operate as a unit * * * to attain the highest efficiency in transportation."

Permitted? The government had to fight with the roads to unify them for war. When it turned back the properties, Hines begged the owners to maintain the economical, efficient phases of unification. Are they doing so? Not to any noticeable extent.

It is not worth while to go into further details with regard to Mr. Dean's well-intentioned article, except to correct one more sentence. He avers that "at the end of the war, our railroads were badly worn out." This should, for the sake of accuracy, read, "at the beginning of the war," etc.

This comment is written dispassionately, with no desire to quarrel with any critic of the United States government. It has few friends among any class, from capital down through the fifty-seven varieties of middle men, to and including labor. But in the interest of fairness to the government, it is only right to point out that too much of the criticism directed against it is either propaganda or misinformation. Mr. Dean can not be guilty of the former and we can only conclude that in writing his laudable letter he was not supplied with the facts.

TOPICS

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS IS PUBLISHED IN INDIANAPOLIS. ¶ IT IS CALLED TOPICS AND ENDEAVOR WILL BE MADE TO OBSERVE THE FINEST STANDARDS IN ORIGINAL AND CRITICAL EFFORT. ¶ THESE INITIAL ISSUES ARE THEREFORE OFFERED TO A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC AND SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED AT FOUR DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE—THREE MONTHS TRIAL FOR ONE DOLLAR

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
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TO WORK AND BACK

This thing of getting down town to work and back is a tough problem for the majority of us, no matter whether we come down, as Bill Herschell says, with the workers at seven, the clerks at eight, or the shirkers at nine o'clock. It is bad enough getting down town, and worse going home, no matter whether we travel by trolley or motor.

Emerson Chaille has come to bat with a statement that we will need a subway before long, because the city is growing so rapidly. Fend the day! A subway is a terrible thing. New York City, Boston and Philadelphia find them useful, in fact imperative, despite the extreme discomfort of travel in them. New York City, built on an island, stacks her inhabitants up in tall apartment piles so thick that surface, elevated and subway lines combined fail to provide sufficient transportation from one corner of the island to another. Boston and Philadelphia must tunnel under rivers to get the folks out and back.

But there is, or ought to be, plenty of room in Indianapolis and Marion county to permit of horizontal expansion, as contrasted with vertical expansion exemplified by Manhattan. And there are enough established lines of transportation, provided they are properly equipped and extended, to take care of the increasing population. The Indianapolis Street Railway Company, if it were reinforced with a higher fare to permit better service and extensions, should be able to handle the situation. Failing that, the Pennsylvania, Big Four and Monon railroads might put on suburban trains. Express service to the suburbs, either by train or traction, would go a long way toward solving the problem.

It is all right for Emerson W. Chaille to be a "bull" on Indianapolis, as Charlie Schwab is a "bull" on America, but it is to be hoped he is off on the subway idea for Indianapolis.

THE GOVERNOR'S IDEA

It is rather ridiculous to criticise Governor Goodrich as an exponent of state socialism because of his suggestion that the state should own a coal mine and coal cars to insure a supply of fuel for the state institutions. The governor, as an executive officer, is in a position where he must produce. He can not let inmates of state institutions freeze, whereas his critics are blessed with no such responsibility. If the coal mines under private ownership and operation can not or will not fill their contracts with the State of Indiana, and if the railroads can not or will not provide cars for the transportation of the state's coal, then it is certainly up to the state to protect itself.

Governor Goodrich, far from rushing in the direction of socialistic theories, would probably go as far as any man in the opposite direction. He suggests a state owned mine and state owned coal cars as a matter of expediency, not as a matter of principle. It is his job to get the fuel and he can not stop to quibble over questions of public principle when private practice has fallen down on him.

It is not safe to predict what will become of this case when, or before, the legislature meets, but it is to be hoped that the Governor will have some support in his effort to obtain coal.

A lot of us, by the way, will watch his experiment with interest. If the state can buy a mine and some cars, and get the coal, the rest of us might save money and insure heat for the home by investing in a mine and a car each.

Editorial

TRACY OFF AGAIN

Bob Tracy is off again. He is out with a plan to consolidate the governments of Marion county and the City of Indianapolis. His idea is that such consolidation would make for more efficient government and save money at the same time. This shows that Bob Tracy has a completely mistaken idea of the purposes of government.

What would become of the office-holders if Bob succeeded in making one grow where two grew before?

Who would get the money saved by eliminating duplicated effort?

How could such a man as Will Fesler be put down in his own county if there were not city and county political machines to trade back and forth, forth and back and in and out?

If Bob will write another piece for the Chamber of Commerce Journal, or for this magazine for that matter, shedding some light on these vital questions we will be more inclined to go with him on his idea than we are now.

Gossip of the Village

Neil Campbell is taking his vacation and his Ford out to the Hawthorn Tennis Club, of which he is president.

Buying motor cars in pairs is all the rage nowadays. George Smith invested in a spanking team of Stutzes recently, and W. L. Dynes has purchased a handsome pair of McFarlans.

More and more business men of our town are taking up outdoor sports in the late afternoons to relieve the post-war and excess profits and income tax worries. Ward Dean and Stuart Dean, now, are going in for tennis in a serious way, just for example.

Emerson Chaille, the well and favorably known real estate man, says Indianapolis ought to have a subway one of these days. All right. Let's have one, and make Emerson ride in the darn thing for suggesting it.

Don Bose says he can't see how houses, or the cost of building them, will come down to amount to anything, in any great hurry.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Topics welcomes pertinent discussion of affairs on the part of persons having ideas and the ability to express them clearly. This holds good whether the subject has to do with literature, business, politics or art.

Individuals or houses desiring publication of items suitable for such departments as Motors, Books, Investments, Society, and so on, are requested to have their information in the hands of the editor by Friday of each week.



Every now and then somebody has a painful experience with a "blue sky" stock proposition. He decides something ought to be done, talks to all the neighbors, his banker, and any legislators he may know. If the experience was unpleasant enough, he yells his head off.

The net result of his effort is that "blue sky" operations go merrily along without interruption.

Not long ago a man from Salt Lake City came to town and called on G. F. Olwin of the Better Business Bureau. Olwin used to be with the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and he knows both the advertising and the "blue sky" fields. The visitor asked him to certify his stock proposition to the newspapers, in order that he might persuade them to publish his advertising. Olwin refused to do so, being unable to find anything that remotely resembled legitimate investment in the proposition the visitor was presenting.

"Why do you come to Indiana?" asked Mr. Olwin.

"Because," the man answered frankly, "Indiana is one of the best fields in the country for this kind of stuff."

Indiana investors have no legal protection against fake stock issues. In Indianapolis, the three newspapers submit financial advertising to the Better Business Bureau for its investigation and approval. If the Bureau refuses approval, the papers withhold the advertising from publication. This is the only protection Indianapolis investors have, besides asking their banker. Many people buy stocks that do not maintain bank accounts, and many others, hypnotized by glib salesmen, fail to ask their banker because they fear he would recommend against buying. As a result, "blue sky" stuff annually takes several million dollars out of Indiana.

The Better Business Bureau has repeatedly asked the Indianapolis stock exchange, whose members sell the great bulk of the legitimate stock issues handled in this part of the state, to co-operate. It has also asked the Indiana Federation of Farmers Association, whose members are perhaps the chief victims of fake stock salesmen to co-operate in the development and extension of the Bureau's protective service, but thus far neither organization has seen fit to do anything. Mr. Franklin Vonnegut, president of the bureau, has urged the establishment of a separate division in the bureau to handle investment work. As it is now organized, the bureau can not give sufficient protection in the way of investing questionable offerings. The work that Mr. Vonnegut and Mr. Olwin wish to do would cost very little in comparison with the amount of good they would accomplish in the saving of money to Indiana people.

Their proposal is one that the stock exchange ought by all means adopt.

W. L. Dynes & Company announce an issue of $5,000,000 of the common stock of the Mutual Truck Company of Sullivan, Ind. Incidentally $100,000 worth of preferred stock is being retired by this issue. The Mutual Truck Company will use its increased finances for expansion of its plant.

As evidence of the steady increase of Indianapolis in importance as an investment center, B. S. Briegel, sales manager of the local branch of H. W. Dubiske & Co., Inc., reports an increase in business of fifty per cent, during the past sixteen weeks.

Earnest advocates of a National Blue Sky Law for the protection of the Investing Public.

"The Class *of* 54"

An interesting new booklet that presents some facts not generally known on the subject of personal financing and the probabilities for attaining wealth and independence.

Write, phone or call for a Free Copy.

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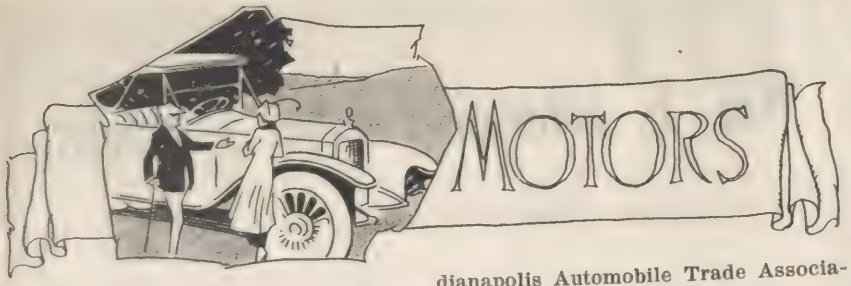
A bank that meets the requirements of all legitimate business whether large or small

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CAPITAL $1,000,000

EARNED SURPLUS AND PROFITS $1,200,000

Founded in 1865



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Are you a boulevard bennie?

Are you one of the throng that rides up and down Meridian street every evening, your whole visible world consisting of the back of an automobile top about six feet in front while you inhale the exhaust of several thousand cars under the delusion that you are out in the fresh air?

If so, you undoubtedly remember the thrills you had that evening when the old pioneer blood of your daring ancestors went surging through your veins and in a spirit of mad adventure you deserted the beaten paths on Meridian street and plunged into that mighty wilderness several blocks north of the last paved cross-street and fought your way clear through to Central avenue—and almost got out of sight of an electric arc light. The feelings of old Chris Columbus himself when he saw the last faint spire of Palos disappear from view that summer evening of 1492 were mild as compared to yours when you were halfway through your perilous voyage.

If you are a paved street pilot you are making a big mistake. Hour after hour, night after night, thousands of automobiles mill up and down Meridian street and across Maple Road Boulevard, then work back to the Monument and do it all over again. And all this time, only twenty minutes away lie dozens of smooth gravel roads that run over beautiful rolling country.

You may ride all evening over them and at no time will you be more than ten miles from the city and in your whole ride you won't pass as many automobiles as you do in one block on the city streets. All you do to get on any of these roads is to run out in the country for four or five miles and then turn off in any direction. If your old Viking sense of direction has been dulled by keeping your nose buried in a road guide on those few occasions when you have ventured into a cross country trip, you need not worry for you can not lose the city, as the glow of Indianapolis lights in the sky is visible for fifteen miles.

Then there is the Dandy Trail which has been marked for you by the Hoosier Motor Club. This trail runs entirely around the city, is more than eighty miles in length, and in no place on it are you more than fifteen miles from the Monument. Try a little segment of this circle some night and see if real country air and real gravel roads are not a big improvement over the mighty city merry-go-round.

Sooner or later Indianapolis must come to the one-way traffic plan on the principal streets, in the opinion of John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association.

"But we should take our time in working out a plan that will solve the problem and fit the conditions three or five years ahead as well as today," said Mr. Orman. "Every day the traffic on our streets is becoming heavier and heavier, and the tremendous increase of automobile traffic is a factor that must be considered. When the one-way plan finally is adopted, as it inevitably will be, it should be in a form that the ordinary man can understand and be as simple as possible. The worst feature of our traffic rules and regulations is the lack of uniformity and the fact that the laws are not the same for every hour of the day and for every day of the week."

Mr. G. G. Schmidt, member of the Indianapolis city council, says, "If we will have to speed up traffic, make one-are to keep up with ourselves and, if automobiles increase in the next five years at the rate of the last five we way north-south and east-west streets, widen Meridian, starighten out Illinois, do away with many dangerous places, revise parking laws and change many traffic rules."

The Conduitt Automobile Company has taken an option on the sales room now occupied by the Welbon Automotive Company of Indiana in North Delaware street. The Welbon Company soon will move into its new quarters in North Meridian street near Eleventh street.

Frank Bull, for many years automobile editor of the Indianapolis Star, has accepted a position with the Russel M. Seeds Company.

The Lathrop-McFarland Company has added the Liberty Six to the Cole Aero Eight and Maxwell lines. This company will have the distribution of the Liberty in Indiana.

Figures have been compiled that show 88,000 motor cars were driven from Detroit factories in May. This is more than in any previous month in the history of the industry.

A brand new model is on exhibition at the home of Andrew Hutchinson. Andrew junior arrived right in the midst of the centennial festivities.

The Kanouse Auto Company has relinquished the Wescott agency.

Hoosier Motor Sales Company has taken on the Columbia Six line. This company also will represent the Stearns in Indiana territory.

L. C. Race, long connected with the

Oakland
SENSIBLE SIX
SEDAN
Every Essential Convenience
L. F. JUSTICE MOTOR CO.
323 NORTH PENN. ST.
MAIN 3390



Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS
TRADE MARK
Hoosier
SUB-CARBURETOR
THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR
Saves Gasoline
It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

Oldfield Goodyear United States
Retread TIRES Double Tread
Vulcanizing
Double Tread Tire Company
609 N. Illinois Street
Main 3208 -- -- INDIANAPOLIS

E. W. Steinhart Company, has been appointed assistant to Mr. Steinhart.

TRADE ASSOCIATION NOTES

There seems to be no serious shortage of gasoline in any part of the country.

The financial situation generally, as pertaining to the motor car merchant, seems to be not nearly as bad as painted—worthy borrowers are obtaining necessary money to lift stock in most localities, but the individual can not negotiate automobile loans which, of course, means a handicap to the dealer's business.

The real annoyance to dealers at the present moment lies in transportatino and even with the enormous tonnage that is moving both ways, this situation is liable to be with us for some time.

John Orman has information concerning a desirable truck agency that is open for Marion county territory. There are several trucks of this make in use locally at this time. If you are interested call on John.

Those used car sales reports, mentioned so often, will be printed and sent to the members again, beginning July 1. Better get in the report covering your used car sales NOW while the matter is fresh in your mind.

Councilman Carnefix introduced, at the last council meeting, an ordinance to regulate traffic on North Meridian street from the Monument to Fall Creek, by requiring all vehicles to move southward between 7 A. M. and noon and only northward between noon and 7 P. M. The ordinance was referred to the committee on public safety.

L. S. Shoup has been attending a general meeting of Oakland distributors at Pontiac, Mich.

R. V. Law has moved his family to their summer home at Lake Wawasee. All arrived there just in time to light the fires. Mr. Law spends the weekends at the lake.

Initiation Fee

According to the amendment added to Article III of our By-Laws, at a general meeting held in the meeting room Monday night, June 14, 1920, any person, firm or corporation desiring to become a full fledged member of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association will have to dig down in his jeans and bring forth the sum of $165.75, which represents the per capita for members now under the banner.

This represents the assets of the association divided by the membership and is elastic, but always computed on the basis of assets and members. As we have never heretofore charged any initiation fee to enter this organization this fee may seem exorbitant, but IS IT?

Touching on the banking companies' attitude regarding the loaning of money on motor car paper:

Texas—Reports general tendency on part of banks in Dallas territory to tighten up on automobile loans.

Peoria, Ill.—Banks are curtailing on loans, but no dealers have been un-





Willys Knight Touring

Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

THE GIBSON COMPANY

Capitol Avenue at Michigan Street

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NASH

PASSENGER CARS

AND

TRUCKS

LOSEY-NASH MOTOR CO.

400 N. CAPITOL AVE.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

able to get necessary funds to buy cars.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Bankers lending money to dealers deserving credit.

Denver, Colo.—Bankers willing to extend usual credit to responsible dealers and distributors.

Omaha, Neb.—Reports show number of points where dealers are unable to take up drafts on cars due to banking conditions.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dealers experiencing difficulty in securing assistance from banks to raise drafts on car loads of cars.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Banks absolutely refuse to accetp automobile paper.

Salt Lake City—Banking conditions make it impossible for some dealers to take up bill of lading on shipments.

Charlotte, N. C.—Know no dealers unable to handle sight drafts—bankers in this territory disposed to protect regular customers worthy of credit.

The Boozer-Patterson Company, distributors of the Auburn Beauty-Six, have added the Gardner Light Four to their line. Mr. Patterson, in talking about the car, is very enthusiastic, especially in view of the fact that they can make reasonable deliveries. The car delivers for $1,285.00 and looks like higher priced cars.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 6)

could hardly have had movies in the back of his head, for in those days movies were not the money maker they are today. But if he had, it could hardly have been better planned for picture making. The movies revel in action, a plot that moves right along, and situations that explain themselves. These qualities, which are a part of many another O. Henry story which has found its way to the screen, give the producers something tangible to work on, something they can get their teeth into.

They did a good job of it. Bert Lytell, an actor with a genuine sense of character, played the crook, and enough support was given him by the other members of the cast to make the picture one of the most thrilling of several weeks.

O. Henry was represented in a goodly company of authors in the Indianapolis picture theater last week. Robert Louis Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, Booth Tarkington and George Barr McCutcheon also contributed.

The Stevenson picture was an effective piece of work. It is a dangerous business to illustrate in moving pictures a story as familiar and well loved as this one, but Maurice Tourneur, that artist-accompanist, has done it, and well. After seeing his picturization of Conrad's "Victory," which revealed a love of the sea, a sense of values and an amazing penetration of another's point of view little fear was felt that he could not do the same for Stevenson that he did for Conrad.

He made again the same remarkable

(Continued on Page 15)

Main 1143
Main 6898

Main 6052
Main 6310

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D. C. BLACKER'S

Chile Parlors

Open All Night

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(No. 3) 134 S. Illinois Street

Indianapolis, Ind.

1887 1920

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ASSETS OVER 14 MILLIONS

Drink Coca-Cola IN BOTTLES

Delicious and Refreshing

Buy it by the Case

YUNCKER BOTTLING WORKS
Main 6060
INDIANAPOLIS





Once upon a time there was a Game Guy, who looked upon his Neighbors with a Gimlet eye, and realized the Hopeless Fact. They were Funny. They were so Funny without knowing anything about it, that it made him Ache to see them. So he took a pen or a typewriter or something, and began to talk about them to the rest of them, and every time he got a bunch of these outpourings together, he put them in a Volume for the Elect, And behold, every time he put out a volume, all the neighbors fell all over themselves to get at it and to see the McCutcheon illustrations, and held their sides and howled, and said:

"This is Rich, This is Ripe and Rosy. This is exactly like Brown and That is precisely like Smith, and How in Earth did he ever take off Jones so well. Oh, ha, ha, hold me while I smile. Nobody but this George Ade and me ever realized how Good they are."

And in the meantime, Smith and Jones and Brown were cracking their own jaws and wiping their eyes, and saying how he understood Fellows like Thompson, and Bevins and McGroarty. And the volumes continued to go like Hot Cakes, and everybody was happy.

Moral: Hit 'em again; they Like it. —(Hand Made Fables, by George Ade).

Robert Cortes Holliday, author of "Broome Street Straws" and "Walking Stick Papers", paid a visit to Indianapolis lately. Although an absentee, he is still claimed as a Hoosier author, and it is reported that he is preparing a new volume, which will concern itself with Hoosier celebrities.

A first novel of peculiar interest to Indiana people is "The Blue Moon", by David Anderson. Mr. Anderson is a Hoosier citizen and had been a teacher in the public schools of the state. This novel, published by Bobbs-Merrill, is his first appearance, but from the evidences of a facile imagination and an easy pen, it will scarcely be his last. The story is located in the Wabash flats of southern Indiana, in the early forties, and deals with the rough and yet romantic life of the pearl fishers of the time. The tale is a pleasant fantasy, built around a wonderful pearl called the Blue Moon. The novel is light and makes pleasant entertainment for a summer afternoon.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 14)

connection with the author's point of view. He was able to show again his own admiration for the "monstrous, lovely, inhuman sea." His gift for reproducing atmosphere, the most necessary and elusive element of a play, was brought beautifully to the fore again in the picturing of the squat, massively built inn, with its low ceilings, broad windows, and lovely air of age and permanence.

There has been an enormous amount of argument about the casting of Jim Hawkins. Jim should have been played by a boy. Miss Mason did all that was humanly possible to make Jim a boy, but after all, she isn't a boy. The mistake seems the more inexcusable in light of the fact that just now there are a number of youths performing on the screen, any one of whom could presumably have been obtained for the part. Little Wes Barry would have been the best choice in all probability, with Richard Barthelemess as second choice. Barthelemess is an actor. He has proved his versatility beyond dispute, and the art of make-up as practiced by Tourneur would have subtracted the necessary five years from his age.

Remarks on the past week in the movie houses would not be complete without reference to Doug.'s latest vivacious acrobatism. It is a logical continuation of "The Lamb."

THE RESCUE

By JOSEPH CONRAD

A superlative novel, the fruit of twenty years' labor by a master.

"At last we have a best seller! The life-saver is Conrad's 'The Rescue'. It comes when the fiction market is glutted with volumes of indifferent worth, and when the work of the bookseller becomes a task of ingenuity in making suggestions that will not presently act as boomerangs.

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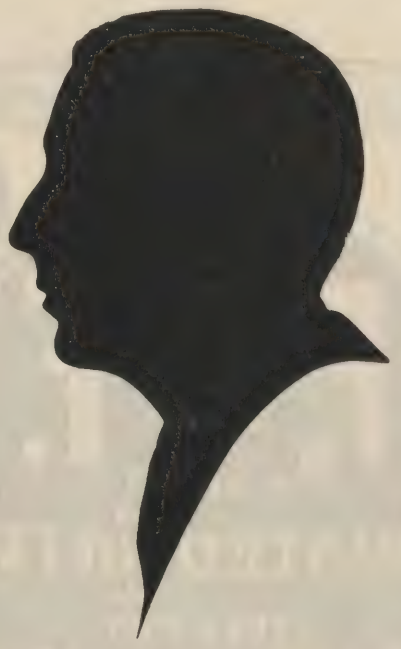
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Fourth Indianapolis Season

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1920

Week Commencing Monday, July 5th

THE GYPSY TRAIL

trifles

in dress are the little things that determine the careful dresser. Gloves, hosiery and blouses for women—gloves, sox and ties for men—when selected with a critical eye these dress trifles have a way of lending distinction to dress.

We like particular shoppers at Tucker's. We believe that those who shop at Tucker's are the most exacting purchasers in Indianapolis. This, coupled with the high standard maintained at Tucker's, both in merchandise and in the spirit of service to our patrons, is the reason for Tucker's existence.

Our lace hosiery department is now showing an unusually large variety of new designs

Tucker's
Since 1880
a Specialty Shop
18 North Meridian



:: Shop Tours ::

A Compensation for Hay Fever

Time was when colored handkerchiefs for women were impossibilities. They ranked as second cousins to the vulgar bandana, and were carried only by the sort of person who carried a wicker suit case or by the young child who took pride in her hanky with its border of Jack chasing Jill down the hill. Colored handkerchiefs were simply not to be found on the same table with the aristocratic white mouchoir.

Today the handkerchiefs that are best liked are those of solid color. Not even the colored border handkerchief can compete with one of pink, blue, lavender, green or tan, and no matter what color the summer costume may be, it can be matched to a nicety. A little shop on the Circle has provided for the emergency which might arise if none of the handkerchiefs on hand suited, and will take orders for anything to please the fancy.

Materials vary as widely as colors—sheer lawn, dainty batiste, smart linen are all to be found, and if some way could be found to take the harshness from calico, no doubt it would be made up into squares for the use of a lady's nose.

A more recent addition to a position of prominence in the summer wardrobe is the lace stocking. It is years since a fashionable feminine ankle has had the high visibility that it has today. Short skirts have a way of making ankles seem important, and hot weather, while it has not yet reduced the population to that state of cool bliss which the bare-legged French women are said to be enjoying, does give excuse for some of the flimsiest hosiery that has been seen in years.

The simple drop stitch pattern, a comparatively bashful design, can be bought for perhaps three or four dollars. But when the patterns become intricately cobwebby and the threads almost invisible and highly perishable, the hose can not be obtained for less than twelve or fifteen dollars. In other words, the more substantial the stocking, the less it costs.

The attempt to effect a compromise between comfort and a tailored look is being met in the most satisfactory way yet made known to suffering femininity by a shop which has one of the compromises in the window. Nothing is quite so all 'round good for downtown wear as a tailored suit and the business woman feels an excellent effect, psychically if not physically, when she knows that she looks like the practical, up-to-the-minute person she really is. But wearing a coat all day downtown is not as comfortable in July days as it might be, and if she is wearing a vestee under her jacket she can't take it off without scandalizing the office boy.

So the clever girl who sells patterns at one of the better shops suggests the purchase of a simple butterfly pattern which can be cut and sewed up in half an hour. If it is made from organdie, decorated on the front with a length of net frilling, and slipped on over the head to avoid the making of fastenings, it still gives the effect of an elaborate blouse, and permits the removal of the jacket. A plain organdie back and butterfly sleeves look substantial and feel transparent—a combination worth working for.

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Swiss Cleaners

Main 5555. 1118-1120 North Illinois Street. Auto. 28-654.

Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 7)

man nature in these three acts that the attention is held as if by the most intricate plot. For twenty minutes—or so it seems—husband and wife face each other in the last act while the woman tries dispassionately to make the man see why it is all over between them. It is the closest kind of introspective and analytical psychology, with whole moments passed in silence, eloquent silence, with a gesture telling a volume, and yet the audience sits as under a spell. The superlatively good acting of Margaret Wycherly and Dudley Digges as Jane and Henry Clegg serves as a crystal-clear prism for Ervine's characterization, while Helen Westley as Jane's tearful and cautious mother and Henry Travers as a sentimental and downright "bookie" stand only a short space in their background. "Jane Clegg" is as much of a Gotham pilgrimage for summer visitors as the Woolworth tower and Chinatown. There, I have forgiven where I intended to reprove!

* * *

A kind of branch office of the Guild was maintained for some weeks this spring at the Greenwich Village Theatre, where Philip Moeller's nearly-naughty comedy, "Sophie," was presented by Emily Stevens and O. P. Heggie. Some of the more sober Guildsmen, I know, will rise to a point of order at this statement, but Moeller is one of the guiding gods—a satyr, shall we say?—of the Guild, and his comedy is more nearly in the mood of the Washington Square Players than anything yet observable at the Garrick. I do not know whether "Sophie" is intended for the road next season or not. Perhaps it is too sophisticated for points west, but the Little Theatres have done their best to undermine the naive pioneer taboos, and "Sophie" might pass for what it is—an antic hippety-hop, none too nimble but still engagingly alert, through artificial pleasantries.

Emily Stevens has been charged with being miscast in the role of Sophie Arnould, a French Gaby Delys of olden time. Perhaps. And perhaps not. It is true she has inherited much of the cloudiness of speech of her aunt, Mrs. Fiske, and French comedy demands precision above all. But she possesses other qualities of the leader of our stage which fit her to lend distinction to anything she does—a bit of emphasis in vocal tones, an outflung gesture, which tell more in dramatic interpretation than all the words the playwright can compose.

* * *

Memories of Gotham in spring must not pass without a word about the fourth annual exhibition of the society of Independent Artists, held the latter part of March at the Waldorf-Astoria. What the Theatre Guild and the Provincetown Players are to the new movement in the theatre, the Independent is to the realm of brush

(Continued on Page 18)

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Pianos, Player-Pianos, Phonographs, Player Rolls and Gennett Records

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Indianapolis, Indiana

Great Gotham

(Concluded from Page 17)

and chisel. Its most distinct service lies in its nullification of the barriers which the older exhibitions erected against new methods of artistic expression. Anyone with ten dollars to back up his belief in his work can contribute two items to the exhibition on payment of dues in that sum. The artist can no longer plead an obstacle on his way to public appreciation. Once hung in the Independent, he stands or falls by the merit of his effort or by the ability of the public to understand and appreciate it. That is all any artist can reasonably ask. Playwrights of the new school, I know, would be happy with such a clear field to a public verdict!

With this open gate, the wonder is that more Indiana artists do not take advantage of the Independent. There may be several in the list of whom I was not aware, and if so I should like to have them call my attention to their presence. The only one whose name I recognized was Martinus Andersen, once a Hoosier—and once, always. Andersen's canvases, "The Asphalt Workers" and "The Glittering Pageant," were marked by that shimmering sense of color and tone for which he has always been known, especially in his landscapes and skies.

Rather oddly, the most outstanding feature of this year's exhibit was a series of dance-motives by Hopi Indians, neither better nor worse than much work of this kind, past and present, but serving to call attention to the imaginative and dramatic gifts of our almost forgotten aborigines.

As distinguished from the Polish Art Exhibit, about which I had a word to say last week, the Independent is purely a metropolitan creature. It hardly fits into any scheme to take exhibitions from city to city over the country for the broader spread of their influence, for by the wide-open terms of its organization it is an unwieldy affair and will probably become more so as the seasons pass. And no portion of it could with justice be sent on tour, for just as there is no jury to limit the entries, so there is no prize to establish an arbitrary judgment on what is good and what is not. It is a kind of town meeting of the artists, and as such it is destined to sit in the nation's chief town.

Leo Lando, Inc
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS
142 North Pennsylvania St.

She Speaks Right Out

(Concluded from Page 8)

ularly to their cottage in Michigan. It is called Idlewild, and lies just beyond Harvard Point.

Traveling still farther from the scene of winter work and festivity are a number of others who find their ideal vacation spot in the East. Mrs. George Rockwood goes to Lebanon Springs, New York. The Booth Tarkingtons find rest and recreation at Kennebunkport, Maine. Thomas Taggart domiciles his family during the summer at Hyannisport, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Duckwall, whose winter home is in Florida, have had their boat, an express cruiser, sent to New York, and they expect to get some use of her this summer, cruising about in the Hudson and perhaps going as far as Boston. She is a speedy craft, having broken the world's record last March at the Miami regatta. Though her length is only forty-three feet, she is not a bad boat to travel in, being well equipped with a 400 H. P. gasoline engine and having a snug cabin. The Duckwalls expect to sell the Hoosier V during the summer, buying a bigger boat for use at Miami next winter.

Topics requests advertisers desiring space to lay their plans in advance and make e.a r l y arrangements. The magazine is to be of limited size and only a specified amount of advertising can be used.

In the same way, only a limited number of copies of Topics will be printed each week, and persons desiring to be sure of their copies should place their orders early.

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MAKES ITS OWN ICE
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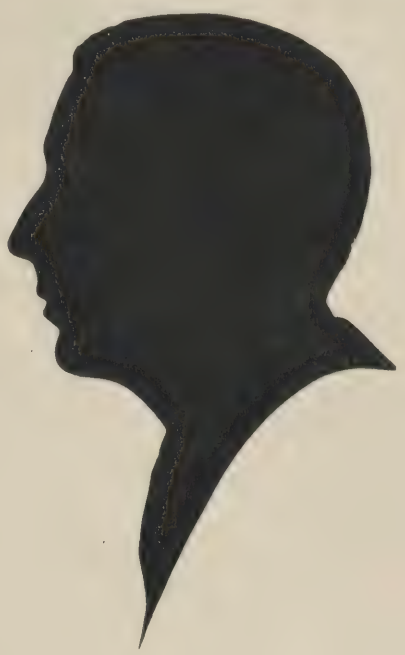
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1920 — NUMBER 4

The Home and Its Setting

Architect Emphasizes Importance of having Plans Laid for the Grounds and House at the Same Time.

By Merritt Harrison

As a beautiful oil painting requires a suitable frame, so the well designed home demands an appropriate entourage or surroundings.

Too many times, to the sorrow of the owner, the house alone receives his or his wife's attention to the exclusion of the surroundings. To develop a home site to the best advantage, the entire property must be taken into consideration. When the first sketches are made by the architect, he should have before him the survey of the entire property, showing the contours, all trees, shrubs and other features that would affect the landscape design. From this data the architect, if he is trained not only in architectural but also in landscape plan and design, is able to arrange the various elements such as walks, drives, gardens, lawns, planting and the residence site into their logical relation to each other.

He develops the entire property, and not just the house, for the full enjoyment of the owner. One can not be shut up within four walls and be happy. Therefore it is necessary to make the surroundings of our houses, the entourage, useful and beautiful, thus in reality creating the home.

It is essential, in order to obtain the best results, to study the landscape development at the same time the sketches for the residence are being made. By this means a close relation between the house and the site is possible. The vistas from the doors and windows can be designed to give real enjoyment and surprise to all who will gaze therefrom.

It might be just a distant view across a well framed-in lawn, or a statue at the end of a long walk, amidst the trees and shrubs, or a cool fountain and pool reflecting the wonders of the sky to the unobserving eye, or the many other delights that the artist creates in enhancing the beauties of nature in his landscape design. The gardens, the lawn, the fountains, all form as much of the home as the house itself. They give that enchantment that invites us to remain there longer.

A walk from the living room out into the formal garden—the outdoor living room—through the main axis of a well designed garden, gives immeasurable pleasure, for on each side we find the green expanse of the lawn, the brown of the tan bark walks, strips of green turf, banks of flowers set against the shrubbery and the red brick and white mortar joints of the vine clad garden walls.

As we slowly walk along, enjoying the fragrance of the garden, we now and then pass the cross axes which lead our eyes to niches in the garden walls in which stand white marble statues in relief against the red brick. Between green shrubs on each side of the walks at the end of these vistas, we find stone benches in front of the statues to which we may retreat for seclusion. At the center of the garden we stop before a fountain in which the gold fish dazzle us in the sunlight. Around the pool and at the end of the garden, we find possibly a tea house where in the cool of the evening we may enjoy a book or sit musing upon the scene before us.



Cites Indianapolis Illustrations of Benefit Gained by Laying Out the Home and the Grounds Together.

Out from the formal garden, as we get farther and farther away from the house, we note that there is a transition from the formal to the informal. Beyond the garden walls we find large stretches of informal lawns, bordered with shrubbery and trees and beyond these, if the home is in the suburbs, there is possibly a woods which is left entirely to the handiwork of nature, without shaping by human hand.

There are many opportunities to provide surprising effects that will add considerable interest to the home by the artistic use of the unlimited supply of plant material that nature has given us. The house must fit the site and the site must provide the setting of the house.

Without this close correlation be-



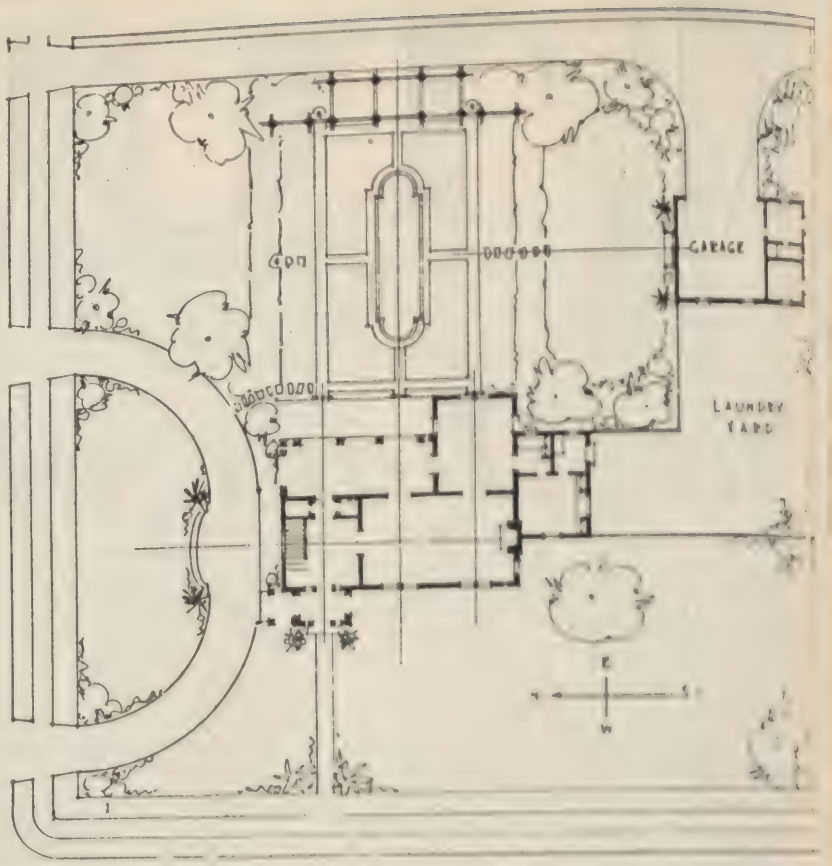
tween the two at the very beginning of the conception of the home, inferior results are the outgrowth. How many times does the owner find that it is impossible to properly provide for full enjoyment of his property because he has thoughtlessly allowed the house to be built without due regard to the landscape development?

The full value of the property can not be realized this way. Style in landscape is just as important as style in architecture and the proper style in landscape development should conform with the style of the house itself and vice versa. It is only by intelligent procedure that successful results can be obtained.

The Japanese home illustrated shows the necessity of providing a site for this type of house. In order to provide a satisfactory result, the landscape development was carried along with the development of the house and they were executed together. When the planting of this home has fully developed, it will be an oasis in the desert in its present location at Twenty-ninth street and Talbott avenue. The close connection between the home and the garden is illustrated by the plan that shows the main axis of the house and garden tying up together and the placing of the garage at the side and upon the cross axis of the formal garden.

It is the entourage of the home that gives it the added something that makes it attractive and stamps it a home.

In selecting illustrations for his article Mr. Harrison chose the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Haring, at Twenty-ninth street and Talbott avenue. The photograph on page five shows the planning of this Japanese house with regard to its setting, and the small picture shows how the little walk and gate were arranged to harmonize with the house. The large picture below shows a rendered perspective of the home to be built for Peter Nutz, the merchant, at Forty-second and Illinois streets. This is used to illustrate the necessity of planning house and grounds together. The small architect's drawing makes the same point in another way.





What's to Be Done About Coal

Provident people who face with distaste the prospect of breaking up the furniture to burn next winter will immediately lay hands on all the coal they can get close to, by whatever devious means, and at whatever prohibitive cost, for "high priced coal in the bin is better than no coal at all," Indianapolis fuel men hint.

In the same breath the coal men hasten to assert that you need not come pestering them for immediate delivery of the precious product, for immediate deliveries simply are not to be had. You ought to be satisfied if you get any coal at all—that is the general feeling among coal men.

The railroads, the poor old long-suffering railroads, are to blame, men connected with the coal industry state, when they state at all, and most of them prefer to maintain silence for fear conditions of which they speak today will be altogether changed by tomorrow.

R. R. Yeagley, secretary of the Indiana Retail Coal Merchants' Association, summing up the situation from the standpoint of the retailer, said:

"The coal problem is entirely out of the hands of the coal men. The operators are ready to operate, the miners are ready and willing to dig and the retailers are sitting with heavy orders in their hands, but the coal isn't forthcoming because the cars are not at the mines to be loaded."

Various reasons are assigned for this lack of cars, according to Ralph Flood, who was in charge of distribution for the state fuel administration during the war. Some men say it is due to the lack of cars, he said. Others declare there are enough cars if only there were enough engines to pull them to and from the mines in a steady stream instead of letting them congest in big freight terminals. Embargoes, too, are partly to blame.

The miners are not altogether blameless, Mr. Flood stated. In some localities they still are indulging in the self-declared five-day week which has never had official sanction in agreements between miners and operators. Thus coal often could be mined on Saturdays in several Indiana mines if the men would work. Another disturbing factor which operators are complaining of lately is the inclination of large bodies of miners to drift from field to field. Reports that miners in a certain district are getting to work a high percentage of the time reach the ears of miners in another. Immediately the ones who fancy themselves the less favored, hop on a train and depart for the new field, usually to find the reports false, Mr. Flood said.

The recent order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, prohibiting the loading of coal cars with anything but coal, excepting in case the car is bound toward the mines, may relieve the car shortage, Mr. Yeagley believes. "If coal can be kept moving toward consumers at a steady rate from now on I do not believe the situation will be so serious this winter," he said, adding that while no one should neglect an opportunity to get coal today there is no reason for a stampede.

Indianapolis retail dealers, describing themselves as being just as helpless as those elsewhere, offer no consolation.

"I don't know any more than anybody else because the situation is so upset," said A. B. Meyer. "If you could tell me who'll win the Presidential election you're competent to talk intelligently on the coal problem."

"What's what in the coal industry?" countered A. E. Bradshaw, of the Indianapolis Mortar and Fuel Company. "Young man, if I only knew and if only knew we could make a fortune. But we don't know. Unquestionably there will be a scarcity this winter for Indiana coal is just as hard to get as Eastern coal and the industries are standing at the mine bidding for it.

Hands on the coal, whenever and wherever possible. Failing this, buy the summer's grocery bills.

Motion Pictures

Everything and everybody that is extraordinary or outstanding is eventually corralled by the motion picture producer. Above all, the movies demand superlatives,—and they get them. Something of the "biggest show-on-earth" virus has infected the motion picture world, and the surest "eat" is an open sesame to the realm of the silver screen. The biggest ship afloat, the fastest car on earth, the highest roof garden in America, the wealthiest street in New York, and the wickedest dive in Chinatown, all have that irresistible appeal of the superlative which is certain to be seized upon by the motion picture producer as a sure-fire setting for his latest creation.

Famous people share a common fate

(Continued on Page 15.)

Will Play Again For His People

Ignace Jan Paderewski, After Hard Struggle to Help Establish Republic of Poland, Returning to America.

By Ona B. Talbot

Ignace Jan Paderewski, a genius who has had the entire world at his feet, in the chosen medium of his art expression, as well as premier of Poland, is one of the truest patriots the world has ever known. The great pianist is understood to be returning to America, as his estate in California is being prepared for his reception. At present he is in London, where a representative of Mr. C. A. Ellis, of Boston, who has been Mr. Paderewski's personal representative and manager for twenty years, is visiting him. This news, just received, has given added impetus to the hopes of the thousands of his admirers, that Paderewski will come to America next season. He has already made a magnificent plea for his land, and he will not desert his people in their supreme hour of need, if, by making another tour, he can add to their comforts.

The story that he would never again touch the piano is a figment of some hysterical reporter's imagination. While on this planet, Mr. Paderewski will play. The tribute written by Paderewski to Frederic Francois Chopin, the greatest pianist-composer the world has ever known, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Chopin statue, at the time of the national festival in Cracow, is further evidence of the supreme patriotism and artistic genius of these two universal spirits, and illustrates his love for the Polish people for whom he has worked so hard. In this tribute Paderewski says:

"No nation in the world has reason to pride itself on greater wealth of mood and sentiment, on emotions more delicately tuned than ours. The hand of God strung the harp of our race with chords tender, mysterious, mighty and compelling. Yearning maidenhood, grave manhood, tragic and sad old age, light-hearted, joyful youth; love's enfolding softness, action's vigor, valiant and chivalrous strength—all these are ours, swept together by a wave of lyric instinct. Not one of our great ones to whom Providence entrusted the revelation of the Polish soul was able to give such strong expression as Chopin. Being poets, they were hampered by limiting precision of thought by the strictness of words; no language can express everything, not even ours, for all its wealth and beauty. But Chopin was a musician; and music alone, perhaps alone his music, could reveal the fluidity of our feelings, their frequent



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

overflowings toward infinity, their heroic concentrations, their frenzied ecstasies, which lightly face the shattering of rocks, their impotent despairs, in which thought darkens and the very desire of action perishes.

"This music, tender and tempestuous, tranquil and passionate, heart-reaching, potent, overwhelming; this music, which eludes metrical discipline, rejects the fetters of rhythmic rule, and refuses submission to the metronome as if it were the yoke of some hated government; this music bids us hear, know, and realize that our nation, our land, the whole of Poland, lives, feels and moves 'in Tempo Rubato'."

"Chopin beautified, ennobled all that he touched. Deep down in Polish earth he discovered precious stones of which he fashioned the most priceless jewels of our treasury. He it was who first conferred nobility upon our peasant, the exquisite nobility of beauty. He led that simple figure forth into a wider, greater world, into castle halls, glittering with light, and set him close beside the proud Lord Palatine; he set the village herdsman beside the Knight Commander; the disowned orphan beside the lady of high birth; poet, magician, monarch by right of genius, he equalized all ranks; not here on the plains, on the flats and levels of everyday life, but high up on the loftiest summits of human emotion.

"The Pole listening to Chopin is aware of all this, because he listens to the voice of his whole race. Beginning with peace, sweetness, and light of the wind-swayed Berceuse, ending with the two Sonatas, portentous, strong as if forged of heroic metal, he possesses the entire gamut of his own and his nation's life. He sees himself an infant once again on a golden, burning day when above his cradle orchestras of butterflies played to him in the sun, when the swarms of bees hummed out to him their honeyed song, when choirs of birds twittered to him softly as if in fear to wake the sleeping child.

"He sees his boyhood, rural, angelic; his youth, lofty and clouded; his manhood, his age of affliction. * * * And here is Winter now. Snowflakes, borne on the whistling breath of tempests, have stiffened white on the fields of his home. Here is the very close of life, the end of dreams, of struggle, and of pain. His last poor house, so narrow, is on the dismal chariot, his frail remains are being led back to the open bosom of the earth of his mother; and on this pilgrimage toward eternal rest he hears the mighty, solemn trumpets of the archangels.

Great Pianist and Composer Appeals to Polish People Everywhere to Subscribe to Polish Government Loan.

The Pole listens and sheds tears, pure and abundant. We all listen so. For none could listen otherwise to him who, by the grace of God, was spokesman of the Polish race."

Paderewski has lately appealed to the Polish people of America to support the $50,000,000 Polish Government loan. The Poles are asked to buy 6 per cent bonds in $50, $100 and $500 denominations, the money to be used in buying railroad engines and cars, rails and factory supplies of all kinds. The money is to be spent in the United States. In his appeal on behalf of the loan, Paderewski says:

"Our most urgent need is transport. We have nothing like the necessary number of trains and engines. And the war with the Bolsheviki absorbs much rolling stock for the supplies of our army which could well be employed in carrying coal from our mines to the large industrial centers.

"America must remember that we are still at war, and this impedes our exports. On the other hand, neither France nor Italy is exporting, and we have been more hit by the war than either of them in the matter of devastation. But we have enough timber to bring in $3,000,000,000, and shall soon begin to export that. We have plenty of coal, salt, potash and petrol as well. All we want is the means of transporting it to Danzig."

The Orloff Trio

Leonora Coffin ----------Pianist
Jean Orloff ----------Violinist
Genevieve Hughel --------Violoncellist

An important factor in the musical life of any community is the creating of a desire for the highest form of musical art—chamber music.

That a group of young women joining together to establish this branch of musical art in our community is of the greatest value, and the seriousness with which they have arranged and given their programs for the past two seasons is proof of their integrity.

Leonora Coffin (in private life Mrs. Clarence E. Coffin), on returning to Indianapolis after an absence of a number of years, through her intense

(Continued on page 17.)



Although the almanac says that the sun's rays are gradually losing their power, it is hard to believe that this is the case when the mercury continues to climb upward and asphalt pavements begin to reach that particular consistency when shock-absorbing rubber heels no longer seem a necessity. In this kind of weather, the call of the summer cottage becomes irresistible and visions of shaded verandas, lazily drifting boats, and long cool drinks, recur with astonishing frequency and vividness to the city-dwellers who are still staying in town.

Within the last few weeks there has been an exodus of Indianapolis people to summer cottages and camps. The last of June the J. K. Sharpes left for their cottage in Idylwilde, a small summering place near Harbor Point, Michigan. They will remain until October, or perhaps later, for Michigan in the fall months is particularly beautiful. Although the ample fireplaces in the house would insure comfort and coziness on chilly fall days, the Sharpe family usually returns to town about the last of September. Inconveniences, such as the discontinuance of the through train service, make it difficult to maintain a large household after the close of the regular season.

The region about Harbor Point and Idylwilde is very picturesque, and many people consider it the most beautiful part of the North Shore. This accounts for the large number of Indianapolis people who spend the summer there, among whom are Mrs. Victor Hendricks, Mrs. John C. New, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spann, whose cottages are included in the dozen or so that make up the exclusive little community of Idylwilde.

At Walloon Lake, the Mayer cottage will be reopened, and the Rogers family of Woodruff Place, who have summered at Walloon Lake for many years, will probably return again this season.

Another family who left Indianapolis the latter part of June is that of Henry M. Talbott, who went to their summer home, "Fernwood", in Minorqua, Wisconsin, where they will stay throughout July. Some of their guests during this time will be Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dowden, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Coburn, and Miss Jessie Goodwin, who, it will be remembered, was in charge of hospital supplies at the Red Cross headquarters.

Lake Maxinkuckee has many loyal friends among Indianapolis people. Its particular charm is its setting of greenery—grasses, bushes and trees growing right down to the water's edge all the way round the shore. When the hydroplane from Culver Military Academy skims up off the water and takes the air, to the observer within, the lake below seems a primitive, uninhabited place, for nearly all the cottages that line its shores are hidden in the friendly foliage of surrounding trees. In fact, green things grow there so luxuriantly that some of the early arrivals this summer have been wondering whether it would be possible to get the forest of grass in the yard of the old Sheerin place cut before the arrival of Admiral Ross, who is to occupy the cottage during the term of the Culver Naval School, of which he is to be in charge.

Among Indianapolis people who are already at Maxinkuckee or who are expected to arrive soon, are the Perrys, Marmons, Culvers, Glossbrenners, and the Coffins.

The Maxinkuckee region has been visited so regularly each year by Mrs. Alfred Potts that she is deferring her visit to her cottage there until later in the season for the sake of making her vacation all the more pleasurable. In the meantime, she and her sister, Mrs. Laura B. Royse, are attending the summer school of Columbia University. Mrs. Potts is the president of the local Handicraft Guild, and she will take a special course in designing. Her vacation at Maxinkuckee will be spent in part in the practice of the instruction she obtains this summer in New York.

Some of the summer people at Burt Lake, which is in the neighborhood of Petoskey and which is always popular with Indianapolis folk, are Judge and Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Wallace, and Mrs. Edward Daniels.

Mrs. S. E. Perkins and Mrs. John Downing Johnson will spend the summer at Lake Chautauqua, Jamestown, New York. Mrs. Perkins has already arrived at the Lake and Mrs. Downing will leave about the middle of July.

Shop Tours

Since the triumphal advent of the Eton jacket, the geography of the summer blouse has been changed almost as radically as the map of Europe after the World War. With the long-coated winter suits, the smartest thing in the way of a blouse was a creation of long lines and flowing sashes, but the jaunty shortness of the Eton jacket prohibits anything longer than just to the normal waist line, and the problem now is to find something which will be suitable for wear with the bolero jacket and at the same time have an air of chic that is lacking in the ordinary shirt waist.

A solution which is offered by one of the Washington street shops is the glorification of the sash. One attractive type of girdle shown is of Roman stripes,—not the crude color combinations so reminiscent of the gorgeous uniform of a musical comedy soldier, —but a rich color scheme of deep browns and heavy purples with just a faint glow of orange or a dash of canary yellow. With such a sash, a mere blouse becomes a negligible matter.

If the blouse is the thing, however, you will find something different in one of the blouse shops, tucked away in the very farthest end of a long glass-doored case of sensible shirt waists,—a frivolous little round-necked affair of figured georgette in taupe and dull blue. It has a generously gathered ripple-tail, so abbreviated as to length that it could be worn successfully with any Eton jacket without showing even the tips of the double-faced satin ribbon which forms the girdle.

Hot weather and thunder showers form an ideal combination to make

(Continued on Page 18.)



EDNA ERMINIE LINDH

Visiting in Indianapolis

Mme. Marcella Lindh de Jellinch, once singer to the court at Belgrade, Serbia, the friend of famous men and women in Italy, Portugal, Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, Austria, Hungary and other European countries, and widely known as an artist, is the guest of Mrs. F. E. Moscovics, wife of the vice-president of Nordyke & Marmon Co. Mme. Lindh came to this country from Hungary a little more than a month ago and is preparing a program for special concert work the while she is training her daughter, Edna Erminie Lindh, who accompanies herself upon the lute, for her debut in this country this winter.

It was shortly before the murder of the Serbian king and queen at Belgrade in 1903 that Mme. Lindh sang before them and was decorated and appointed singer to the court. She has many decorations from crowned heads, having been a particular favorite of the nobility in Austria, Hungary and Russia.

A very particular friend of Mme. Jellinch was the Countess Esterhazy Rossi, who is said to have died in Russia a year ago of grief because her country had fallen under soviet rule. The countess was an excellent musician and dedicated many songs to Mme. Lindh. Mme. Lindh has often visited at the palace of the Archduchess Isabella, who was a Spanish princess before her marriage.

A pretty little tale is told of Mme. Lindh and Mark Twain. The humorist was being feted in Budapest and the singer was asked to give him a toast. She slipped into an adjoining room and sang "Home, Sweet Home" and "Suwanee River" to such effect that the writer devoted the remainder of the evening to her.

Mme. Lindh sang in the United States a number of years ago with the Damrosch, Seidl and Thomas orchestras and other organizations, visiting Indianapolis.

Great Gotham

Maurice Browne's Production of "Medea" in New York Compared With "Trojan Women" in Indianapolis Months Ago.

By Oliver M. Sayler

"There's a strange irony," I said to Maurice Browne the other evening during a lull in our survey of my photographs of the Russian theatre, "there's a strange irony in the way young revolutionists in the drama, who affect to scorn New York and who carry their torch all the way from Pittsburgh to Berkeley, still have to bring the products of their labor to Gotham for purposes of record."

"There you are again with your New York viewpoint," he replied. "New York isn't America, and it doesn't write the final record, either of the theatre or of anything else. The new theatre will be achieved ultimately, perhaps in Oshkosh, perhaps in Kokomo. And the record of it will be written, not necessarily in the current periodicals, but in books and in its influence on the life of the people."

"I know," I said. "I agree with all of that. And yet every last one of you looks to New York as a goal to which to bring your finished work for exhibition. What else was it that lured you all the way from Seattle to show your conception of Greek tragedy in Broadway?"

Maurice Browne is one of the few American artists in the theatre who is on the way to become an artist of the theatre, one of a handful who understands that the theatre should be an art in itself and not a composite of other arts. He is a big enough man that I need make no excuses for including him in my weekly panorama, but mid-Western interest in him is heightened by his long record and substantial achievement at the Chicago Little Theatre. And besides, Mrs. Browne, known to the stage as Ellen Van Volkenburg, came out of Fort Wayne as reader and impersonator before she developed into the central figure in all of her husband's productions.

* * *

The activities of Maurice Browne since the war brought an end to the Chicago Little Theatre early in 1918 are probably known only to his more intimate friends, for immediately thereafter he buried himself very thoroughly in the far West. During the season of 1918-1919, he and Mrs. Browne were at the University of Utah, in charge of the dramatic department and producing plays. In the



ELLEN VAN VOLKENBURG

spring a year ago, Ellen Van Volkenburg came East to take charge of Tony Sarg's marionettes in "The Rose and the Ring." Last fall, Mr. and Mrs. Browne were invited to the Cornish School of Music in Seattle where they made a number of dramatic productions and laid the foundations for a genuine municipal theatre.

Early in March of this year, Browne came East to begin rehearsals of Euripides' "Medea" for matinee performances at the Garrick Theatre, home of the Theatre Guild. He had already produced "Medea" in the Gilbert Murray translation at the Little Theatre in Chicago, with Miss Van Volkenburg as the blood-guilty princess, and the tragedy was ready for disclosure in a short time. C. Raymond Johnson, Browne's scenic artist and stage manager at the Little Theatre—who, by the way, has developed a rare whimsy and a sure technique in his canvases since that stage was stifled—came East to make a new setting for the play.

It was with conflicting feelings that I sat through the first performance of "Medea" at the Garrick. With the best will in the world to be coldly judicial, and impartial and aloof, I found myself yielding to partisan emotions. I wished a very dear friend, one whose vision I knew and believed in, to win. And win he did, except with those who were mentally or temperamentally unfitted to understand what he was trying to do. Yet, he did not win decisively enough to satisfy me; he did not even gain the mastery over my own feelings which I desired and demanded. I suppose one reason is that I am still too near to Russia where vision is followed by well-nigh perfect attainment; and with us, no matter what the vision of Browne or anyone else, its full realization can be only approximated until the craftsmen on our stages have had further experience with the theatre as an art instead of a pastime and a commercial enterprise.

Another reason for my disappointment came out in conversation with Browne a few days later, a reason equally potent and more tangible but less creditable to the critical mind, which is supposed to attend the theatre without predispositions of any kind.

"Somehow," I said, "it didn't move me as 'The Trojan Women' did in Indianapolis five years ago."

"Of course not," he replied. "What did you expect? 'Medea' is simply

Producer Admits that Gotham, Commercialized Although Its Stage May Be, Is Final Test in Theatrical World.

a corking good melodrama, while 'The Trojan Women' is probably the greatest tragedy ever written."

As melodrama, then, glorified melodrama, or even as the progentitor of the modern problem play, "Medea" found eloquent interpretation at the hands of Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg. Several of their old Chicago staff were with them again, although the absence of others left an unfortunate gap. There is no one in the chorus to equal or even to suggest the spiritual and imaginative power of Mary Gavin, of Indianapolis, in "The Trojan Women." There was no one at hand to make the light unobtrusive yet thrillingly eloquent as Raymond Dalton did for the former production. Raymond Johnson returned to the fold, though, to do an austere and impressive setting, and Miriam Kiper revealed a rare mastery of the impersonal in acting as leader of the chorus which she lacked a half decade ago. Ellen Van Volkenburg, of course, was the vengeful princess, and as usual she dominated by her intellectual rather than by her emotional grasp of her role. The most auspicious addition to Browne's roster is Ralph Roeder, perhaps the finest, most sensitive artist of the Washington Square Players and now a member of the advisory committee of the Theatre Guild. His friar in Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony" is one of the cherished memories of those who followed the fortunes of that insurgent group at the Bandbox and the Comedy Theatres. In "Medea" he was the Messenger, who returns to the princess to relate the outcome of her terrible revenge, and throughout the long speech he held the mind and the feelings stretched taut, almost to the snapping point. In this character the personal realistic rhythm of the play was blended by Euripides with the austere, impersonal rhythm, and Roeder achieved an almost flawless unification of the two.

* * *

It is necessary in this connection to point out the real service which Maurice Browne has performed in bringing his conception of Greek tragedy to Broadway. It has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of the play or the production; it consists in the attention which has been drawn to the rhythmic nature of all drama, a quality which has been seriously

(Continued on Page 18.)

Editorial TOPICS *Editorial*

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS IS PUBLISHED IN INDIANAPOLIS. ¶ IT IS CALLED TOPICS AND ENDEAVOR WILL BE MADE TO OBSERVE THE FINEST STANDARDS IN ORIGINAL AND CRITICAL EFFORT. ¶ THESE INITIAL ISSUES ARE THEREFORE OFFERED TO A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC AND SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED AT FOUR DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE—THREE MONTHS TRIAL FOR ONE DOLLAR

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
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THE NEWS

One of the most popular diversions in Indianapolis and Indiana is picking a fuss with The Indianapolis News. It is probably no exaggeration to say that The News is feared, admired, respected, courted and denounced by more enemies than any other newspaper in the country, in proportion to the number of people served. A possible exception is the Kansas City Star, which has a tremendous number of enemies who live in peace and comfort with it despite their hatred for it, because the Star is a truly great newspaper.

There has been scarcely any six months' period during the twenty years in which The News has been reaching its ascendancy, in which The News has not been vigorously and bitterly denounced by some particular fraction of public opinion. Lately many Republicans have complained sorely that The News is a fussy, dictatorial old lady, bent on disrupting the party for selfish reasons. Nobody knows just why The News fought so hard for Fesler and Wood. In the case of Fesler, The News had the finest candidate in the field. In the case of Wood, it had certainly the most popular if not absolutely the ablest candidate in the field. The News was justified in going as far as it went in behalf of these two candidates. Critics are now saying that The News will not support the Republican ticket in November, but this remains to be seen.

It seems likely, from this angle, that The News is now engaged in the same kind of housecleaning that it attempted some years ago for the Democratic party over the protest of about 75 per cent of the Democrats. The Republicans probably will not like the idea of a housecleaning any more than the Democrats did, but that is no reason to believe that the housecleaning will not be just as beneficial as it was for the Democrats a few years back.

The News may be wrong just as often as anybody, and there is no particular reason why it should be right any more frequently than the rest of us. But one thing is certain. When it believes it is in the right, The News certainly does assert its position. It does not, in political parlance, trim. That is why politicians do not like it, although politicians do not cease in their efforts to make trades with it.

It is hard to get a proper perspective on the activities of such a busy institution, but it is a fair gamble that, viewed dispassionately, the accomplishments of The News have generally been in the right direction. Maintaining an independent, if not also a neutral, position, the paper is certainly in possession of the opportunity to act as the best kind of balance wheel for the community.

THE ELECTION

Not the least interesting feature of the coming election campaign will be the study of the public intelligence as compared with 1916, 1912 and preceding years. The air has been full of talk that the soldiers, after their eye-opening service abroad, would not come home to be bunked by politicians. Working men, we have been hearing, would play a more enlightened part. Business men, it has been said, after the evolutionary or revolutionary economic processes of the war would turn to and inject some business ideas into the political turmoil.

How much of this will come about? Thus far, the indication is that things will be about as usual. The soldiers do not seem to be closely enough bound together to accomplish much even if they had any kind of political or economical aims in common. Labor is bent on looking out for itself, as usual, and so is business, as usual.

COAL THOUGHT

John A. George says if he can't get coal to sell, how can the folks get it to buy? Which is a nice question. Suggestions are now in order for the heating of the house next winter. Suggestion Number One:

Burn last year's coal bills.

BUSINESS IS GOOD

There has been a deal of talk lately that, because of restriction of credit all along the line, the business world is due for a severe shaking up. Timid sisters in Indianapolis have feared for the city's future on the score, for example, that the city makes many automobiles, and automobiles are luxuries, and makers of luxuries will be hardest hit. Therefore, they reckoned, the city has been liable to a wallop.

It is all wrong. In the first place, automobiles are a necessity as well as a luxury, and people keep on buying them while the makers continue making them. In the second place, Indianapolis makes many things besides automobiles that the world has to have. Industry here is well diversified and no one line of manufacture, if struck by depression, can long or seriously hamper the city. Finally, back of the manufacturing wealth is the solid agriculture producing state.

But it is idle to argue with those that have been pulling long faces. They know the world is going to the dogs and, more, they know where the dogs are.

LANSING'S REGRET

Former Secretary of State Robert Lansing lamented after resigning that his chief regret was that he had been unable to carry out plans for a complete reorganization of the state department along business and efficiency lines. Efficiency experts have been lamenting the thought that, overloaded with lazy, cumbersome political machinery, the administration could not let Lansing have a free hand in this reorganization work. They have been denouncing our easy-going system of government, which is as it should be. Somebody ought to reorganize the whole business.

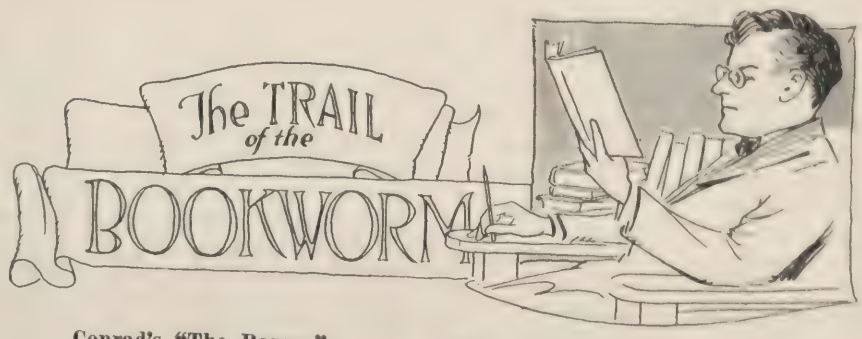
But Mr. Lansing's regret and the lament following its expression fail to take into consideration two things. The first is that nobody in Washington knew anything about his plan and, far from impeding him, had no opportunity to help. The second is, Mr. Lansing was drafted as Secretary of State just at the time America was being dragged into the war. From that time until his resignation, with the war still on as far as America is concerned, the State Department was working twenty-four hours a day and wishing the days were longer.

Just when it could have been reorganized from top to bottom, and still have carried on the tremendous mass of work, is hard to figure.

THIRD PARTY TALK

"Come on in, the water's mine."

That's what William Randolph Hearst has been saying ever since the Republican convention at Chicago. And that's why there has been no mad scramble to get into the third party pool. Hearst tempted the Republicans with a promise of Hiram Johnson, and he has been trying to beguile the Democrats with James A. Reed, senator from Missouri. Neither, with Hearst as the fisherman, has proved very seductive bait.



Conrad's "The Rescue"

Mr. Conrad has reached high tide in his latest novel.

"The Rescue" bears only one resemblance to "The Arrow of Gold," which preceded it, and that is the inimitable Conrad prose, the swelling cadence of his language and the jewel like beauty of his words. No living author can surpass the vivid and perfect diction which arrests by its loveliness while it urges with its intensity. "The Arrow of Gold" was mediaeval in theme and treatment. The complexity of its movement reflected the complexity of the life of the time. The intricacy of those characters corresponded to the lives they were forced to lead. Here all is simple and direct, the pulling of two vital forces in opposite directions, and the devastating effect of them on the man in whom they met.

Captain Tom Lingard, adventurer and visionary rover of the South Seas, bound by honor, by friendship and by years of preparation which had made the adventure run through him like his blood, to attempt the restoration of a native prince to his throne, is balked on the threshold of success by the news of the arrival of an English yachting party, stranded on the coast most vital to his undertaking. Confronted by the necessity of choosing between his own people, though strangers and surly strangers to boot, and the prince to whom he was bound by so many fibres, King Tom knows the meaning of despair.

At this point, the somber narrative is shot through with the gleam of pas-

(Continued on Page 15.)



The investment market in Indianapolis the last week has been rather slow, what with the midsummer and Fourth of July holiday relaxation and the general tightness of money. Indianapolis bond houses have centered their efforts on the issue of preferred stock of the Mid-West Engine Company. This issue, which is being placed on the basis of two shares of preferred with one share of common as a bonus, is reported as moving very satisfactorily. The salesmen are working not merely the usual investment field with this issue, but are going out into all walks of life throughout the state, and selling it in varying amounts, from blocks so small that they would not ordinarily deserve the salesman's effort, to substantial sums. These salesmen have two talking points in addition to the usual line of argument. One is that the Utilitor is regarded by some engineers as the biggest development in the motor line since Henry made his first Ford. Every farmer, they say, will want at least one Utilitor, and the market is practically unlimited. The second talking point is that Indianapolis people have an opportunity in this investment, to get together and put over for Indianapolis an industry comparing to that of Ford in Detroit, and Willys in Toledo.

One reason why the issue is moving here seems to be that the brokers are themselves thoroughly sold on it. Otto Haueisen, for example, says "There is a barrel of money in it."

Notable among other issues attracting attention these days is the Goodyear 7% preferred. This is being sold on the basis of two shares of preferred and one share of common for $300. The common is represented as paying 10% and the investor therefore receives an average of 8% for his money. Haueisen and Jewett are fiscal agents in this state, although information is obtainable from Goodyear representatives.

Industrials continue best sellers, with rails still slow because of uncertainty as to the working out of the Esch-Cummins Act. There is virtually no market for utilities. The Interstate Public Service Company has recently been selling some prior lien paper in towns where it operates. but the Indianapolis Water Company, required to do some long time financing, placed an issue of $295,000 of preferred stock with Breed, Elliott & Harrison in a single transaction.

Investors may be interested in the following statement by the Indiana Public Utility Association:

"Utilities are entitled to a chance to operate on a month to month basis, just as any other business should operate. We ought to be permitted to balance our books once a month to find a fair margin on the right side. In other words, the product we sell by the month ought to pay for itself and net us a fair return for our time, effort and investment. We ought to be able to earn enough to keep up our plants, store coal and other supplies and still have enough money left to make extensions and improvements in service.

"But this is not the case. For years we have been forced to borrow money and borrow money again to maintain our properties. It had reached the point where we were being practically penalized for giving service. We had to borrow money on long term bonds or short term notes, always at a discount plus a high rate of interest. When these notes or bonds expired we had, as a class, to renew them, or replace them with others at higher rates and greater discounts.

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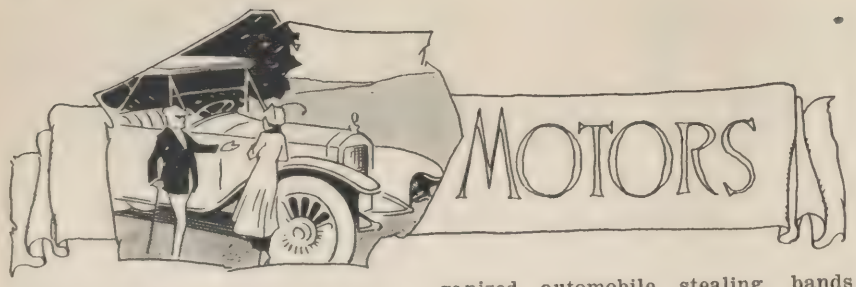
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

"Records show that 132 automobiles were stolen in Indianapolis during the month of May, and 508 since the first of the year, or an average of eighty-four cars a month. Recoveries for May totaled eighty-three, while recoveries so far this year total 338, an average of fifty-six a month."

This statement from John B. Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, proves conclusively the existence of a condition that is growing steadily worse, not in Indianapolis alone, but over all the country. Stealing automobiles has become so easy and the chances of detection and conviction so slight in comparison with dangers attending safe blowing, bank robbing, house breaking, and other of the older, milder, and more conventional forms of getting something for nothing, that the Raffles, Dick Turpins, James boys and Dalton gangs of 1920 have, in keeping with the modern spirit of progress, turned to this newer field of activity.

Fully ninety per cent of these thefts are confined to cars that are seen on streets and roads in great quantities, Fords, Chevrolets, Maxwells and Overlands, for example. It seems that these cars too easily lose their identity in a crowd, and, except for the inevitable "dent in the back of the body," of which you read in almost every advertisement of a stolen automobile, just can't be distinguished. Mere possession of one of these machines does not attract any particular attention, and should the thief feel himself under suspicion all he has to do is to park the car, walk a block away and steal another one.

Of course, many cars are not stolen with the purpose of selling them, but are taken by "kid" joy riders who drive automobiles until the gasoline runs out, the motor jams or a telephone pole gets in the way.

A day in city or criminal courts will be one of astonishment to the average person who always has connected crime with maturity; for as a matter of fact the great majority of automobile thieves and hold-up men are hardly more than boys in their 'teens, and in no way resemble the dark-visaged, hard-looking desperadoes of fiction. They look more like candidates for a good spanking than vicious bandits for jail sentences.

This very fact has made enforcement of law against automobile stealing a rather difficult matter. Judges, like ordinary humans, are inclined to be lenient with youth and it is hard for them to resist the pleading of parents and neighbors that the boys be given another chance. All this in no way applies in cases of regularly organized automobile stealing bands whose activities extend over several states.

For these organized, professional thieves, bad days are ahead. The long and much dreaded arm of the Federal courts has reached out to nab them. Automobiles stolen in this state and driven into another immediately put the thief under Federal jurisdiction, and the one thing a law breaker fears more than anything else is getting himself in a position where Uncle Sam can get hands on him. He may be inconvenienced by state courts, he may fear them, but there is a mortal terror of Federal courts in his heart far different from any feeling he holds for local authorities.

Only a few months ago the first automobile stealing case tried before a Federal judge in Indiana was heard before Judge Anderson, and the young man in question found himself sentenced to Atlanta at a rate that threatened to smash all speed records. It is safe to say that this Federal aspect of the matter will have an extremly discouraging effect on the theft of automobiles in one state for sale in another.

However, all this only scratches the surface and the only safe course for a motorist to pursue is to lock his car to the very best of his ability, cover it heavily with theft insurance and trust to heaven. This will not protect him absolutely, but it at least will give him some fairly comfortable moments.

The Automatic Steam Carburetor Company of Chicago has opened a sales department in 419 North Capitol avenue, with W. S. Goodall in charge.

The Indiana Motor Company, 425 North Meridian street, has leased the room adjacent to the one they now are occupying and will use both as salesrooms for the Kissell passenger car and truck line.

V. K. McBride has been appointed district sales manager of the Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio. Mr. McBride will have his headquarters in Indianapolis.

E. A. Bennett, of South Bend, is in Indianapolis looking for a salesroom. Mr. Bennett has taken the Dort line of cars for Indiana and will make Indianapolis the distribution point for this line.

Now that vacation time is here, plant workers in the Studebaker factories at South Bend and Detroit are looking forward to a real innovation for factory workers—a vacation with pay—says a statement from the Studebaker offices.

For many years this idea has been

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in force in offices, but mechanics and other industrial workers used never to know the joys of vacation times. In the few instances where such vacations were taken, the worker was cut off from the payroll.

A vacation with pay is one of the numerous innovations along co-operative lines that have been introduced by Studebaker for the benefit of plant employes. Among other co-operative plans are anniversary checks, life insurance, pensions, a chance to own stock in the corporation, and to own a home on a co-operative basis. The men are considered partners in the affairs of the company.

Much is heard today about profit-sharing plans, but the Studebaker system of anniversary checks is regarded as a step in advance of the profit-sharing idea. On each anniversary of an employe's connection with the company he is given a check for a percentage of his earnings during the preceding twelve months.

Hawthorn Tennis

Indianapolis women whose husbands, sons or brothers have contracted the tennis habit to the extent that it upsets meal hours and household routine may get a line on the real standing of their men from the appended list of players at Hawthorn. The Hawthorn tournament committee has started a perpetual tournament and it ranks the players as follows:

First Ten—Fritz Bastian, Frank Cox, Myron Kohn, Fred Grumme, E. A. Parker, Walter Hiser, I. Watt Pugh, Hence Orme, A. Borinstein and Richmond Bastian.

Class A—C. F. Davis, C. S. Miller, Dwight Murphy, Ralph E. Phelps, Murray N. Hadley, R. A. Calkins, Milton Petrovitsky, L. A. Cox, Mrs. I. Watt Pugh and Mrs. H. S. Adams.

Class B—E. T. Ellington, E. J. Wuensch, S. N. Campbell, H. O. Chamberlin, H. S. Adams, C. F. Addleman, F. E. Ellis, I. A. Kohn, Wm. R. Evans and L. L. Campbell.

Class C—Roy Sahm, W. W. Winslow, Jas. W. Hurt, Fred Wellman, Albert S. Pierson, Wilbur Weir, Robert Winslow, Thos. C. Cox, Chas. L. Wheeler, Jr., and Hal T. Benham.

Class D—W. S. Brant, Stanley Lapinska, Albert Buchanan, Daniel Glossbrenner, J. G. Martin, R. T. Fatout, Wm. C. Kassebaum, R. Bryant Sando, Frank A. Madden and Herbert Davis.

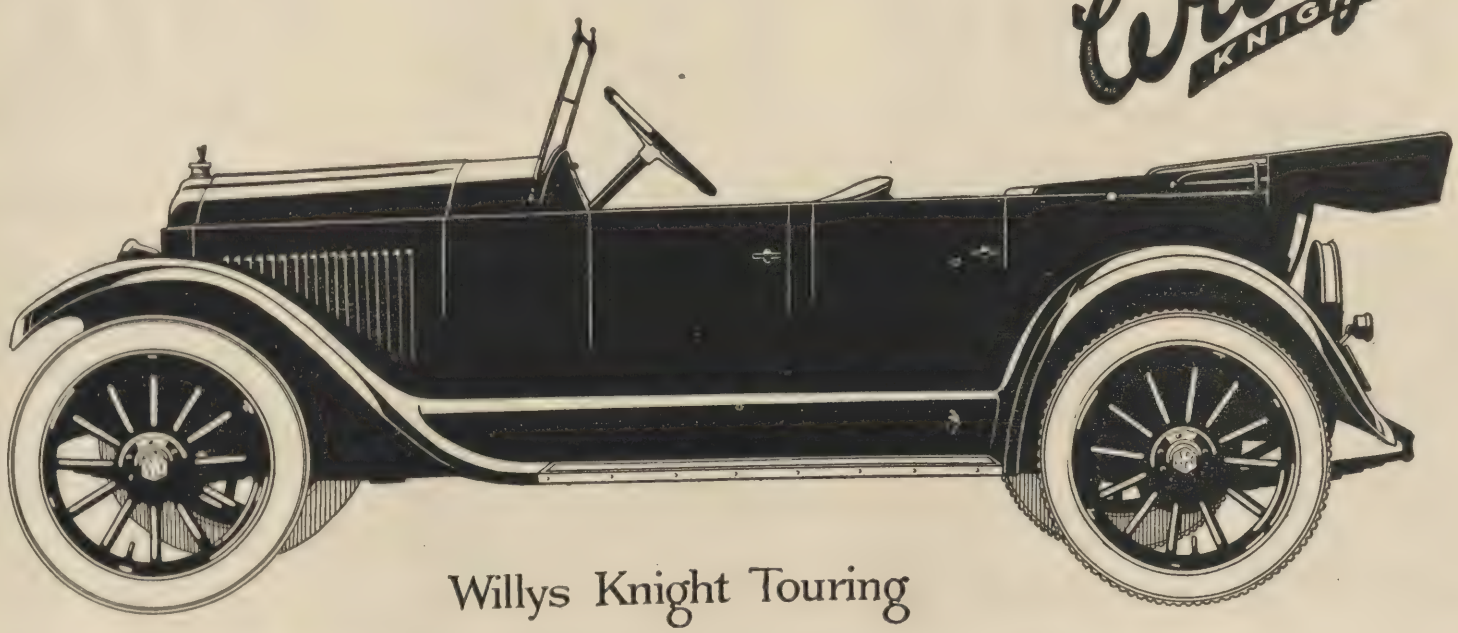
Class E—Albert Rabb, Henry P. Ross, Myron D. Taylor, Will H. Diddel, O. C. F. Randolph, John Mellett, C. A. Jaqua, Walter Myers, Jas. A. Baird and I. E. Woodward.

Class F—W. F. McDermott, Arthur Strauss, Robert Dietz, Nordeau Heaps, Henry Dollman, Woodburn Masson, Thos. P. Harvey, Ward Dean, Stuart Dean and Harris P. Wetsell.

Class G—A. G. Willis, W. H. Oakes, Paul Richey, Jack Carroll, J. Albert Bristow, C. L. Kays, C. H. Bailey, Lucille Bailey, Helen Beck and Ralph Cox.

Class H—Arthur R. Mogge, Richard Habbe, Harold Cash, E. A. Steffen, Mrs. Mildred J. Hurt, Edw. F. Winslow, Jas. A. Gloin, A. W. Buschman, Mildred Bailey and C. A. Jewett.





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The Creator of Henry

To see him, large, genial and calm, no one would ever suspect that Samuel Merwin, author of the "Henry" stories and the play "Temperamental Henry," produced for the first time at the Murat next week, was a real dynamo of human energy, as busy as the proverbial cranberry merchant. How he does it, and keeps his jovial and unruffled manner, is impossible to say, but undoubtedly he owes a great deal of his power to his Middle Western birth, at Evanston, Ill.

Just how he manages to take time to come out to Indianapolis to assist in the production of his play, by Stuart Walker, is equally mysterious. Besides this play, which Mr. Walker plans to take to New York if the local tryout proves satisfactory, Mr. Merwin has another play in the hands of the Shuberts, which will probably be produced this coming winter, if some legal complications about contracts and things can be cleared away. In this play, which preceded "Temperamental Henry," Mr. Merwin had the advantage of the collaboration of the charming Peggy Wood, of "Maytime," "Love O' Mike," and "Buddies" fame, and it is expected that Miss Wood will play the leading part in the play when it is produced. The play is entirely different from the second one, being in the period of the late sixties, and located in Paris. It is the story of a young American girl who goes to Paris to study for the opera, and involves the character of Johann Strauss, the waltz king.

In writing "Temperamental Henry" Mr. Merwin also had professional assistance and advice from Roland Young, who has acted in all the Clare Kummer plays and is at present rehearsing in a new one, entitled "Rollo's Wild Oat." There are also vague murmurings about another collaborator, to whom much credit is due, but whose name is shrouded in mystery, which ought to add a great deal to the interest of the play.

"With the advice and assistance I have had," said Mr. Merwin, "I hate to call this my play, although I have done all the actual writing of it. And," he admitted when pressed, "it really is my Henry."

The play is not based on any one story or even on any one of the Henry books, but is rather a new story made out of the vital ideas in both of the first two. The heroine is the Cicely of the second book, "Henry is Twenty," and the opening scene is taken from that volume, yet as the plot progresses it proves the characters to be rather a combination of those from both.

Where Henry came from in the first place is not definitely known. There is a Henry Merwin in England, brother of the author, who wants plaintively to know, "Why Henry? and how long is this Henry stuff going to last?" As to the "why," Henry's creator does not just know.

"He just sounded like Henry to me, a nice soft name without too many consonants, and yet not a 'Sissy' name. I did not even think of my brother when I called him that." Which brother may find hard to swallow.

As to how long he is going to last, from all appearances he lasts pretty well, and if the new play is the success that a Stuart Walker production would seem to promise, he will probably go on lasting. Anyway, be not surprised if an infuriated public should rise, and through its editors and publishers, demand more of Henry or of somebody like Henry, just as they did of Penrod and Willie Baxter.

Besides the two plays, Mr. Merwin is in the arrested act of writing a serial for Everybody's Magazine, assisting with the screen production of The Passionate Pilgrim, the third of the Henry books, and with other screen productions of his writings, and declining, in all probability, to go to Africa to assist with the screen production of Hichens' "Garden of Allah." Outside of these few trifles, all of which have had to be dropped while the author summers in Indianapolis and gets Henry properly started on the stage, Mr. Merwin's time is his own and he can spend it in leisure with his family in Concord, Mass.

"It is a joke," said Mr. Merwin, "to call the Stuart Walker organization a stock company. There is nothing like it in the country, where real plays are given real productions by real actors in groups of such prominence as even New York audiences can not see often. I am more afraid of saying too much, like the proverbial visitor to your fair city, than I am of failing to say what I feel about this company. In New York, such actors as Blanche Yurka, McKay Morris and Thomas Kelley are each playing a leading part in a separate play. John Wray is one of the best character actors in the country. Mr. Walker, as a producer, is far ahead of the majority. He gives you real scenes, new productions, and he approaches everything from the artistic standpoint.

"I feel the same way about Indianapolis," he admitted, after being urged to make his ideas known. "I am afraid of overdoing it. I am a Middle Westerner at heart, and to me Indianapolis is the best Middle Western city. I always feel as if I were coming home when I land."

The lovely lady on the front cover this week is Mrs. Harold Corya, the wife of Dr. Harold Corya, who is associated with Dr. Lafayette Pace. She was Lael Davis before she married Dr. Corya, and as far as her stage career is concerned, she still is Lael Davis. She is one of the leadingest of Stuart Walker's leading ladies. Next week she will have the best girl's part in "Temperamental Henry."

Lael Davis is a Crawfordsville girl who escaped the wild Wabash college boys and was found by Dr. Corya in Indiana University. She was a Kappa Kappa Gamma there when the doctor was studying doctoring. One of those college romances.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from page 6.)

with famous places; the movies get them. Whether the celebrity is a world-famous strong man, the youngest member of Congress, the greatest Hamlet of the ages, a grand opera singer, or the heavy weight champion, he is certain to go the way of all flesh and eventually break into the movies, or—more accurately speaking—be shoved onto the screen. "The best of its kind" is a phrase that carries great weight in the world of motion pictures, and a phrase that is much overworked. It would be an interesting thing if some day that statistics-loving individual who goes about bombarding his fellow-citizens with staggering volleys of figures, would count up the number of greatests, grandests, hugests, etc.

In view of this vogue for the best to be had, it was only to be looked for in the natural course of events that Booth Tarkington's famous Hoosier lads,—Billie Baxter, Johnnie Watson, Joe Bullitt, et al.,—should make the leap from book to screen. It was many months ago that Willie Baxter, hero of that classic of adolescence, "Seventeen," reached the screen by way of the legitimate stage route, but it is only recently that Indianapolis has had a chance to meet face to face the younger clan of Hoosier boys, headed by Edgar Pomeroy.

Edgar is still in the small-boy stage of development, and he is as full of fun-loving and trouble-making propensities as his predecessor of the printed page, Penrod. He has never figured in magazine stories or books as far as we can recall; but once having learned to know and like Penrod and Sam of story fame, Mr. Tarkington's readers felt at home immediately with Edgar from the moment that his first smile dawned on the screen at the Circle Theatre. Through the kindness of Mr. Tarkington, Edgar is frolicking through a series of scenarios at the Circle for the edification of other Hoosier boys and girls of all ages.

A normal boy is an interesting young animal, whether he is an Indian or an Esquimaux, but Edgar has a peculiarly superior attraction, especially for Indianapolis theatre-goers,—he is primarily a Hoosier boy. He lives in a Hoosier frame house of heterogeneous architecture but ample ornamentation in the way of wooden gingerbread work so popular in the older school of Indiana homes. He goes to a Hoosier school, but being an up-to-date lad, has, not a Hoosier school-master, but a school-teacher (feminine gender). He plays with Hoosier kids in shady streets, roomy barns and green back yards. He is a Hoosier through and through, and Indianapolis claims him for her own.

Being a son of Indiana, he is, naturally, keen on the arts and letters, and his most entertaining adventure is his production of Hamlet. It is the irony of fate that the one gentleman of color in the troupe should have been selected to play the role of the ghost, for his natural scenic advantages for a convincing portrayal of the ghost are of as little assistance to the imagination of the audience as the severe stage setting of a Ben Greet Company. He puts it over all right, for, following the classic school in the presentation of Shakespeare, he labels himself as plainly as "Brutus' Orchard," announcing in the face of all evidence to the contrary, "Hamlet, I'se yo' Pappy's ghost."

The latest episode was that shown a week ago in which Edgar's gang abandons itself to a merry-go-round craze. Edgar's problem is to take care of little brother and at the same time participate in the carousal party. His tribulations are as real and heart-rending as Willie Baxter's trials with sister Jane, or the conflicts of the twins in "Clarence." To avoid the consequences of his crimes, Edgar starts for Texas, but happily returns before the reel is ended so that we are sure he is ready for action in further adventures.

The Bookworm

(Continued from Page 10.)

sion. The eddy becomes a maelstrom. From the very beginning, in the calm seas of Carimata, the foreknowledge of disaster is written plainly in the quiet foreshadowing of mystery and of evil. From the point at which Captain Lingard and the strange, self-centered English woman realize the power that grips them, there is no way out but through tragedy. How the choice is to be made, and how it is taken out of the hands of the captain and made for him, and how it leaves him, stranded in the shallows of life, who had seen such depths, these things are to be told only by the author.

The character of Lingard, not a new character in Conrad's fiction, but immensely freshened and renewed by the new light cast upon it, is the chief and foremost. In him meet the conflicting elements, in him swirls the torrent of hopeless passion, on him depend the lives of all, both English and natives. He is drawn as Conrad's heroes are always drawn, roughly and broadly upon the clean canvas.

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Women's Federation Convention

"The most significant feature of the convention was the evidence on every hand of a splendid spirit of co-operation—a general desire to contribute to the team-work of the organization. The atmosphere of the convention was one of easy friendliness and pleasant comradeship."

This was the view expressed by Mrs. John Downing Johnson, chairman of the Seventh District Federation of Women's Clubs, who has recently returned to Indianapolis from Des Moines, where the biennial convention of the General Federation was held.

"One of the greatest contributing factors to this wholesome easy atmosphere was the cordial hospitality of the Des Moines women. They are not like the Southern women, who are so famous for their hospitality, they are not like the Western women, nor those of the East—but they have a charm all their own that can not be resisted. They are simply natural, sincere, and unostentatious, and they make ideal hostesses.

"Here were fifteen hundred women, delegates from all parts of the United States,—even including one from that part of the United States in Shanghai, The American Women's Club,—women of many types, social leaders, home-loving women, women of business training,—and all were made welcome and each felt that she belonged. This happy result was achieved by the genius of hospitality with which all Des Moines women seem to be endowed.

"All the minor details involved in the entertainment of such a large number of guests were carefully worked out. The Motor Corps women, who had gained valuable experience in war time work, did a splendid service, and cars for the use of visitors were plainly marked "Visitors' Cars." Every woman when she presented her credentials was given an envelope containing the convention program and invitations to a series of teas that were given in the afternoon when there was no general sessions and to other specially planned social events. Of course, the more pretentious entertainments for the delegates, such as the evening programs at the Coliseum and the pageant at the Country Club, were very enjoyable, but the little intimate touch of these careful arrangements for the enjoyment of the guests, supplemented by the personal charm of the Des Moines hostesses, made the biennial a week of real enjoyment."

Another striking feature of the convention was the lively interest of the elderly people. Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg, a dear grandmotherly old lady of seventy-five, motored all the way from Philadelphia to attend the biennial, and felt amply repaid for the long trip. Mrs. Charles P. Yardley, of East Orange, N. J., took honors as being the oldest delegate; she is eighty-one years old and was a member of one of the oldest women's clubs in America (the Sorosis) and can remember the days when the very idea of a women's club was considered ultra-modern and cause for domestic infelicity.

Mr. Brown, father of Mrs. Homer A. Miller, general chairman of the biennial convention committee, was another interesting figure among the older people. Gray-haired, gray-clad, but in spite of his ninety years, decidedly not gray as to personality, he was a regular attendant at the night sessions, and his enthusiastic participation in the singing was an indispensable feature of the convention. Mrs Johnson aptly dubbed him "The Symphony in Gray."

Of all the convention festivities, the particularly Hoosier celebration was the Indiana luncheon at the Hotel Chamberlain, where Miss Vida Newsom, of Columbus, Ind., director on the Federation Board, presided. Most of the thirty-nine delegates from Indiana were present, and many former Indiana residents also attended. Among the guests of honor were Miss Mary Garrett Hay, chairman of the Republican National Women's Executive Committee; Miss Adelaide Steele Baylor, who has the distinction of being the only woman on the Indiana Democratic State ticket; and six Hoosier soldiers recently returned from overseas, guests of Mrs. Lucius O. Hamilton and Mrs. Ralph Kennington, of this city.

Another distinctively Hoosier party was the delightful luncheon given at the Younkers tea room by Dr. Carpenter, a prominent woman physician of Des Moines, and a former resident of Indiana, in honor of all visiting Hoosiers. A short address of welcome was given by former United States Senator Lafayette Young, of Des Moines.

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The Orloff Trio

(Concluded from Page 7.)

love for art, soon became the inspiration for a new musical awakening in local activities, and through her efforts the Orloff Trio was created. Mrs. Coffin is a pianist of unusual attainments. Her joyous vitality, with splendid musical understanding, is a dominant force in the success of this organization. After five years of study in Europe, two of which were spent in Paris with Wagner Swayne, and three in Vienna with the world renowned master, Leschetizky, Mrs. Coffin is splendidly equipped.

A number of seasons ago a beautiful young woman returned to her home in Indianapolis, after an absence of several years spent in Europe to study with the greatest masters of that time, to play a violin recital. This young woman was Jean Orloff, a descendant of an old and noble family of Russia. Her success was sensational, and she was at once acclaimed a genius of the violin. Her rare interpretive ability, and wealth of poetic enthusiasm, with her full rich tone gave proof that "the violin is the most human of all instruments that express the soul of music."

After graduating from the Cincinnati College of Music, and receiving the Springer gold medal from that college, Miss Orloff went to London, where she studied with the great master, August Wilhelmj, and was one of his favorite pupils.

Genevieve Hughel, the young cellist of the Orloff Trio, is one of the child musical prodigies, having been heard in concert when only eleven years old.



THE ORLOFF TRIO

A favorite student of Josef Adamowski, a celebrated master of the cello in the New England Conservatory, Miss Hughel was offered a full scholarship in that famous institution, which offer, however, she did not accept. Only last week this scholarship was again offered to her. As the cellist of the Orloff Trio, Miss Hughel has shown distinct interpretive ability. The technical difficulties of the cello are little understood, and for one so young she fills her position with poise and distinction, and gives great promise of a brilliant future as a soloist.

Engagements in which classical programs of great beauty have been given with marked success are: A series of lecture recitals at the Herron Art Institute, with Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce; recital before Country Concert Series, a social organization created for more intimate music; the lecture of Baroness Huard, Woodstock Country Club; Concert of Indian Princess Watawasko; "Book of Job," last season given by the Stuart Walker Company, and a series of lecture recitals, Teachers' College.

When the Flonzaley Quartette played in Indianapolis, Mr. Bailley, of that famous organization, was much interested in the Orloff Trio, complimenting them on their splendid efforts, and giving them valuable suggestions for their future work. Henry Hadley, the greatest American composer, while in Indianapolis presented the trio with autographed copies of a number of his compositions in appreciation of their beautiful rendition of his "Silhouettes," often used in their programs.

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Shop Tours

(Concluded from Page 8.)

curly hair curlier. But the same prescription is fatal to the curls of the damsel who must resort to artificial methods to secure the Mary Pickford marcel. Assistance to the would-be possessor of a perfect and weather-proof marcel is offered by a department store that prides itself on its efficient beauty shop. All of the apparatus and paraphernalia for giving a permanent wave has recently been installed, and the marcel that is now administered to willing victims is said to defy everything inimical to artificial curls except repeated sea baths.

There is something about the soft silhouette of a duvetyn hat that makes it almost universally becoming. The latest arrivals in hats for fall wear are of any and all shades of duvetyn; but regardless of color, all have that soft nap and suede-like finish which make duvetyn a delightful material to touch, to see, or to wear.

An unusual combination of silk and duvetyn is displayed by a little shop which makes a point of having the exceptional in hats. The turban is severely plain and close-fitting, and a light reindeer in color. The narrow roll brim seems at first blush to be of soft brown fur, but this furry appearance is supplied by the fringed edges of strips of dark brown taffeta, which wrap the brim and give a soft, fluffy effect which makes the hat both smart and becoming.

Another distractingly pretty hat among the late arrivals is of navy blue, made entirely of feathers. It is as smooth and sleek as a properly groomed robin, except for the brim, which is relieved by a mist of ostrich feather fibres in a lighter shade of blue, which gives a veil-like effect over the darker toned feathers of the hat itself.

Great Gotham

(Concluded from Page 9.)

neglected in the modern theatre, but a quality without which the theatre can not be accepted as an art. Rhythm in drama in the sense in which Browne understands it is not merely a question of acceleration and retardation, nor is it to be confused with what the Europeans term stylization or the knitting of the various scenes of the play together by a continuous scenic or emotional pattern, but rather a determination of the particular method of interpretation which each individual play demands, i. e., personal or impersonal, realistic or imaginative, literal or symbolic. Rhythm, therefore, has to do with the keynote of the interpretation, "style" with the concrete modes of making that interpretation effective, once its definite nature has been determined.

The opportunity to emphasize this phase of drama through "Medea" arises not only from the unmistakable rhythm of all Greek drama, but also from the peculiar fusion of personal and impersonal rhythms which Euripides imposed on this youthful composition, a fusion which gave Browne a deal of difficulty to interpret and which explains, too, why "Medea" was less effective than "The Trojan Women" where the impersonal rhythm was strictly preserved by the playwright.

* * *

There was once a time and not so long ago when Maurice Browne considered the restoration and reinterpretation of Greek tragedy and the Greek chorus as the goal of his theatre. Today, with a profound faith in the America which he has adopted in preference to his native England, he reaches out to a goal which he does not yet distinctly see. He is clearing from his mind and his imagination the things which he does not wish to do, the things which others have carried to their logical perfection and conclusion, in order that he may proceed along a new and untried path. His experience with Greek drama, however, has taught him that the theatre like all art demands an underlying, well-defined rhythmic basis, and whatever his goal may be, he is so much the better equipped to attain it.

His plans for the immediate future have an encouraging degree of certainty. He has sailed for a summer with his mother in England, but on his return he will open his first season at the Seattle Repertory Theatre in a building which is being constructed according to his own specifications, probably the first municipal venture of the kind in this country. Various civic bodies, including the Chamber of Commerce, have united to make the theatre possible, and for the first time Maurice Browne will have a really free hand to follow where his vision leads.

* * *

One of the happiest phases of the visit of the Brownes to Gotham has been the series of performances of the comedy and fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Miss Van Volkenburg's puppets at Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre. If I had my way, every youngster in the land under fourteen, from Portland to Portland, and from Dallas to Duluth, would have an opportunity to see these antic and elfin creatures.

Mrs. Browne got much of the inspiration for her marionettes in Europe in 1914 and she has been patiently at work ever since in perfecting the mechanism of her tiny stage and in pursuing the elusive secrets of the puppet soul. Her substantial attainment of both aims can not be doubted when you see Puck whisk in on the wind. Her puppet world is a wee world, a bit too small even for the Little Theatre, and it would be most at ease in somebody's ample living room. Compared to Tony Sarg's robustious doll-actors, Oberon's court and Bottom's artisans are of another world—which only goes to prove that the puppet stage may have as wide a range and as many guises as the theatre itself.



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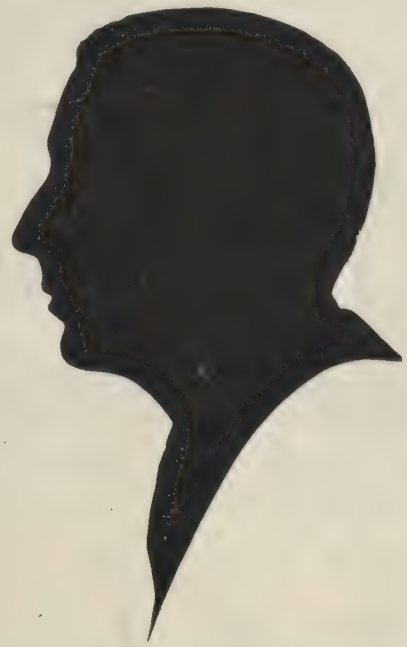
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1920 — NUMBER 5

Put Men Drivers to Shame

Women Motorists of Indianapolis Handle Their Cars Like Veterans in City Traffic and on Country Roads.

Several of Them Know What a Motor Is and Why, and Can Change a Tire in Case of Emergency.



MRS. WILBUR C. JOHNSON TOURING IN FRANCE

She startled the natives of France. She almost disrupted the police force. She charged through that peaceful land at some twenty-odd miles an hour. Mounted on a high-topped racing electric, she whizzed about the streets of Paris. The first woman motorist in France! And, of course, she was an Indianapolis woman.

That was 'way back in 1903 before the time of gasoline speedsters. Those high perambulator-like electrics have long ago been relegated to the scrap heap or museum, for since those days many changes have taken place in the anatomy of the genus automobile. The speedy modern car seems to have gone almost as far in the process of evolution since those far off days, as man has in the descent from his arboreal ancestors. But still Indianapolis women are well to the fore in everything pertaining to automobiles and automobiling.

Miss Indianapolis, and Mrs. Indianapolis, too, for that matter, can drive her own car as well as any mere man, and does not need to depend on James to take her home. She can handle a car in the thickest traffic and come out with flying colors and the car in one piece. She has taken the jazz out of that bromide, "It's a woman driving," which somebody was sure to haul out when the car ahead serpentined from left to right and from right to left before suddenly snaking off down a side street, missing the front fender by a hair's breadth. Even in cross-country driving she has proved her ability to stick to the road and get to her destination with as much dispatch as any man. Indianapolis women by good driving have earned the freedom of the streets and roads for their cars, and the men must look to their laurels for all-round, experienced, steady driving.

Not content with merely driving the car, a number of Indianapolis women have gone to school to learn the make-up of its internal workings. Some women drivers are competent to repair or change a tire, if one should happen to go bad when there is no masculine assistance at hand. But whether or not they happen to know all the mechanics and technique of motor construction and tire surgery, Indianapolis women are competent and efficient drivers.

There are so many women in the city who drive their own cars and drive them well that a simple enumeration of their names would require more than one issue. And they are not satisfied with driving the genteel electric, but manage the large, heavy types of car which, a few years ago, belonged strictly in man's domain.

Mrs. Wilbur C. Johnson, who, by the way, is the party of the first part, (i. e., the first woman driver in France) has done perhaps as much as any other woman in the city to promote interest in automobiles and driving among the feminine population of Indianapolis. While she was associated with the Woman's Motor Corps, she helped in the organization of a woman's class in the study of motor construction and repair.

This class was organized in connection with Vocational Camp No. 2 at the old Deaf and Dumb Institute. It was arranged as a sort of reciprocity measure, in return for the services of the Woman's Red Cross and Motor Corps to the soldiers. Mr. George Selden was the instructor, and he gave the women exactly the same course which the soldiers received. Among the members of the class, which numbered about twenty-five, were Mrs. Nicholas Noyes, Mrs. Russell Fortune, Mrs. Charles Millard, Miss Sara Lauter, Miss Margaret McCulloch, Mrs. Gordon Tanner, and Mrs. Douglas F. Wheeler. Every woman who took the entire course of twenty-four lessons learned a great deal about the construction and operation of a motor, and those who completed the course received a diploma.

Mrs. Smitheran, the sister of Mr. Fred Ayres, was most enthusiastic about the class, and several of the women students seemed to feel that she was the star pupil. After completing the army course, she took further work with the Y. M. C. A., and though Mrs. Smitheran is no longer in town, it is safe to suppose that out west she is still living up to the Hoosier reputation for good driving.

Mrs. Johnson, it will be remembered, was at the head of the Motor Corps after it was affiliated with the Red Cross, and she has rendered fine service with that organization. Mrs. Johnson has driven almost every make of car that has ever been seen in Indianapolis. She now uses a Hupmobile coupe.

Mrs. D. F. Wheeler was also very energetic in fulfilling her duties as a member of the Motor Corps, and during the war drove a big red Packard, which saw hard service. One of the record mileage days showed a total of 141 miles, when Mrs. Wheeler was distributing war time literature throughout her assigned plot of Marion county. She now drives a Cadillac Victoria coupe. Although Mrs. Wheeler was a student in the class organized for the Women's Motor Corps, she feels that the best school for learning to drive is to drive, and she herself is a splendid exponent of this theory.

It is said that Mrs. Wheeler knows every traffic policeman in the city by his first name and it is no unusual sight to see her big Cadillac swing around the semaphore and hear Mrs. Wheeler call out, "Hello, Jim," or "Tom," as the case may be, and she is invariably answered with a hearty grin, for the traffic men all know and admire her.

Miss Rosamund Van Camp has both a Stutz and a Marmon and can drive either. The Marmon was at Miami all the past winter, and the Van Camps drove it from Miami to Washintgon, where Miss Van Camp joined the



MRS. WALLACE HAMILTON



WOMAN'S MOTOR CORPS, OF WAR DAYS

party. She drove a good part of the way home, even through some of the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania, through the hills about Uniontown, which is no small task for a woman driver.

Mrs. Edward Treat uses her car almost entirely for social purposes, shopping, etc., driving a Cadillac. She prefers a closed car, for with it she can come and go regardless of weather conditions, and is quite independent of street cars. She likes the gasoline car rather than the electric because with it a run out to the Country Club is no feat at all, and distance need not enter into her plans for motoring. She is a good roads booster and is enthusiastic in praise of automobiles. Some time ago her Cadillac figured in the Wilson reception, and more recently, she again offered it for use in the welcome to General Leonard Wood.

Mrs. Thomas Kaufman prides herself on the beauty of her car, a green Daniels. Mrs. Kaufman drives an open car, always, and is partial to the sports models.

A Cole that is seen about town a great deal is driven by Miss Rink, the daughter of Joseph A. Rink.. Miss Carolyn Coffin is admired by her friends for her skillful handling of the Stutz. Miss Coffin was anxious to belong to the Motor Corps when it was organized, but was, alas, too young.

Both Miss Margaret and Miss Mary Elizabeth Gardner are motor enthusiasts and drive their own cars. With some six years' experience in driving, Miss Mildred Conklin is entitled to be classed as a veteran driver. She has never gone in for long distance driving, but she finds a jaunt of one hundred miles in her Cole nothing remarkable.

A Winchester girl who drives over so frequently that she may almost be classed as an Indianapolis driver is Miss Moorman, daughter of J. F. Moorman. She has driven a car for a long time, and has averaged five hundred miles a week since she got her new Marmon last spring, so her father says.

Mrs. Wallace Hamilton, of Fall Creek boulevard, has just returned from a twelve hundred mile tour in her new National. She is a splendid driver and is most enthusiastic tbout her western trip. Mrs. Hamilton drove all the way herself, and brought her husband and their two guests home safe and sound from the trip.

Another plucky driver on long trips is little Miss Wilson, daughter of William G. Wilson, of Irvington. Although she is still a college girl she has already driven on several long trips. Last summer Miss Wilson, with her parents, took a trip in their Studebaker to Chicago, Milwaukee, and Green Bay, Miss Wilson driving all the way. As no one else in the family knows how to drive, Miss Wilson was entirely dependent on her own resources for the management of the car. The only mishap on the entire journey was a puncture when they were only seven miles out of Indianapolis on the way home. Miss Wilson changed tires without difficulty and was delayed very little by the accident. The Wilsons are just back from another out-of-town trip this season.

Mrs. Frank Witt drives a great deal and is often to be seen about town in her Packard.

One would think that the legendary "honor among thieves" would prevent the theft of a lady's car, but it is only too evident that such is not the case. Mrs. J. W. Fesler has had her car stolen several times. Once it was discovered in Chicago, several weeks after its disappearance. It was stolen again recently, and as no news has been had of it for some time, it begins to look as if the car has disappeared permanently this time. Mrs. Fesler has driven a Marmon for a long time, but has had more than her fair share of misfortunes of the road at the hands of motor thieves.

Mrs. V. C. Vanderbilt knows [illegible] car well and whenever she has [illegible] bring it to the local shop for repairs can always diagnose the trouble accurately. She can tell the repair man whether her batteries are low, a cylinder missing, or whether the car is suffering from some other ailment that even the best motors may contract at times.

Mrs. Gordon Tanner was considered one of the best drivers in the Women's Motor Corps and drove their ambulance a great deal. Mrs. Tanner has just as lively an interest in motoring as she has in some of the other out-door sports, and she is now driving a Dodge.

Indianapolis women stack up pretty high as motorists. The city may well point with pride to its women drivers on any and all occasions and pointing with pride is in order



MRS. D. F. WHEELER



MISS CORRINNE WILSON, OF IRVINGTON

Great Gotham

New Edition of Ziegfeld Follies, Charming as Ever, Appears to Beguile the Tired Business Man of 1920.

Costumes, Girls and Settings Are Better Than Ever, but the Book Is Even Thinner Than in Past Years.

By Oliver M. Sayler

"We are seven," say the brazen little Ziegfeld beauties this year, "seven twins. Fourteen years have we been the season's sauciest summer sport in Gotham and the smartest anodyne for chill and gloom over the winter circuit. We of all modern corybantes are the favorite daughters of the great god, T. B. M., because although we grow old we are always young. Individual Follies may come and go, but 'The Follies' goes on forever."

June can't scurry off the calenlar without seeing the blossoming of the Ziegfeld "Follies" any more than it can elude the more natural but no less gorgeous rose. This year, though, it was almost July when the peer of pagan panoramas was disclosed on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theater as the opening gun of the season of 1920-21. It was only a week behind schedule, but if it had been any later, every watch that ticks on Broadway would have been hopelessly tangled, for in addition to Standard Time and Daylight Saving Time, there is also "Follies" time and the Great White Way sets its clocks when Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., lifts his curtain.

A canny man is this Ziegfeld. Before any other American theatrical manager, he saw the value of running the theatre like any other business institution. He looked forward toward the future and compelled his patrons to do the same by making it easy and pleasant for them to look backward to what he had sold them in seasons past. He was the first to apply to the playhouse the sound commercial philosophy that a pleased customer is the best advertisement. By giving his customers all and more than they asked whenever they came into his shop, he put himself in the enviable position of not having to worry whether he would have customers in future. And he is enabled thus to spend perfectly unbelievable sums on each new production in the assurance that it will pay for itself long before each fairy Folly is asked to pack her costumes in her purse and return to Gotham to prepare for another June.

When people talk like this about him, Mr. Ziegfeld must feel something like the ambitious amateur actor who receives compliments for being letter perfect in his part. Such things should, after all, be taken for granted. But they aren't, and until they are we're going to go on wondering at them even to the exclusion of more salient considerations.



MARGARET IRVING, Follies Star

In another sense, this Ziegfeld betrays a shrewd and canny business gumption. He has felt the public pulse from year to year in recent seasons and he has found it less and less eager for the shady line, the leering costume and the joke o'erripe. He has found it possible, in other words, to be politely pagan, and the public has ratified his prediction and his leadership. This year more than ever "The Follies" is less brazen and more brilliant. Its brass is the burnished sophistication of Broadway and Michigan avenue and Meridian street, not the corroded innuendo of burlesque and dark corners. It is the embodiment of the primitive joy in light and sound and color crossed with a highly civilized sense of the sensuous effect of these elements in combination. It is of a piece with the jazz and the racing car, summer furs, the tricolette blouse and hirsute ear-muffs. It is on the crest of the wave of the day and like the whitecap it has its moment and passes its privilege on to the next of "The Follies" in regular cycle.

"The Follies of 1920" is the most extravagant in point of scene and costume of the entire series. Picture after picture from the brush of the great Viennese, Joseph Urban, who has designed the settings for the four preceding editions, is unfolded, only to be snatched away, Ziegfeld-fashion, before the eye has had an opportunity to stretch more than the larger masses of color and design. "Come again and see what you missed the first time," Ziegfeld seems to say. The experience seems, in recounting it, like nothing so much as an American plan dinner with twenty side dishes which you can't begin to finish. It isn't like that, though, nearly so much as it is like a feast I had one evening in Peking with the uncle of the late boy emperor where twenty-seven courses followed one another in bewildering array. For courtesy's sake, you were expected to taste each dish, but you had no obligation to complete any one of them. There are some of us who wish sometimes that Mr. Ziegfeld would let us look a little longer, but it's his game and he seems to have hit off the popular fancy. At any rate, he avoids the charge of his program going stale.

With all due credit to Ziegfeld and to the festive panorama which with justifiable immodesty he has called on his program "a national institution," I can't help wishing that he would find some way to put more "head" into it. Under his guidance and Urban's, scenery and costumes have kept a safe lap or three in advance of the nearest competitor on the light musical stage. Under Irving Berlin, with Victor Herbert and others to assist from time to time, the score has hit off the rhythmic counterpart of the moment. But the book of "The Follies" has never yet measured up to the other components of the production. "Creation," a musical pageant with words by James Montgomery, of fame in farce, is only a single fleeting example early in this year's edition of the way "head" might be added to the book without dulling the other more sensuous appeals of the panorama. There are many kinds of "head," as Aristophanes and his successors have often proved, some of them picturesque and poetic, some of them smart and sophisticated, some of them fine-spun and some of them blowsy, but all of them keyed to the perception of the quickest wits of which an audience might consist. Whatever of all this went over someone's understanding would not be missed by those who come to taste the passions of light and color and the human form, and whatever of wit went home would establish Ziegfeld more firmly than ever in the public consciousness of his time.

The unparalleled wealth of scenic investiture in this year's "Follies" all but atones for a book inferior to the other elements. Ziegfeld has deliberately made his 1920 edition a snare to the eye, and he has made that orb bulge like the ear after a symphony concert. The mere passing scenes which would stand out in an ordinary production are overtopped and forgotten in the extravagant display of such elaborations as "Creation," the "Chinese Fantasy," "The Land of Bells" and "The Love Boat." All of them are products of the phantomantic imagination of Joseph Urban except the last named, for which Ben Ali Haggin is responsible. Other scenic holidays have been as unbridled, but none of them has ever approached this pinnacle of extravagance in company with the impeccable good taste of Papa Ziegfeld.

Another point where Ziegfeld has measured his prospective clientele from year to year has been in their pocketbooks. His prices have gone forward with the advance in material costs, but he has always taken pains to extend his display with expanding tariffs. Of all the Broadway managers, too, he seems to be one of the few who will have nothing to do with the ticket speculators. "Follies" coupons are purchasable at the New Amsterdam box office and at the reputable agencies and hotel desks—which is more that can be said at some theatres along the Great White Way. Despite his vigilance, however, the "specs" are able to pick up stray

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MRS. CHARLES A. PFAFFLIN, President Matinee Musicale

Matinee Musicale Plans

The Indianapolis Matinee Musicale has the distinct honor of being one of the first organizations of its kind in this country, having been established on November 20, 1877. During all these years it has been an important factor in the musical life and advancement of this community.

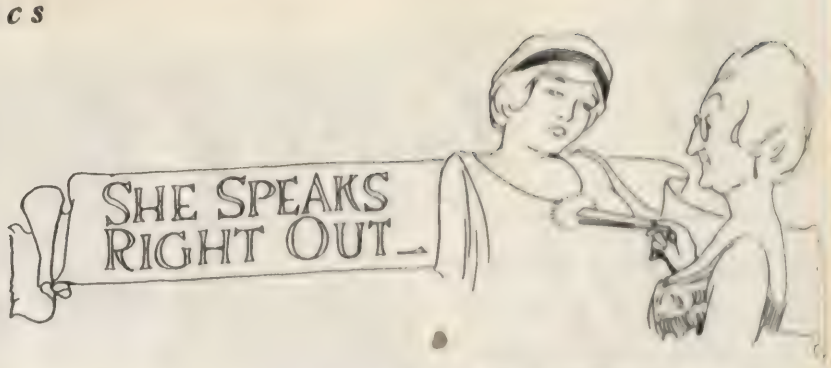
The initial object of the organization was to develop and promote local talent, always welcoming into its active membership worthy applicants, with sufficient ability and talent to pass the entrance examination. Only in the confines of the organization can the results of this purpose be realized. It has not only sent many, through its encouragement and inspiration, into the broader fields of musical endeavor, with torch held high, but of the many more who were mere dilettantes it has made serious students, and lovers of the best music. The Indianapolis Matinee Musicale is a club for workers. It never has, and never will be a purely social club. It is a civic, democratic organization, and it recognizes but one aristocracy, the aristocracy of ability. It embodies organ, student, and ensemble sections. Eleven calendar and three artists' programs are given each year. The season opens with a president's reception and closes with a luncheon and business meeting.

The musical extension work is one of the important features of the club, including the public schools, Local Council of Women and Old Ladies' Home. This coming year it will add the Herron Art Institute, and as many community concerts as possible. It is the desire and aim of the club to do its civic bit and to aid in all educative movements.

The first president of the Matinee Musicale was Mrs. F. W. Baggs, who held the office from 1877 to 1879. The present officers are: President, Mrs. Charles A. Pfafflin; vice-president, Mrs. Elizabeth Walker-Sharpe; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Thomas O. Baxter; recording secretary, Mrs. Bernard R. Batty, and treasurer, Miss Ida Belle Sweenie. The members of the executive board are: Mrs. Albert M. Cole, Mrs. Lafayette Page, Mrs. L. M. Brown, Miss Anna May Johnson and Mrs. F. T. Edenharter.

The calendar year will open October 6, with the president's reception, which will be held at the Herron Art Institute. The artist for the afternoon will be Mrs. Estelle Krippner Shealer.

The regular meetings of the Matinee Musicale will be held in the auditorium of the Masonic Temple. The artist recitals will be given over to chamber music concerts, as it is the desire of the club to develop this form of art in the community. Aside from the musical activities of the club the philanthropic work is the support of two French war orphans.



The servant question, perhaps the most vexing problem that confronts the woman of the household, is going to be solved. A small group of very influential society women have undertaken its solution, and they have agreed upon an idea that should be extremely effective in bringing the servant situation back to normal.

Some time ago one Indianapolis society matron who is a member of the inside group in the select society circles of the city made the mistake of putting her head through the kitchen door to speak to the cook. She was surprised to find the kitchen in a sad state of untidiness. Forgetting herself for a moment, she spoke to the cook. Such untidiness, she said, would never do. The cook promptly put her mistress back in her place, saying:

"You mean general cleaning, ma'am? I never do cleaning. You'll have to get a cleaning woman to do the cleaning in this kitchen."

The housewife beat a judicious retreat, to think the matter over in her own drawingroom. At first inclined to be indignant, she regained her composure and turned her brain to constructive thinking. She had an inspiration and called a strictly confidential meeting of a few of her friends. To them she said:

"Let us prepare a definite form of contract, and make it absolutely binding. Let us have this contract approved by a good lawyer. Then when we employ a cook we will put it down in the contract that the cook is to cook. If we employ her to clean, we will put that in the contract. Let us require our servants to sign these contracts, and then let us enforce these contracts by means of penalties, such as fines."

The idea was met with enthusiasm, every woman in the group having had trouble of every kind with the servant problem. Each of the women present thought the contract plan presented the best solution yet offered, and they agreed to try it. Just now it is understood that a prominent lawyer of the city, skilled in dealing with such intricate matters, is busy preparing a form of contract. When it is ready it will be put to use.

It is not to be expected that this particular form of contract will come into general use. Only a few of the more exclusive set of society matrons will have copies of it. Naturally, it is a matter that can not be given much publicity. With this much known, however, other housewives should be able to exercise their ingenuity and develop a plan along the same lines. Topics will be glad to have suggestions for solution of the problem, to pass along for the general comfort of the community.

The McGibenys are grandparents News from Bloomington, Ill., is that Theodosia Burr, month-old daughter of Hudson Burr and Mignon McGibeny Burr, is thriving. Indianapolis admirers of Mignon McGibeny, who predicted a splendid stage career for her after her laughing, bewitching plays successful farces will find it hard to think of the charming girl as a mother.

The Burrs are spending their summer at Charlevoix, Michigan. Mrs Burr's photograph graces the front cover of this issue of Topics.

President's Night as Seen by a President

By Mrs. E. C. Rumpler

President Indiana Federation of Clubs

President's night at a biennial is the most spectacular of all the events on the program. There are fifty state presidents, including Alaska, and the District of Columbia, and each is allotted two whole minutes to discuss the important things her state is doing.

The processional at Des Moines was an interesting introduction to the program. The presidents marched in twos and the line was formed by placing the states at the head and foot of the alphabet together and so on through the entire list. Each president carried a banner with the name of her state emblazoned thereon. Each state delegation presented its president with a beautiful arm bouquet of pink roses, and these added color to the gowns which ranged from simple summer white dresses to elaborate evening gowns. While the audience sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," they marched down the long center aisle of the great coliseum to the seats reserved for them upon the stage. Since it is a rule that only the real state president can respond on president's night, there were just forty-six presidents in the line and each responded with a very creditable speech.

Some found it difficult to stop when the two minutes had passed. When one is a listener two minutes seems ample time to say all that needs to be told about one's state, but when one is talking the two minutes pass on wings and one is very thankful if she has reached a period when the tiny red light flashes in front of her. The poise of these women was noticeable, as very few seemed at all nervous.

In many ways these presidents' nights are trying to both speakers and audience. Each president wishes to represent her state well and each de-

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Loie Fuller and the Dance

California Woman, One of Four Great American Artists, Uses Her Art for Purposes of Charity.

Presents Lovely Dancing Spectacles of Greek Type for Benefit of Starving Rumanians—Long Before Public.

By Ona B. Talbot

In the second renaissance of art, which may be roughly said to have been begun with the twentieth century, dancing holds an honorable place. The Russian ballet taught every one that the classic dancing of the French and Italian stage had come to life again.

Greek art represents the whole kingdom presided over by the Muses. Thus, art would include dancing and singing and music and poetry and the whole sphere of literature. Nearly every one was taught to dance in Greece, just as everyone was taught the sterner gymnastic exercises. Possibly it is difficult for us to understand why the philosophers and the moralists of Greece attached so much importance to the various kinds of dance. But the reason is clear. Modern dancing is a mere amusement, mainly an exercise for the feet. Ancient dancing was an exercise of the whole body, and instead of being on the level of an entertainment was closely connected with religion and drama.

In the East, as we know, dancing was and is the language of religion. King David, in order to show his religious fervor, danced before the ark, despite the scorn of his wife. In Greece, choral dancing was at once the ritual of religion and the ordinary accompaniment of a festival. In a word, dancing was an educational and religious ceremony. And through this Greece achieved its mission in art, translating its ideals through physical perfection and ideal excellence.

America can proudly lay claim to four great dancers, and a peculiar significance is that they all saw the light of day in the Golden West, all being natives of California. They are La Loie Fuller, Maud Allan, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis. All of them are Greek in inspiration, making it easy to imagine them country women of Theocritus, dancing to the pipes of his herdsmen.

Taking Paris by storm in 1892, La Loie Fuller became the most talked of woman in the world. She had created a new art. She had unfolded the principal of color and color schemes, and given freedom to painting, sculpture and architecture. The entire civilized world today shows the influence her creations has had, and is still having. Discoveries are many, inventions are legion, creations are rare. Who has created something in the history of man which has influenced his fellowman and his epoch? Loie Fuller.



LOIE FULLER, Dance Artist

She has triumphed in the first place because she is an inventor; for she has created a new form of art. Is it a dance? The dancers would reply, "No", with all the disdain they would have for movements and attitudes not accompanied by the usual ballet attributes. Is it color? The painters would tell you with some envy—but with loyal and admiring envy—that it is something more than that. Her artistic ardor and scientific instinct made her explore the mechanical and optical domains for new interpretations of the soul.

Knowing this supreme artist intimately has been one of the joys of my life, and during one of my winters in New York it was my rare good fortune that she should be spending it there also. La Loie Fuller is wonderfully instinctive. Endowed with such natural gifts, she could have been a savant. But in her the unconscious has triumphed, and she is the genius. She and her pupils, in their symphony dance pageants, and those creations which have made her famous throughout the world, "Serpentine," "Fire," "Lily," and perhaps her greatest creation, "The Orchestration of Light and Color," seemed like great living flowers, with the colors of a rainbow, or a wonderful butterfly in perpetual motion in the light. It would not seem possible that souls could live in that constantly changing effulgence of reflecting lights, but during the blessed days that I spent with her, I discovered that her soul lived, and that it was a soul so honest, so good and so charming with that indefinable something of youth and naiveness which the years can not wither.

When the world war began Loie Fuller sprang to the front to create the ways and means to help. Perhaps her crowning achievement was her great tour for French and Belgian victims of war. She presented the creation which made her famous, and was accompanied by one of the greatest French orchestra leaders, Georges George, director and founder of the orchestra of the Tuileries.

Three years ago this splendid woman came to America to raise funds for suffering Rumania, and she was instrumental in sending thousands of bushels of wheat to this starving nation. Queen Marie of Rumania and Loie Fuller are the most beloved friends, and on July 2, in Paris, the queen witnessed, at the opera, a fairy tale she had written to amuse her youngest daughter, Princess Ilena, when she was ill, by the magic wand of Loie Fuller made the most wonderful creation of reality. All reports have it that it was the most brilliant evening at the opera since before the war. All social Paris was there, with large representations from American and English colonies.

"The Lily of Life" is the name given the queen's fairy tale, which tells of a young princess who loved the lover of her elder sister whose health was gone, and to save his life, searched the whole world of fairyland to find the flower that would bring him back the bloom of health. It would not be a fairy story had she not found it after numerous adventures with all the elves and fairy queens of these wonderful lands beyond the rainbow. With such a plot around which to weave her lovely colors the tableaux must surely have been exquisite, and the dances of the children such as only Loie Fuller can evolve, and with the wonderful lighting effects, and music of Debussy, Mendelssohn and Grieg, it must have been a great triumph. For the war orphans of Rumania, and her loyal friend, warm clothing and food from their fairy godmother—Queen Marie of Rumania, and her loyal friend, Loie Fuller.

Shop Tours

One of the season's inexplicable fads is the vogue of the elephant. Not the actual genus of pachydermatous mammalia, but himself done over in miniature as an ornament or dangle to replace the old-fashioned locket which recently returned to favor.

When spring came on this year accompanied by Barnum and Bailey posters featuring that time-honored institution of the circus parade,—the elephant,—if you had tried to purchase in Indianapolis an elephant of jewelry shop design, the only thing to be found would have been an Oriental-looking bit of ivory carved to represent an elephant of watch-charm size,—the sort of thing the folks brought home from the little Japanese stores on Broadway.

Now, however, the selection of gauds and baubles in the form of elephants is almost endless. You will find elephants of coral pink, neat, plump-looking little creatures with Kewpie lines;

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Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
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OLIVER M, SAYLER, New York Correspondent

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ON THEIR MERITS

Governor Cox and Senator Harding must make their campaigns strictly on their merits, for pitiless publicity has given us the facts with regard to both men. Just now, either because his moral character is finer than that of the senator, or because his press agent is more alert than the publicity expert who serves Senator Harding, Governor Cox seems to have the edge on his Republican rival. We say this advisedly.

Senator Harding smokes cigarettes. It is not on record that a pipe makes him sick, and there is no word to show whether his wife objects to cigar smoke. But he smokes cigarettes. Worse, there is said to be a picture of him standing on the capitol steps, holding one of the devilish things in his fingers. The Democrats will undoubtedly dig up this photograph and spread it all over the United States. No cigarette smoker has ever been elected President, and there is no reason to believe the voters will stand for one.

Of course, all these women cigarette smokers that Abe Martin talks so much about, might get together and put Harding over, but it is well understood that as a general thing women do not let their smoking interfere with their political activities. They keep their smoking and their opinions clearly separated.

Governor Cox now smokes a pipe. There is character in a pipe, strong, stiff-necked character. It takes a man of stomach to smoke a pipe. Governor Cox grew up in a newspaper office and it is therefore patent that he came by the habit of pipe smoking honestly. It is not a case of affectation. Nor is it a case of a smart publicity man seeing the picture of Harding with a cigarette and then rushing into print about Cox and his pipe.

The voters of the United States therefore have the choice between a pipe smoker and all the solid virtues known to go with pipe smoking, and a cigarette smoker. It is worse than that, for the cigarette smoker was also raised in a newspaper office and had every opportunity to cultivate a pipe before he fell upon evil ways.

It looks like Cox.

GEORGE MAROTT'S IDEA

A few days ago there was a short news item in the Chicago Tribune to the effect that two big shoe factories in New England had closed down temporarily for want of orders. This must be because a lot of shoe dealers in the United States are as long-headed as George Marott.

Three months ago Marott was walking down Pennsylvania street and bumped into Bob Springsteen and this writer. Springsteen asked Marott whether he had any new ideas on reducing the high cost of living. Marott's answer was in this wise:

To cut down the cost of luxuries and necessities, the public should cut down on the volume of buying. While the buyers scramble for goods regardless of prices, the high cost of living will prevail. To prove that he meant what he said, Marott declared he was cutting down heavily on his orders for shoes. Fall fashion catalogs were out, the manufacturers were bombarding him with letters, and salesmen had called repeatedly, but Marott told them he was not buying shoes in quantities until the prices came down. He could not afford, he said, to go any further on the high and rising market. Therefore he would not compete for shoes and force prices up, thus making it necessary to charge still higher prices and risk losing the good will of his customers, to say nothing of losing their business.

That sums up Marott's judgment of three months ago. It begins to look as if he were right in his contention. If the shoe factories are facing a dull season, it means that competition in the shoe business from now on will be on the side of the sellers of shoes and not on the side of the buyers. If there are enough shoes to go around with some left over, then prices must fall. The only thing that can send them up again will be a renewed orgy of buying.

Mr. Marott was not talking for publication when he expressed his views, but since it turns out he was right and since he is still doing business at the old stand there can be no harm in reporting them. It is to be hoped that more merchants will adopt the same policy.

If anybody thinks "orgy" is too strong for use in describing the buying enthusiasm of today, he might ask Sol Schloss about some shirts sold not long since to two colored gentlemen, day laborers.

FAIR PLAY

"Is it too much to hope that President Wilson may now get fairer treatment from his political opponents?" asks the New York Times. The Times goes on, in a very kindly and thoughtful editorial, to say:

"He will have but eight months more in office. During that period would it not be decent to let up in the ferocity of attacks upon him? No one will ask Republicans to like him personally or to approve of him politically. Let them cherish to their hearts content their private hate of the man and their intense hostility to the policies of the President. But he is Chief Magistrate of the United States. He has for nearly a year been fighting for his life in the grip of a dangerous illness. He has borne his suffering without complaint, yet during that time the public attitude of his enemies toward him has been brutal in the extreme.

"Isn't it time for a different feeling to show itself? Mr. Wilson's work is virtually done. Even if it be thought to be ending in bitter disappointment, he is entitled to the consideration due not only to his office, but to a tragic figure. Let no one think that his clear mind was not aware of what was coming. Mr. Creel has just published words which the President uttered on his way home from France:

"'It is to America that the whole world turns today, not only with its wrongs, but with its hopes and griefances. The hungry expect us to feed them, the roofless look to us for shelter, the sick of heart and body depend upon us for cure. All of these expectations have in them the quality of terrible urgency. There must be no delay.

"'It has been so always. People will endure their tyrants for years, but when they tear their deliverers to pieces if a millennium is not created immediately. Yet you know and I know that these ancient wrongs, these present unhappinesses, are not to be remedied in a day or with a wave of the hand.

"'What I seem to see—with all my heart I hope that I am wrong—is a tragedy of disappointment.'"

Local Typewriters Are Busy

The Indianapolis Public Library has, with pride, been pointing out to its patrons the many articles that Indianapolis people have been contributing to prominent periodicals lately, proving the city continues to claim her right to the title she has long borne—a literary center.

In the July number of the Century Magazine appears a story, "Her Promised Land," by Gertrude M. Shields, a teacher in Shortridge High School and the author of a recent book, "Castle Three." It is announced as "a story in which the lure of the city is realistically balanced against the counter-lure of the Hoosier farms." Nashville, Indiana, is the setting. To one who has spent any time in Brown county, the characters and the situation seem familiar.

Indianapolis has been called also a "city of homes" and the magazines are taking pictures of some of them. The House Beautiful, for June, has an article called "The Three Best Houses in Indianapolis," as selected by Anton Scherrer. The pictures are of Mr. L. C. Huesmann's home in North Pennsylvania street, and Tom Taggart's and Meredith Nicholson's home in North Delaware street.

In Keith's Magazine on Home Building, for June, Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams, of this city, tells of that delightful quality which she admits is almost indefinable—"Home Atmosphere." It is illustrated with nooks and corners of Indianapolis homes,—a doctor's library, a cozy fireplace, a Colonial stairway, a hospitable hall and a dainty new home. Delightfully told, the article rings true because it is written by one who knows how to make a home as well as how to feel the home atmosphere in the domiciles of others.

A delightfully breezy story, "High and Handsome"—about Indianapolis, the State Fair and the races—appeared in Collier's, June 19th. It is written under the pseudonym of Jonathan Brooks, known to Indianapolis as John Mellett, and illustrated by Gaar Williams, cartoonist of the Indianapolis News. It is one of a series running in Collier's by the same writer.

Is it fair to Meredith Nicholson to be guessing what people around town he is writing about in his story, "The Wrong Number," in the May issue of Scribner's?

In the "Outers' Recreation," for July, is a story, "The Baxters' Vacation," by one of our townswomen, Mrs. Rebecca T. Hodges. One has the pleasant sensation when reading it that he has been right there before—that she is writing about a drive he once took in a machine through Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan.

The leading article in the May issue of the magazine, "Art and Archaeology," is by John Candee Dean, and is entitled "Venice, the Municipal Republic." Six of the ten illustrations are full page, one of them occupying the cover of the magazine.



Frank Stalnaker's idea that the money market will ease up somewhat as soon as the railroad situation can be untangled has caused a good deal of comment. It looks now as if several years would be required to straighten out the transportation systems and restore them to an efficient basis. Surely the market can continue tied up in knots for that long.

On the other hand, railroad men say the railroad business can not be stabilized until money is easier. They can not borrow money because their credit is poor everywhere except with the United States Government, which has not enough money to meet all their needs.

Admirers of the Federal Reserve Bank system will be glad to note that, despite criticism of its course in restricting credit by raising rates as being inadequate, the program has not as yet hampered legitimate business to any dangerous extent. Evidence of this fact is found in Dun's Review, which reports the smallest number of commercial failures in the first six months of 1920 for any corresponding period since 1881. Dun's Review says:

"The tendency toward increase in failures that has lately developed in various sections of the country finds rather sharp reflection in the insolvency statement for the six months just ended, 3,352 commercial defaults, with aggregate liabilities of $86,743,876, being reported to R. G. Dun & Co. during that period. While the number of reverses is the smallest for the first half of any year since 1881, yet the margin of decrease from the figures of earlier years has narrowed appreciably, and a decided enlargement of amount of indebtedness now appears. Comparing with the remarkably favorable exhibit of 1919, which discloses only 3,463 failures for the half year, a numerical reduction of 3.2 per cent is revealed; but this year's liabilities are 26.2 per cent in excess of last year's total of $68,710,886, and are little more than 1 per cent below those of the first six months of 1918. The half-yearly returns, moreover, do not present an exact picture of the change in the business mortality, for the increase in failures has been mainly of recent occurrence, and it is only by examining the June statistics that a true insight into existing conditions is obtained.

"From month to month this year, the number of defaults has varied considerably, rising in one month and declining in the next, but June brought 674 insolvencies, which is the highest number of any month at all in a year and a half, and the indebtedness was swelled to about $33,000,000. An unusual number of large reverses account for the pronounced expansion in the liabilities, the amount not only being some 248 per cent greater than that of June, 1919, but the heaviest of any month back to April, 1915, and the largest for June since 1914."

The investment market continues slow. It is not expected to liven up much until crop movement is ended.

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Cryptic Topics

If Senator Harding should see any of those interesting paragraphs in the Star telling how he was nominated, it might be embarrassing for Mr. Shaffer.

If Mr. Shaffer should see any of them, it might be embarrassing for the editorial writers.

For Mr. Shaffer has assured Senator Harding of his support in the election campaign.

This talk of horizontal tax increases is all wrong, according to Marion county farmers. They say the blame taxes have gone straight up. Vertical, is their word.

The Republicans have it backwards. Harry New, a first-class writing man in the days of the old Journal, is handling the oratory for the national campaign. Jim Watson, orator par excellence, did the writing of the platform.

The Japanese population of California has more than doubled in ten years, being now 87,279.

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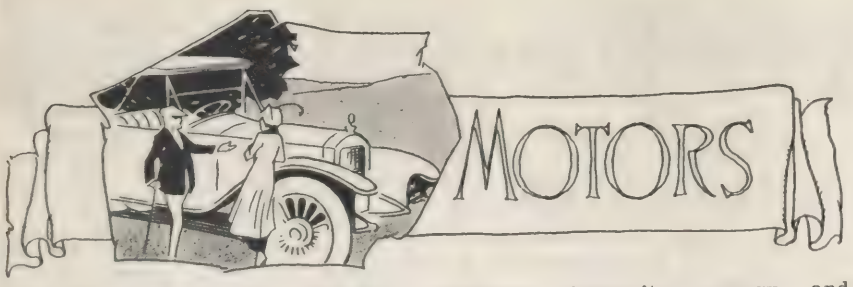
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

All boosters for Indianapolis are divided into two groups, those who frankly admit they are good and those who quietly prove it. Of these the former are more abundant and may be found flourishing in large quantities wherever the limelight is brightest.

Now Indiana is a great state, and Indianapolis is a good town, but it is not because of this first class of boosters. It is due to the second group.

These men are accomplishing their purpose by solving labor problems of which the superficial man never even dreams, and each day they overcome difficulties that would swamp a boat load of bunk boys. They are making Indianapolis a great city. You won't find them in hotel lobbies, but in their offices.

Thus it is that Walter B. Harding, president of the G. & J. Tire Company, which manufactures all inner tubes used in the tires of the U. S. Tire Company, directs the business from an unpretentious office in the factory on Georgia Street. The minute you step in the office you feel the morale of the G. & J. plant and you know the reason when you have talked to Mr. Harding and have learned what has been accomplished in the factory toward bettering working conditions, increasing production and humanizing the relations between employer and employe.

"Today the welfare problem of your factory personnel is primary and is of more importance than the mere mechanical problems," says Mr. Harding.

Here are a few things that Mr. Harding and his factory manager, Clinton E. Stoutenberg, are doing in accord with this liberal view of the industrial situation:

(1) The new five story building now under construction is being built with the idea of making working conditions as pleasant as possible. Special attention has been given to lighting. There is so much window glass that it resembles a mammoth greenhouse built in layers. It will be equipped with shower baths and plans are being made for modern gymnasiums.

(2) Foremen throughout the plant have control of their men, but every one of the 1,530 employes knows that he has the right to appeal his case and receive a hearing higher up in case of a question of discharge.

(3) Last year a school for foremen was established with a view of turning out better men for this class of work. The school ran from October to March and 78 foremen and assistants took the course. It consisted of reading and weekly lectures on subjects connected with the factory work. Psychological tests were given to determine the powers of observation, ingenuity, energy and capabilities of each student foreman.

That the G. & J. factory is interested in the welfare of the individual man and is not concerned with squeezing the very last ounce of production from its men is shown by one question submitted to the foremen on examination, which ran something like this:

"If a man in your department had fallen down in his production, and on investigation you found that his domestic life was unhappy, that he was addicted to the use of liquor, that he was father of several small children, and that the family was in need of every cent he could earn, what would you do?"

The proper answer, according to Mr. Harding, for the foreman to make was that he would talk to the employe, get back his interest in his work, arouse him to a realization of his duties to his family, and build up a circle of sympathetic understanding for the man among his fellow workmen.

That these methods work, that they were not wishy-washy idealisms as so many of the old timers would have us believe, is proved by the facts that production in the G. & J. factory has never been higher than at present; that plans are under way for doubling the capacity of the plant; that there are mutual benefit societies and baseball teams in the factory, and that labor troubles are practically unknown. In more than fifteen years Mr. Harding admits that he has had one strike. On that momentous occasion five men walked out!

The Marion (Ind.) Automobile Trade Association gave a dinner Monday evening, July 12. This was the first dinner given to the members since the organization was formed. H. N. Cartinhour, vice-president of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, attended as representative of the local organization and made a talk on the value of organization.

The Samson Tractor Company, a division of the General Motors Company, has taken over the salesroom formerly occupied by the W. E. Jackson Sales Company at Capitol avenue and North street. The company will carry a complete line of Samson farm tractors and trucks, and also will conduct a service department. A complete line of parts for Samson products will be carried. The company has the distribution of Samson products for Indiana and Kentucky and will employ more than twenty persons. J. T. Campbell will be general manager of the local organization.

The Dickey Motor Car Company and the Welbon Automotive Company expect to take possession of new offices and salesrooms August 1 near Eleventh street on Meridian street.

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"The Lodger" is the name of the four-act comedy to be presented by the Stuart Walker Company as its next attraction at the Murat. The play, which is a dramatization of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' novel of the same title, by Horace Annesley Vachell, was produced with signal success in this country a few years ago with Lionel Atwell in the leading role.

The comedy has for its setting Bloomsbury Square, the lodging house district in the heart of London. The curtain rises upon the living room of the Buntings, a simple old couple who eke out a scanty existence by taking in boarders. All London is excited by a series of terrible crimes, known as the avenger murders. Bunting is morbidly enjoying himself reading the newspaper accounts of the avenger's latest atrocity to his timorous wife, when there is a knock at the door. It is a young man seeking lodgings. He wears a long black ulster and carries a small handbag. Obviously the stranger is very nervous. Against his wife's wishes Bunting rents their living room to the man. Because of the mysterious actions and nocturnal habits of their tenant the Buntings become terror-stricken.

They are certain that they are housing the avenger himself. As the days go by their unruly imaginations are fed more and more by the "clues" which they discover in the lodger's rooms. Tom Bunting, their son, who is an eager young operative of Scotland Yard, is called in on the case. Also a Miss Harding, another lodger, who makes her living by typing manuscripts, becomes involved in the mystery. Just as matters have reached a most hectic climax and Tom Bunting has called in the constables to put handcuffs on his quarry, the lodger vindicates himself in a most novel and amusing manner.

Those who are interested in the work of McKay Morris will see him at his best in the title role of this fascinating little play. Aldrich Bowker and Elizabeth Patterson, as the fearsome Buntings, will be seen to an excellent advantage portraying those characters. Among others in the cast of "The Lodger" are John Wray, Christabel Hunter, George Somnes, Oscar Davission, Donald Colpits, Oscar Craik and James Morgan.

The entire production will be staged under the direction of Mr. Walker, with special settings by Frank Zimmerer.





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Motion Pictures

If you want to buy toys you go to a toy shop, if you need food you hunt for a restaurant sign, if you want work—save the mark—you look for an employment agency, and if you are in search of summer entertainment, you go to the movies. So work the laws of supply and demand in this year of our Lord 1920.

But the theory of specialization has been carried out to a very fine point within the motion picture business itself. Granted that every film must first and foremost be entertaining, specialization in motion pictures has reached the point where you may even select your form of entertainment by choosing a show featuring a star of the desired type.

If you want vamp stuff, you run over the list of vamps of world-wide renown,—just as, if you were in need of shoes, you would glance through your mental directory of shoe shops,—and select the lady of dangerous fascinations who happens to be playing at some local theatre. You will be almost as certain of finding a man-eating vamp as you would be of finding shoes in the window when you pass by your favorite shoe shop on Washington street.

If the compass of your errant fancy turns to "athaletics" for diversion, and you yearn to see stunts, you close your eyes and run through the list of Dougs, Harold Lloyds, George Walshes and select your entertainer. It is a system that seldom fails.

Last week one of the charming Talmadge sisters was playing at an Indianapolis theatre, and all the flapper population of the city turned out to gorge themselves on the delectable costumes and charming millinery of the adored Norma. They were looking for feminine prettiness, masculine devotion, and clothes; and they were not disappointed.

Another popular film family was represented at a local theatre last week by the vivacious Miss Dorothy Gish. All Indianapolis that was looking for clever, lively, naughty ingenue amusement went to enjoy the antics of the fair Dorothy. And Miss Gish was charmingly and obligingly true to type.

Those feminine fans who adore a curly pompadour, a clean cut profile, and a crooked smile, flocked to see Eugene O'Brien, who continues to supply these attractive commodities. However, Mr. O'Brien has varied a bit from type in the last few months and no longer presents the saccharine lover as in the old days when he played opposite Miss Norma Talmadge. In his latest Indianapolis appearance, he goes into politics, and in a really serious way,—but even being a movie mayor doesn't change his hair and profile and smile, which continue to please, if we may judge by the number of "cutes," "dears" and "sweets" sprinkled through the remarks of last week's audience.

So, though you may find a few exceptions, we still hold that if you know what kind of motion picture entertainment you want to go to, it is safe to hitch your wagon to a star.

The man who colors the photographs of motion picture scenes that are displayed on some of the street display boards is surely a connoisseur in the use of photographic cosmetics. On one such picture recently on display, there was portrayed a court room scene, including a dignified judge, the usual unhappy prisoner, and the curious audience. Every person in the picture whose face was toward the photographer,—and of course these were the only ones whom we had an opportunity of observing,—wore two hectic spots of red at exactly the right angle of the cheek bone. Burlesque excitement, or incipient epidemic of consumption?

On the whole, even Indiana audiences object to being educated. Once in a while, however, a film of an educational nature comes along that overcomes the natural prejudice to enlightenment. One such was a film recently shown here giving pictures of how the famous Rookwood pottery is made. There is something enthralling about the miracle of a shapeless mass of clay being transformed into a shapely vase by the simple whirling of a wheel and the movement of a workman's thumb. It is a universally appealing thing, something that suggests the whirling of the spheres; and the magic of the potter's hands, spinning a lump of clay into a thing of form and grace, exercised the same fascination over a modern audience which had just been thrilling to the strains of a jazz band, as it must have had on the crowds in the bazaars in the days of Omar Khayyam.

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AUCTION BRIDGE

"Whist is a language, and every card played an intelligible sentence." —Clay.

Auction Bridge is evolved from Bridge Whist, and belongs to the Whist family. Like the parent game it is a language, and like any other language must be studied and learned before it can be properly understood or correctly used.

It has taken a good many years to bring the game up to its present high state of popularity. The best brains of expert players have been engaged in working out the present laws, rules and conventions, and no one can claim to be a good player without a thorough knowledge of all these fine points.

One of the most concise, correct and comprehensive manuals of the game, according to the leading experts, is "The Gist of Auction Bridge," by our townsman, Charles E. Coffin, who is also the author of "The Gist of Whist," published about twenty years ago by Brentano, of New York.

"The Gist of Auction Bridge" is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, and is having a large sale. From the publisher's announcement of this book the following complimentary notice is taken:

"This book presents the last word on Auction Bridge, based on the laws and rules of the game as recently revised by the Whist Club of New York.

"It is a clear, concise, and comprehensive manual of the game according to the system used by expert players, presenting the tables of bids, leads, and plays, in the most convenient and condensed form.

"Mr. Coffin's reason for issuing this excellent little guide book is, as he so well expresses it in his preface, 'to reduce the rules of the game to convenient and practical form, so arranged and systematized that its theory may be easily comprehended, the rules quickly committed, and the practice readily acquired.' It is indeed a most valuable book for anyone who wants to improve his game to a point where he can take his seat at a table with the best players. It contains no useless verbiage, no abstruse reasoning; the language is simple, the diction plain. The player is shown the intellectual side of the game, and the way to develop himself (which is the same thing as developing his game) is made clear."

In the first chapter of the book the statement is made that there are two grades of the game played under the name of Auction Bridge:

First, the scientific game; second, the guessing game.

In the first your partner understands the general character of your hand from your bids, and the strength of your suits from your leads. The two hands are thus combined as one, which is the basis of the scientific system.

In the second, no correct information is given by the bids or leads, no partnership interests are formed, and the play descends to the level of a mere guessing game.

The author contends that if the student will study the scientific system, he will be repaid a hundred-fold in the increased enjoyment and satisfaction the game will afford him, and he will be worthy of a seat at the table with good players, and will, with the exercise of ordinary card sense, soon become a desirable partner, and an interesting, not to say formidable opponent.

Temperamental Henry

The production by the Stuart Walker Company of Samuel Merwin's new play, gives renewed interest to the popular books by Mr. Merwin from which the play is adapted. Published as a serial in the Cosmopolitan, the stories were afterward gathered into two books, "Temperamental Henry" and "Henry Is Twenty", which, together with the novel, "The Passionate Pilgrim", form the complete history of the mental and spiritual development of Henry Calverly III. The books were published at intervals from 1917, by Bobbs-Merrill of this city and are again being displayed in downtown book stores to supply the revived demand.

Henry is certainly temperamental. This quality, combined with the callow adolescence of nineteen, make him in the first book a lovable, pitiful, painful, guitar-strumming, idle, irresponsible idiot, with the wild fire of genius urging him on to things he neither understands nor attains. In the second book his many loves melt into one vital passion and temperament and genius flame and Henry, being twenty, is a man. In "The Passionate Pilgrim," a saddened, disillusioned and tragic Henry takes up the burden of life and finds to his astonishment that he is still "Temperamental Henry".

Mr. Merwin's Henry is very real, very human and very lovable in spite of his "temperament". To have lived with Henry in the three books is to have him live with you forever, to meet him around every corner and yet always to be looking for him. "Poor Henry" you think in retrospect, then, recalling his perfect joy in his art you say again "Lucky Henry" and last of all "Dear Henry". You don't envy him and you know you never could have been like him—but still, you don't forget him.



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Shop Tours

(Continued from Page 9.)

elephants of cool jade, green and semi-transparent, like an animal out of an Arabian Night's tale; elephants of clear amber that resemble amulets of old; and to round out the assortment, even futuristic elephants done after the cubist pattern—flat formal things, all angles and no curves, but happily confined to plain colors, black and white.

At one jeweler's shop, you can buy twin ivory elephants bound together by a black silk cord which forms a bracelet. The idea for this unique novelty was no doubt supplied by that ancient saw about having "a white elephant on your hands," but if one white elephant signifies trouble, certainly the wearer of this bracelet would be in for double trouble.

At first it seemed that the influx of ornamental elephants might be due to Republican convention propaganda, but since the Demcoratic convention has brought no answering stampede of decorative mules, it is to be doubted if this hypothesis can be accepted. But whether or not the elephant's charm can be explained, certainly it exists and any jewelry store or first class department store in Indianapolis will bear witness to it.

More conservative in the way of jewelry for wear with light summer dresses are necklaces of beads. Besides the cool transparent beads of sapphire, amethyst and emerald coloring, inquiry brings to light several old and quaint necklaces that remind one of the days when we called our strand of beads "a pair of beads." A particularly intriguing strand is shown of opaque beads in a milky yellow shade, somewhat like certain varieties of the small boy's brand of agates. The distinguishing feature of the necklace, which is of old world make, is a faint tracery of gold in a graceful zig-zag design around each bead.

The latest addition to the organdy family of dresses, vestees, collars and cuffs has come to town,—the separate organdy sash. The ordinary procedure is to buy your dress, and then get your sash to match; but the dainty sashes displayed at one of the local shops would undoubtedly warrant a reversal of the usual order of events—buying the sash first and then concocting a



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dress above and below it. These summer girdles are confections of organdy, Val lace, hand embroidery and applique work that will put a finishing touch of crisp freshness to any summer gown or blouse.

We know now why the ample-brimmed, floppy hats of thick graceful straw are advertised as garden hats. It is a sheer impossibility to wear them in street car, automobile, or even in a crowded street—leaving the garden the only place where the garden variety of the modern hat may safely be worn.

President's Night

(Continued from Page 8.)

egation is on tip-toe that its president shall do her best and make a good impression upon all the other state delegations.

However, there is no better way to show who the workers are, and to inform the delegates of the importance of the General Federation than in the presentation of the many and varied state problems. How the women from the great Western states did advertise their commonwealths, and how the women from the small Eastern states did glory in their ability to cover their entire state in a few hours!

The Southern women, always charming, were all happy in their accomplishments in Americanization, and the women of the splendid Middle West dwelt upon the legislation already secured and to be sought for the benefit of the women and children in their states.

The whole program was interesting and informing and at its close each president was showered with congratulations, by her own delegates at least.

An investigating committee has reported that about $560,000,000 must be invested in constructing 160,000 apartments in Manhattan to overcome the present housing shortage.

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Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 7.)

tickets and sell them at their own price.

It was on such a pair that Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Payne, of Indianapolis, entered the theatre during the first week of the run after they had given up hope of admission through regular channels, but even at such a premium the game seemed to be worth the Hoosier candle which it cost.

The roster of this year's Follies, fair or foolish:

Fannie Brice, whose crossed eyes should prove of material service in helping you put your hand in your neighbor's pocket. Unlike the late Anna Held, Fannie can make her eyes behave when she wishes to be very Florodorish. Mr. Ziegfeld hasn't let the fact that she is the wife of "Nicky" Arnstein, the fugitive who made the New York police department look like penguins, stand in the way of "The Follies" limelight manipulator. Oh, no!

W. C. Fields, official undertaker for Henry's flivver. Fields can still make a Ford look sicker in the course of a mad half hour than a biplane after a nose dive on Plymouth Rock. He doesn't juggle any more, which is a pity. We hope he hasn't quit practicing, for we won't give him more than a season or two vacation from that duty.

Bernard Granville, still trim and tenor as twenty, though he isn't these many "Follies."

Carl Randall, a somewhat different Joe Santley.

Charles Winninger, the General Wood of the light musical stage. He has helped more scenes to success without achieving star light in front of the theatre than many whose names swell Broadway's midnight glare.

Mary Eaton, blonde and trim and well within the Ziegfeld tradition of dance and song.

Ray Dooley, cap of the madcaps; and many others.

Ever since the days of Frank Tinney and "La Tosca" it has been a good "Follies" trick to discuss the other members of the cast. Such intimacies, however, have always been ostensibly impromptu, no matter how well they were conned. This summer, each of the two acts is sent on its way by a development of the same trick, for the Follies Boys open the performance with a patter song to the effect that their service is merely to bring the clans in from lobby and sidewalk so that no feminine Folly will be lost to the tardy eye; while the second act is a smart and knowing bit of satire on the entire production with a stage audience facing the real one as if in entr'acte. Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who first took the wind out of his critics' sails in this way in "Fanny's First Play"? Or was it Sheridan with "The Critic"?

From Forty-second street down to Wanamaker's is only a short trip on the subway, and I hope Mr. Ziegfeld will take it before Benda's masks are withdrawn from exhibition. There are only four of them—a painted lady of the Renaissance, a Norman baron at Runnymede, a mythic warrior of Jason's crew, and a half-bird-half-man from Aristophanic lore. Benda is one of the ablest and most distinctive cover designers and illustrators in the contemporary periodical field, and his penchant for the mask is an interesting and intriguing development of his craft. We shall get nowhere by copying the old masks, be they Greek or Italian commedia dell'arte or Japanese Noh. If the mask is to enter the theatre to fulfill Gordon Craig's prophecies, it will have to come as the natural expression of the imaginations of our artists. Benda knows that and he has wrought from his own vision. He may consider Mr. Ziegfeld's pagan panorama beneath his efforts, but I for one would like to see a scene of next year's "Follies" devoted to Benda for experiment.

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The Foolish Lovers, St. John Ervine.

Kindred of the Dust, Peter B. Kyne.

Non-Fiction

Life of John Marshall, Albert J. Beveridge.

Talks With T. R., John J. Leary, Jr.

Rising Tide of Color, Lathrop Stoddard.

The Cossacks, W. P. Cresson.

Taxation in the New State, J. A. Hobson.

Musical Portraits, Paul Rosenfeld.

Siberia Today, F. F. Moorer.

Economic Consequences of Peace, Maynard Keynes.

Our Great War and the Great Wars of Ancient Greeks, Gilbert Murray.

Measure Four Wind, Strakne and Stockbridge.

AUCTION DON'TS

The publishers of "The Gist of Auction Bridge", by Charles E. Coffin (the Star not the Chamber of Commerce Charlie), quote the following "don'ts" from his book:

Don't play the "guessing game." Get out of the "bumble-puppy" class.

Don't fail to read the books as well as play. Both are essential in learning the real game.

Don't talk shop or discuss outside matters after the deal is completed. Play the game.

Don't pick up a card during the deal. It annoys the dealer and costs you 25 points.

Don't make foolish bids. Stay out until you have a proper declaration.

Don't use mannerisms—such as undue hesitation, or undue haste—nor play a card in a specially impressive way.

Don't play a card and gather the trick in a way that hides your card. All cards must be played in full view and quitted.

Don't draw a card from your hand until it is your time to play. Good players do not even touch a card until it is their time to play.

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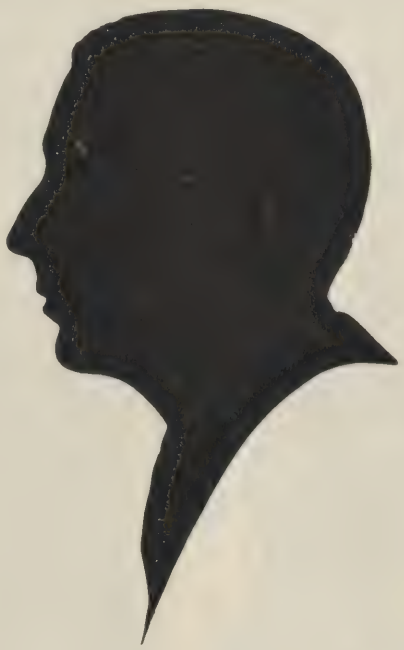
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1920 — NUMBER 6

Art in Wayside Places

Stoughton Fletcher Country Home Fairly Hewn Out of a Forest, Exemplifies the True Artistic Spirit.

To those acquainted with estates of merit in the Middle West, perhaps one of the best known for its exquisite beauty of outline and location is Laurel Hall, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher.

When the estate was chosen for a home it was a forest of several hundred acres, a veritable wilderness of towering forest trees. The Fletchers, as true lovers of the giant trees, the most beautiful of all settings, parted with only enough of the forest to make a clearing for the house, lawns and gardens. It has not been beautified for the purpose of pomp and show. It houses a family that appreciates artistic and homelike surroundings and revels in and enjoys to the utmost the picturesque house and gardens.

Entering the grounds, through a beautifully wrought iron gateway from the south, one follows a graceful winding drive over several bridges, with deep ravines below, and through the trees and shrubbery we catch a glimpse of the house, of Tudor architecture, designed by Herbert M. Bass, beautifully situated facing the west.

A casual traveler, even the seeker of garden spots of this section, might easily miss Laurel Hall, so hidden is it by wonderful natural beauties. The call to out-of-doors and the gorgeous scenic surroundings were given deep consideration in the planning of the estate.

The vista seen through the many



GATEWAY TO LAUREL HALL



A RUSTIC BRIDGE



THE SPRING

windows is an inspiration. The rooms are wide and spacious. The furniture has been selected with a keen artistic sense of appreciation of the beautiful and appropriate, and is more a complement of its surroundings than an outstanding feature. An innate refinement has been woven into the superb richness of color and line.

One of the interesting spots in the landscape decoration is the cement fountain in the center of the sunken garden at the south end of the house. "Moment Musicale" is sixteen feet in diameter, and the three dancing figures are about four and one-half feet tall. The three sturdy little nymphs are lightly poised in the rhythmic flow of their dancing which seems to spread from them into the whirl of sand which forms the outline of the base, in a shape somewhat resembling a large lotus leaf. The delicate green tone of the whole fountain blends with the deep green background of the trees, making the figure appear to be truly wood nymphs, momentarily at play. The fountain was made in 1917 by Myra Reynolds Richards.



THE FOUNTAIN, "MOMENT MUSICALE"



LAUREL HALL, SHOWING THE FOUNTAIN

WHY GAS BURNS LOW

[Editor's Note—The following article, occasioned by the Citizens' Gas Company's campaign of gas conservation, tells why the situation as to gas is critical.]

When the flame in the kitchen range takes a last lingering flutter and dies out and the streets now lighted by gas slip silently into the clutches of total darkness, people eating cold dinners may sadly shake their heads and remark:

"The automobile did it."

In fact, the gas men of the country are accusing the popularity of the automobile of being in the process of doing it right now. Indiana gas men are not exceptions.

Grave as is the situation caused by the necessity of gas makers working with coal supplies so meager that failure of shipments to arrive for a single day gives them the shivers, the petroleum shortage arouses greater alarm. For, as coal is the backbone, petroleum, or rather "gas oil," one of its distillates, is the life blood of most of the artificial gas made today. Without gas oil the product sent through the pipes would be as thin as the air which the much harassed utilities are sometimes accused of forcing through the meters. It is the inability of the gas manufacturers to get gas oil of pre-war quality at pre-war prices, or in pre-war quantities, as well as the lack of high grade coal, which makes it impossible to furnish gas of the 600 British thermal unit heat value which the public service commission formerly required.

The importance of gas oil in the production of "water gas," which is the kind made by more than one-half of the gas plants in the country, is explained in an article by Oscar H. Fogg, secretary-manager of the American Gas Association, in a recent number of Chemical Age.

"The apparatus employed in the manufacture of water gas consists of three suitably connected, cylindrical vessels, constructed of steel plates and lined with a corresponding cylindrical wall of fire clay," writes Mr. Fogg. "The first of these vessels is called the generator, in which is contained the fuel (anthracite coal or coke) and in which vessel both the producer gas and the water gas are made. The other two vessels are called respectively, the carburetor and superheater and are filled with fire b placed in rows, those in one tier being at right angles to those in the next above and below, and so arranged as to leave openings for the passage of the gas.

"Connections are provided for the introduction of the air blast, steam and oil, and at the top of the superheater is a stack or outlet from which the producer gases from the generator after passing through the carburetor and superheater and heating the fire brick contained therein, are discharged into the atmosphere during the "blowing" or heating period. The deep fuel bed in the generator is fired under forced draft and the air passing through the hot fuel forms producer gas, the combustion of which in the carburetor and superheater heats the checker brick in these vessels to the temperatures required for the gasification of the oil. When the desired temperatures have been reached the air blast is shut off and the opening at the superheater stack is closed. Steam is admitted to the generator and passing through the fire is decomposed by the combination of its oxygen with the heated carbon. The water gas thus formed consists principally of carbon monoxide and hydrogen; on leaving the generator it passes into the carburetor. The oil is sprayed in at the top of this vessel and is vaporized by the heat of the checker brick; the oil vapors, mingling with the water gas pass on through the carburetor and superheater; the mixture in its travel between the rows of heated fire brick is converted into a permanent, fixed gas, requiring only the subsequent condensing, scrubbing and purifying treatment to render it suitable for use."

When this process first came into general use between 1880 and 188 naphtha was used in the enrichi process. It is said that this produ could be purchased for one cent gallon in the early days of water g manufacture.

"Subsequently," continues Mr. Fog

(Continued on Page 14.)

Great Gotham

Provincetown Players Blaze Bright Trail for Little Theatre Movement in America—Succeed in New York.

By Oliver M. Sayler

Little Theatres in America have not been noted for length of life. In addition to diminutive equipment and meager financial backing, they have been characterized for the most part by brevity of existence. It is with a hint of justifiable boasting, therefore, that the Provincetown Players in the winter and spring just passed have printed in sizable type on their programs: "Sixth Season." Of the original crop of experimental stages which sprang up in this country about the time of the outbreak of war, these revolutionary mummers compose one of the few groups still untouched by the vicissitudes of the battle and the days of confusion which have followed in its wake.

In fact, the Provincetown Players are the sole remaining protagonists in New York City of the movement which set out a half dozen years ago to find a new American drama. Overshadowed in their early days by the more ambitious Washington Square Players, they have outlasted that apparently sturdier brother and have hewn to their course through obstacles which have all but smothered their own extremely simple program. When the Theatre Guild was finally founded on the wreckage of the Washington Square Players, it shifted its emphasis to foreign drama, leaving the field of the native play all to the amateurs from Cape Cod.

The Provincetown Players owe their origin to a spontaneous recognition on the part of a number of writers and artists who spent their summers in the sleepy little village at the top of the Massachusetts Cape, that there were possibilities in native drama which no one had yet suspected. They had no illusions that a live theatre can be built except out of the stuff peculiar to the theatre as an art. When they called their stage "the writers' theatre," they simply meant that the dramatic writers who found their way into its orbit would have complete control of the way the products of their pens were brought to life on that stage. They made no fetish of the "literary drama." They merely determined to vouchsafe to the playwright the privilege of putting his work before the public as he conceived it instead of as some hide-bound manager or producer thought it ought to be.

With this motive, they set about producing each others' cherished manuscripts for their own amusement. The following winter, the season of 1914-15, they rented an old building in Macdougall street, just off Washington Square, South, put in benches and a stage, opened a subscription list to avoid the restrictions which hedge a licensed theatre, and began their unpretentious but significant history. Their six seasons have brought them appreciably nearer a realization of their natural function, a clearer comprehension of the inherent difficulties in their task and a more dogged determination to see the task through to whatever conclusion may be in store for them.

I had never had the privilege of sitting in at a Provincetown bill until this spring. Walter Prichard Eaton had written alluring records of their activities in The News, but their policy of "play a week and rehearse three" had always found me in the city in rehearsal period. There was something half-European, therefore, in the simplicity and informality of the long narrow auditorium with a tiny stage at the far end of the wooden benches. Here, despite six seasons of experiment, was the spirit of the amateur. The Players had not simply become expert at the first task they had attempted; they had gone on to new tasks in an explorative mood, satisfied with the role of turning a furrow and content if someone else should come along and pick up the interesting pebbles disclosed by their plow. The acting was amateur, the producing only a little less so. Only the plays seemed to have reached a degree of self-assurance that betokened the theatre's age. There might be many who would be irritated by this lack of finish, these rough edges, but I found myself glorying in them as an indication that the original pioneer impulse of the group was still potent

Just where that impulse will lead these amateurs from Provincetown is an important question for their own future and for that of the experimental stage in this country. I had a long talk one evening with James and Susan Light, successors to George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell in the management of the theatre, just before the annual exodus to the sandy beach which gives the Players their name. Their original intention to produce nothing but American drama had been relaxed to include a short and well-known piece by Arthur Schnitzler, "Last Masks." American plays of merit had been too few to complete their season. But why, if they went abroad occasionally to fill their programs, should they lend an experimental hand to an established playwright like Schnitzler? That was the question I asked, and I found myself answering my own question something in this wise:

"Your theatre is dedicated to the discovery of new and unheard genius



EUGENE O'NEILL

—American genius if it can be found. But if it can't, why don't you pick out unknown and unheard work of similar calibre from other languages? That would involve a kind of international dramatic clearing house through which you could learn of the emergence of a French or a Russian or a German Eugene O'Neill who would repay encouragement and for whom you could trade to stages similar to your own your O'Neills and your Glaspells and your Kreymborgs."

Of course, the preparation of the necessary mechanism to make such material promptly available will be a matter of tireless effort and considerable time. Undoubtedly, however, there are similar desires and similar problems among the younger generation in the theatre overseas, and I believe the idea once embodied in action would find itself growing of its own momentum. I can think of nothing that would give greater stimulus to the experimental theatre in this country than such an international clearing house. Little Theatres all over the country would take on a new lease of life through it, and they would find that the contagious curiosity aroused by contact with struggling genius from abroad would stir the creative impulse in the native playwright. Maybe it is not for nothing that the Provincetown Players have run out of native material for their stage if by reaching out to fill the gap they develop a wholly new field akin to their original one, a field that will rouse native effort to still further development.

* * *

An easy way to make the acquaintance of the Provincetown Players at their strongest point, their plays, is to purchase and read the convenient little paper-backed editions which have been published in Greenwich

Writers of Drama Prove They Can Produce It as Well —Add a Foreign Work to Native Effort.

Village. Egmont Arens is responsible for most of them at his Flying Stag Press and his Village literary fount, the Washington Square Bookshop. Arens is another aforetime Hoosier, and he and his father, who looms large in the musical life of the metropolis, will be topics in a later "Topics."

* * *

The other personalities concerned with the chronicles of the Provincetowners are many and of striking individuality. George Cram Cook and his wife, Susan Glaspell, both well-known novelists, directed the business affairs of the Players until the past season when their place was taken by James and Susan Light. The Lights are mid-westerners, too, for their college was the Ohio State University. They have youth and enthusiasm and sound sense to help them in their task and James is an actor of no mean powers.

Floyd Dell, managing editor of The Liberator, and one time editor of the Chicago Evening Post Book Review when that literary section led the country in its field, is another Provincetowner, but he has taken less interest in the group in recent months.

You can't hang around the Macdougall street playhouse or Christine's, the Players' own restaurant above the theatre, without seeing and hearing considerable of the picturesque Djuna Barnes. Her plays are numerous and usually whimsical, to offset the stark realism of several of the other playwrights.

And in the last two seasons the family Millay—Edna St. Vincent, Norma and Cathleen—has been concerned is some way with nearly every production. "Aria da Capo," by Edna, the eldest of the sisters, has already been played up and down the land by the Little Theatres.

* * *

By far the most vivid and significant figure cast up by the Provincetowners in their six seasons, though, is Eugene O'Neill, author of the American tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon." O'Neill might never have become one of the most promising of the younger American playwrights if it had not been for the Provincetown Players. Son of James O'Neill of "Monte Cristo" tradition, he had turned from the stage to the sea, and it was only after a long career before the mast that he settled down on the

(Continued on Page 18.)



What has come over the scions of the self-admitted social elite of Indiana in the past ten years that from an athletic standpoint they are, as a general rule, fizzles, false alarms, flivvers?

They are long on bridge; they bring home the latest dance variations from the senior prom; they never make the terrible blunder of sporting a four-button coat when three is "correct," and they seldom shock the fashion plate artists by wearing sharp toed shoes when English brogues are upstage.

But how often do you hear of anyone of them on his 'varsity?

You know the answer. In fact, the boys who are the social dukes simply don't seem to register in college athletics.

It is not that they have deteriorated physically from the standard of ten years ago, for many of these youngsters go into college with fine prep school athletic reputations only to fade out in freshman or sophomore years. The trouble seems to be mental, not physical. Just watch one of these boys play tennis, for instance. He has form to burn, his strokes are Tildenesque, and he knows the game. But invariably he drops out in the early rounds of a tournament. Why? Because in his attitude toward the game there is a peculiar, indefinable something that you don't find in the regular fellow. He assumes a flippant sort of dontgiveadam spirit that is not sportsmanship. It isn't even a good imitation of the supposed English attitude toward sport competition, and about all it does is to result in certain defeat and the ruination of a promising athlete. For some reason these boys seem to feel that it is not good form to take a sport really seriously, that it is something to be dabbled into, but not perfected.

It is this attitude that H. G. Wells so cleverly satirized and so bitterly criticised in his English public school boy, Troop, in "Joan and Peter."

So it is all the more refreshing when you find a real, honest-to-goodness Hoosier, from an old Indiana family, "crash through" and make good in athletics in a big way.

Stephen Y. Hord, of Terre Haute, has been elected captain of the 1921 Yale 'varsity crew. He was one of the few men in the Yale boat to meet defeat at the hands of the Princeton and Harvard crews this year without collapsing. He rowed on a losing crew with all the gameness of a sure winner, and he is about the only bright spot in the dark college year of 1919-1920, the blackest in many a day, for the Elis.

He took his job seriously. He is no rowing dilettante and he wasn't in it just for the exercise and to make good country club conversations. This attitude is characteristic of Steve since he was a kid at Lake Maxinkuckee. When other youngsters were joy riding, Steve was sailing with the older boys, watching them, studying them, picking up pointers, riding the bilge boards of the big forty-foot racers and hanging onto the mainsheet of the little cats. And Steve learned a lot, for this was in a generation of real sailors and real fellows who took the game seriously.

Milton Edwards, of Peru; Tom and Jodey Wilson and Ted Howe, of Logansport; Harry Routh, Purdue's all-western tackle, and his brother Ed; Elbert Shirk, of Peru, a Harvard athlete; and the Indianapolis crowd, Gus Bohlen, a catcher on the Cornell nine; Bill Munk, captain of the Cornell eleven; the Gates boys, Geb and Bruz; the Ogle quartet, Al, Ken, Ed and Gil; Hank Bliss, Turk Winslow, Chalk Schaf; the Holliday boys, Jack and Fred; Doherty Sheerin, and the go-getting Wheelers who with their half waterlogged old "Natty" would tackle anything on the lake, regardless of size, and usually trim it, made up the school in which Steve was a Freshman. These boys could dance, they could shoot, bridge, play tennis to win and, Mon Dieu, how they could sail!

So it came about that when Steve was only a little longer than a tiller he was racing his own boat, a little sixteen-foot craft, named after the county so dear to the heart of Judge Anderson. Steve's boat, the "Vigo," won its share of the races and the only time it was not on the lake was meal time.

So he was one of the last graduates of the old Maxinkuckee school of sailors, a school that almost—but not quite—became extinct with the coming of the motorized joy ride era.

At the outbreak of the war Steve enlisted and the casualty lists of the United States Marine Corps show that Pvt. S. Y. Hord was wounded at Belleau Woods in that counter attack which helped break the last Hun offensive of the great war.

After the armistice he went back to Yale. He is a good student, a good athlete, a real man, and in years to come will stand along with Elias Atkins, Hamilton Row and such fellows as a horrible example to the porch Lizzies who drive out to the club in fawtha's motah aftah James has cleaned the nawsty spark plugs, filled the beastly gasoline and oil receptacles and wiped the disagreeable dust particles off the luxurious upholstery.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Fowler and family left last week for a motor trip through the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lacey and Mrs. Frank Dell and her daughter, Dorothy, recently left the city to spend a few weeks at Three Lakes, Wis. Later in the summer they plan to make a tour of the West.

The Misses Isabel and Ruth Parry are spending the summer with their sister, Mrs. Warren D. Oakes, at her summer cottage at Torch Lake, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer W. Critchlow will leave the latter part of this month for Harbor Point, Mich., where they will spend the remainder of the summer.



STEVE HORD
Yale Crew Captain



SAILING AT MAXINKUCKEE

Miss Mary Gavin is spending the summer at the camp of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes on the Hudson.

Mrs. Will Atkins is planning to spend the remainder of the summer at Atlantic City.

Mr. Alexander Taggart has gone to Higgins Lake, where the Taggart's summer home is located.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn O. Friermood left last Sunday for Alabama, where they will visit relatives. They will probably return to the city about the first part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lynn have gone to their summer home at Torch Lake to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. C. V. Griffith and daughter Anna Louise, and Mrs. Clarence Rhodes are leaving this week for Lake Tarleton, Vt., where they will stay for the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCardle, of 806 Maple Road, are touring the East in their Hudson coupe, expecting to cover 2,500 miles on the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hapgood and Miss Margaret Shipp left last Saturday for the Hapgood summer home at Rainey Lake, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. William Scott have gone to their summer cottage in Brockville, Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. G. Barret Moxley will join them there during the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Minnick and daughter, Mary Louise, have gone to Minocqua, Wis., for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Holliday have recently returned to their cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee, where they probably will remain until the first part of September.

Mrs. G. B. Moxley has recently recently returned from a short visit in New York.

The Pioneer Mothers' Memorial Association will meet July 29 at the home of Mrs. Alice M. French, 901 Middle Drive, Woodruff Place.

No Subway for Chaille

The following letter from Emerson W. Chaille speaks for itself:

"In a recent issue of your excellent publication, comment was made upon the fact that I had suggested in a speech before the Transportation Club at Fairview Park that Indianapolis would need a subway system.

"At the time of this reported meeting I was in New York using their subways and being thankful that Indianapolis did not require such uncomfortable methods of transportation. In fact, I had the feeling that it would never require such transportation methods because of our ability to spread out in almost every direction and not concentrate the population in certain spots.

"The reported speech emanated from the fertile brain of some newspaper man. Will you kindly contradict the statement made in your publication?"

Her Singing Voice Her Spirit

Madame Schumann-Heink, After Long Life of Sorrow and Trial, Still Joyous in Glorious Song.

Mother of Nine Children Sings With a Voice That Not Merely Reflects, But Is, Her Soul.

By Ona B. Talbot

It is like a page of golden sunshine in the volume of musical personalities to review the long and brilliant artistic career of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, nee Rossler. For twenty-two years she has been the idol of the American public, always the gracious spirit typifying the world's greatest contralto.

When the great flood of tone pours upward from the lips of this most beloved singer, the general thought is centered in two things, the magnificence of the voice and the charm of the personality. To many it seems like a miracle that a woman could sing with a voice like that after 40 years of singing, for Mme. Schumann-Heink was born on June 16, 1861. They marvel how a woman can sing with the voice of youth at a period when most artists would be at the Indian summer of their career, and long before they have reached madame's rich age. And what is the answer to this seeming phenomenon?

Because Schumann-Heink's voice is not physical. It is spiritual. The spiritual is indestructible.

She herself believes in the forces of the invisible. For on her visit in Indianapolis last November, she said: "Sometimes when I feel a soft breeze blow on my face, I believe it may be some one of our departed soldier boys come to give his 'mother' a caress."

Schumann-Heink's physical voice is the sounding board of her great soul. Its volume seems reinforced by breath from the infinite spaces, its resonance chambers are built in the spirit. Her voice is proof of the immortality of the soul. The singer has lived a life of spiritual service. She has never been "off key" with her fellowmen, for she has never allowed one moment of life to be out of tune with the infinite, even in her greatest sorrow and anguish, of which she has endured much. Her voice surges with gifts of joy and the privileges of sorrow. She sings to us from the great fount of sorrow which has been hers, but its tragic moments are finely hidden by art. Another great lesson this wonderful woman has taught us is that suffering has not embittered her, but has spiritualized her. She knows the things that make us suffer are the only things worth living for.

It ought to be "mother" instead of Madame Schumann-Heink. Mother for the manner in which this great artist croons to her audience as to a child, for the manner which commands its attention, respect, love and reverence. One can readily visualize an infant reposing in her arms when she sings the cradle songs, and the mother-light beaming from her face as the wonderful voice croons in a language which only mothers and babes can understand and truly appreciate. In quickly changing from one mood to the other, from the nursery characterization into regal splendor in the famous classics, is but another phase of her great art and versatility.



MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

Many are the titles which have been used to describe the incomparable Schumann-Heink, but none is more indicative of the human side of the great artist than that of "good sport." Under any circumstances she is a good sport. The life of an artist on tour —particularly when one sings in a different city on the average of every other night—is not exactly a "happy one." There are such trifling inconveniences as traveling in day coaches because the Pullmans are cut off, of finding that the best suite in the local hotel is a favorite playground of little gray mice—in short, to quote Schumann-Heink herself, "the hotels, meals, rooms, all are fierce. I can hardly eat or sleep—in fact, all I can do is to sing." A sense of humor that never deserts her is in evidence in a recent letter, which she ends: "And so it goes; but otherwise, so far, I am still alive"; then showing her spirit of fun still further she draws a caricature of herself at the bottom of the page and labels it "Schumann-Heink, the Beauty."

An amusing incident is related of Schumann-Heink and her son, when she used to go on the Chautauqua stage every summer. Plain and democratic in her everyday life, she enjoyed singing for the people of the small towns and villages as much as for the highly cultured musical circles of the great cities. Some time ago it was her ambition that one of her sons should become a great singer. The lad did have a good voice. He sang in a recital with his mother this particular season. On a certain hot day in July the audience was sympathetic and the applause was loud. The boy was returning to the stage to bow his appreciation when he tripped on a rug and fell. He lit on his nose. His nose bled in streams. The audience broke into snickers and giggles. The affair was threatening to terminate in a roar of laughter at the boy's expense when Schumann-Heink hurried on the stage, wiping the perspiration from her brow with one arm, her glowing face the picture of distress.

"My poor darling boy!" she cried. She kissed him explosively and made a fuss over him as if he were a little chap of three or four. All the time there was a chuckle in her voice and a twinkle in her eye that made her son's near tragedy a pretty comedy. The mother saved the day for her son. The audience that witnessed the mother-and-son scene caught a glimpse of the mother side of the great artist that brought her closer than ever to their hearts.

My first personal recollection of Mme. Schumann-Heink, for I had heard her many times at the Metropolitan Opera House, as the leading contralto of that institution, was when I was asked to arrange a concert to formally open the Claypool Hotel on May 22, 1903, this being her first appearance in Indianapolis. An incident showing her histrionic ability as well, was that the day chosen for the concert was also the birthday of Richard Wagner. A floral wreath tied with scarlet ribbons bearing an inscription of tribute to her was to be presented at the time of the concert, and going to Madame, I explained that, it being the birthday of the great composer, I was decorating the stage with a heroic size bust of Wagner, and that I should like him to share in the honors of the evening. She joyously agreed. Upon presentation of the wreath, Mme. Schumann-Heink feigned great surprise, and holding it tenderly in her arms for a moment, suddenly glanced at the bust of Wagner and reverently placed the wreath about his neck.

On another interesting occasion when Indianapolis was paying honor to Prince Pu Lun during his visit to America, a concert was given at English's Opera House, where the box the Prince occupied was decorated with Japanese decorations, loaned by Van Tine of New York. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist engaged, and as she came upon the stage, she went to the box and bowed most profoundly to the little oriental.

It has been my deep pleasure to have visited in the home of this great woman in Singnac, New Jersey, and there I was privileged to see the real mother. Seated at the table were her nine children, with Madame at the head. Soup was being served, not by a butler in uniform, but by this blessed mother herself, in an all-enveloping apron, from a large tureen, into the soup-plates which she herself placed before us. A memory that I shall always carry with me was our walk over the hills of her lovely estate. Standing on the highest peak, she sang more gloriously than I ever heard her before or since. The day was perfect and the birds had a busy time trying to vie with the singer.

Editorial

UTILITIES HANDLING

Charlie Perry, head of the Indianapolis Light and Heat Company, was in an awkward position during the recent agitation on the part of some members of the state legislature to abolish the Public Service Commission. The bill, introduced by a senator from Marion, provided that utility companies should be required, with the Commission extinct, to go back to franchise rates of 1913. In 1913, Mr. Perry's company was getting a ten-cent rate, under franchise from the city of Indianapolis. Now, under the Commission, it is operating at a rate of seven and a half cents, which, for residence lighting, will soon be lowered to six and a half per kilowatt, by order of the Commission.

Restoration of the old franchise rate would have added approximately $300,000 to the annual income of the company, with no additional expense. It would have been distinctly to the benefit of the company if the Commission had been abolished, but Mr. Perry opposed such abolition. He declared it to be his belief that, in the long run, the Commission system of handling the public utilities problem is the most efficient system. It is calculated, he says, to do justice to companies and public alike, and is as far removed from politics as any system of regulation yet devised.

There has recently sprung up some resentment against the policy of the Commission in granting increased service rates whenever it has been shown these advances were necessary. Such resentment is unreasoning, to say the least. Utilities companies have been hit by the high cost of manufacture, just as every other concern has been hit. Higher rates have been essential to save several companies from bankruptcy.

Indianapolis, of all cities, has the most reason to be pleased with the operation of utilities companies under Commission regulation. This city's sixty-cent gas, five-cent carfare, cheap light and power and low-priced water service have had much to do with the growth of the population in the last ten years. Factories locate where these things are adequate and cheap, and factories make more business for merchants and more work for labor. The city that is fortunate with its public utilities companies is the city that grows and prospers.

It would have been a silly piece of business for the legislature to have abolished the Public Service Commission. In the main, this bit of Democratic legislation has operated beneficially under both Democratic and Republican administration.

RAILROAD OPERATION

There are two reasons why it is foolish to place regulation of car distribution in the hands of state authorities. The first is, that forty-eight states, pulling and hauling at the railroads for cars for this purpose and that, can easily evolve a terrible tangle. There are enough railroads fighting for their own cars, and shippers fighting for anybody's cars, without piling state commissions on top of the lot. Over and above these will be the Interstate Commerce Commission, which may step in at any minute and, setting aside the orders of all the others, send cars hither and yon. Nothing but confusion can result.

The second reason is that the railroad owners have their properties back in their own hands, and they should have an opportunity to make good their promises to restore the roads to their old efficiency. They have a Government guarantee, and a Government loan fund at their back, and they should not have these things counteracted by decisions that give car regulation into the hands of forty-eight states. They have enough handicaps in the way of rolling stock shortages, high wages, etc., without this added impost.

Somebody ought to lay down a "hands off" policy until the roads have had a fair chance to make good, under the Esch-Cummins act.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS

Bernstorff on America

Count Bernstorff's impressions of America, contained in his book, "My Three Years In America," will be of interest to people in this country. Among other opinions and comments by the ex-ambassador are the following paragraphs:

President Wilson—By inclination and habit a recluse and a lonely worker. * * * In spite of his strong will and his autocratic leanings, a perfect type of the American politician. He has no reputation for loyalty to his friends. * * * Inaccessible to advice from the outside. * * * He proclaims in a most dazzling way the ideals of the American people, but their realization always depends on his own political interests. * * * Dilatory. * * * An implacable enemy when he feels himself personally attacked or slighted, with a strong tendency to regard political differences of opinion as personal antipathy. * * * An Antaeus who, drawing his strength from his native soil, was crushed by Hercules (Clemenceau) once away from American ground. * * * He does not devote the same energy to the execution of his various programs as he does to their formation. * * * The Kaiser said: "Gerard makes it clear that Wilson seeks a ladder for re-election. Give him, then, the ladder of peace rather than the ladder of war, which will eventually fall on our own heads." * * * Wilson in his speeches tries to voice public opinion and in policy he tries to follow its wishes. One must ask oneself, "What end has he in view for his own political position and that of his party?"

Col. Roosevelt—Beats the patriotic drum in order to win over the jingo element. * * * Blows the war trumpet in his usual bombastic fashion. * *

Mr. Bryan—His opponents call him a dishonest demagogue. I prefer to call him an honest visionary and fanatic, whose passionate enthusiasm may go to make an exemplary speech maker at large meetings, but not a statesman whose concern is the world of realities.

The American—Peaceful money making is his chief interest in life. * * * He will believe anything if you tell it to him often and sentimentally enough. * * * He trusts the story of "poor little Belgium" and of the "heroic nurse," Edith Cavell. * * * He is not dry and calculating, but he has a great, though superficial, sentimentality. * * * Our Jewish friends are egg dancing and pussy footing; they wish to stand well with all sides, but have not the courage of their convictions; they are very anxious to make money. * * * Americans juxtapose a characteristic pacifism and an impulsive lust of war. * * * They are dancing around the golden calf. * * * Some day they will regret that they did not seize the opportunity to insure the freedom of the seas.

Editorial

THRIFT HABITS

Employes of the William H. Block Company are still buying War Savings Stamps. The store long ago designated one woman to make the rounds once a week with the stamps for sale to savers. Many of the employes got the habit and are still buying the stamps. Thrift is like a great many other habits. Once cultivated, it is hard to break.

ADAMS AND MARSHALL

It would have been a gracious compliment to both the Hoosier artist and the Hoosier Vice-President if there could have been some small ceremony for the hanging of the portrait of Thomas R. Marshall by Wayman Adams, in the state house. Even politicians unfriendly to Mr. Marshall might have permitted small tribute to the art of Mr. Adams.

Gossip of the Village

Verne H. Porter, editor of the Cosmopolitan magazine, was in town the other day and paid a visit to the editor of Topics. It was a business call but Mr. Porter found time to gossip of a few Hoosiers he knows in Gotham. Among them, he mentioned Ray Long, an Indianapolis boy who used to work on the News, now editor-in-chief of the Hearst magazines. The publications under his direction include Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazaar, Motor and Motor Boating. Mr. Porter allowed that when Long is not busy with the magazines he oversees the Hearst motion picture and syndicate enterprises.

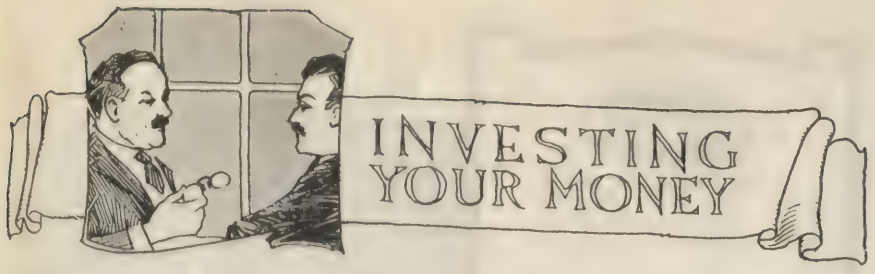
Mr. Porter also spoke of seeing Lowell Mellett, managing editor of Collier's, and Roy W. Howard, president of the United Press Association, who were reporters in Indianapolis along with Mr. Long.

Leonard Geiger is still sweet on the candy business. He has incorporated a new company with William A. Umphrey and Charles G. McCutcheon at $150,000 capital stock. Even at present prices, that is a lot of candy, Leonard.

Charles F. Coffin, the Chamber of Commerce Charlie, not the auction bridge Charlie, made a hit in a speech at Paris before the International Chamber of Commerce. He and Felix McWhirter, of the editor's bank, will be home about August 5.

At the same time he has been pulling down prices on men's duds and things, A. L. Block has been boosting the capitalization of L. Strauss & Co. The figure has been raised from $135,000 to $750,000.

If Stanley Wyckoff doesn't investigate anything but the sugar crop in Cuba it will be all right.



One of the most ingenious stock-selling schemes that has come to light lately is one just reported by the Better Business Bureau. A certain Indiana corporation wishes to sell $10,000 of preferred stock. The bureau says:

"The common stock issued is held by the organizers, for which a very small sum in tangible assets was given. The company proposes to offer $10,000 of the preferred stock at the present time on the following plan: For each $100 of preferred stock purchased the purchaser shall escrow with one of the national banks $100 par value of Liberty Bonds, these bonds to be used as collateral for money borrowed of the national bank named, with which to conduct the business of building houses, the purpose of each loan to be approved by the bank.

"The preferred stock calls for 7 per cent dividends. The coupons from the Liberty Bonds become the property of the company to be used against interest charges on loans made by the bank. The Liberty Bonds may be withdrawn by payment of par value of the stock in cash, and at the end of a certain period the bonds may be used to liquidate the debt for the stock by paying the difference between the market price and the par value of the bonds.

"An analysis of this proposition as it appears to the manager of the bureau is that the investor is being asked to take a chance disproportionate with that taken by the borrower. The investor's Liberty Bonds are absolutely safe and paying him 4¼ per cent. The difference between that and 7 per cent is only 2¾ per cent if the operations of the company prove successful in every way. Should building materials be contracted for at the high prices and a slump occur, or poor judgment be used in the location of or the kind of houses built, and losses occur, the purchasers of the preferred stock would stand to lose proportionately.

"The opinion of the bureau manager is that an investment in the preferred stock of the above company is too hazardous to offer a reasonably safe investment for the increased return offered, and that the organizers are not providing capital in proportion to that they are asking the public to invest."

The bureau has been paying special attention to oil stock promotions, and has the following to say of a company that talks of drilling in southern Indiana:

"The company states that they have leases on several hundred acres of land in southern Indiana, and they are proposing to sell at the present time a par value of $200,000 worth of drilling "units." Purchasers of these units receive a special interest in the income produced from the lands selected for the drilling of the wells provided for by the proposed drilling fund of $200,000.

"In support of their chances of success, the promoters offer geological surveys of their lands made by recognized geologists, such reports passing very favorably upon the structures underlying these leases, in regard to the probability of these structures containing oil-bearing sands.

"There has not to the present time, to the best of our knowledge, been any successful test for oil in the territory covered by these leases, and in our opinion the territory must be regarded as wholly 'wildcat' in spite of favorable geological reports.

"The bureau does not wish to appear in the position of retarding progress in the development of natural resources and especially of the discovery of new sources of oil, but we do feel that the advertising of the sale of stock in so hazardous an enterprise as the exploration for oil in unproven territory, or the advertising of oil companies claiming to hold leases in close proximity to producing territory, where such leases are so far away as to preclude a knowledge of all the facts in relation to the promotion, should be declined by our newspapers as being too hazardous and speculative to be recommended to their readers."

Dispatches state that four oil companies, ten brokerage houses and about fifty individuals have been indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of using the mails to defraud investors of millions of dollars. The oil companies named in the indictments are the Ranger Oil Company, W. P. Williams Oil Company, Great Western Petroleum Corporation and the Crown Oil Company.

Brokerage concerns indicted are given as: Strickney, Rawlinson & Coleclough, of Boston; Curtis, Parker & Co., United Securities Co., H. Kent Holmes & Co., H. Morgan Pollock & Co., Crossman, Sherman & Co., George A. Lamb & Co., E. M. Fuller & Co., and Greenbaum, Begelow & Greenbaum, nearly all of whom have offices in New York. Some, if not all, of these companies carry advertisements in a large number of daily newspapers in the Middle West.

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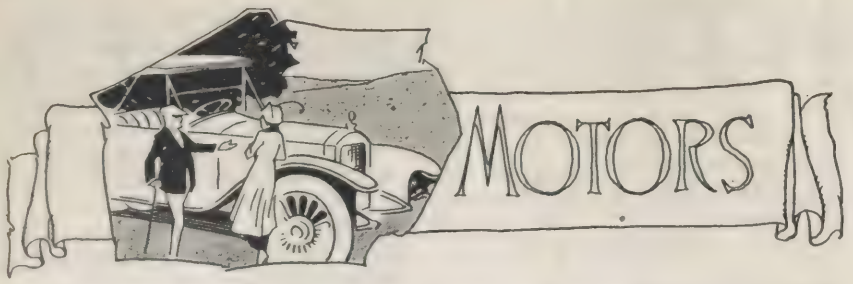
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

If in his attempt to close the roads to Verdun and into the Argonne Forest the Hun had displayed one-half the fiendish ingenuity of some of the local road building authorities, the war might have had a far different ending and the German dream of world empire might have become a realistic nightmare for us.

As a matter of plain and simple fact, at no time during the German drive on Verdun was that city more nearly isolated from the rest of France than is Noblesville and that part of the state lying to the north of us from Indianapolis.

Thanks to the road building system that in the past has been the most unsystematic imaginable, it has now come about that every main highway leading out of Indianapolis to the north is blocked most effectually. It is impossible to get across White river between Riverside Park and Broad Ripple. Just take the plight of the poor and unfortunate motorist who is seized with a desire to go to Noblesville.

On paper there is not an easier place on earth to reach by automobile. Any road map will show that there are six roads leading, more or less directly, to that point. But just let Mr. Motorist try to get there on one of them. First he will try the old Allisonville pike. Nothing doing. It has been blocked for a year while certain sections are being paved. Nothing daunted our hero turns then to Keystone avenue in hope of getting on the long, beautiful, winding river road to Noblesville. He does not get even a good start. Before he gets as far as Ravenswood he finds the road torn to pieces undergoing repairs.

Groggy but game he digs out his map and makes a stab on the Carmel-Westfield pike, only to be turned back a short distance north of Broad Ripple. Conserving as best he can his fast fleeting strength he tries for the Spring Mill road only to find a new bridge under way across the canal. Gamely fighting in a last desperate effort he hails a pathfinder of the region who knows almost every detour by heart and is told that two secondary roads are still unblocked, the College avenue road into Carmel and the way leading north from the Millersville road at Baker's bridge.

Now all these improvements that are under way are individually good, but with a haphazard system of road construction, where action is taken on petition with no attempt at a broad, far-reaching plan of road building, we are likely at any time to find that practically every avenue in any one direction is blocked.

This muddle all comes about from a desire to please too many persons at once. Petitioners fight and clamor for the improvement of roads, the petitions are granted and we find that three or four almost parallel roads are under construction at the same time. Then for a period of a year or more traffic is thrown pell-mell onto secondary roads entirely inadequate to handle the loads put upon them.

The solution is obvious, so obvious in fact, that it is almost too much to hope for its realization, although we understand that a serious attempt at formulating a real road building system is now under way. It is simply this. Don't work on parallel roads at the same time. Finish one road, throw it open to traffic and then get to work on the next one.

In the meantime, however, if another war comes along and America is invaded we would suggest that all the American county road-building officials be mobilized, transferred to the enemy, put in charge of hostile road construction and we predict that they will put more snarls into the enemy's transportation schemes in a month than all the heavy artillery and airplane bombing could do in a year.

S. W. Hawkins, of Little Rock, Arkansas, will join the sales force of the Boozer-Patterson Company soon.

J. M. Bloch, general manager of the Gibson Company, will return from his vacation in Wisconsin about August 1.

John S. McFarland, of the Lathrop-McFarland Company, leaves on a trip through the Thousand Islands next week.

Robert Patterson and George Gilman, of the Boozer-Patterson Company, have returned from St. Louis, where they attended a district meeting of Gardner distributors.

The Indianapolis Auto Trade Association has announced it is now ready to receive applications for space in the twenty-first semi-annual automobile show, to be held in the Manufacturers building at the Indiana State Fair Grounds during State Fair week, September 6-11. Exhibits will consist of passenger cars, trucks and accessories. All applications for space should be sent to the office fo the association, 338 North Delaware street. John Orman will be in active charge of the show.

The General Motor Corporation, of Muncie, expects to bring out the new Sheridan car by August 1. They contemplate production of 3,000 cars by January 1. The line will consist of a four-cylinder model listing at $1,500 and an eight-cylinder listing at $3,000.



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The Stuart Walker Company presents "Baby Mine," one of the funniest farces ever written, as its next week's attraction at the Murat. The play is the masterpiece of Margaret Mayo, author of "Twin Beds." It was first produced at Daly's Theatre in New York with an all-star cast, including Marguerite Clark, Ernest Glendinning and Walter Jones.

The story of "Baby Mine" has to do with a young married couple, the Hardys, who have just been wedded long enough to get on each other's nerves. Zoie, the wife, has an annoying habit of not being able to tell her husband the truth about the most trivial things. In a burst of anger Alfred, the husband, leaves Zoie after one of their altercations, and Zoie seeks out her friend, Aggie, for advice as to how she may win him back. It is decided that Zoie is to wait a few months and then wire her Alfred that he is the father of a baby. That, she says, is certain to fetch him around. So it does, for when Alfred is wired he rushes home for the grand reconciliation. But Jimmy, Aggie's husband, who is helping the women, has had some trouble in getting a baby. At the last minute the mother has refused to part with her infant; thus Jimmy is forced to kidnap it. Soon the frantic mother of the baby appears and demands her child. In desperation Jimmy goes on a still hunt for another baby; finally he succeeds in capturing the newly-born twins of his washerwoman. However, he is caught entering the house again by Alfred, and to cover the big lie tells him that he is the father of triplets. From then on to the end the stage is like a madhouse, with Zoie, Jimmy and Aggie all lying by leaps and bounds to keep the real truth from Alfred. But as usual the liars are at last found out.

In the cast of "Baby Mine" are Thomas Kelly, as Alfred; Lael Davis, as the little minx of a Zoie; Marjorie Vonnegut, as Aggie, who proposes the baby scheme; John Wray, as the much-abused Jimmy. Elizabeth Patterson, George Somnes, Oscar Davisson, Elizabeth Black and James Morgan will also appear.

There will be the matinees on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Chinese importers are threatened with a loss of 60,000,000 taels during the present fiscal year as the result of the drop in silver price, provided the present rate of exchange continues.





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Motion Pictures

The Circle has come to be such an integral part of Indianapolis life that it really is something more than a movie house—it has begun to take its place in Hoosier affairs as an Indianapolis institution. Its very name, "The Circle," seems to typify its close relation with the spirit of the city's affairs, because our Circle is distinctively our own. No other city in Indianapolis' class revolves about a circle. Other towns may have their Strands, and Rivolis, but for Indianapolis it is particularly appropriate that the largest motion picture theatre should be called the Circle.

Any change in policy or personnel of the Circle is always a matter of great interest to the town folk. When Mr. Frank Zimmerer is lent to the auto show to make the Coliseum fittingly gorgeous for the automobile celebration, all Indianapolis swells with pride and interest. When Miss Theo Hewes trips down to the Circle stage to tread a lightsome measure, the city turns out to admire Miss Hewes and her young Hoosier neophytes of the dance. And when the business manager of the Circle, Mr. S. Barrett McCormack, decides to move on to new theatrical pastures, great interest centers about his going and the coming of his successor.

Mr. McCormack has been the business manager of the Circle almost since the opening of the theatre, and he has been responsible in a great measure for its successful career up to date. He left the city on July 18 to take up his work with the Rivoli, a new theatre in Toledo that is owned by the Olson-Sourbier interests who control the Lyric here. The Rivoli is just being finished now, and will probably open in August. It will run a combination vaudeville and motion picture program. Mr. McCormack will have the good wishes of Indianapolis Circle audiences for his success in his work in Toledo.

His position at the Circle as business manager will be filled by Mr. Ralph Willard Lieber, who was born in Indianapolis and whose home has always been in this city. Mr. Lieber has never before been directly connected with the motion picture business, but if he has been an outsider heretofore, he has at least always been an interested bystander. For the past three years he has been traveling for a commercial banking house in the city, and unlike the hero of any screen story, Mr. Lieber modestly states that he has had "an uninteresting past."

Mr. Lieber took active charge as business manager the week of July 19. He states that there will be no change in the personnel of the theatre and that the policy for the future will be unchanged. He has the future success of the theatre at heart, and promises Indianapolis theatregoers that the Circle will continue to occupy its established position as a Hoosier institution.

* * *

One of the most interesting pictures of the non-fiction type that has been seen in Indianapolis for some time was shown at the Circle last week. It was only a reel, but it had more action than many a long-winded drama of passion or crime or blood and thunder. It was merely the report of a day's practice of the Italian cavalry.

A five hundred-mile automobile race may have its excitement and fascinations for the spectators, but surely not even the most rakish, latest model racing car can ever achieve the romance, and verve, and spine-pricking thrill that marks a troop of well-mounted horsemen. Climbing perpendicular hills, leaping gaping streams, swimming wide rivers, and making impossible hurdles, are all in the day's practice for these Italian cavalrymen.

* * *

Indianapolis has from time to time enjoyed moving picture publicity on the great occasions in its history, for instance, at the times—rather few and far between—when it has been visited by Presidents, floods, or Memorial Day races. Publicity on such occasions is, of course, well merited, but it is rather pleasantly surprising to know that even during the time between these high points of interest a great many entertaining things are going on in Indianapolis. A recent local news reel, including such ordinary events as a quiet afternoon of mule-racing on the Stoughton Fletcher estate, and a game of polo at the Speedway, proved to be adequate entertainment for a hot summer day, when interest is inclined to lag in anything but the most startling events.

Why the Gas Burns Low

(Continued from Page 6.)

"the development of other uses for naphtha and the increase in its price led to the use of a heavier grade and less expensive oil. This distillate, because of its applicability to gas manufacture, became known as "gas oil." For many years it too had been regarded as a by-product of the oil refinery and one which oil companies were glad to dispose of at a price which seems to have been principally fixed by its availability for gas manufacturing purposes. Until fuel oil began to come into use, there was little demand for gas oil other than that created by the manufacturer of artificial gas; and oil shortages, like commission control and regulation of rates, weighed not upon the gas man of that time."

Here is where the automobile began to come in as a robber of the kitchen range. Scientists discovered means of converting oils of comparatively low value into the more refined and valuable grades. The greatest discovery of all was that "gas oil" and other heavier distillates could be "cracked up" into gasoline. The increased use of oil as fuel for power plants of ships and other great enterprises further decreased the supply of petroleum available for the gas industry.

The day may come when we must choose between our Sunday dinner or the Sunday afternoon motor ride.



The Prairie Mother

A woman of culture, accustomed to all the best things in life, married to a dour Scotch rancher and with him having built up a modern home, and a comfortable mode of living, suddenly finds herself the mother of three children, the wife, not, as she had supposed, of a loving and prosperous man, but of a ruined, embittered, and for all she can tell, a faithless husband.

To offset her calamities she has merely a clear incisive intelligence, determination and an active sense of humor. Thus armed, she sets out to manage alone, to run her ranch, to rear her children, and, if necessary, to fight for her husband's love. The tale of how well she manages all this, of her failures and successes, her final defeat and triumph are well told, in her own vigorous speech, and with her own humorous outlook.

Chaddie McKail is a very real and intimate character and her story a very unusual one, handled in an unusual way.—[The Prairie Mother, by Arthur Stringer. Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00.]

Our Economic and Other Problems

By Otto H. Kahn

Not the least interesting feature in the new book of the great New York financier and philanthropist, just published by George H. Doran, is his discussion of the railroad problem. Mr. Kahn believes firmly in private operation of the railroads under close and efficient Government regulation. He agrees with the propriety of Governmental guarantee of earnings as a temporary measure, but he goes further than the Government and offers a suggestion that sounds like Glenn E. Plumb, the visionary gentleman who was decisively defeated in a propaganda battle by the railroad executives and security holders a few months ago.

Mr. Kahn can not be classed with Plumb, but he does suggest that it would only be fair, in view of Federal fiscal aid to the roads, for the Government to retain for itself any excess railroad earnings above a fair figure, He phrases his idea in one place—"participation of the Government in railroad earnings over and above a certain percentage." In another place he refers to it as "the principle of profit sharing."

Of course it would only be fair to expect the railroads to repay the Government for the guarantee, as Mr. Kahn suggests, but his idea was not included in the Esch-Cummins act. Whether it will be added after the bill has had a chance to operate remains to be seen.

Mr. Kahn also has interesting ideas on the labor question:

"The primary cause of poverty is underproduction. Furthermore, lessened production naturally makes for high costs. High wages accompanied by proportionately high cost of the essentials of living do the worker no good. And they do the rest of the community a great deal of harm. * * * If through undue exactions, through unfair use of his power, through inadequate output, the workman brings about a condition in which the pressure of high prices becomes intolerable to the middle classes, he will create a class animosity against himself which is bound to be of infinite harm to his legitimate aspirations."

This is absolutely sound reasoning. To prove that he is eminently fair, and without the bias that might be expected of one whose life has been devoted to banking and financing, Mr. Kahn adds:

"Precisely the same, of course, holds true of capital."

A Poet in the House

By Mrs. William Herschell

The editor of "Topics" has asked me what sort of a job it is to live with a poet-husband. It really isn't such a bad job as one might think. Of course, when one member of the family has temper and the other is blessed with temperament there is sure to be an occasional squall. However, I found early in my married life that temperament was going to rule in our family because Bill has a mother-in-law who sees nothing but the sunny-side-up of his nature.

Yes, I know he has a cheerful disposition and keeps a smile working most of the time, but it's funny when that disposition has a puncture. Here is a family secret—he pouts. Bill calls it "maintaining a discreet silence," but, honestly, it's a pout. And I have my private opinion of a person with a temper in comparison with one who pouts.

Speaking of Bill, it amuses me when somebody calls him William. Only the decidedly formal do that and it is amusing to see Bill's face when he is addressed as William. It takes on a look of doubt and misgiving. The amazing thing to me is the extent of his acquaintanceship. I like the friendly familiarity with which his friends call him Bill and he shoots back an equally friendly "John" or "Jim" or "Bud." The youngsters in our little byway street, Tecumseh Place, call him "Uncle Bill," and nothing delights him more than when a newcomer adopts that style of greeting. One of Bill's most heartsore days was when a mother spanked her little girl for calling him "Bill." But she continued to call him that just the same—when her mother wasn't around.

We started in to talk about how life goes when one has a poet-husband. I'll begin by saying that as a housemaid mine is a total loss and as a mechanic—my language must be restrained. I will admit, however, that recently he fixed the kitchen pump and it worked for nearly a week. He also built a trellis for the family rosebush and I've never been able to hush his boasting. If he cuts the grass he never quits bragging about it until it is time to cut it again. And at boiling eggs soft Bill is a wizard. Not long ago, when I wasn't feeling at my best, he volunteered to get the breakfast. In about an hour I heard language not quite printable. Then I heard a splash. His thumb had gone through an egg, and, after making port on his freshly pressed trousers, landed all over my new kitchen linoleum. Truly, I must say no more.

Bill's pet aversions are hominy and motorcycles—and it is one of my fondest ambitions to ride in the bathtub of a motorcycle. His favorite pastime is hearing Ken Holmes, our next door neighbor, tell how Brownstown Democrats, years ago, upset a Republican bandwagon from Medora and spilled the goddess of liberty in a treetop in the valley below.

Speaking of stories, I wonder how many people realize what a job it is for the wife of a good story teller to have to laugh at the same stories in every different company. Once, because I didn't laugh, I was accused of not having a sense of humor.

I find much personal amusement in other people's ideas of what William Herschell looks like. Most persons who do not know Bill think him an old man. One telephone caller of recent date was greatly surprised when told that Bill was in his forties and not in his seventies. They also think him long-haired and slender, the latter due to under-nourishment, I suppose. I flatter myself that he is a living advertisement of the fact that I am a good cook.

Little children call on the telephone and you would imagine Bill their own age to hear his end of the conversation.

We had a big laugh the other day when Prof. Kerlin, of Virginia Military Institute, referred to Bill in Reedy's Mirror as a negro poet whose optimism rivaled that of Paul Laurence Dunbar. Bill wrote the professor and told him he didn't mind, but his Scotch parents might be a little hurt.

I wish here, too, to give advice to other wives who may have poets in the house. Listen, comrades. Don't try to play jazz on the Victrola when he is trying to write poetry. The meters simply won't mix, as I've learned.

"The Lord knows that a woman without a sense of humor is worse than a dipper without a handle."

The

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Shop Tours

"Lingerie," as applied to the daintiest kinds of under garments in favor today seems to be a contradiction in terms, for all of these pretty under things, almost without exception, are of silk of one kind or another instead of linen. Of course, we might descend to calling them "undies," as some people have done, but there seems to be such an aqueous, mermaid-like ring to that word that we should much prefer a good, smooth, round word, not too long or too short, with a pleasant silky timbre, to apply to this particular class of women's wear. As no one has been kind enough to supply our English language with such a term, we maintain that the most dignified course is to stand by the conventional but accurate term, silken under garments.

For a long time, crepe de chines, washable satins, and glove silks have been extremely popular for camisoles, knickers, petticoats and chemises, but a new material has just entered the field which promises to be more popular than any of these fabrics. Pussy willow taffeta seems to be exactly right for making these garments, and is more delicate, dainty, fresh and attractive than any other silk could ever hope to be. It has the lively bouffant quality of taffeta without the corresponding harshness to the touch, for it is as softly pleasant to the skin as the sheerest silk. Another charm is the color of the material—a real flesh-color—not the bon bon pink that is so often described as flesh. Pussy willow taffeta for under garments comes in that faintly colored tint which is a cross between the delicate rose shade and a soft peach-blow, and this combination is a hybrid tone that is worthy of Luther Burbank.

Most of the more expensive garments are made of this pretty material, and the woman who likes plain but well made garments can at last find something to her taste, for many—in fact, most—of the styles are simple in design and very little disfigured with overdecoration. Hemstitched edges for camisoles and gowns, pointed or scalloped cuffs to bloomers, hand embroidery sparingly applied—these are the principal ornamentation of garments made of the pussy willow taffeta. Looking over a counter heaped with these lovely under things, it seems too bad that fashion should have decided that any other kind of clothes should be adopted for outer wear.

* * *

Ever since the days when Cleopatra decked herself in necklaces, chains and brooches of jeweled design, the bracelet has found favor in feminine eyes; and, for the matter of that, if history speaks true, admiration of bracelets has not been confined to the ladies only. But the popularity of this kind of jewelry has been an intermittent affair, because the wave of enthusiasm for the bracelet has risen and fallen with the cuff of the sleeve—long sleeves, no bracelets; short sleeves, bracelets in abundance.

This year sleeves have been chopped off with a ruthless hand by the designers of dresses and blouses, and the bracelet, which has only been lying fallow, has once more blossomed out. The latest type is a narrow flexible bracelet. Made up of many short segments, it hugs the arm closely and does not hamper the wearer. Some patterns are of chased gold, a few show enameled designs, and others are so closely set with brilliants as to give the effect of a band of shining stones.

One simple bracelet consists of three narrow bands of hammered silver—really three slim bracelets held together at one point by a slide just wide enough to hold a tiny inscription on the under side. The upper side of this connecting band is surmounted by a single sapphire embedded in the silver. The effect is light and airy and has the charm shared by all things that are hand made.

A small jewelry shop in town that makes a specialty of arts and crafts designs offers this bracelet and others of hand-worked metal. The beauty of buying at this little shop is that you may yourself have a finger in the designing of whatever you buy, so that your purchase bears the stamp of your own taste, and you may be sure that you will never be confronted with that most disconcerting spectacle—a lady with a bracelet on her arm exactly like your own.



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The Federation of Clubs

Mrs. McWhirter, Long Time Leader in Club Work, Outlines Organization Development.

By Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter

Past President of Indiana Federation of Clubs

The General Federation of Women's Clubs has a membership of approximately two million women in the United States and the few clubs among the American women in foreign countries. The organization is without creed, cast, or religious or political pronouncement.

The greatest thing that women's clubs have accomplished is the bringing of women together on a common ground of interest. This was done in the early days by the forming of a Woman's Literary Club, where a few town women of various church affiliations (for then these and the W. C. T. U. were the only women's organizations) were brought together. Primarily their interest was self-culture, but as the years went by, they became better acquainted and realized their kindred interests and ideals. By this association, what had been at first a plan for self-improvement and enjoyment, widened the interests of women and resulted not only in a desire for knowledge of the work of other clubs, but also a yearning to know other women more than superficially.

Naturally, as the years went on, the clubs increased in number. Early in the year 1889, Sorosis, of New York, issued an invitation to all the known clubs of this country to send delegates to the twenty-fifth birthday anniversary of that pioneer woman's club, which was held on March 20, (1889) in Madison Square theater, New York City. This invitation was sent to ninety-seven clubs. Delegates from sixty-one of these clubs were present and letters were received from six others.

At this notable meeting, the General Federation of Women's Clubs was formed. Of this meeting, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) writes, "It was a revelation of a new force in progressive womanhood—there was nothing aggressive in the work, no effort at propaganda, only the opening of doors and windows of souls, and consequent light and sunshine flowing in upon other minds and souls. It was the most wonderful of experimental gatherings. It has been repeated many times since, though perhaps never with the same thrilling effect."

Following the organization of the clubs into a General Federation of Women's Clubs, State Organizations gradually began to take form and Indiana was the first state to organize a state federation. The Indiana Union of Literary Clubs was organized in 1890 and Mrs. Josephine Martin, of Richmond, was the first president. That organization was a nucleus from which later came the Indiana Federation of Clubs.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs with its forty-eight State Federations, including many thousands of clubs, is a powerful agency in stimulating women to high endeavor in the support of ethical and Christian standards of living. It is wide in its scope, covering the following departments:

Fine Arts, including Music, Art, Literature.

Applied Education, including Education, Library Extension, Thrift, Home Economics.

American Citizenship, including Americanization, Community Service.

Public Welfare, including Health, Child Welfare, Conservation of Natural Resources, Industrial and Social Conditions, Civics, Civil Service.

Legislation, The Press and Publicity.

Each department is headed by a strong, capable woman. Under each department there are subdivisions headed by experts, who are writing, planning and holding conferences in the interest of their special lines and causing surveys to be made which add tremendously to the general good and arouse public interest in many social, economic and political subjects.

Indiana is honored by having Mrs. Edward Franklin White, of this city, chosen recently to head the Department of Legislation. Mrs. White has been admitted to the bar and she was the second woman to be admitted to practice at the Supreme Court of this state. She is also president of the Legislative Counsel of Indiana Women.

The business of The General Federation of Women's Clubs is conducted by a board of directors, which consists of the general officers, together with one woman elected by her state federation as its representative and the chairmen of departments. Indiana's director is Miss Vida Newsom, of Columbus, prominent club, charity and suffrage worker, and past president of the Indiana Federation of Clubs.

Through club life, women have been given a wider horizon, they have been stimulated to seek knowledge concerning the things of world-wide interest and importance as well as concerning those things more intimately connected with their own lives. Interest is being manifested everywhere among club women in hygiene, dietetics and sanitation, in the value of health measures and the various phases of child life, recognizing the inter-relation of these things to all classes of society. Much has been done along thrift, community service and Americanization lines that is well worth while.

Much thought has been given relative to the health and dress of girls and women. At one General Federation convention, a practical model for a woman's dress was favorably considered and it was named the "Biennial Dress." It is recognized that the power of commercial interests and advertising of style makers creates a condition to be reckoned with.

Every normal American woman seeks to make her own home the abiding place of love, truth and high and holy purposes. In such an effort she has found that not only does influence radiate from the home, but reflex influences sweep into the home. The child who crosses the threshold of his mother's home, goes out into an environment over which the mother should wield influence. Club women are recognizing more and more a social consciousness. With the vision of the ideal home, there comes a longing for higher community ideals and a more wholesome environment.

There is a deepening conviction that too little emphasis has been placed on the need of greater religious ideals and living. These things are claiming the attention of the serious-minded club women everywhere. They recognize that there is an increasing demand for higher religious and moral standards of living for the peoples' representatives in community and state life that emanates from the love of the home and its holiest interests.

Helen Dare has said:

"The women of the world have been divided from their sisters by caste, condition, distance, race, strangeness of tongue, differences of custom, variance of standards, while all the time they have been women and therefore, in need of each other. Generations flourished and faded in which the women on one side of this closely knit little old earth of ours wondered, in a remote and impersonal way, about women on the other side; and women passing each other on the same side of the street, drew their skirts away from each other, one in self-righteous rebuke, the other in scornful defiance, uncomprehending of each other.

"Through countless centuries this went on—men getting together, fighting, working, understanding each other, women lonesome, aloof, suspicious—and weak.

"Then in a period of time no longer than a single lifetime, the unlooked-for, the unheard-of was accomplished.

"Women drew together; women became genuinely, kindly interested in each other; women learned to know each other and understand each other with the inevitable result of finding themselves caring about each other—in an inclusive, tolerant, comprehending, compassionate, worldwide way.

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The Teaching Situation

Bricklayers and Salesmanship Cease Molesting Teachers Supply—Schools Getting Instructors.

The Indiana high school principal who lamented last spring because one of the members of his senior class working after school hours as an assistant to a railroad telegrapher made $145 a month while the city paid its principal $125 may soon hope to be able to look a hod carrier in the face.

Since the agitation for better salaries for teachers began in March the scale has been raised in Indiana from 25 to 50 per cent, according to Oscar H. Williams, superintendent of teachers training for the state board of education. This is serving to materially lessen the shortage of instructors in the state, he added.

That the war was the primary cause of the shortage is an old story. Men teachers went to the army or into various lines of war work, while most women who left the schools went to Washington to work for the government. The demobilization of the fighting forces did not see the return of the teachers to the schools, however. Instead, authorities awoke at the beginning of the last fall term to find that not only was there a serious lack of old teachers, but also of new ones. The normal schools reported enrollments much less than that required to meet future needs. It is likewise history that old teachers did not return and students did not prepare themselves to enter the profession because of the miserably low salaries they might expect. Teachers generally became aware that those who go high in their work possess qualifications for which the business world will pay more than well.

A typical instance is that of the young man teacher who came back from the army and was offered his old place at $1,500 a year. He told his superintendent that he really desired to return to the school room but he could go into his brother's drug store and make $2,500 with the immediate prospect of $3,500 so he could not afford to indulge his wish.

Men teachers have been going into all lines of business, with a stronger tendency toward salesmanship, possibly, than any other line, Mr. Williams says. Some found that they could make more as bookkeepers than as teachers. A few rolled up their sleeves and took jobs as factory laborers. Women took clerical positions, for which they were fitted by their Washington work, or went into some kind of social service, generally. Some of the fair ones have turned out to be excellent saleswomen.

This was the situation early in March when Governor Goodrich issued a proclamation setting aside the week of March 7 to 14 for the purpose of arousing public opinion to the point where teachers' salaries would be increased and young people influenced to go into the profession. Indiana was short between 3,000 and 4,000 teachers, it was said. Civic organizations got behind the movement and now, as Mr. Williams reports, conditions should be stabilized within a year or two.

"A peculiar aspect of the situation lies in the fact that raising qualifications has never resulted in driving teachers out of the profession, but rather in stimulating them to meet the higher standards," the educator said. "None appreciates more fully than the teachers themselves the justice of raising requirements of training, experience, and general fitness for their work. None will strive more earnestly or sacrifice more unselfishly to meet the increasing demands which society is likely to make of its teachers."

Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 7.)

sands of Cape Cod to write his life on the wave into curiously intense one-act plays. These plays the Provincetowners eagerly seized to make up their early bills and they have kept coming, if not at the rate of one for each production, at least in sufficient number to put their author in the front rank of contributors.

When I was in Boston the other day, I had refreshing and heartening proof of what summer music may be in an American city. The place was the singularly fit and comfortable home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The players were largely members of that organization with a few outside recruits. "The Symphony Hall Pops" is the name by which Boston knows this series of between-season concerts, and yet it might be staggering to many cities to call popular such a program as this:

Wagner Program

Second Polonaise ----------Liszt
Overture, "Fingal's Cave"-Mendelssohn
Waltz, "The Sleeping Beauty"
Tschaikowsky
Selections from "The Mastersingers"
Wagner
Dance of the Apprentices—Homage to Hans Sachs.
Fire Magic Scene from "The Valkyries"
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin"
Sailors' Chorus from "The Flying Dutchman"
Overture to "Tannhauser"----Wagner
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah"
Saint-Saens
Valse Triste ----------Sibelius
Enfantillage ("Children at Play")
Van Westerhout
Hungarian Dance in D major-Brahms

Boston took it, though, in just the proper mood of midsummer ease and unrestraint, and the audience scattered for home at 11, pleasantly stimulated and reinvigorated without the nervous exhaustion of the jazz. The air of informality supposed to be peculiar to popular concerts in European capitals was carried off without apparent self-consciousness. The main floor of the hall was set with tables and chairs where refreshments were served throughout the evening by discreetly tip-toed waitresses. The auditors smoked there if they liked or in any other part of the house. Altogether, it was the most sane and normal and satisfying experience in summer entertainment I have ever seen in this country. How long will it be before Indianapolis can take its summer music with as good grace and taste and intelligence?

KELLY-DEAN

Mrs. Charlotte Sherman Kelly and Mr. Randle C. Dean were married on July 14, in the parlors of the Second Presbyterian Church, Dr. O. D. Odell officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Dean left immediately for Chicago where they spent a few days, going on then to Boston. They will probably spend the rest of the summer at the seashore near Gloucester, Mass. Mrs. Dean is the "lady of the decoration" for the front cover this week.

The shorter the hair cutting styles the longer the prices. A man entering a barber shop with only a dollar is taking his life in his hands even now. And Indianapolis barbers are asking for more.

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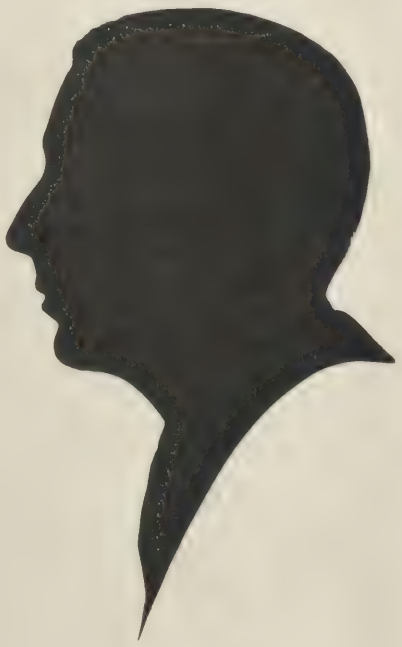
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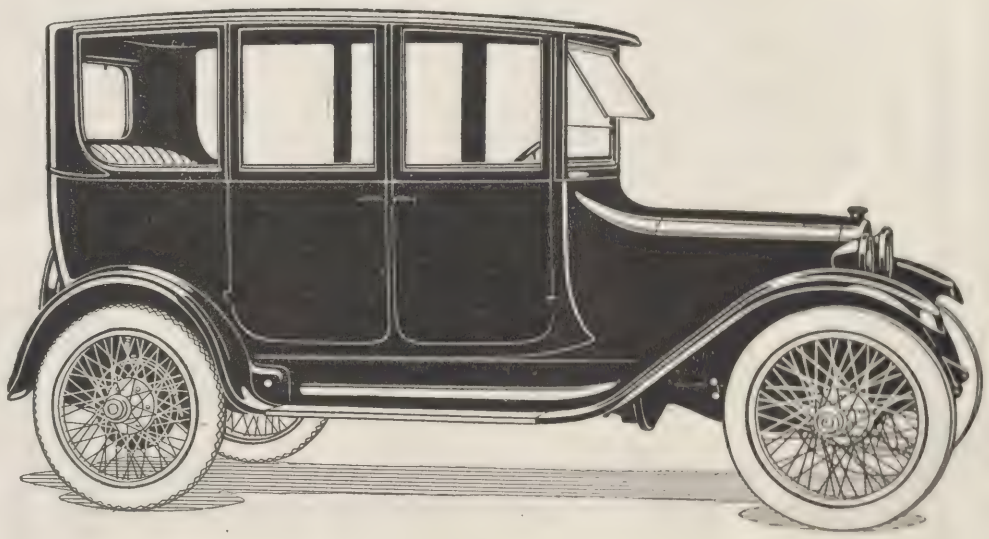
Topics

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1920 — NUMBER 7

Drama League Plans Busy Year

Indianapolis Center, Under New Officers, at Work on Program for Season of 1920-21—New Ideas Offered.

During the seven or more years that the Indianapolis Center of the Drama League of America has been established, it has done a great deal to stimulate the interest of Indianapolis people in the highest class of drama of all types—tragedy, comedy, farce and melodrama. It is planned, however, to top all the work that has been done so far by the program for the year of 1920-1921.

Although the regular work of the League is planned to carry on from October until early in June, as a rule, the program for next year is already beginning to take form so that by the time work is actively begun, every detail of the year's campaign will be well in hand. The officers for the coming year will be headed by Mrs. John T. Wheeler as president. Mrs. Wheeler states that there is to be no radical change in the scope or aim of the Drama League, but the program for next year is simply to expand and extend the work which has been carried on before through the various departments and committees of the organization.

The work of the committee on plays is one phase of league activity that is to receive particular attention. The function of this committee is to report to the league members on plays which are really worth while and well done, whether they are light or serious in character. Ever since the beginning of the Indianapolis Center, this work has been carried on under the leadership of Sidney Dailey, the committee getting its information as to the merits of the plays either by personal criticism or from the reports of the Play Going Committees of Drama Leagues in other cities, and sending out its bulletins to members well in advance of the coming of the play to Indianapolis, so that they may plan to attend one of the early performances. For it is a common fault of Indianapolis theatregoers to discover only on the last night of an engagement, or perhaps the night after the last performance, that a play is really worth while and should not be missed.

It is interesting to note in this connection that one of the plays recommended by the committee in 1918 was "The Gypsy Trail," which was presented here a few weeks ago by the Stuart Walker players. Bulletins have incidentally called attention to the summer season of the Stuart Walker Company, also.

Mr. Dailey is now a director of the board of the national organization of the Drama League, and he will not be chairman of the committee on plays next year, as his connection with the national society will prevent his taking quite as active a part as formerly in the local center. D. Lawrence Chambers of the Bobbs-Merrill Company probably will head the committee next season, and under his direction an attempt will be made to send out even more frequent bulletins on the good plays that come to Indianapolis. These bulletins have always been appreciated, and Drama League members will be glad to know of the proposed plan to increase their number, providing, of course, that the bookings at Indianapolis theatres warrant it.

Another method of familiarizing members with the best in modern drama is by the reading of plays. This work is carried on under the management of some one member who assigns the various parts, rehearses the cast, and presents the play at one of the open meetings. Last year "Abraham Lincoln" was one of the plays read. Mrs. Mary Flanner, who has always been interested in the league, but who has been away a great part of the time during the past two years, was in the city this spring and took charge of the reading of Drinkwater's play before the league. For next year, the plan is to have more readings than ever before.



MRS. JOHN T. WHEELER

Committee on Plays to Extend Scope of Its Endeavor and Play Reading Committee Will Be Active.

There has never been a year when the Indianapolis Center has not had from one to three receptions for notable actors who have visited the city. This phase of the organization's plan, as well as others, has been a bit neglected during the last few years when everyone has been so intensely interested in the war, but for next winter it is said that there will be more of these social affairs to permit Indianapolis people to have more intimate glimpses of notable actors.

Last year Mrs. Fiske spoke before a meeting of the club, and contrary to expectations, she took for her subject a decidedly non-theatrical subject, "The Protection of Food Animals on the Western Plains." Mrs. Fiske evidently is one of the few members of her profession who does not delight in talking shop on all occasions. Her interest in her subject, however, was quite sincere and not in the least a pose. She has, in fact, recently been elected president of the National League to Conserve Food Rnimals.

It is planned to increase the number of persons to be appointed on each committee, thus increasing the number of members actively engaged in work and stimulating the general interest in league activities.

If the arrangements for a memorial building are carried through successfully, the league will try to have plans made to incorporate a community stage in the building so that there will always be available space for plays of the league and other community theatrical organizations.

It is also planned to celebrate in some way the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims next January.

A pageant or masque may be developed for this occasion.

The phase of Drama League work which has enjoyed the greatest growth lately and which will be emphasized perhaps more than any other line during the coming year is the work of the Junior Dramatic League, the name given to the work done in the seventh and eighth grades in the city schools and carried on through the high schools. The aim of this organization is practically the same as that of the adult organization—to stimulate interest in good plays, and to cultivate the ability to enjoy the best. The Junior Drama League is under the direction of the educational department of the Drama League itself, and the members co-operate with the school teachers in supervising its work.

Mrs. William Watson Woollen, who is a member of the educational committee, has always been interested in the Junior Drama League, and Mrs. Leo K. Fesler was particularly active in directing junior activities last year. The work of these ladies was, of course, volunteer help, but they cooperated with Miss Katherine Kiefer, a graduate of the Curry School of Boston, who is employed to supervise the work.

Junior Drama League Centers were established at schools No. 9, No. 31, No. 47, Public Library No. 4, and the Northside Library. There was also a center at the John Herron Art Institute, and one at each of the three high schools. This total of nine shows up well over the record of the year before when there were only two centers in the whole city. It is planned to increase the number for next year.

The Junior League has so far devoted most of its energy to the production of plays, and the success that it has met with has been extremely gratifying. An hour a week after school is the only time that has been allotted to the work, but the children have been so interested in it that, as one teacher said, "Jonathan would perch on the edge of his seat all afternoon and behave like an angel, if he thought he was going to get to 'act in a play' after school." And Jonathan being one of the bad boys, this is surely proof of the children's appreciation of the opportunity to produce plays.

Most of the plays given were dramatizations of fairy tales such as "Goose Herd and Goblin," "Silver Thread" and "The Enchanted Garden." A sort of juvenile morality play, "Better Self," written by Miss Kiefer, was also produced and was a favorite with the children. It featured a little prince's wooing of a pretty princess, who, alas, was nearly always naughty and would not learn to listen to her "Better Self." Folk dances were also given, and a pageant, "The New Era," was produced at School No. 31.

The Costume Committee, which did good service, was under the leadership of Mrs. Leo K. Fesler, who was particularly active in all Junior Drama League affairs last year. All of the members seem to be agreed, in fact, that Mrs. Fesler was the moving genius of the junior work, and in a great measure responsible for the extraordinary success attained last year. Her aids in preparing costumes were Mrs. Irving King, Mrs. Hadley Green and Mrs. Edgar Eskew.

Matinees were given for the school children and the night performances were open to neighborhood audiences. A small admission fee was charged, half of which went to the school and half to the Junior Drama League. The funds obtained in this way enabled the organization to be self-supporting, and as a matter of fact, there is a substantial sum in the treasury for beginning operations next year. There has been a great deal of enthusiasm over the success of the Junior League and there are high hopes for its development next year.

It is hoped that there will be more volunteer help and that Miss Kiefer, or whoever is appointed to succeed her next year, will be left freer for training the children's voices and directing the older students in play writing.

The Drama League has developed greatly since the days when the Indianapolis Center was first organized, and some of the people who have stood by it since the days when it was first launched are Mrs. William Watson Woollen, Sidney Dailey, Mrs. Oliver Willard Pierce, Miss Lola Perkins and Mrs. Mary Flanner. All of these can testify that the league has had a fine influence in affairs theatrical in Indianapolis in the past, and the plans for the coming year certainly predict an even greater power for the future.

The officers for the Indianapolis Center of the Drama League of America for the year of 1920-21 are as follows: Mrs. John T. Wheeler, president; Mr. Robert Tracy, first vice-president; Mrs. Herbert Foltz, second vice-president; D. L. Chambers, third vice-president; Miss Elinor Garber, recording secretary; Mrs. Thomas E. Baxter, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. R. Eskew, treasurer.

The members of the board, elected for a term of two years, are Mrs. William Watson Woollen, Miss Stella Alig, Edward Harmon, Mrs. Benjamin D. Hitz. The members of the board elected for one year term are Miss C. A. Mering, W. J. Greenwood, Mrs. Leo K. Fesler, Charles Rush.

The chairmen of committees are as follows: Miss Augusta C. Mering, membership committee; William N. Otto, publicity committee; D. L. Chambers, play going committee; Miss Stella Alig, social committee. On the educational committee, Mrs. Woollen is chairman of the junior work in grade schools and libraries, and Miss Lola Perkins is chairman of the junior work in the high schools.

New Hoosier Writer Arrives

Not all of the great and growing multitude of Hoosier authors come from the cities and towns. Even the farmers are typewriting their way into literary fame. One of them, who was an Indiana farm boy when he went to a little red school house, is Herschell S. Hall, whose first book bears the title "Preferred Steel," issued by Dutton, New York. Years ago the new Hoosier author lived in a big white farm house in the valley of White Lick creek, east of Danville, a farm house where abundant living prevailed and a beautiful creek valley which abounded in swimming holes and fishing grounds. Herschell Hall knew them all.

But he went far, very far, from the peace of White Lick valley and its tasselling corn and waving golden wheat for the atmosphere of "Steel Preferred." After he had toiled and sweated before the furnaces in the big steel mills of the U. S. Steel Corporation and of the Republic Iron & Steel Co., at Cleveland, and after he had been an accountant in the general offices and private secretary to one of the general managers, there came the "big idea," a story of the mighty American industry of steel making. He tried his writing machine on a series known as the "Wally Gay" stories, and they have been appearing in the Saturday Evening Post.

Wally Gay, a character who typifies a steel mill worker, dominated the series of stories which have been cleverly threaded into one story in "Steel Preferred." He is an outcast who, as an infant, rode into Steelburg in a freight car loaded with pig iron, and he grows up in the big mills. For years he is a roustabout who does all the menial work that no one else will do. He is one of tens of thousands of steel mill laborers who do not have their chance, but when his chance comes he speedily rises high above the level of steel laborers—from errand boy to general manager being the span he makes.

In "Steel Preferred," the author, equipped with first hand information and experience, gives a vivid idea of the amazing bigness of the steel industry. He attacks certain evils which he has seen about some of the great plants of the country. He makes a plea for a better understanding between steel worker and employer. He urges that a chance be given a worker who shows ability to go forward, for there may be many more Charles Schwabs down in the ranks. There is no attempt at localization in the story, for its scenes may be found in any of the older and larger steel plants of Pittsburgh, Cleveland or Chicago, "Steelburg" being a mill town which may apply to any of them.

While the Hoosier author is one of the farm boys who deserted the country for industrial life in a big town, he has traveled around his circle and is again a farmer, living on broad acres of his own.

Local Boy Showing Talent



NORMAN DAVID LEVINSON

Norman David Levinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Levinson, perhaps one of the most talented of the younger geniuses in Indiana's art colony, was born in Noblesville, but has spent most of his life in Indianapolis.

A young chap of twenty years, he showed a keen aptitude for drawing from earliest childhood, and when only eight years old was a student at the Herron Art Institute, studying drawing from casts with Miss Tempe Tice. During his years at Shortridge High School he had the able supervision of Rhoda M. Selleck, and later was a student in anatomy and modeling with Myra Reynolds Richards.

His real genius for color and designs, with his earnest desire to perfect himself along these lines, caused his parents to send him to New York.

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A LEVINSON FIGURE

Great Gotham

Sing Sing's Mutual Welfare League Proves Convicts Masters of Realism in Public Dramatic Performance.

By Oliver M. Sayler

Over in the death house at Sing Sing, two men counted the minutes until they were to be executed—"murdered," in the grim parlance of the inmates. Before the fatal hour had been determined, a dramatic and vaudeville performance had been promised by these inmates to the outside world, perhaps the first of its kind in recorded history; and in the simple faith with which they order the affairs of their own little republic, the citizens of the Mutual Welfare League would keep their obligations to their guests. They would have a thought for their doomed comrades over the way, but they would play their parts and sing and dance and grimace—master realists in the business of living.

Sing Sing today seems to me the most bitter and at the same time the most inspiring example of realistic living I have ever seen. The sinister coincidence of theatrical performance and execution merely threw into high relief a fact which may be observed any day in the week inside the stockade up the river. International justice may have crumbled and domestic social righteousness may be in the balance; but in our penal institutions we have come a long way from prison stripes and ball and chain and shaved pates, and the men of the Mutual Welfare League at Sing Sing are a living argument for further progress. They have proved that they can face even the relentless fact of life imprisonment and yet make the most of their circumscribed opportunities.

The last glow of evening lighted us up the steps from the station and over the hill—that doleful path for so many hundreds. We couldn't help wondering as we almost tumbled down the steep descent at the entrance whether these stairs were intended to be symbolic of the beginning and the completion of prison life—down into oblivion and up into the world again. Perhaps they were designed to make escape more difficult. Or maybe they were only an accident of geography and architecture.

Inside the first open gate, our tickets were taken by a sergeant of the league who might have dropped them and run for it. But he didn't. The second gate likewise was open. Only the third gate grating was barred to us by a prison guard.

"Sixteen!" the guard sang out after a moment's wait, and we were counted inside the walls just as by a steward into a dining car or by the guides into the inner recesses of the Medici chapel in Florence. No dining car this, and no art gallery. As we instinctively tip-toed along the flagging, a canyon of stone and steel loomed on our right. And then another. Like nothing so much as library stacks, are these tiers of cells, the sole and unchangeable remainder of the old Sing Sing—library stacks where human books are stored away and forgotten.

Sing Sing isn't proud of its cells. It would scrap them tomorrow if steel and stone could be altered as readily as prison regulations.

"You see," said Frederick Mark later in the evening, "our business is to keep the men out of those beastly cells just as long as possible." Mark is chairman of the league's entertainment committee and his time is occupied the year round with devising pastimes for the inmates after working hours. To that end, he is assisted and encouraged in his work by the prison officials.

"Keeping the men out of their cells." Somehow that phrase struck a mental snag. What were they put in there for, if not to stay in their cells? That was the reason the cells were built and that was the reasoning of the old Sing Sing. A remnant of the old idea persisted today to intrigue a mind accustomed to the concepts of a more humane penology.

Just as Sing Sing tries and is encouraged to try to forget its cells, we put the canyons behind us, filed on into the prison yard, past the workshops and into the mess hall and on to the spacious chapel above it. Everything was made as plain and as easy for us as in a perfect hotel. League sergeants in gray trousers and neat but not uniform shirt waists directed us at every turn, thrust programs into our hands and found us seats. Emotional and mental impressions came so thick and fast that we hadn't time to order all we saw as we went along. Our desires were anticipated, as they should be by perfect hosts. It was not until the end of the evening, in fact, when we met the official blue once more at the gate on our way out, that we realized the last we had seen of a prison guard was the man who shouted "Sixteen!" as he let us in. Self-government at Sing Sing works. The proof that it works is that you don't notice its working.

* * *

I hardly know just why I went up the river that night. I suppose it was out of curiosity to see what kind of actors could be found among those whom society has condemned and locked away from the world. I'm sure I never expected to find that question absorbed and all but forgotten in amazement and admiration at the mechanism which made the performance possible—above all, the spirit of the mechanism.



WALTER HENRY ROTHWELL

Still, the work of convict comedians and tragedians demanded its share of the attention. It was a curious blend of college antics, "small time" vaudeville, a bit here and there deserving "big time," a flavor now of melodrama, now of the cabaret—and all conceived and carried out in a spirit born of the setting and of the attitude toward life and the world peculiar to its creators. No note of defiance here. Nor of patronizing penitence. Self-pity, perhaps, but not emphasized to the point of sentimentality. It is rather odd how all of the serious numbers on the program dealt with crime and its discovery, its punishment and its forgiveness. One might expect to find these men turning for their material as far as possible from their own grim existence, seeking relief and respite in romance and the imagination. But the spirit of Sing Sing today is to face life, not to escape it. Mark and his committee are considering such plays as "The Third Degree" and Galsworthy's "Justice" for future performances.

The lighter side of the program, too, had its flavor—a singular ironic note, the utter pole of self-pity, as if to say: "Yes, we know you didn't expect us really to sing and dance and kid ourselves. But we can do it just the same. Watch us! Of course, it isn't so strange that Clauter there can write lyrics and sing and clog. He's going to be out next year. But listen to that 'lifer' joking about things and places and people he'll never see again."

Back stage during the intermission, the wonder only increased at the labor required to put this entertainment together. The band in their trim uniforms were waking the echoes, but above it all we could hear Mark's voice telling us how the feat had been accomplished.

"The boys had only from four to seven after work each day," he said. "But you'd be surprised at their willingness

New York Throngs to City College Stadium to Hear National Orchestra, Led by Los Angeles Conductor

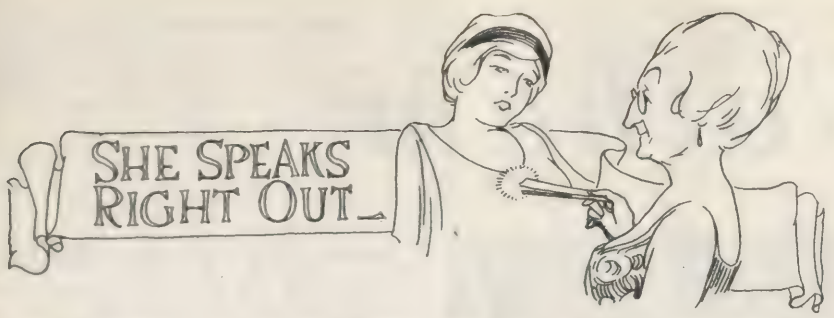
to help and the ingenuity they displayed. You see, we had to make with our own hands almost all the properties and costumes and the mechanical and electrical equipment. Of course, Saturday afternoons and Sundays really made it all possible."

* * *

Surely, the concept of crime as misdirected energy has received a new proof at the hands of the Mutual Welfare League and its entertainment committee. The acceptance of that theory at Sing Sing, following the original impetus of Thomas Mott Osborne, need cause no apprehension to those who fear the defeat of the legitimate purposes of imprisonment. Torture and punishment for revenge have long been abandoned as justifiable motives of penal legislation; but, on the other hand, no one desires to see the prison become a haven of rest and comfort for those who are unwilling to assume the obligations of life among free men. If anyone still retains such fears in connection with prison reform, he should have been the guest of the Mutual Welfare League the night of its first public performance. If his heart were hard, he might have been a bit perplexed at the thought of convicts taking pleasure out of giving pleasure to others, at the sight of heads held high with pride for their ability to govern themselves, at the glimpse of inmates in undisturbed conversation with friends and relatives from the outside world. But it would take a dull ear and a clouded eye to miss the one clean-cut tragic note, repeated explicitly and implicitly throughout the evening: the loss of freedom. No matter how human you make life within prison walls, there are still the walls, with all that they mean in actuality and in symbol.

To the casual visitor inside Sing Sing, especially on such an unusual occasion, life does not seem so intolerable. The men about you have faces like those you pass on the street. They must have feelings and thoughts and dispositions and sympathies like other men. Daily intercourse with them would not be despair. And yet, as you depart over the hill into the night, unchallenged, and the spider web of lighted cells disappears behind you, it is then that you understand what the convict means by freedom. And it is then that

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The fates and the weather have been more gracious to golfers this season, and have handed out goodly shares of ideal golfing weather. Perhaps this may be considered in the nature of a reward for merit, because until last year there were so many war duties to claim the energies of prominent Indianapolis women that it seems only fair that now when there is time to be devoted to golf, the weather should contribute to the success of a good golfing season by deciding to be agreeable. In company with many other sports that have languished during war time, golf is "picking up," and the number of women players to be seen on the courses at the various clubs this year is greater than since "before the war."

At the Country Club, this renewed interest in athletics is shown in the tournament play which has been a feature of ladies' day at the links. There has been some match playing all season on Thursdays, but the annual tournament to decide the women's championship of the Country Club was only completed this month, Mrs. J. L. Gavin defeating Mrs. Lucius B. Swift.

Some of the better players and the most enthusiastic of the women golfers at the Country Club are Miss Emma Martindale, Mrs. Frederic M. Ayres, Mrs. William H. Stafford, Mrs. John P. Frenzel, Mrs. Nicholas H. Noyes, Mrs. Gordon B. Tanner, Mrs. Wilbur C. Johnson, Mrs. Charles Latham, Jr., Mrs. R. M. Hughes, Mrs. Donald P. Hawkins, Miss Lucyanna Joss, Mrs. John T. Jameson, Mrs. Noble Dean, Mrs. Charles Millard, Mrs. G. Barret Moxley, Mrs. Henry C. Atkins, Mrs. Ralph Lemcke, Mrs Samuel H. Dowden, Mrs. Eugene Miller, Mrs. Charles Schaf, Jr., and Mrs. William C. Bobbs, a most imposing array of feminine golfers.

Mrs. Otto Haueisen is one of the best players and was in the semi-finals of the tournament, but unfortunately found it necessary to leave town before the time scheduled for her match to be played. Mrs. Douglas C. Jillson is also one of the outstanding players. Mrs. Sylvester Johnson is chairman of the Women's Golf Committee, and has been instrumental in promoting an interest in golf among the women of the club.

Golf on the Highland course has also received more attention from the women players than ever before. A few of the prominent players who are often seen on the links are Mrs. D. H. Hammond, Mrs. B. C. Stevenson, Mrs. R. P. Henderson, and Mrs. R. A. Young, Mrs. Emerson Chaille, Mrs. Frank Carroll and Mrs. Lucius M. Wainwright. Many of the women, of course, play at either the Country Club, the Highland course or Woodstock.

At Highland there has been a good deal of team play on Fridays, ladies' day, and frequently on Sundays there are interesting foursomes with the men. There are three or four of the women who are out nearly every day practicing, and it is rumored that these assiduous players are planning to enter the Western Women's Golf Association tournament, which will be staged at Chicago the twenty-third to the twenty-eighth of August.

The golf links at Woodstock are in good condition, but not many of the women have turned out for play, due to the fact that a great many leave town early in the season. Another drawback has been the rather slow start in organizing committees this season. Miss Carolyn Coffin, the Misses Gardner and many others of the younger set frequently play at Woodstock, but on the whole this season there have been few women who have gone in seriously for golf at Woodstock. The course is the oldest one in the vicinity of Indianapolis, but it is only a nine-hole course, and the women who are keenest on the game prefer to play the eighteen-hole courses.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Williams left last week for White Sulphur Springs, Atlantic City, New York and Nantucket.

The Misses Susan and Elizabeth Chipman are spending part of the summer in New York, where they are taking work in the summer school at Columbia University.

Miss Marjory Taylor is expected to arrive from New York this week to visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Robert Failey and children are spending part of the summer at the Hume cottage at Burt Lake.

Mrs. Joseph E. Bell and son, Laurence, will spend the remainder of the summer at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.

Mrs. Keifer Mayer has gone to Walloon Lake.

Judge and Mrs. A. B. Anderson will open their cottage at Burt Lake for the summer this week.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of the Stuart Walker Company, will be the guest at a dinner to be given by the Woman's City Club Friday evening August 13.

Must Have It

A friend and admirer of Topics—no, not the circulation manager, just a friend of his—was inquiring at some of the various newsstands in the city in regard to sales of Topics. All reports were most encouraging until he chanced to pass the newsstand at the corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets, in charge of young Isadore Goldman, of 1106 South Illinois St.

As he bought his morning paper he inquired, "Well, how is Topics taking, George?"

"Taking!" replied the newsboy. "Taking ain't in it. It's being took. Why, last Friday night the other boy and I shut up the stand and went out to the Junior Baseball League meeting. When we got back, the stand was all right, but the next morning—the gate was torn off of the front of the stand and seventeen copies of Topics were gone."

"Hard lines," said the f. and a. of Topics.

Indianapolis seems resolved to have its weekly copy of Topics even if burglary is necessary to get it.

Red Cross Still Busy

Miss Mary Kappes, Recently Back From the Border, Tells of Activities.

The business of being the only assistant to a very busy Red Cross field director in an army camp is thoroughly entertaining and interesting, according to Miss Mary Kappes, who has recently returned to her home in North Pennsylvania street from service with the Red Cross in Nogales. The town itself is almost ninety per cent Mexican by birth, training, or sympathy. The camp of about three thousand soldiers is composed almost entirely of colored troops, and the common or garden variety of white American citizen is decidedly in the minority. Nogales is a border town, nothing but a barbed wire fence dividing Nogales, U. S. A., from Nogales, Sonora, Mex. Automobile holdups on the roads leading into Nogales are weekly occurrences, and do not interfere in the least with the ordinary daily routine. Naturally, life in Nogales has few dull moments.

Since the close of the war, some people have lost interest in Red Cross activities and feel that perhaps the organization is no longer needed. Such an idea, Miss Kappes says, is entirely erroneous. There is, of course, no great need for Red Cross nurses, doctors, etc., in the army at present, but though the scope of the work which the Red Cross has to do in the army has decidedly narrowed down, within its limits it is quite important. The home service conducted by the Red Cross has a representative in every camp, who has a definite place in military life.

Any difficulties which the soldiers may have in securing allotments for their families, for savings accounts, etc., are handled by the home service representatives. For instance, to cite an unusual case, one member of the colored division had an old mother living in Barbados, British West Indies. Months had gone by and her money from her boy had never reached her, though it had been deducted from his pay. Investigation by the home service revealed that the blank which the allottee is required to sign before the allotment is delivered had never been returned to the army officials, due to the fact that the mother could neither read nor write. This matter was therefore handled on a special basis, and the proper allowance from the soldier's pay delivered to the mother in Barbados.

Another case in which the home service is of great assistance to both the soldier and the army authorities is in instances where a soldier asks for a furlough and army officials have cause to doubt the veracity of his claim for leave from camp. A soldier, as well as an office boy, may upon occasion make use of an excessive number of deceased relatives. The easiest way out of a difficulty of this sort is to refer the matter to the home service. The Red Cross is so organized that a telegraphed report on any soldier's family may be received from any part of the United States, even the most remote country farm, within forty-eight hours after the inquiry is sent. This report is official and reliable, and decides without question the merit of a soldier's request for a furlough. If the necessity arises, the soldier may borrow up to $35.00 from the Red Cross to pay his railroad fare.

This type of work is being done by the Red Cross almost exclusively now. The army has taken over the old Y. M. C. A. recreation hut and provides very well for that phase of camp life, heretofore carried on in great part by the Red Cross and other outside organizations. However, at the camp hospital at Nogales a recreation room is maintained by the Red Cross for convalescent soldiers.

Miss Kappes says the colored troops appreciate deeply all that the home service does for them. Their situation is rather difficult because of the fact that before the coming of the colored troops the colored population of Nogales numbered only two. The soldiers are therefore almost entirely dependent on camp life for entertainment and recreation. The town, however, has opened its motion picture houses to the troops and in all but two of the restaurants the colored soldier is admitted. The troops still need the services that the Red Cross can render through its home service and peace has not by any means terminated the usefulness of this important factor in military life.

Miss Kappes was with the Red Cross in France for sixteen months, as a nurse's aid prior to the armistice, and later in the same line of work as that in which she was engaged at Nogales

Anna Pavlowa, Supreme Artist

Russian Danseuse Acclaimed as the Greatest Genius Yet Produced by the Dancing Stage. An Actress as Well

By Ona B. Talbot

All beautiful things are difficult. So goes an old Greek proverb. Everyone knows the divine and beautiful simplicity of a masterpiece is the last word of art, the final perfection wrought by years of study, industry and patience and training. In a superlative degree is this true of the art of dancing. For in this art there is something derived from music, something from drama, something also from the painter's art. Music is the expression of what goes on within your soul and the soul of nature. And to these emotions the poet gives expression in verse, the painter in his pictures, and the dancer in his dancing.

It is traditional that the three most famous dancers in the last hundred years have been Marie Taglioni, Fanny Elssler and Anna Pavlowa.

Marie Taglioni, an Italian ballet dancer, was born at Stockholm in 1804. In his interesting reminiscences of famous dancers, Maurice Halperson writes: "In May, 1882, I happened to see the divine Fanny Elssler's great rival, Marie Taglioni, who had revolutionized the art of the ballet and who was the idol of artistic Paris under Louis Philippe, the 'citizen king.' When Marie Taglioni was pointed out to me at Marseilles, I did not discover in her the captivating personality that was Fanny Elssler's; rather she was a human wreck, a poor old woman who moved my heart to deep pity. I distinctly recollect the circumstances. It was a sombre, rainy day, better belonging to November than to May, better suited to foggy London than to sunny Marseilles. The weather was



MARIE TAGLIONI



ANNA PAVLOWA, AND HER DANCING PARTNER, HUBERT STOWITTS

so unpleasant that I was glad to take refuge in a 'bus,' accompanied by a cousin who was my amiable cicerone in the lively commercial emporium of la belle France. Hardly had we made ourselves comfortable in the conveyance, when my companion whispered: 'There is an interesting person seated opposite us, but please do not look at her immediately as she may notice that I am calling attention to her.' I cast a glance upon the lady designated, using all my discretion, but could discover nothing especially remarkable in the shabbily dressed elderly individual thus indicated to me. Her thin and seemingly somewhat deformed body was clothed in an old-fashioned silk dress of faded dark blue; a cheap brown shawl encircled her shoulders negligently; a poor old black hat, with jet trimming covered her gray hair, while her hand closed almost convulsively on an old umbrella with a broken ivory handle. I looked into her haggard face, but noticed that the eyes which seemed to me dark gray, like steel, were intense and penetrating. How pitiable seemed her features, somewhat distorted as if she might have suffered from a stroke; the very long pointed nose had undue importance in the wan face and her whole appearance, in fact, was more likely to arouse pity than any other feeling. When she arose to leave the 'bus,' I noticed that her back was decidedly bent. At this moment my cousin murmured: 'And now I will tell you that poor old woman is—Marie Taglioni.'

"I was dumbfounded. Marie Taglioni, the greatest classic dancer the world had ever produced! Fanny's rival! Was she still living—and in such adverse circumstances? Marie Taglioni's name had, of course, become a mere tradition and the present generation had lost all interest in her; for at least thirty-five years had elapsed since the great dancer had retired. But Fanny Elssler, her contemporary, was still living in Vienna and enjoying, in her placid old age, the fruits of her great life's work, so that it was not so strange that Marie Taglioni should still be among the living also.

"My eye followed the woman's lamentable figure. There she stood on the sidewalk trying in vain to open her old umbrella. No doubt it had seen better days like its mistress, and both deserved an honorable and quiet old age. The 'bus' moved ahead while I was still looking at her with real pain in my heart as she stood struggling, exposed to the incessant rain. I would have liked to follow her and ask her if I could do something for her. But my companion remarked: 'She would take it as an insult. She is so proud and defiant!' And I put the question to myself: 'How is it possible that an artist who had the whole world at her feet could have experienced such a downfall?' But we all know that one single big mistake is often sufficient to ruin a whole career. Marie Taglioni's life had been ruined by a disastrous marriage."

Fanny Elssler and Taglioni, old Favorites, Her Greatest Rivals for Position of Supremacy in the Art.

The celebrated dancer came from a famous artist family. Her mother's father was a renowned singer, named Karsten, and intimate friend of Gustav III, King of Sweden. The celebrated singer's daughter married the tenor, Filippo Taglioni, who devoted himself later on to the dance and became the ballet-master of the Court Opera in Stockholm. During the last two years of her life she lived with her son at Marseilles, where she died on the 23rd of April, 1884. Taglioni is frequently mentioned in the novels of Balzac; and Thackeray in "The Newcomes" says that young men of that epoch "will never see anything so graceful as Taglioni in 'La Sylphide'."

Fanny Elssler, Austrian dancer, was born in Vienna on June 23, 1810. From her earliest years she was trained for the ballet, and made her appearance at the Karntner-Thor Theatre in Vienna before she was seven. She almost invariably danced with her sister, Theresa, who was two years her senior; and, after some years' experience together in Vienna, the two went in 1827 to Naples. Their success there—to which Fanny contributed more largely than her sister, who used to efface herself in order to heighten the effect of Fanny's more brilliant powers—led to an engagement in Berlin in 1830. This was the beginning of a series of triumphs for Fanny's personal beauty and skill in dancing. After captivating all hearts in Berlin and Vienna, and inspiring the aged statesman, Friedrich von Gentz, with a remarkable passion, she paid a visit to London, where she received much

(Continued on Page 18.)



FANNY ELSSLER

Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

ELECTION YEAR

More and more it begins to look as if business is trying to talk itself into the quadrennial doldrums of election year. People everywhere are apprehensive of this and that, and figure the best thing they can do is trim their sails and sit tight in the boat. After next March, maybe, they can loosen up again. Things will either be different then, or they won't be different. If they are different, business will know how to steer its course. If they are not different, why, business will have to find some way to get along.

Meanwhile, we are to let nine months go by the board, drifting along until after inauguration ceremonies have been completed. To a man up a tree, this policy looks like foolishness.

In the old days, it may be granted for the sake of argument, there might have been some sense in the suspension of activities during a campaign year. Then there was the protective tariff, the money question, and what not, having a vast deal to do with domestic business conditions. But nowadays the chief things to worry about are taxes and the international situation.

If the business world is hoping for surcease from the overplus of taxation, it is hoping a vain hope. If the Republicans win the forthcoming election, as the business world expects, they will have to bring a miracle to light in order to remove or seriously modify the Government's financial requirements from its people. The income taxes and excess profits taxes might be removed, but what then? Tariff can not be levied to bring in one-tenth of the Government requirements. Sales taxes would be just as irksome as any other. Bonds could not be sold to fund the Government needs, for more attractive bonds than Government bonds are already going begging. And so are Government bonds.

As for the international situation, it is, for purposes of business, simply this: The world wants to buy and we want to sell. It will still want to buy after next March, whether Harding or Cox is elected, and we shall still want to sell.

Just what is to be gained by the policy of sitting tight through the better part of twelve months, because a campaign is on, is hard to see. Business flatters politics, rather unnecessarily—and expensively.

GETTING IT RIGHT

Not long ago the administration was fixing prices, and now, says the Boston Herald, prices are fixing the administration.

The Herald should have said prices have been fixing us, and now we are fixing the administration. But a lot of people are beginning to wish that sugar, coal and a few other staples really could be fixed.

That may be the way it looks in New England. But the Baltimore Sun says the G. O. P. platform is mindful of Paul's advice to be all things to all men.

HARD TO PLEASE

The Wilson administration has a terrible time trying to satisfy the Chicago Tribune. It never did wind up the war to suit the Tribune, and it made a horrible mess of the Mexican situation, from the Tribune standpoint. Now it has gone and mussed up the navy. How?

It has sent part of the navy to the Pacific to let the Japanese have a look at it, and left part of it in the Atlantic for the benefit of the British. The Tribune says the navy should never be divided; for in union, only, is there strength. The Tribune does not say whether all the navy should be kept in the Atlantic to awe the Britons or somebody else in Europe, or all of it sent to the Pacific to pale the so-called yellow peril.

ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT

Whatever else it may have left undone, the legislature succeeded in passing measures necessary to assure the salaries and expenses of legislators.

TIRED BUSINESS MEN

Mr. Sayler, and now the movie editor, have been talking of the Tired Business Man. The question arises, what makes the Tired Business Man tired?

To the office at nine, to fight with the garage people at ten, to lunch at twelve, back at two, to golf at three, to dinner at seven—it is a hard life indeed. But one guess is as good as another.

Why is the Tired Business Man tired?



In the first two acts of "A Little Journey," next week's attraction of the Stuart Walker Company at the Murat, the action takes place in a transcontinental Pullman car. This ingenious comedy is the work of Rachel Crothers, author of "39 East," and "Old Lady 31." The play enjoyed a notable run on Broadway last year, while the company on tour closed a limited engagement in Chicago two weeks ago.

The curtain rises just as the little journey is beginning. There is the usual flurry that accompanies train departures from New York. However, the occupants of the car soon settle down for the trip that is ahead. The Hudson tunnel is scarcely crossed when the conductor enters. Julie Rutherford, an attractive young girl who is on her way to Greenville, Montana, is unable to find her ticket. There is a general search made, to no avail. Julie is about to be put off the train when Jim West, a home-bound ranchman, pays Julie's fare.

It is this little act of kindness that starts the idle tongues of the gossip-gadders to wagging. Julie is shunned by her fellow-travelers. During the night of the third day out of New York the train is wrecked. The third act occurs on a hillside along the railroad track. The survivors of the Pullman car are huddled together around a camp fire. The attitude of the passengers toward Julie and Jim has completely changed. Their common misfortune has driven all the meanness and selfishness from them. From out the debris there grows a feeling of magnanimity toward the lovers.

In the Stuart Walker production of "A Little Journey" will be found an admirable cast of over twenty. Marjorie Vonnegut and McKay Morris will play the principal roles. In support are John Wray, Elizabeth Patterson, Thomas Kelly, Judith Lowry, Elliott Nugent, James Webber, Lael Davis and Oscar Craik.

Gossip of the Village

Neville Crowder, the shoe man, has bought a lot in the woods on Winthrop avenue near Fall Creek, not very far from John Clough, the ad man, and Bob Franklin, the spark plug maker.

Colorado won't really get acquainted with Will Wade until it asks him to put over a Liberty Loan or two.

Fred Grumme claims the left-handed insurance men's tennis championship of Marion county.

Who remembers when C. L. Kirk, golfer and water company head, was Monon agent at Broad Ripple, and besides looking after railroad business made his office the business, politics and social headquarters of the township?

If Guy Wall could design a motor car that would travel as fast as a tennis ball when Fred Wellman bats it over the backstop, the Nation would stand even higher in the auto world than it does now.

With the Democrats going on their pilgrimage to French Lick and the Republicans going to Marion, Ohio, to sit at the feet of Warren Gamaliel Harding, there might be a let-up here at home on political talk. But there probably won't be.

It is rumored that Henry Spaan approves the Democratic administration's record.

Suppose the builders of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument had been as enthusiastic as our present day politicians over the memorial project. The monument would undoubtedly be as tall, and the Circle as big around, as a thimble.

Leave it to a referendum? Sure. The politician's motto is: "Take nothing for granted except everything that is loose when nobody's looking."

It's a wise legislature that knows when it's done.

Alice Foster McCullough is no longer a Democratic delegate-at-large. She has moved to Indianapolis.

How about a day off for Washington street? According to The News the board of public works has "approved orders for the vacation of the Brookville road from Walnut street to St. Clair street." A news item quite in order for the "heated period," but why discriminate against the rest of the road?



The investment market, according to bankers and bond men of the city, continues slow. There has been little money available for investment, except such as has gone into the various attractive preferred stock offerings. These industrials, with their 8 per cent return and some of them with their common stock bonus plans, continue attractive to investors.

Utilities are still inactive because they have not yet succeeded in getting their rates up to the point where they can guarantee satisfactory earnings.

Rails are as badly congested in the market as they are in their own terminals. Whatever chance there was for improvement in the railroad securities market was knocked galley west by a facer in the form of a $600,000,000 wage award, and the solar plexus of the Pennsylvania in its announcement laying off 12,000 men. Little activity is expected in rail shares or bonds for some time to come.

There has been little change in the money market in the last week. The banks are getting, in most cases, 8 per cent for their money, but they are not lending as much as they were six weeks ago. Business men generally seem to have shifted their activity from borrowing to collecting, to keep their affairs moving. Collections are reported as generally slow.

Undoubtedly the most absorbing topic of the investment and financial world the last few days has been the action of the Pennsylvania railroad in cutting down its operating forces. Comment on this action reflects all shades of opinion.

If the Pennsy could not move all its freight with all its men, how can it help the freight situation with only part of its force at work? If these 12,000 men, now laid off, were necessary under Government control and while the Government guarantee continued, why are they laid off now? If the Pennsylvania, serving and in some cases dominating the soft coal fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, lays off men while the coal mines howl for service and the rest of us beg for fuel, what will we burn in our homes and factories next winter? Is the Pennsylvania simply trying to take some of the cockiness out of the attitude of labor?

These and many other questions are asked. In some quarters it is suggested that Pennsy is merely anticipating industrial depression, but there is not much agreement with this view. The general opinion in financial circles continues to be that business will be good as soon as, by readjustment of money rates, reorganization of credit and a general tightening of the belt, production can be devoted to the staple necessities that were neglected first for war purposes and then for the mania for luxuries that swept the country.

New York Central and other railroad men say business is good. Judge Gary, whose views carry weight because of his intimate knowledge of the steel business, was decidedly optimistic in a statement commenting on business conditions a few days ago. In some quarters the opinion is ventured that the Pennsylvania officials simply have been feeling jumpy because this is a campaign year.

Investment houses here look for increasing business within a few weeks.

A Tip to Motorists

The front trucks of the engine jumped the track after the pilot had struck the automobile. Plowing along on the ties, they dragged the rear truck off the rails, and then the train came to a grinding, jarring stop. The engineer, probably on the verge of hysteria, came running back to the crossroads. It was near Greenwood.

"How many did I get?"

That was his first question. Three people in the automobile had been killed.

Grewsome, isn't it? Yet it is a story told so frequently that it is becoming a commonplace.

A word to the motorists may not be sufficient, but it may help some. The passenger or freight engineer can not stop for every crossing. You can. You have everything to gain, and little but time to lose, in coming to a full stop.

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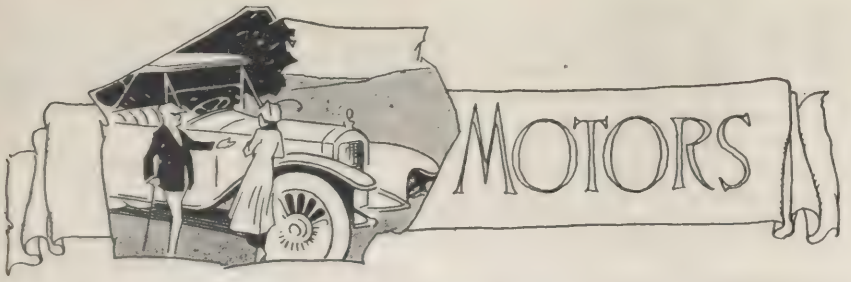
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

Not so many years ago a rash and daring automobile dealer in a moment of utter abandon rented space at the Indiana State Fair and placed therein a horseless carriage of the latest vintage.

Many came to rubber and remained to scoff. The general verdict seemed to be "she ain't practical." Now the biggest thing in the whole State Fair is the big automobile show and the grudged space of a few years ago now has become a tremendous building specially adapted for automobile exhibition purposes.

The first steps toward holding the twenty-first semi-annual automobile show under the auspices of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association in conjunction with the 1920 Indiana State Fair, September 6-11, were taken this week when notification was sent out by the Indiana State Board of Agriculture that all cars in storage at the Manufacturers' Building at the State Fair grounds must be removed by August 15.

Indications are that this fall's show will be the largest and most successful in the history of the association. John Orman, who has been active manager of every automobile show ever held in Indianapolis with one exception, again will be in charge. Already he has received many applications for space both from foreign and local concerns, and he predicts that this year's fall show will house as complete a display of automotive products as any fair show in the country.

The Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association has established a reputation for giving high class, clean cut shows. A strict censorship is exercised over all applications for space, and great care is taken to maintain the high standard already established. No stock jobbing or other propositions of questionable character are permitted to do business, and the public is assured that only legitimate, reliable concerns are permitted on the floor.

One of the rules that has met with the greatest favor has been the one governing the decorations and arrangement of the booths. The decorations and signs are uniform in size, shape, coloring and general character, and the biggest dealer or richest concern has no advantage in any way, except as to space, over the moderate sized concern of limited financial means.

So great has become the demand for space that a new system of allotment is being considered by which no dealer will be permitted to exhibit more than one car of the same model. Heretofore dealers have in some instances shown three or more cars of the same model, varying in color, upholstery or equipment only.

A new feature that will result in greatly increased attendance is the abolition of separate admission charges to the automobile show. This year the admission ticket to the State Fair will admit the holder to the automobile show as well.

The Manufacturers' Building, completed last year, was built with the express intention of giving a suitable place for the display of automobiles. As a result Mr. Orman has a simplified task in providing for the housing of the exhibits and entertainment of the visitors. There will be plenty of rest rooms and plenty of music, features that have appealed strongly to automobile show visitors in the past.

R. V. Law, president of the association, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the State Fair show. He says that it is his experience that a show at the State Fair reaches a class of prospective customers that never attend a regular spring automobile show, and that many converts are made to the use of commercial cars and trucks as well as to pleasure machines.

The following firms have sent in requests for space in the twenty-first semi-annual fall automobile show, to be held in conjunction with the Indiana State Fair, September 6-11:

Boozer-Patterson Co., Auburn and Gardner; Buick Motor Co., Buick; Cartinhour-Bowman Co., Federal and Huffman Trucks; Coffin-Brown Co., Stutz; Conduitt Auto Co., Peerless and Chalmers; Fisher Auto Co., Packard and Reo; Hawkins-Van Deusen Co., Grant and Skelton; Indiana Motor Co., Kissel-Kar; Jones-Whitaker Sales Co., Chevrolet; R. V. Law Motor Co., Hudson and Essex; Lexington Motor Sales, Lexington; Losey-Nash Motor Co., Nash; Losey-LaFayette Motor Co., LaFayette; Martin Truck Co., Stewart; Master Motors Co., Scripps-Booth and Westcott; Nordyke-Marmon Co., Marmon; Oakland Motor Car Co., Oakland; Sanders-Haynes Motor Co., Haynes; Wm. Small Co., Monroe; E. W. Steinhart Co., Dodge Brothers and Cadillac; Welbon Automotive Co., Chandler and Cleveland; Guarantee Tire & Rubber Co., Accessories; International Rubber Sales Co., Accessories; Rub-Tex. Products, Inc., Accessories.

The automobile committee in charge of supplying automobiles for the G. A. R. National Encampment appointed by Edward A. Kahn, chairman of the executive committee, consists of: John B. Orman, chairman; Mrs. Chauncy De W. Meier, Mrs. Wilbur Johnson, F. Ellis Hunter and George A. Crane.



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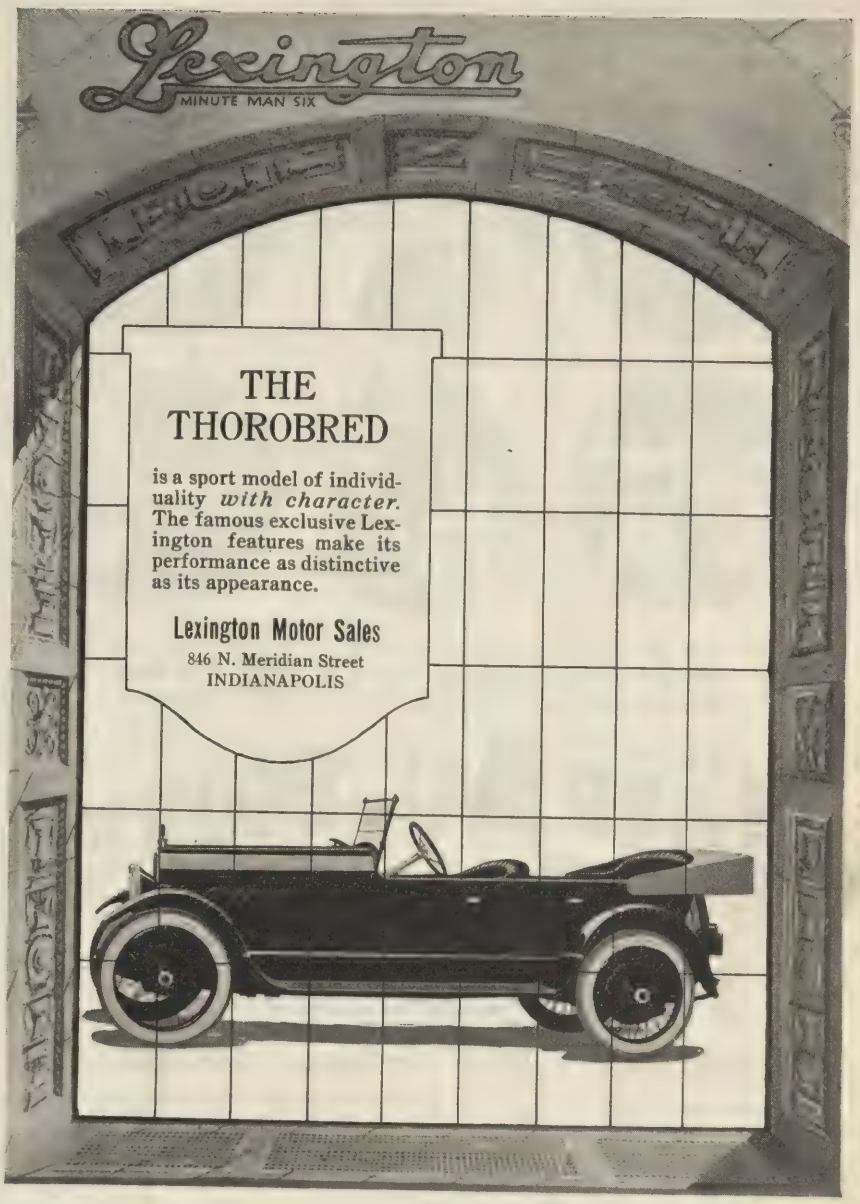
Marjorie Vonnegut's Art

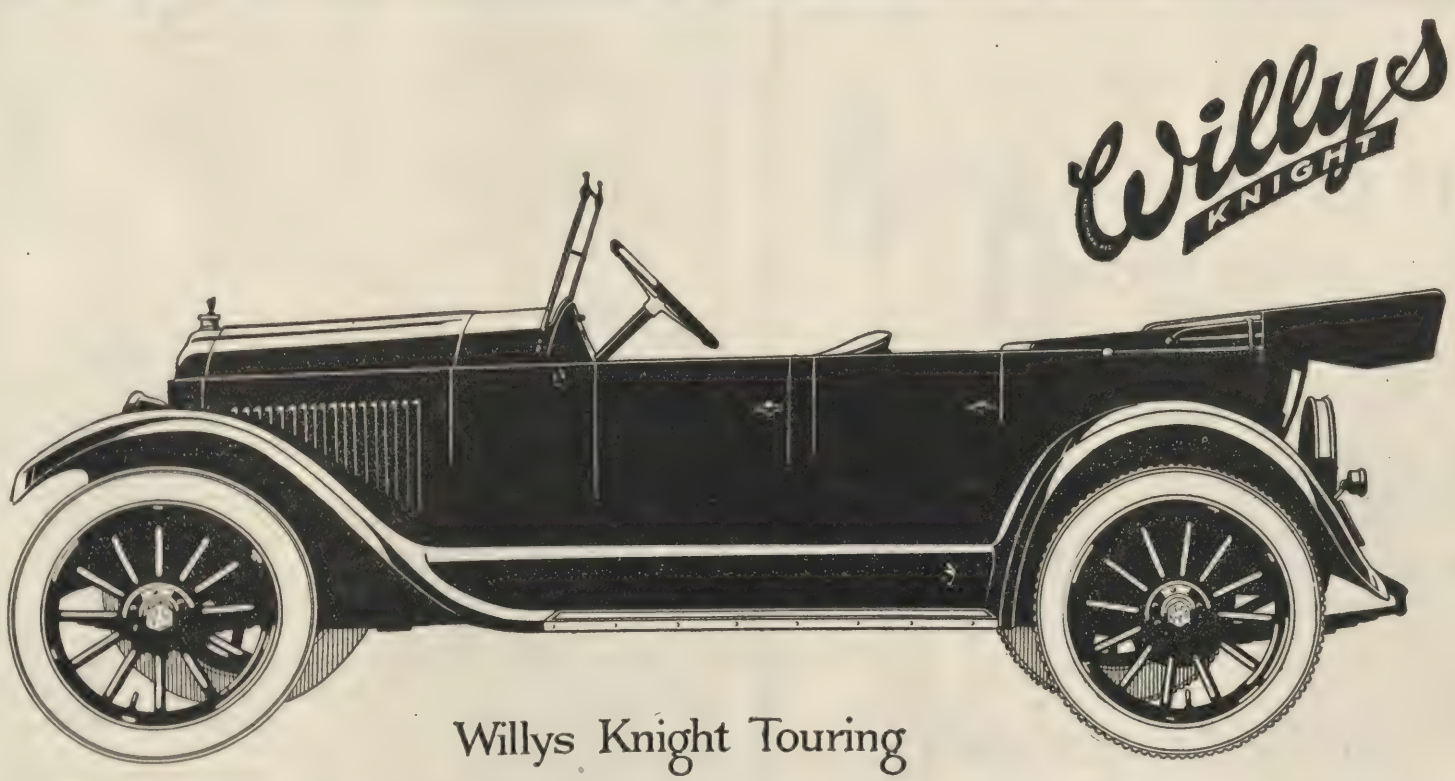
Giving Up Summering for Mummering, Indianapolis Girl Pleases Friends by Her Dramatic Work at Murat.

In response to an S. O. S. from the Murat Theatre, Marjorie Vonnegut has come down from Lake Maxinkuckee, where she has been summering, to take a part in the Stuart Walker Company. During the two weeks that she has been here, she has proved a most welcome addition to the Walker Players, and Indianapolis audiences have received this "native daughter" enthusiastically. Mrs. Vonnegut has found work with the Stuart Walker Company and playing to Indianapolis folks an enjoyable business, and it is to be hoped she will remain with the company for the rest of their summer season.

The first role in which Marjorie Vonnegut has been seen in Indianapolis was in "The Lodger" as Miss Harding, the lovely damsel in distress in a Bloomsbury lodging house, where her loveliness and distresses combine to give a new interest in life to the mysterious Lodger. While the part is a conspicuous one, Mrs. Vonnegut presented it with such a sweet dignity and daring demureness as to win easily an audience that was already prepared to be highly pleased with Marjorie Vonnegut. In "Baby Mine" this week Mrs. Vonnegut is playing the part of Aggie, the friend and confidante of Zoie Hardy, the wife who is involved in all sorts of complications due to a mix-up of husband and three babies. While Mrs. Vonnegut gives a thoroughly adequate performance, this rollicking type of farce is not the ideal role for her, and it is announced she will have a part in "The Little Journey," which is to be played next week. This comedy of a Pullman car offers a more congenial role for Mrs. Vonnegut in the part of the young miss whose adventures begin when she finds that her railroad ticket is not present, that she hasn't sufficient funds to pay a cash fare, and that an interesting and apparently respectable young man is willing and even eager to lend her the money to pay the New York to Denver fare. Indianapolis will be fortunate to have the opportunity to see Mrs. Vonnegut in this clever and amusing role.

Marjorie Vonnegut was formerly Marjorie Potts, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Potts, and she is a true Hoosier, for she was born in Woodruff Place, and has always lived in Indianapolis, except for intervals of travel abroad and several years' stay in the East. To go on with this biographical paragraph, we were going to cite the year of our heroine's birth,





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but were put off with Mrs. Vonnegut's statement—"I was born in the same year that saw the birthdays of most of the other girls about my age." But she really looks younger than that.

Perhaps this is due to the fact that she is a most athletic young woman and has always taken an active interest in sports of all kinds. In 1907 she went abroad with her parents and while in Nice took part in an international tennis tournament. Besides being a very good tennis player, she has gone in for golf, playing at the Country Club. She is also a good sailor, and can handle her sailboat at Maxinkuckee quite skillfully.

As Marjorie Potts, she attended the Indianapolis Classical School and took part in many of the school plays. Her next experience in the way of amateur theatricals was gained some years later when a number of the members of the summer colony at Lake Maxinkuckee organized a theatrical club called the Maxinkuckee Mummers. On a small stage built in the Potts summer home, they had a great deal of enjoyment out of their performances of plays by Shaw and Ibsen. Mr. J. S. Crawley, who has played some important roles with the Sothern and Marlowe Company, was practically the only professional in the little group, and it was he who first turned Miss Marjorie's thoughts to going on the stage really, instead of "just for fun." In 1916 she played the leading role in "Fanny's First Play," and her work was so good that Mr. Crawley urged her to take up dramatic work professionally.

That same year she went to New York City with her husband, Walter Vonnegut, attracted by the opportunity to work with others who had a lively interest in presenting the good and the unusual in dramatic work. For a time she played with the Washington Square Players at the Comedy Theatre in New York, where such plays as "Sugar House," "Trifles," "Suppressed Desires" and "The Poor Fool" were presented. The Japanese tragedy, "Bushido," which was produced here by the Little Theatre organization, was also included in the unusual program of the Washington Square Players. Stuart Walker has said that the high water mark of Mrs. Vonnegut's career so far was in "The Poor Fool." Her part was a very intense and sympathetic one, and though it was not a large speaking part, it gave an opportunity for a clever psychological character portrayal.

In 1919 and 1920 Mrs. Vonnegut was with the Theatre Guild, who inherited a great many of the traditions and the ideals of the Washington Square Players. Mrs. Vonnegut played in Tolstoi's "The Power of Darkness" and in the dramatization of Howell's "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Hackett played old Silas, but Mrs. Vonnegut's part, that of Penelope, the daughter who was considered rather queer but clever and witty, was very attractive and in Mrs. Vonnegut's hands really developed into the most interesting part of the play.

Mrs. Vonnegut likes best of all a role that permits the portrayal of psychological development, or has something of a symbolical nature. It was for this reason no doubt that she enjoyed so much the opportunity of playing the part of queer, whimsical Penelope in "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It was in a role of this type in "The Poor Fool" that Mr. Walker's attention was called to Mrs. Vonnegut's ability as an actress, and it was her good work in "The Poor Fool" that was the basis for her engagement with the Stuart Walker Company this season.

After having observed the classic charm of the picture of Marjorie Vonnegut which adorns the front cover this week, it is easy to understand the appeal of the psychological or allegorical role; for the serene and lovely lady of the cover design might well be cast for the spirit of Wholesome Youth in an old-fashioned morality play.

Motion Pictures

Hot weather seems to induce a particular state of receptivity in the public mind which, according to theatrical producers, welcomes only light and frivolous, fast and furious, musical summer shows. Their theory has split on the rocks several times. Witness the success of such plays as "John Ferguson" and "Beyond the Horizon." But in spite of disaster the theory is patched up again and set afloat each summer in airy frivolities of the type of "Silks and Satins," which appeared a matter of a week or so ago at the Cohan Theatre in New York.

It would be an interesting but a fearsome thing if the motion picture producers were to develop an idea along this same line—that summer so vitiates the intellects of theatre patrons as to make them incapable of enjoyment of any but the most lightsome plots. Anything as gruesome as John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" would be taboo; anything as serious as Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No" would be ruled out, not only because of its grave tone, but also because of the mental agility demanded in making the leap from mansion to tenement, in tracing the career of Norma in her dual role; all the heavy problem plays and the highly emotional would come under the ban. Only the ultra-frivolous would survive.

A comedy recently shown here featured a chorus of pretty girls in a New York cabaret show. This might well be the basis for a regular summer movie show. A great advantage of these screen chorus-ladies would be that they wouldn't get fagged and weary on hot nights and would never object to an extra performance. But on the other hand, they would never take an encore, the jazz orchestra would have to take the place of human voices, and it is to be doubted if shadow girls en masse could have the charm for the t. b. m. that the real ones have. The lack of color would hi

(Concluded on Page 15.)



The Third Window

Probably no thinkiing person has not felt the current of interest in the survival of the dead, the conditions and possibilities of a life after the present one. Whether, as many contend, this is due to the longing of those left bereaved by the recent holocaust of youth, or, as others believe, it is the effect of added efforts to reach us from the other side, it is at any rate an acknowledged influence on the thought and literature of today. The literature of various forms of Spiritualism is abundant, but it had remained for the author of Tante to put into fiction this sense of continued consciousness in those we call dead.

Anything that causes the production of a new work by Anne Douglas Sedgwick is cause for rejoicing among fiction readers, and it would be far from justice to this slim little volume to leave the impression that it contains either propaganda or cult. It is pure and very charming fiction, told with the delicacy of touch and definiteness of vision that are the particular gifts of Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The story is so light as to suffer from retelling, yet the interest is all out of proportion to length, breadth or thickness. The skill in handling the drama of the three characters brings to the tragic climax a breathless interest that holds after the story is completed. The Third Window is real literature. (The Third Window, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mrs. Craddock

Somerset Maugham has definitely established himself as one of the leading novelists of the younger school of English fiction. If not one of the more radical realists, he is perhaps the more readable for that reason, and certainly more popular among the readers of best sellers, than Cannan, Lawrence and others who lose something of his illusion in the grimness of their reality. His place was established in the minds of American readers by the extremely popular "The Moon and Sixpence," and it is interesting to find an older novel from his pen, more than sustaining the opinion we have held of him. "Mrs. Craddock," the previous novel, is a fascinating study of a woman's mind in a marriage in which there is "une qui aime, et une qui se laisse aim."

Mrs. Craddock is a fiery, cultured English girl, with the sort of foreign education best calculated to suppress her judgment and develop her impulses. She marries, on impulse, a man devoid of temperament, but possessed of all the copy book virtues and moralities. The combination, naturally, is a difficult one, and the effect of the friction is reflected in the more sensitive mind. The story is told with careful analysis, considerable humor, and always with a searching penetration that makes the characters and their reactions real and definite. Miss Ley, the critical observer of the rest of them, and the clever analyst of their emotions, is one of the really fascinating characters of literature, bringing a faint recollection of some of Locke's earlier characters, like Simon the Jester. Edward Craddock is ably drawn and typical.

The novel is one of the most interesting of the summer crop, and is likely to rank with "The Moon and Sixpence" in popular favor.

Indianapolis children are enjoying ten "Adventures in Bookland" this summer through the libraries of the city. To each child who reads ten books of the prescribed reading course, one from each group, a diploma will be presented at the close of summer by the Indianapolis Public Library. Not only the children, but the schools are competing. Many of the children have not only completed the ten required books, but are setting out to read the fifty books from which the ten were to be selected by the child. When a child gives evidence to one of the library assistants that he has read a book, he is given a gold star on his school's record book beside his name. At present, Benjamin Harrison school has the most "stars in her crown" at the Central Library.

The ten adventures are entitled: In Mythland, In Fairyland, On Land, On Sea, In the Home Land, In Foreign Lands, In Olden Times, Present Day, With the Indians, In Animal Land. The diploma is very attractively designed by Miss Olive Rush, a local artist. "Robinson Crusoe," "Just So Stories," "Tom Sawyer" and "Uncle Remus" are among the "best sellers" the library assistants assert.

Motion Pictures

Concluded from Page 14.)

another drawback that even the most up-to-date and highly perfected colored films would have a hard time in overcoming.

For our part, we nominate for the ideal summer motion picture the wild animal film. As a type of entertainment requiring no mental exertion and at the time keeping the mind off the bugbears of heat and perspiration, we feel that the animal act would be a thorough-going success. In support of this statement, permit us to cite the fact that we have known many a person to go to sleep during the animal act in a vaudeville show, and wake up refreshed and capable of sticking out the rest of the program.

But the motion picture type of animal show can turn to other fields than relaxation for its relief from heat and its attendant discomforts. The motion pictures can keep their audiences awake and entertained with the hair-raising stunts they put the wild animals through. In a comedy shown here last week, a troupe of lions rioted through a house causing pandemonium and terror among the actors and delight and hearty laughs in the audience. There is perhaps no more delightful feeling to be experienced than to see someone very intensely interested in his own petty affairs and oblivious to the rest of the universe, rudely awakened to his surroundings by the appearance of a man-eating lion at his side. The pleasant thrill is undeniable. And the most charming feature of this kind of a film is that a good part of the audience is entertained for days after the show has left town in trying to figure out how they managed to get the pictures of the lions and the people on the same screen. Personally, we think the lions had had their teeth extracted, but even at that we are open to no offers for a part in a show starring lions.

Another good animal feature for warm weather would be the famous Mack Sennett seals. Leave out a good part of the rest of the show, feature the seals and the wild waves, and the temperature of any motion picture house should drop a good ten degrees.

And the good broad-chested, four-footed actor who plays around with Roscoe Arbuckle might very well usurp the star role in the films in which he is pictured, and furnish a good hot weather attraction. He may not rank with lions for excitement or seals for coolness, but he is always entertaining, which is a record of which not many human actors can boast.

It is to be hoped that Indianapolis will have an opportunity soon to see "Humoresque," the picturization of the story of the same title by Fannie Hurst. The picture was first shown as a minor attraction, but is now being featured at a New York theatre at two dollar prices. A transplanted Hoosier in New York states that the show is better than the story and well worth seeing.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of August 1

Circle—Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman."

English's—Thomas Meighan in "The Prince Chap."

Colonial—Zane Grey's "Riders of the Dawn."

Alhambra—Ethel Clayton in "Ladder of Lies"; Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence."

Ohio—"The Bottom of the World." (Sir Ernest Shackleton's Polar Expedition.)

Mister Smith's—Madge Kennedy in "The Truth."

Crystal—Bernard Durning in "The Gift Supreme"; Florence Billing in "Blue Pearl."

Isis—Bryant Washburn in "Sins of St. Anthony"; Ethel Clayton in "Ladder of Lies."

Regent—"The Strangers." (First half of the week.)

Lyric—Vaudeville.

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His mind was the traditional "perfect blank." There were a hundred things to do, but he couldn't think of one. His brain simply could not function. His past was a blank and his future a blur. And he wasn't a war hero suffering from shell-shocks, nor —presumably—a candidate for the insane asylum. Only an Indianapolis bridegroom who had lost the list of things he had to do before the wedding.

Knowing full well that nature had not endowed him with the efficiency type of mind that subconsciously pigeon-holes facts and hauls them out at the right time like an automatic filing machine, he had realized when duties and errands and tasks began piling up that something must be done. And so he had adopted a system as involved as that of the "Three Men in a Boat" whom Mr. Jerome has made famous.

The system was this: if you're planning to go on a trip—no matter whether it's in a boat or on a honeymoon, the principle's the same—and if you want to be absolutely sure to take everything along that you will need, just list every item that you wear or use during the day, and you can't lose. When the daily news bulletin in regard to the morning bath wakes you from sleep, don't turn over as usual, but sit right up, grab your list, and jot down every piece of wearing apparel that you have on or catch sight of. The entry will probably read—pajamas, slippers, bathrobe, etc. As the day goes on, pursue the same plan. At lunch, get out the list, include every piece of clothing that you have on, being careful to omit nothing. It's as simple as a pound cake recipe.

This method pursued conscientiously for a few days will give perfect results. Nothing will be left behind, and when you sink into the embrace of the old green Pullman seat, your mind will be free for untrammeled enjoyment, undisturbed by ghastly memories of vital parts of the wardrobe left at home.

Mr. Indianapolis Bride Groom had carefully evolved this system, and having found it good in theory, prepared to put it into practice. He even improved upon his original scheme. He branched out and not only made a plain list but a complete card index of everything to wear and to do for the two days preceding the wedding. The list was a work of art and a thing of beauty. And then his pride in his unbeatable system suffered the inevitable fall. He lost his list.

The fat was in the fire. Reason reeled on her throne while he was subjected to the gruelling "Where did you have it last?" of his well-wishing friends. He almost succumbed to grief at his great loss, but being a man of backbone, although a bridegroom, he managed to pull himself together, and survived the wedding festivities and the wedding itself, and embarked upon the wedding trip. Word has not yet been received as to any deficiencies in his wardrobe or conduct since he left Indianapolis, but if any such are reported, they will be published later.

Now the sequel to this sad story is that practically every friend of the unfortunate young man felt called upon to assist him in keeping his affairs in order, and there was a mad rush for the stationer's, book stores and department stores to supply him with the latest device for trapping a vagrant memory in a neat memorandum book. The display of intriguing leather-bound little note books, pads, address books, endless collections of tidy volumes entitled "Things to Remember," "What to Do Today," "Engagements," etc., was scoured for the best that could be found. Indianapolis shops yielded up harvests of jolly little books, and the best of their kind were sent to the victim of the "Three Men in a Boat" catastrophe. He is no doubt spending his honeymoon card cataloguing this new library for future reference.

The moral of the tale is that any tourist or shopper or vacationist who is prone to forget would do well to get the note book first, fit it to the proper pocket or purse, and keep it on tap for use in arranging the smooth running of the day's business. A visit to one of the Washington street shops will reveal an assortment of note books and memorandum pads that is sure to include just what you need.

There are shiny little leather books in greens and blue and reds that are labeled "Addresses;" others bound in soft suede that roll easily and fit neatly into a purse; still others that have a dignified morocco cover that is to be filled with little pads that come separately and can be reordered. One note book of convenient size is covered with pliable brown leather and the pages within are numbered corresponding to the calendar.

The most serviceable of all for general purposes, is a note book that can be ordered in almost any style of cover with pads to fit. The sheets in these pads are perforated in three or four places so that the small piece of paper containing a notation can be torn out when it is no longer useful, thus leaving in the book only "live" notes. On the inside cover in the moire silk lining there is a small pocket to hold any memos. that may have been pulled out by mistake.

We should suggest that a good entry for a note book belonging to a feminine shopper would be "a pair of kiddie garters" for the half hose that are now so popular with women who are keen for comfort in warm weather. These beribboned elastics are just the kind that the tiny kiddies wear with their half socks when they start out in the morning for Sunday school, arrayed in their starched and frilly summer clothes.



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Not At All Like a Convention

When Women's Biennial Meets, Says Mrs. White, it Means and Transacts Business.

By Mrs. Edward Franklin White

My first impression of the great biennial of the General Federation of Clubs at Des Moines was somewhat colored by the fact that I had just been attending the National Republican convention at Chicago, and by comparison, at first sight, the biennial seemed very tame and ladylike. But I soon found that this was a very superficial comparison, and when my ears became attuned to quiet, and my eyes became adjusted to the less gorgeous but very beautiful decorations of the Coliseum at Des Moines, I found that the biennial was not the loser in the comparison.

The biennial had met for work, for a six-day program of committee and department conferences, interspersed with addresses by master speakers, music and a little social relaxation. It was the intention of the presiding officers that work should be done, and that it should be done by the 1,511 delegates, and not by the leaders, by the directors, by the administration, or by the presiding officers, and because of the physical limitations of the feminine voice, quiet was necessary in order that this work should be done.

There was no reading of important announcements while uproar prevailed, there were no rulings by acclamation of the galleries, there were no predestined adjournments or votes. Throughout the biennial there could be no better exposition of parliamentary fair play than this: the administration had two important programs to put through, which were patently unpopular, and before either one was put to a final vote, the fullest discussion was allowed, hours and even days were given for explanations, questions and answers between the leaders and the directors, the advisory council, and the delegates, and in the end the administration lost both measures. Every session was conducted with the utmost fairness and decorum. And while high pitched enthusiasm makes any convention stand out in interest and intensity, yet decorum is necessary for the transaction of business in a delegate body.

The program furnished by the imported speakers was unusually fine, but I think most of the delegates received their greatest inspiration for the coming two years' work from the departmental conferences, held simultaneously in other auditoriums. Here there was opportunity for definite, concrete suggestions, for exchange of views, for discussion and for questions and all were benefited. In the legislative conference, conducted by Miss Mary Wood, I was particularly impressed with the earnestness, enthusiasm and definite objective of the discussions. The General Federation is a power in the promotion of legislation. It confines itself to national legislation of particular interest to women, and its requests have been heeded. Each department has some measure to promote in the furtherance of its work, and it is the business of the legislative department to put the full force of the federation behind such measures.

I was particularly impressed with the definiteness of the aims of the departments whose conferences I was able to visit, their thorough understanding and breadth of vision of the measures before them, and the methods of their accomplishment. Their demands upon the legislative department will be clear cut and inclusive. There is real work being done in the Americanization department and the civics department, and real education disseminated in the art department, education department and music department, and every year finds the work heavier but more effectual.

The writer had to accept many gibes for her attendance at the teas given by the big-hearted women of Des Moines, because of her widely-advertised remarks concerning political teas. But these teas were an expression of the wonderful hospitality of the women of the Golden West, and it was a real pleasure, not to be lost. Altogether, the biennial seemed to me to be a splendid composite work, education, and enjoyment. Personally, I had one experience that perhaps no other woman had—I found another delegate bearing exactly the same name, Mrs. Edward Franklin White.

Local Boy Showing Talent

(Continued from Page 6.)

phenomenal. With all the modesty of true genius, he will tell you that after a week's work in a class of eighty, each student was instructed to submit six designs, and that all six of his were chosen, while only six other designs of the remaining seventy-nine students in the class were given place. When not busy with his class work, he would spend the rest of the day at the library studying costuming of all ages. His evenings were spent in his own studio, originating unusual Batik figures on chiffons and velvets. It was through his Batik work that he won recognition in New York, with the result that The House of Joseph, exclusive importers of gowns on Fifth avenue, have accepted his models. This is an unusual departure for a firm which has never used anything but French importations.

Pertinent of this subject the origin of Batik technique now enjoying vogue, is of interest. Although imported from Java, where it is used in decoration of cotton cloth, it was known in its essential features to the ancient artists of America.

Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 7.)

you appreciate his mastery of the art of living realistically by saying yea despite the lack of man's greatest possession.

* * *

New York is flocking in eager thousands these summer evenings out to the open air stadium of the City College at Amsterdam avenue and 138th street to hear the nightly programs of the National Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of a guest conductor from Los Angeles, Walter Henry Rothwell. Not to be outdone by Boston and her "Pops," Gotham music lovers arranged two summers ago through the Music League of the People's Institute for a series of outdoor concerts at a nominal admission fee. This season's series, therefore, is the third and it is attracting such widespread patronage that the institution should become an assured annual fixture.

The Tschaikowsy "Pathetique" was the symphony on my first visit. I suppose I shall never again be quite fair to an orchestra playing this majestic and sorrow-stricken work of the Russian master, for I heard it at the hands of the National Orchestra in Petrograd one Sunday afternoon in March, 1918, the day after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed. Never in the history of the composer's native country or of the world could it have been more eloquent.

As a guest conductor for Bodanzky's orchestra, Rothwell has made a distinctly favorable impression. He is in his musical prime and possesses an ingratiating personality which he backs up with a happy knack of building programs. The most serious flaw in the orchestra's playing under his leadership is the way the brasses escape his control. They tend to have the better of the argument over the strings in the open air, but that should make the conductor all the more wary of them.

The latter half of the program on the night of the Tschaikowsky symphony was devoted to Wagner—the overture to "The Mastersingers;" the introduction to the third act, the Night Song and Tristan's Vision from "Tristan and Isolde;" and "The Ride of the Valkyries." All but a score in the audience of five thousand had probably vowed less than three years ago never to listen to German music again, but Gotham corrects its passions as quickly as it conceives them and the day of musical common sense has returned here as well as in Boston.

* * *

One of the most interesting forecasts for the coming season's music in New York is the recent announcement that Albert Coates, the British head conductor of opera at the Marinsky Theatre in Petrograd, will be a guest conductor for the New York Symphony at a series of concerts in December.

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To Make the Olympics, Work

C. C. Furnas, Mooresville Athlete, Shows How to Land in International Games.

Miss Indiana, on the Monument, plainly was puzzled.

She drew a cigarette from somewhere amidst the folds of her tunic, being the thoroughly modern, snappy young lady she is, lighted it off her majestic torch the thoughtful designer had provided, added a few rings to the already smoke-laden atmosphere and soliloquized:

"Why is it that the busiest and hardest working folks always have the most time? How do they get that way? And why is it that the folks who have the most time on their hands never seem to have time to do anything worth while?

"Just look, for example. Out at the Country Club I see a bunch of huskies every day who have nothing to do but shoot golf. They are golfers of natural ability and real promise, but when it comes to the show down they can't even shoot a 90. Then there are paving contractors. They haven't time to get the shell holes out of the streets and when they do fix a street they don't have time to leave the manholes uncovered, and, as they did on Market street, have to send out exploring parties two weeks later to tear up the asphalt again and make a reconnoissance for each of the little lost covers.

"And then comes along a real gentleman of leisure, Clifford C. Furnas, of Mooresville, just twelve miles to the south of here. I always did like that boy. On holidays when the smoke barrage lifts I can see where he lives.

"He certainly is a lazy youngster. All he does is take a stiff course in chemical engineering at Purdue University, and that is 'some' course; work his way through college by delivering milk, waiting table, firing furnaces and doing any odd jobs he can pick up in Lafayette; and yet in his spare time he manages to take interest in a debating society, specialize on astronomy, which is his pet stunt, and in the interim finds leisure to be the first man in history from this locality to make the American Olympic team. That Furnas boy certainly is a loafer."

And Miss Indiana is right. Two weeks ago at Boston, Clifford Furnas, a Purdue sophomore, twenty years of age, five feet six and one-half inches in height, slipped his slightly bowed legs into high and rambled home in second place in the finals of the 5,000 meter race, leaving strung out behind him along the more than three-mile course some of the best trained, best known runners in the United States. And he will run for Uncle Sam against the best the world has to offer in the Olympic games at Antwerp next month.

Only a little more than a year ago Furnas was merely Furnas, C. C. Freshman at Purdue. Then came the day of the interclass track meet. Furnas, C. C., Freshman, unknown, untouted, came out and won the half, the mile, the two-mile and was the big individual point winner of the day.

From that minute he was a personage. His victories were not ffukes, for under Eddie O'Connor's coaching he rapidly developed into the crack outdoor distance runner of the West. And all this time he was working at his studies and on his outside work, putting himself through college, studying astronomy and training. The more he had to do the better he seemed to do it.

Furnas is a youth of marked individuality and independence. It is a safe statement to say that few students at Purdue have been invited into more fraternities than he, but he has refused all invitations, not from any spirit of antagonism, but because he says he does not want to accept an invitation until he is so fixed financially that he will not have to take on additional extra-curriculum work.

His trip to Boston for the Olympic trials was made possible by the Purdue Alumni of Lafayette and Indianapolis. Typical of Purdue undertakings, there were no columns of prerace publicity, no three-column cuts of prominent alumni backers and half-column cuts of the athlete himself. In fact, the state at large only knew that Furnas was running in the Olympic trials when it read of his splendid showing and his selection as a member of the American team.

Pavlowa, Supreme Artist

(Continued from Page 9.)

kindness at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, who practically adopted the little girl, born after the mother's arrival in England.

In September, 1834, Fanny Elssler appeared at the opera in Paris, a step to which she looked forward with much misgiving on account of Taglioni's supremacy there. The result, however, was another triumph for her, and the temporary eclipse of Taglioni, who, although the finer artist of the two, could not for the moment compete with the newcomer's fascination. It was conspicuously in her performance of the Spanish cachuca that Fanny Elssler outshone all rivals. In 1840 she sailed with her sister for New York. After two years' of remarkable success they returned to Europe, where during the following five years Fanny appeared in Germany, Austria, France, England and Russia. In 1845, having amassed a fortune, she retired from the stage and settled near Hamburg. A few years later her sister Theresa contracted a morganatic marriage with Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and was ennobled under the title of Baroness von Barnim. Fanny Elssler died at Vienna on the 27th of November, 1884.

The Art of Anna Pavlowa

All lovers of whatever is truly beautiful, whether they be connoisseurs or not, recognize Mlle. Anna Pavlowa as the supreme interpreter of the dance art in its every detail. The consensus of expert and general public opinion accords to this distinguished premiere danseuse a position such as has never before been occupied by any great predecessor. The art of the dance, since Anna Pavlowa's advent into a place of conspicuous importance, has come to mean more than at any other period.

As the American public became acquainted with the endeavors of Mlle. Pavlowa they discovered that the Russian ballets represented a marked advance over ballets of other schools. Every ballet presented by Mlle. Pavlowa and her company was revealed as a perfect art unit consisting of drama (composed of dancing and pantomime) music and art—the latter comprising settings and costumes. The strength of Mlle. Pavlowa's organization was such as to establish a new standard in similar efforts. Apart from the dramatic and terpsichorean skill of each member, there was a symphony orchestra, scenes and costumes of the sort demanded in grand opera, and artistic department heads ranking among the most capable in their professions.

It is now three years since this incomparable dancer has delighted audiences in the United States, during which time she has toured all the principal cities of South America and Mexico, as well as filling notable engagements in Havana and Cuba. Upon returning to her London home last year, she had completed a five-year uninterrupted tour, which included all of the important cities of North and South America and Europe.

Now for a few weeks before beginning her New York season, which will open in September at the Manhattan Opera House, Mlle. Pavlowa is enjoying her first real vacation in five years at her beautiful English home, Ivy Cottage, in Golden Green, a London suburb. After the season in New York, the gifted dancer expects to make a tour of leading cities in the United States.

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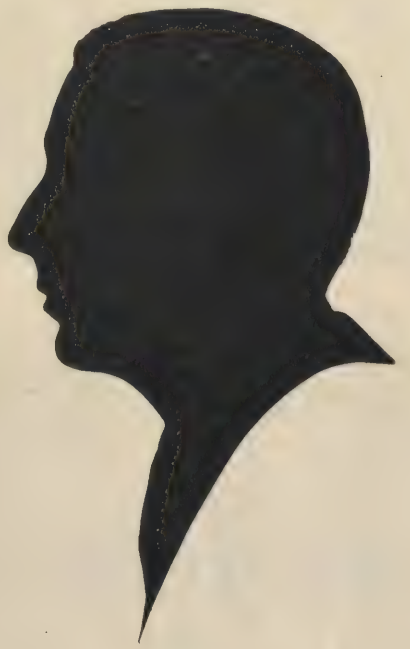
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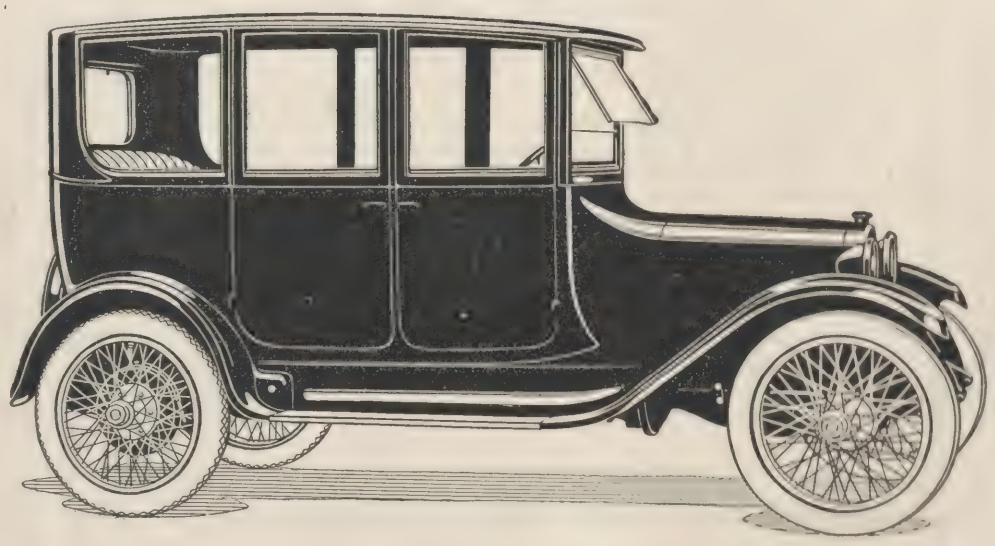
Topics

is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1920 — NUMBER 8

Day of the Sweat Shop Gone

Modern Tailoring Plant, Such as that of the Kahn Company, Model of Light and Comfort.

Company Not Only Makes Working Hours Comfortable But Provides Means for Pleasant Recreation.

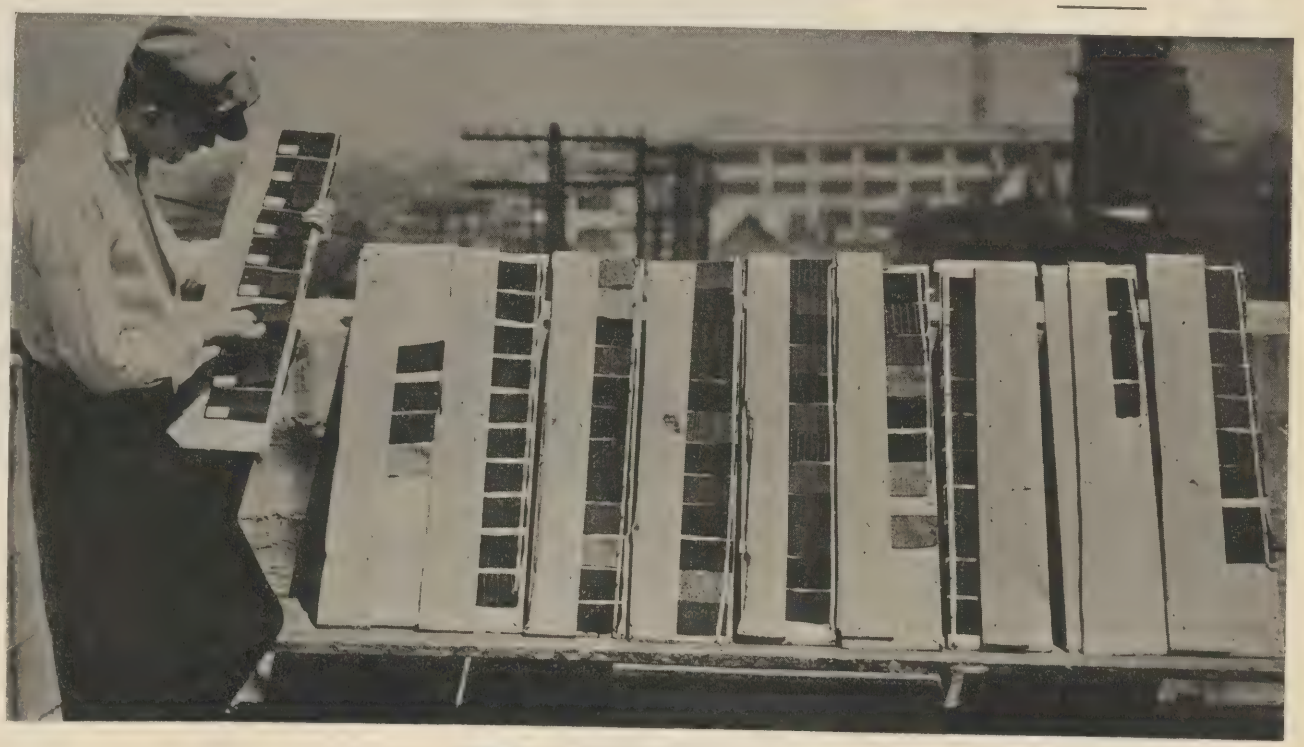
By Beatrice Sherman

On a sticky August morning "a girl in a tailor shop" really ought to rank in about the same class with "a bull in a china shop." But the bull at least would have some fun out of his incongruous situation, while hot mornings and tailorings do not seem to provide a promising combination for a girl who tries to keep her nose pleasantly powdered and her spirits serenely unruffled.

The mere words "tailor shop" conjure up visions of steam and heavy smells of woolens at the scorching point. So last week the invitation to visit the Kahn plant on Capitol avenue, where clothes are made on a grand scale, seemed only an opportunity to view the stuffy tailor shop magnified to the nth degree.

Entering the building I sniffed the air for the choking smell of woolen stuffs and the aroma of the warm iron, but the corridor entryway was cool green and marble and the pleasantly clean fresh air of the building was a relief from the asphalt-scented breeze of the pavements outside. The reportorial heart rose slightly, and I walked up to the information sign and asked for Mr. Henry Kahn, impressed with the cool dignified air of the place, but still half hoping that Mr. Kahn had forgotten about his promise to exhibit the factory and that he wouldn't be able to make the tour. He was in, and politely apologized for having to hurry through, as he had an appointment in fifteen minutes. That was all right with me, so I started out resolved to do it up in a hurry, and hereafter visit refrigerating plants on hot days.

The first room was a wide, long light place, the outside walls all window panes like a florist's shop,



TESTING WOOLENS BY SUNLIGHT



A SECTION OF THE COAT SHOP

and the inside wall white painted. Down long aisles between smooth solid white pillars, huge stacks of dark suitings were piled. This was the stock room, and its airy, spacious atmosphere was the second phase in my change of ideas as to what constitutes a tailoring establishment.

The next room was a cutting room with long tables stretched out the length of the room with a long tarantula-like arrangement of electric light fixtures bisecting each line of tables. Then we came to a coat room, then a vest room, then a trimming room, then the trousers room, then more coat rooms, until it was dizzying to make an effort to comprehend such a vast number of garments. We passed through order departments, shipping departments, and more rooms filled with garments, and as I was pondering over what proportion of the United States population could be fitted out from the enormous number of clothes in this one building, Mr. Kahn remarked, "This is, of course, the deadest part of the dull season. If you want to see the shop when it is

really colorful and alive, come in some time during the middle part of September." I hazarded a guess that things looked busy as it was, but according to Mr. Kahn, "Nobody is buying clothes now. The shop is very quiet." I did remember then that we had passed through one or two calm passages in the journey through the plant.

In this somewhat hurried, personally conducted tour, there were just a few points that stuck with me. First of all, the cleanness, airiness and spaciousness of the factory was most impressive. I'd known all along that Kahn's had a tailoring shop over on Capitol some place, but had never supposed for a moment that here was one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country, known far and wide as a model industrial plant, a hygienically sound factory, equipped with everything modern in the way of machinery for tailoring and in devices for protecting the health and well-being of its employes. Figures, as a rule, don't mean much to the average unmathematical mind, but some conception of the size of the place may be gained from the fact that eleven hundred people are employed here, all devoted to the making and sale of—just clothes.

Some of the technique of tailoring proved quite absorbing; for instance, the queer pressing machines that weren't at all dark and stuffy and smelly but were very much out in the open in huge, many-windowed rooms. Two great pieces of cloth-covered iron were fitted together over the cloth—they hissed and steamed a bit, and were then pulled apart, revealing a beautifully pressed shoulder.

For the pressing and shrinking of the materials before they are sent to the cutters, a complicated ironing arrangement is used which shrinks the materials, dries it, sends it through an enormous press that restores the original lustre of the goods and folds it ready for the cutters. How it was all done was Greek to the uninitiated.

The inspecting department was more intelligible to the lay mind. Here the goods were unfolded and inspected length by length. Every inch was gone over carefully, and a little white tape marked at the selvage to flag the cutters and warn them that here was a flaw in the material, thus avoiding the catastrophe of a beautifully made coat with a 'steenth of a square inch missing on one shoulder blade.

The sample room was a sad blow to an economical soul, for here hundreds of yards of goods were cut up into little pinked-edge pieces to be sent out all over the country. This, Mr. Kahn says, is what brings in business, but it seemed a sad thing to see those lovely long pieces cut up into tiny sample bits.

It was shortly before luncheon that we made the trip, so naturally the kitchen seemed quite attractive. The dining room is a lengthy affair and seats 600 people. The kitchen is airy, backed all along one side by windows from floor to ceiling. Some competent colored women were presiding, and Mr. Kahn asked, "What are we going to have for lunch?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the white-toothed cook. "They ain't many here today."

Then she opened up an oven full of crispy brown roast pork that would have fed a half a dozen family reunions. It looked like a Thanksgiving dinner, with macaroni au gratin in huge casseroles, great pans of fried potatoes, kettles of beans, and best of all, apple dumplings done to a turn, and just ready to take out of the oven. The food is always well cooked and is sold to the employes at very moderate prices.

The factory has a jazz band made up of its own employes that plays at the noon hour. One corner of the dining room has a dancing floor, and I was sorry that I couldn't stay to see the every-day cabaret in full sway. A roof garden is included in the attractions of the Kahn restaurant, and if ever a time should come when clothes are not one of the things for which there is always a market, certainly Kahn's might do well to exploit the cabaret department exclusively.



A CORNER OF THE LUNCH ROOM



ONE OF THE CUTTING ROOMS

On the first floor of the building there is a well-equipped hospital room in spotless white, with an efficient nurse in charge. Any one in the factory who is not well is entitled to treatment here.

The tour of the building ended at the employes' entrance of the building on St. Clair street. It had been an unexpectedly interesting and enlightening adventure into the clothing industry, but the many turnings and twistings and windings from one room to another were somewhat staggering, so as we approached the entry—or rather in this case, the exit—I wasn't quite sure that the visit of inspection was over. I inquired as to what street this exit led to, and Mr. Kahn courteously explained, anxious to return to the man waiting for his appointment in the office, but hoping that I was not feeling "put out." I had enjoyed the visit immensely and shall certainly accept Mr. Kahn's invitation to return in the busy season when the shops are really humming. There is but one thing to be regretted—that I didn't get to stay and have a piece of the perfect apple cobbler.

The Business Outlook

An Interview with Brandt C. Downey

When Farmer Jones of Indiana takes his wheat crop to the elevator in Jalapa he is going to run into conditions which bring to light in a very graphic and, it is possible, what to him will be a somewhat painful way one of the biggest reasons for the credit stringency.

Follow Farmer Jones' load of wheat.

It may be that Jones will find when he reaches the elevator that the operator has his bins stored to overflowing, his credit at the banks strained to the breaking point and no cars in prospect to move the stored wheat to the markets where it may be turned into cash. In that event Farmer Jones has to seek another elevator, and mayhap another and another, or drive back home and incur further expense through additional labor needed to unload and restore the crop in the barn and additional length of time his own money is tied up in the grain.

But, it may happen, the elevator man has been able to get cars and keep the golden stream traveling marketward. Then Farmer Jones is going to pass his burdens on to the elevator man.

Burdens? Lots of them! Today th elevator man has got to have twice a much money to pay the farmer as h did three or four years ago. Mor Under existing transportation condi tions it takes approximately five time as long to move a car between tw fairly distant points as it did in pr war days. Thus Mr. Elevator Man double capital is tied up five times a long, which really means that he ha got to borrow and beg ten times a much money to do business on as h used to.

Ten times as much money, and th money worth only about half what used to be!

These are not the words used, bu they paint the picture which Brandt C. Downey, president of the Com mercial National Bank, sketches t illustrate a phase of present busines conditions as he sees them.

It is wastage of time and words t tell in detail what is wrong with th business situation. Every busines man knows only too well th he is up against about the sam proposition as Farmer Jones and th Elevator Man, thinks Mr. Downe

(Continued on Page 17.)

Lloyd George, Political Ace

"Uncrowned King" Would Be a Good Title for Prime Minister if Kingship Still Signified Authority.

Hoosier Newspaper Correspondent Abroad Gives Personal Impression of British Premier's Position in Affairs.

By Floyd MacGriff

"He's the uncrowned king of England."

The speaker was a keen observer and a most patriotic Englishman. He was referring to Lloyd George.

To middle-west Americans it may seem queer, but it takes months to get an ordinary upper class Englishman to come out of his carefully grown shell of protective reserve and confide his innermost beliefs and opinions.

"If we were to do away with our monarchial system, which in effect is only a name and a sentiment, Lloyd George would be elected the first president of the British Republic!"

Then my English friend observed it would be some time before the monarchy passes, chiefly because of "colonial reasons".

The prime minister is not a big man physically. Probably he doesn't weigh "thirteen stone", as the British would phrase it. But he's about the biggest thing, and the most necessary person in the form of statesmen, since Gladstone.

Yet he is not of the Gladstone type —rugged, imperious, dominant. And he's not obsessed by a single idea or purpose. Instead, Lloyd George is the great, composite interweaver. He's the skilled artisan who can compound either a political or a social organism which does not blow up. He's the great interpreter of the mass consciousness and ambition of British Isledom. Like one inspired, he can voice the emotions of various classes and correlate them—the workingmen, the empire builders, or the moderate, every-day folk. But more than an imbiber and expounder of public feeling, the prime minister, by his policies, tends to mould and develop and solidify public sentiment on matters of national importance.

He can, if he so wishes or if it is necessary, be the smooth palaverer who assuages divergent and embittered class or individual ambitions. He can, and often is, the artful declaimer who says the dubious and thrills the admiring. And one of his routine tasks is playing the keen compromiser who averts clashes. With industrial England undergoing a revolution, the latter trait stands him in good stead. At times, he is the inspiring genius who sets the nation aflame with such results as he may wish—national enthusiasm, determination, sympathy or aspiration.

And there is no nation quite like it, for Britain comprises four distinct national types, the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh—his own clan—and the English. Any one who can dominate all four is a political superman.

Lloyd George is the political wizard of the present age. Conditions in Britain have aided his attainment of this envious position, and chief among these is the complexity of political life, a cross-section of which would make an old-fashioned American bedquilt a thing of simplicity by comparison.

But the prime minister has mastered the political hodge-podge. He's a post-graduate of the art of political manipulation. In the game of politics, which in England has no closed season and has weekly clashes instead of biennial or quadrennial tussles as in America, the premier is an unexcelled strategist. His education in and practice of the perennial prolixities of party strife and eruptive exacerbations has been lifelong. But if he were only a political wire-puller he would not be prime minister today. That accomplishment is but one of his supplementary attributes. More important assets are his vision into the rather befuddled political future, in being able to keep close tab on how and when the cat of popular opinion is going to jump, and how far, in being able to lead and direct insurgent democracy without disturbing too much of conservative national interest.

In a sense, he's a kind of political seer and juggler, yet a duellist if occasion warrants, and likewise the leader of the great army of progress in reconstruction matters, yet not a guide to economic morasses, and withal he's the staunch defender of the national fortress. Don't forget that. He doesn't permit Britain to.

He's more kind of persons than three prime ministers Great Britain ever had. And what's more, Britannia seems to enjoy him; leastwise she shows little present inclination to flirt with aspirants of power who would displace him.

Yet while Lloyd George fills many roles, his personality is fully equal to the task, although his energies are heavily taxed and the drain upon his vitality during the past three years has been constant. Neat in dress, of medium height, the premier has an "infusing" personality that compels attention and respect. Smooth shaven except for a grizzled and brush-like mustache, the prime minister looks at you through blue-gray eyes which twinkle with his rather quizzical smile. You see the cool, appraising eyes, but not past them. His iron-gray hair, a shade whiter since the peace conference, and rather thin on top, is roached back, becoming long and bushy at the collar.

He has a keen sense of the dramatic and utilizes it fully, though carefully, as British custom requires. The spectacular business of going to Parliament and there announcing his long awaited policy in person, just as President Wilson sometimes goes to Congress, appeals to him strongly; and he makes the most of it, generally "springing" some surprise that wipes the rest of the world's news off page one for the day. Though his delivery may be dramatic, one may be certain that his words have been carefully chosen, for caution and prudence are his forts. Yet once decided to commit himself, he adopts no half-measures. His oratory and declamation are fascinating. Yet he's far from the windy, bellowing, arm-waving politician; one sees in him the finished, polished product. His mental grasp is astounding, his memory marvelous, his phraseology striking, yet simple.

These qualities have been no slight aid to him in driving the two main

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Music in Indianapolis

By Oliver Willard Pierce

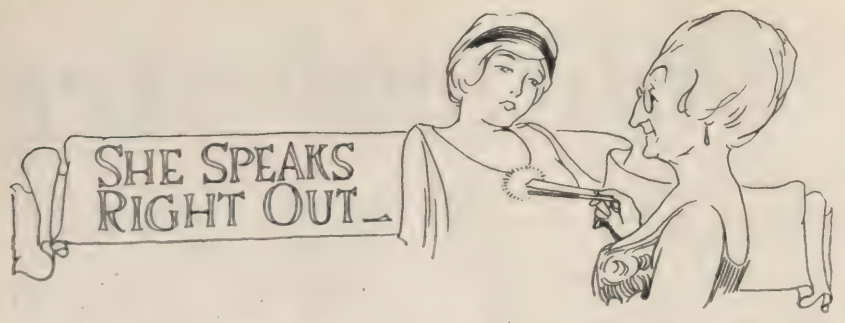
There are in our city both professional musicians and music-loving laymen who complain more or less bitterly and, it must be admitted with more or less justice, of musical conditions in Indianapolis; of the absence of appreciation of good music for its own sake, of public indifference to musical performances unless they bear the hall-mark of famous names or occur under the aegis of fashionable society. They say that our local artists, no matter how highly they may be esteemed elsewhere, are neglected at home, that their concert and recital offerings are ignored by all except a few of the cognoscenti—in short, there is no incentive for the able and aspiring musician to identify himself with Indianapolis unless he is prepared to renounce hope of public acclaim and reconcile himself to the life of a pedagogue with its deadening routine and meager emoluments. They point with wistful perplexity to the fact that Indiana writers and artists are accorded joyous and general recognition and while they are most unselfishly glad that their fellow artists in other lines do receive a popular meed of appreciation and support, they become discouraged and hopeless because they feel the musician fails to achieve a corresponding recognition.

At first glance their feelings seem pretty well justified, but before becoming too pessimistic about the musical situation in our fair city, it might be well to indulge, this centennial year, in a brief retrospect of the progress of music in Indianapolis during the last quarter of its civic existence and to see if, from this survey, a favorable augury might reasonably be made for the future.

It is with this purpose that this article is undertaken. Its aim is, from intimate and continuous association with the musical life of Indianapolis for more than a quarter century, to arrive at a fair and dispassionate conclusion; without fulsome and futile civic "boosting" but certainly without detraction from the manifold merits of the city in which the writer has passed more than half of his natural, and practically the whole of his professional, life. Also for the sake of brevity and conciseness the personal pronoun will henceforth be employed with due apologies to editorial tradition.

I first saw Indianapolis twenty-six years and four months ago—April, 1894. In September of the same year I became a member of the scant faculty of the old College of Music which, to the best of my knowledge, was the first attempt at a school of music in Indianapolis. It had been founded a few years before by Mr. Clarence Forsythe, since deceased. Early in 1894 he disposed of it to Mr. J. M. Dungan, previously of Franklin College—a very upright and estimable gentleman who, however, had no standing in the musical world and no knowledge of how to conduct a real professional conservatory of music. Its home was in the old ramshackle frame building which then stood at the northwest corner of Market street and the Circle, now a part of the English Hotel. This building had a history as bizarre as its appearance. It had been the church in which Henry Ward Beecher preached; next, a fairly decent rooming house, a home of filles de joie and finally a combination of music school and artists' studios. The reader must make his own comments on this rather startling succession. Its physical condition was, at any rate, fully as startling as its history. The ground floor was occupied by small shops. The second story had a hall running down the center with four or five rooms on either side. The College of Music had the rooms on the Market street side, while across the hall artists' studios looked out upon the old Governor's house which stood between this venerable ruin and the English Hotel. Access to the second

(Continued on Page 18.)



Ignorance is a surprising thing. That is, somebody else's ignorance. Our own ignorance is always the most logical thing in the world, perfectly understandable, and therefore excusable.

For instance, Indianapolis is supposed to rank fairly high as to the general average of intelligence and culture of its citizens. Putting it more strongly, Indianapolis distinctly prides itself on being a bit above par in the way of general culture, particularly along literary lines. Boston no longer turns pale at the mention of Indianapolis in the same breath with that sacred shrine of learning; and our no mean city has long ceased to blush with youthful pride at the association of its name with the magic name of Boston. We freely admit that we belong in the upper class in matters educational, lit'ry, and cultural. But should anyone call attention to any of our deficiencies in these respects, we simply explain in a logical way the cause for the "apparent" lack, take no further notice of the finger of scorn that has been aimed in our direction, and take up our old practice of pointing with pride. We are so accustomed to our own ignorances that even when we see them pulled forth in a naked condition, stripped of our apologies, they fail to shock us.

One of our pet sins is our trusting belief that the man who speaks the English language knows the only tongue that really finds favor in the sight of God and Indianapolis. Apparently the enforced association in the war with nations who spoke French, Italian, German and other languages has done very little to make us realize the importance of any vehicle of expression other than the English language. Aside from the volumes to be said in favor of learning the languages of other nations for politic reasons and for commercial reasons, it seems reasonable that, just for the sake of general culture and increased capacity for personal enjoyment, people in a city with as high educational standards as those of Indianapolis should awaken to the pleasant possibilities involved in the possession of a thorough knowledge of more than one language.

Of course, there are some people in Indianapolis who know and speak French and Spanish and German in a way that permits them to enjoy the literature of the countries where that language is spoken and to converse intelligently with natives of those countries. But such citizens are few and far between.

Many of the students at the universities study the modern languages, but for the most part they emerge from the courses unscathed. Very little sticks. A menu has become a more intelligible thing, "Bon jour" and "Au revoir" are understandable, a simple printed page can be translated into staggering English, but ordinary conversation with a Frenchman or Spaniard is an utter impossibility that confounds the American and leaves him tongue-tied. Modern and progressive as we are in so many other respects, European nations leave us tied to the post in the matter of knowing how to speak the languages of our friends and neighbors. As one French teacher in town remarked, "After six years of study in high school and college, when he got to Paris he couldn't ask for a sandwich."

French in particular comes so near to being a universal language that it is unfortunate that apparently so little importance is attached to learning how, not only to read, but to speak it well. When young Indianapolis begins talking French, his style closely resembles that of the young man in the book who hazarded a "Jamais esprit—Never mind" in a bubbling conversation.

The ignorance of Spanish is apparently still more dense. A young business man with his wife came to the city last week from Havana to buy some machinery and incidentally to see the city. The young man spoke English to the extent that he could manage to make himself understood, and his wife understood a few words of English; but in the whole business organization of the company from whom purchases were made the only person who could converse with the visitors in Spanish was the translator in the export department. None of the heads of departments—nor their wives or families, for that matter—could speak enough Spanish to make it possible for them to entertain the young Cubans for the few days that they were in the city. Here was an opportunity for pleasant neighborliness with friends who had come to see us—an opportunity missed through lack of understanding of the Spanish language.

Undoubtedly one of the requisites of a broad education is a knowledge of one or more modern foreign languages. Certainly the majority of the young scions of good Indiana families are not stinted in time to be devoted to educational matters. Why not insist then that they get some more substantial benefit from their study of modern languages than a minimum number of credits to eke out the number required for a diploma from our so-called institutions of learning?



MRS. ALICE FOSTER McCULLOUGH

We print her photograph because she seems to have all the women politicians, and men, too, for that matter, sitting up and taking notice. And because she has moved down from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilhite, of the piano department of the Metropolitan School of Music, is spending the summer in Chicago, studying with Howard Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller, 2227 North Alabama street, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Cathryn Howard, to Francis Frazee Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Hamilton. The wedding took place on July 22 at the Woodward Avenue Christian church in Detroit, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are at home since August 3 at 2011 North Alabama street.

Mrs. S. R. Artman is in New York for a short time prior to sailing to Christiania, Norway, where she will attend the international council of women to be held in September.

Mrs. Burton Parrott and Mrs. Robert Failey are at Harbor Point in Cottage No. 65.

Among the Indianapolis people who are vacationing at Bay View, Mich., are Mrs. Ida Kothe, Mrs. Herman W. Kothe, Miss Henrietta Kothe, Mrs. A. E. Bradshaw, Mrs. H. P. Lieber and Mrs. F. M. Bachman.

The new members voted into the Woman's Rotary Club at the last luncheon include Miss Deborah Moore, Mrs. Sarah A. Shields, Miss F. E. Dillan, and Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson. The club will not meet again until September 16.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hume have returned to Burt Lake, after a short stay in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Comstock left Burt Lake last week for an extended trip through the Georgian Bay region, and will return from the trip direct to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Tracy are visiting Mrs. Tracy's mother, Mrs. W. P. Rowland, at Lansdowne, near Philadelphia. After leaving Lansdowne, they will spend a few weeks in Nahant, Mass.

Mrs. R. O. Alexander and daughter, Josephine, are among the recent arrivals at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. E. E. Voyles and son, Richard, and Mrs. Knudsen are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thorwald Ramsing at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Fred Gardner and daughters, Miss Mary Elizabeth and Miss Margaret Lucy, have gone to Walloon Lake for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Frank Flanner has gone to Florida to join Mr. Flanner.

Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Lukenbill have recently returned from a six weeks' trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Evans and Miss Margaret Evans are at the Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Skinner and daughter, Helen, have gone west and will spend the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Reid Steele have gone to their summer cottage at Lake Wobana, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sanborn and Mrs. Harry Fuller and daughter left last week for a trip in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark E. Mallery have gone to their cottage at Kagawong, Ontario, on Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith are taking a motor trip through the East, stopping at New York, Washington and various other points.

Mrs. Felix McWhirter left the last of July for a trip via the Great Lakes to Buffalo and New York City. She is going to meet Mr. McWhirter in New York on his return from Europe and they will probably spend a short time in the East before returning to Indianapolis.

Noe-Capron

August 5 was the date of the wedding of Mrs. Daisy E. Noe and Mr. Joseph Wesley Capron. Mrs. Noe is widely known in Indianapolis for her prominence in social affairs of the city and also in the business world for her connection with the Fletcher M. Noe jewelry store. Mrs. Noe is the charming lady of the front cover this week.

Mr. Capron was formerly in New York, but is now in the automobile business in this city.

The wedding took place in the Chinese room of the Noe home on North Capitol avenue. All of the chairs, tables, cabinets and hangings in this room were brought to this country direct from China and this quaint Oriental setting provided an unusual and attractive setting for the ceremony. There were only a few guests from out of town besides the immediate relatives of the bride and groom.

The honeymoon will be spent in a trip through the East, which will probably include a tour through the mountains of West Virginia, a few days at Washington and Atlantic City, some time in Boston, and a return trip through the White Mountains. After September first, Mr. and Mrs. Capron will be at home at 2188 North Capitol avenue.

The national debts of the world are now approximately $265,000,000,000, as against $44,000,000,000 at the beginning of the world war.

Three Masters of Violin

Heifetz and Kreisler Strive for Crown Once Worn by the Great and Only Paganini, Musical Superman.

Display Genius for Expression on Instrument but Manifest None of Paganini's Many Eccentricities.

By Ona B. Talbot



JASCHA HEIFETZ

No instrument of music made by the hand of man retains such a powerful influence over the emotions of all living things capable of hearing as the violin. The singular powers of this instrument have been eloquently eulogized by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the following words:

"Violins, too. The sweet old Amati! the divine Stradivari! played on by ancient maestros until the hand lost its power, and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his hand to the cold virtuoso, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more, and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies, in which it learned to laugh and howl as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then, again, to the gentle dilettante, who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old maestros; and so given into our hands, its pores full of music, stained like meerschaum through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded in its strings."

Suth, indeed, has been the history of many a noble instrument, fashioned years and years ago. Well may we believe the history of romance and tragedy not only in the violins, but in the lives of Paganini, Kreisler and Heifetz, three super-violinists of the world.



PAGANINI
From a Caricature Published 1831

The name Paganini stands for the highest eccentric genius. He excited both wonder and admiration by his marvelous technical skill, and his powers to sway the emotions of his auditors by his genius, but his peculiar habits, and eccentric doings, caused the superstitious to believe his talent was the power of his Satanic majesty. Not only was he a mortal, but a very weak mortal, although the most renowned violinist of the nineteenth century.

Niccolo Paganini was the son of a commercial broker, Antonio Paganini, and was born at Genoa, February 18, 1784. At the age of six he was a good violinist, and at the age of eight had outgrown the instruction of Servetto, a musician at the theatre, as well as that of Costa, the director of music in the principal churches of Genoa. When nine years of age he appeared in concert, given by Marchesi and Albertinatti in a large theatre in Genoa. Many stories are told of his early childhood, one to the effect that from the time he was six years of age, although sickly, and incapable of healthy maturity, he supported his parents. His father being brutal and coarse, but with a love for music and liquor, much of his brutality was visited on his son, who until after he made his first tour through Italy, at the age of fifteen, was under cruel domination. However, after being freed from this restraint, he fell into bad company, and took to gambling and other vices, the most natural result of his father's harsh treatment showing itself in lack of moral stamina.

One of the humorous bits from Paganini's adventurous life is told of how once during a concert his E string broke. He did not have time to fix it. It was a wet night; a few moments later, crash went the D string, and then, snap went the A string, leaving him nothing but the G string, which he continued to play. The audience thought it was a miracle. Afterward the news spread, and whenever he played he would pretend the same thing happened, and played on the G string alone. It became a famous feat, and he afterward wrote music for the G string only.

The careless life of Paganini often reduced him to great straits, and on more than one occasion he was forced to pawn his violin. The violin was the final means by which he was cured of gambling, for having been reduced to extreme poverty he was tempted to sell it. The price offered was a large one. But at this juncture he won one hundred and sixty francs, which saved the violin. The mental anguish which he endured through the affair convinced him that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well regulated minds.

Paganini died in his fifty-sixth year, leaving a fortune of more than $400,000.00 to his son Achilles. To the city of Genoa he left his violin, so that no violinist who might come after him could play upon it.

Thirty-five years after the death of Paganini, on February 2, 1875, Kreisler was born. What a tone-picture the very name brings to mind! Why? Because in his playing is felt the deep soul of this man of tragedy and genius, the very tears in his heart. Kreisler is more than a superb and unparalleled violinist. He is a standard for this generation, a man who gives you the compositions of the masters with all his heart.

The artistic genealogy of Kreisler is more than ordinarily interesting. It reaches back directly to Corelli, the founder of the greatest school of violinists the world has known. The man to whom Kreisler owes the most, Helmesberger, was a pupil of the famous Boehm, who in turn was a pupil of Rode, who was a pupil of Viotti, who was a pupil of Somie, and he in turn was a pupil of the great Corelli. Corelli was born in 1653, Kreisler in 1875, over two hundred years later.

"Genius when young is divine." The history of heroes is the history of youth in the world of art. This is particularly true with the geniuses of the violin. Paganini was world famous when fifteen years of age. Kreisler came very young. And then came Jascha Heifetz.

Jascha Heifetz made his sensational American debut at Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 27, 1917. This day marked the beginning of a series of triumphs never exceeded and seldom equaled by any artist in this country. A descendant of an ancient and cultivated Hebrew family, long practicing the art of music, the violin at his hands has become what it really is, an aristocratic instrument. No violinist that goes up and down our concert halls seems more quietly assured of the ends he would gain in his playing, of the means whereby he will attain them.

Beyond peradventure it is his great genius that makes him seem in the presence of the public, in work in private, so ageless. To the eye even, his years might stand anywhere between the actual twenty and an imaginary eight-and-twenty—eight-and-thirty almost—were it not for the transparent youth in his slender fine-limbed figure. It is credibly related that six years ago in Berlin, and eight years ago in Moscow, this youth played in every respect as he plays now.

America will be deprived of hearing

(Continued on Page 15.)



FRITZ KREISLER

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

Editorial

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK

A dispatch to the News from its Washington office says the Democrats count Indiana as one of the doubtful states and plan to wage a vigorous campaign to carry it for Cox. The News itself has been friendly to the Democrats lately, perhaps not so much from any love for them as out of exasperation at the Republican party's closed corporation management of its convention. Indeed, the editor of the Times, usually a fairly well informed person, avers there is a deal on between the News and Democratic leaders in the state.

This is hardly likely, for two reasons. The first is that the News is not in position to have to make a deal; it can get along very nicely doing as it blame pleases. And the Democrats, anxious as they may be to win, are highly suspicious of any sort of combination with the paper that, so they say, ruined them a few years ago. The editor of the Times must be mistaken. His substantiation of his theory is rather flimsy.

There are rumors about, however, that all sorts of efforts are being made to convince the News it should support Harding for President and James E. Watson for Senator. Among recent ambassadors in this direction is mentioned Senator Harry New. What success he has had is not yet apparent.

Jim Watson, by the way, goes blithely along fussing with first this newspaper and then with that. Never on very good terms with the News, Senator Watson, according to current gossip, is now enjoying a little feud with the Star. The row is said to hinge upon the support of former Senator Beveridge by Publisher Shaffer at the Republican convention. Watson's friends declare Shaffer tried to force Watson to help Beveridge land the permanent chairmanship of the convention, by threatening not to support Watson. The Senator, so the story goes, told Mr. Shaffer to take the Star's support and go jump in the river with it. At any rate, Watson did not hurt himself backing Beveridge. So much for the gossip.

The Democrats, too, may have some fun setting their journalistic house in order. The Times, strongest party supporter in the state, is showing decided symptoms of independence. Publisher Boyce, strong for McAdoo and Prohibition, is wishing, so it is said, the Democratic ticket were more distinctly dry. Mr. Boyce's editor, too, as already mentioned, suspects the News will back the Democratic ticket, and he seems to be disinclined to work enthusiastically in the same cause.

Three independent newspapers in Indianapolis could muddy the situation considerably.

Democrats will campaign not merely on state and local issues, and on the personnel of the Republican state ticket, but on national and international issues as well. This will be in answer to the Republican attack on the national administration, which began months ago. The Democrats, indeed, promise to go the limit in defense of the administration by bringing McAdoo into the state. And McAdoo was one of the chief Republican targets.

It is reported, too, that the Democrats may bring in Bainbridge Colby, now Secretary of State, who battled by the side of Beveridge to put Roosevelt over in 1912. The idea would be, of course, to lure the old progressive vote. But Republican leaders do not appear to be worried over the prospect. They expect a hard fight but plan to win it.

From this angle, it looks like a free-for-all scrap with no holds barred.

There has been some whispering that all is not harmonious in Democratic ranks in Indiana. The story is that Mr. Taggart did not do as much for Tom Marshall at San Francisco as he might have done. Indeed, it is said that at one time a block of southern votes was offered to Indiana for Marshall, to break the Cox-McAdoo-Palmer deadlock, and the offer was ignored. The southerners urged Indiana to start Marshall's boom, but were turned down. No reason was given, and the southerners, who thought Marshall a strong possibility, drew the conclusion that Taggart did not want the Vice-President.

But Democratic and Republican leaders alike will be likely to iron all little differences within their respective ranks before November rolls around.



The Stuart Walker Company presents Martin Brown's comedy of Coney Island life, "A Very Good Young Man," next week at the Murat. The play deals with an aspect of the metropolis not often depicted on the stage—the New York of O. Henry's "Four Million." Arthur Hopkins was the original producer.

Leroy Gumph is the Very Good Young Man of the play. Pearl Hannigan, a pretty young thing, is considerably in love with Leroy, but she has been warned by her kith and kin not to marry him until he has sown his wild oats, it having been their experience that the self-indulgent male must go "on the loose" before he'll settle down to be a docile husband. Prejudiced by the advice she receives Pearl becomes suspicious of her saintly suitor, telling him that he must break out before she will have him. Thus, the tragic picture of Leroy driven to a career of profligacy by the girl of his heart.

As a starter Leroy fills himself with cheap whiskey; fights Dutch Grogan, the neighborhood tough guy; misappropriates funds of the Boy Scouts; and goes off on a lark with a Brooklyn vamp named Osprey Mandelharper. Some time later he is discovered by the Hannigans and Mandelharpers at Pantzer's Coney Island Pavilion at the height of his orgy. Mrs. Mandelharper demands that he wed Osprey, on the grounds that her daughter is irrevocably compromised. The following morning Leroy comes to the Mandelharpers to atone for his indiscretion by marrying Osprey, but at the eleventh hour Pearl arrives in time to rescue him.

Headed by Stuart Walker, who will do a little playing himself for a change, Marjorie Vonnegut, Elliott Nugent, Elizabeth Patterson and Hattie Burks, the comedy will be played by one of the best casts of the season. The production is staged under the direction of Melville Burke, with settings by Frank Zimmerer.

Editorial

THINGS INTERNATIONAL

While our two great political parties sidetrack international affairs completely, the world goes hobbling on. The latest? France has arranged a loan to Germany!

She will lend Germany about $15,000,000 a month, the money coming out of French profits on coal given up by Germany at 70 francs per ton. The Germans receive 70 francs or about $14 under normal exchange, per ton, and the French in turn sell the coal at a handsome profit. The profit goes back to Germany as a loan.

This $15,000,000 monthly, or approximately $500,000 daily, was to have been used by France in reducing her war debt in the United States. But America was not represented in recent negotiations, thanks to our political situation, and Germany made arrangements to borrow the money.

CONTRIBUTIONS

It should be understood that Topics does not agree with nor undertake to vouch for or substantiate opinions and statements by contributors. It endeavors to follow the open forum idea. In the Oliver Willard Pierce article on music, for example, Topics does not agree that the press of Indianapolis has not helped the cause of music. But Mr. Pierce is entitled to his own opinion and may state it freely.

Gossip of the Village

B. A. Worthington is a piker in prediction, by comparison with Carl G. Fisher. Not long ago Mr. Worthington astounded our placid town with a forecast of half a million population in three years. Comes now Carl Fisher with the declaration we'll be a million in 1930. This is on the word of "Activities", a nifty little house organ published by the Chamber of Commerce.

The city should rejoice that its finances are in such good shape that Bob Bryson can take time off to help Len Quill get a thousand new members for the Marion Club.

Who remembers when Wilbur Nesbit lured folks into the "When" with his jingle advertisements, and Bob Springsteen dolled 'em up in new duds?

If Emil Rassmann, Jr., were commenting on Carl Fisher's forecast, he doubtless would say it is one not to be taken prestolitely.

Thirty-one new industries have been brought to Indianapolis this year, says the Star, not counting the white mule business, which was not brought here but, like Topsy, just growed.



INVESTING YOUR MONEY

Few new offerings have been announced in the last few weeks, aside from occasional industrials of minor importance. This is because of a general understanding among borrowers and seekers of capital that money is hard to get. In spite of these two things, however, investment bankers declare that outstanding issues and offerings already on the market continue to move fairly well. The professional buying field, which has in normal times done much of its buying on credit, or with money obtained from the banks, is not as active as it might be because money is still tight, they say. But the newer buying field, developed with the war and its Liberty Bonds, is investing more readily with each month. People who have made money, through higher salaries or better business returns despite taxes of all kinds, are learning the advantages of investment.

Fletcher American Company men say the Midwest offering of preferred and common combined is still selling steadily. The common, which has no par value, is now being sold with the preferred, one share being available at $10 with each two shares of preferred purchased at $100. Originally this one share of common was given as a bonus with each two shares of preferred, but the issue is in such demand the company has decided not to continue the bonus. As a matter of fact, the offering still resembles the bonus idea because the common that is given at $10 with the preferred costs on the market around $21 per share.

Motor stocks generally are not at all active, due to the multitudinous rumors of disaster to the automobile business. Reports are about that two Indianapolis plants making quality cars are about to shut down, and that a third is going to take over a company making a well-known small machine. Thus far none of these dire rumors has come true. Marmon is working on a manufacturing program covering two or three years, and Lafayette is going ahead about its business regardless of financial storms that may be worrying other people. Price increases are announced by some of the larger makers of cars, which would seem to indicate that they at least see beyond the present slow buying market.

Improvement in railroad stock and bond buying is expected to follow the rate increases granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some of the weaker roads may be able to market their issues to obtain new capital. The stronger roads will be better able to take care of themselves. There is no reason, it seems, why Pennsylvania stock, par $50, should be down below $40 per share, for this road's dividends are as regular as Western Union clocks regulated hourly by naval observatory time.

If the somewhat slow market has done nothing else it has enabled a few hard working investment salesmen to get some exercise. G. B. Clippinger, secretary of the Fletcher American Company, is carrying some of his business rivalry with Chester Jewett, of Haueisen and Jewett, out to the tennis courts, with little prospect of any decisive settlement one way or the other.

Ernest Ellington, local representative of the National City Company, finds time to worry the life out of several racket stars about three times a week. If an investment bankers' tennis tournament is arranged, much money will be placed on Ellington to win the championship.

Ed. J. Wuench, another Fletcher American man, wields a wicked bat and serves a mean, deceptive service which, when it gets over the net, does its darndest to hop back over. Jimmy Hurt, one of Dick Miller's co-laborers, is an all-round star; a few days ago he licked one of the Bastian boys. The Campbell brothers, Neale and Leonard Hawthorn's gold dust twins, sell securities when they are not busy on the courts.

There will be plenty of credit for essential business uses the next few months, but none for non-essentials. This is the view of the National Bank of Commerce, New York, expressed in "Commerce Monthly". The magazine says:

"The failure to effect a normal credit liquidation before the commencement of the crop-moving demands has in large measure been due to transportation difficulties which have obstructed free commodity movements and occasioned the credit stringency which became pronounced earlier in the year.

"Were the banks still operating under the old banking system, the outlook would be serious. But since the banking power of the country has become well co-ordinated under the Federal Reserve system, with its flexibility for meeting such a situation, there is no reason to apprehend serious difficulty in caring for essential credit requirements during the approaching season."

Earnest advocates of a National Blue Sky Law for the protection of the Investing Public.

"The Class *of* 54"

An interesting new booklet that presents some facts not generally known on the subject of personal financing and the probabilities for attaining wealth and independence.

Write, phone or call for a Free Copy.

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6% ON SAVINGS
and PAID-UP CERTIFICATES

Under State Supervision Auditor of State

(Dividends Payable Semi-Annually in Cash.)
Resources over ---------- $2,000,000
Reserve Fund ---------- 155,000

28 YEARS OLD AND NEVER PAID LESS THAN 6 PER CENT

UNION NATIONAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
Indianapolis, Ind., 314 Merchants Bank Building
WRITE FOR LAST STATEMENT AND FULL PARTICULARS

We Offer the Unsold Portion

Midwest Engine Company
(Incorporated Under the Laws of Delaware)

8% CUMULATIVE PREFERRED STOCK

PRICE $100 PER SHARE

WITH EACH TWO SHARES OF PREFERRED STOCK THE PURCHASER HAS THE RIGHT TO BUY ONE SHARE OF COMMON STOCK AT $10 PER SHARE

Exempt from State and Local Taxes in Indiana and also from Normal Federal Income Taxes.

Shares $100 each Maturity July 1, 1930

Dividends payable quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October.

First dividend payable October 1, 1920.

Callable at any interest paying date on thirty days' notice, at $110.00 per share and accrued dividend.

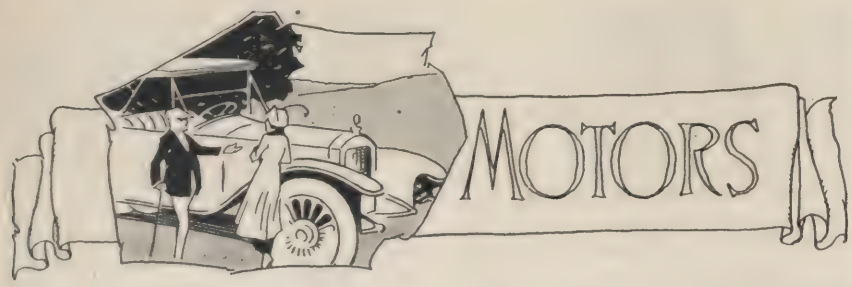
Commencing December 31, 1923, a sinking fund of 10 per cent of the company's annual net profits will be applied to the redemption of this stock.

Indiana Trust Company, Indianapolis
Registrar and Trustee

Fletcher Savings & Trust Co., Indianapolis
Transfer Agent

OFFERED BY

FLETCHER AMERICAN COMPANY
Capital $1,500,000
Fletcher American Bank Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS



By Thomas A. Hendricks

This splendid touring car weather our Indiana roads are full of snappy speed creations that will do eighty miles an hour on the Speedway, sixty miles on the level, well paved road, and then grind up a sharp grade at a six-mile crawl while a whole flock of godless flivvers go rambling by on high. At the end of the day's run the average mileage of some of these speedsters is ridiculously small. Publicly their drivers narrate at length about sixty miles per on the straightaways, and privately wonder whyinell it takes them seven hours to go from Indianapolis to Louisville.

This is the one thing from which the Lafayette folks say they have succeeded in getting away. The new Lafayette car, they assert, maintains average road mileage without excessive road speed. It is a car which will give you an average of say thirty miles an hour for a long run without forcing you to sixty miles on the level stretches in order to compensate for the measly six miles you get on the grades.

This sounds as if the Lafayette really were running around our streets and roads in large numbers. As a matter of fact the company says they will be very shortly, for the first one left Indianapolis several days ago for display at the company's New York agency and within a month every Lafayette agency in the country will be supplied with a demonstrator and production at the factory will increase from day to day.

The Lafayette Motors Company has taken its time in putting the finished car on the market. The company came to Indianapolis almost a year ago, purchased the old Stenotype plant at Mars Hill and has been hard at work ever since. But special care was taken to have every detail perfected before the automobile was turned out ready for the market. There is an air of busy accomplishment around the factory, with a pleasing lack of hurry-scurry, haphazard stampede. There is a certain confidence among the personnel that the Lafayette just can not help being a success, both from a mechanical and business standpoint, that makes it hard to get the men to talk about the future. To them it is a thing already worked out.

Earl C. Howard, vice-president of the company and a former member of the Cadillac staff, when asked about some points for publication, said:

"I would rather not say a great deal until we are turning out cars regularly. That will be time enough."

It was very plain to see that Mr. Howard felt confident the Lafayette car will speak for itself. This attitude is in marked contrast with that ordinarily encountered in a new concern. Most men with a new product to be marketed are only too glad to have an opportunity to get their names in print and will talk for hours about the superlatively wonderful qualifications of their world beating boats.

The plant is working up to the limit of its present capacity. Seven hundred employes are now at work and this number will be increased as the plant takes on larger scope.

In no sense is the Lafayette an assembled car. The vital parts are made in the factory and such parts as have to be purchased elsewhere are made from designs and specifications prepared by the Lafayette engineers to meet their own particular needs.

Simplification of design, reduction in weight, unusual accessibility of the motor and reduction in the number of parts has been particularly sought for by the designers. High speed and power in the motor have been obtained by cleverly designed hollow crank shafts and hollow cam shafts.

The name Lafayette, being French, typifies the best American ideals and the Lafayette Motors Company has carried these ideals into its payrolls. Smith, Jenkins, Harrison, are names to be read. There are no imported foreign mechanics. The men are Americans through and through, and the names on the office doors, White, Howard, etc., have a reassuring Anglo ring.

A visit to the Lafayette factory from the time Edgar Bowman meets you at the door and "Tommy" Tucker, assistant to Vice-President Howard, takes you through the plant, until Mr. Bowman tells you so-long when you leave, is a very pleasant and worth while one. In fact, it is even worth the voyage over the choppy, chewed up, alleged road to the factory, a road as bad as some of our worn out streets.

Bert Coffin Stutzed up to Maxinkuckee last week-end for a visit with John Kittle. Bert has the lake habit this year. It was rumored around the Coffin-Brown place that on Saturday afternoons his Stutz will beat it for the Range road and turn north whether or not any one is in the driver's seat.

Even in vacation time some fellows just can't keep away from business. C. H. Wallerich, of the Dodge sales force, took two weeks' vacation, and what do you think he did with it? He went to Detroit and spent most of his time around the Dodge factory.

L. N. Burnett, advertising manager for the Lafayette Motors Co., has been in Michigan for his vacation. Some of his recent advertising efforts show an attention to detail seldom met with in advertising circles. For example, the



Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS

TRADE MARK Hoosier SUB-CARBURETOR THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR

Saves Gasoline

It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

GEORGE W. PANGBORN

Established 1890

Automobile, Fire and Casualty

INSURANCE

All losses handled from this office

Bell 140 ——Phones—— **Auto. 21-140**

1203 Fletcher Trust Building

cover page of a booklet just issued by the Lafayette company bears the reproduction of a cameo of the great Lafayette. The original is in the Museum Carnavalet at Paris, which was the old home of Madame de Sevigne. The cameo is said to have been Lafayette's favorite likeness of himself.

Walt Kuhn is finding time these days to get away from the Guarantee Tire & Rubber Company in the afternoons long enough to work in a few sets of tennis at the Indianapolis Tennis Association.

The National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World has a bone to pick with the Haynes Automobile Company over the Company's "First Car" advertising. The committee, of which Merle Sidener is chairman, declares that at no time did it give the Haynes Company all the credit claimed. A statement explaining the committee's effort to settle the question describes in detail the conferences held with the Haynes and the Apperson people and says in conclusion:

"In quoting, in part, from our letter the Haynes Company attributes to us the statement the credit for building the first car belongs to Mr. Elwood Haynes. This statement is true as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient for an advertisement supposed to give proper credit where credit is due. The Apperson copy, on the contrary, gives generous credit to Elwood Haynes for the part he played.

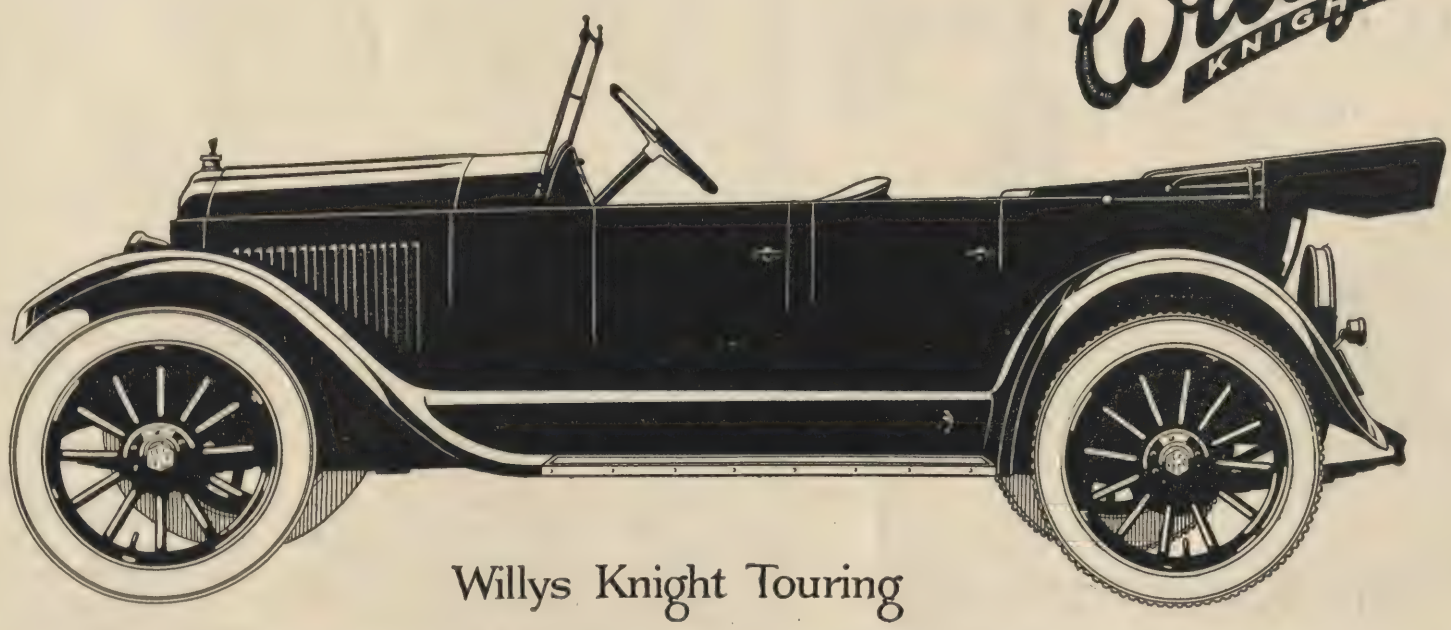
"That the matter may be finally settled it should be said that our investigation developed the fact that Elwood Haynes, then interested in the oil business, first conceived the idea of having a motor car built in America. He went with his ideas and theoretical designs to the Appersons, who were practical mechanics, operating a machine shop in the city of Kokomo, Indiana, and arranged to have Elmer and Edgar Apperson do the work. They purchased parts paid by Elwood Haynes for their services. Thereafter both Elwood Haynes and the Apperson brothers formed the Haynes-Apperson Company. Subsequently their interests were divided—Elwood Haynes going to the Haynes Company and the Appersons to the Apperson Company. It should be borne in mind that at the time the car was constructed none of the companies were in existence and any credit connected with the building of the first car runs to individuals and not to companies.

"We have credited Mr. Haynes with having built the first car in the sense that he conceived the idea and caused it to be built. To the Appersons belongs the credit of having constructed the car and having made the untried ideas mechanically successful."

And still, Indianapolis people feel, and the record would seem to prove, that Mr. Black's little machine, recently exhibited in the Centennial Celebration, was really "America's first car".

The first bale of new cotton crop auctioned at New Orleans brought $1,000.





Willys Knight Touring

Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

THE GIBSON COMPANY

Capitol Avenue at Michigan Street

Distributers
Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

Branches:
Muncie Terre Haute
Lafayette Vincennes
Danville, Ill.

Motion Pictures

Indianapolis is to have added unto it a new moving picture corporation with the open and avowed intention of producing pictures for the especial entertainment of children. Motion pictures in their rapid expansion have included nearly every field from slapstick to Shakespeare, but up to date the youngsters of from six to fifteen—younger than six being scarcely available as movie audience material—have been unconsidered. Of course, some plays designed to please grown-ups just happened to be good, wholesome entertainment for the little fellows as well, but those were only chance shots. Douglas Fairbanks in stunts and Marguerite Clark in fairy tales were really not cast in those parts particularly to please the youngsters. For the most part, motion picture entertainment has been of the kind designed to appeal primarily to the adult audience.

But now the Courtlandt Pictures Corporation of Indianapolis has been organized for the express purpose of picturizing the sort of tales that appeal to children, the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen, the classic kid stories that have a lasting appeal. Gnomes and fairies and dwarfs and princesses will be translated to the screen and they will all be played by children.

Mr. Courtlandt J. Van Deusen, president of the company and also director, has had many years' experience in the motion picture business and is enthusiastic about working with children in pictures. Recently he directed the production of a picture in Chicago in which all the actors were children. Little Zoe Rae was imported from Universal City to play the leading lady for the "Star Prince," but every other member of the cast was just an everyday young Chicago citizen. Dorfia Brown, who is only five years old, played the old woman who is always one of the star performers in a fairy tale, and her acting was worthy of maturer talent. The children all enjoyed immensely the making of the picture, and the youngsters who saw the completed cinema were vastly entertained—and in a wholesome, happy way.

Other companies have staged fairy tales before, but in nearly every case the actors have been adults. Then, too, a splendid picture such as, for instance "Jack and the Beanstalk", is so expensive a production that owners of the smaller neighborhood houses, where most of the children go, could not afford to book it. Only the bigger downtown theaters could swing an expensive affair of that sort. The plan of the Courtlandt Corporation is to stage their pieces adequately but not so extravagantly as to make the cost of booking the films prohibitive for the smaller or neighborhood houses.

They will arrange for programs on the following plan: First, a feature picture—a fairy story or similar piece; then a one-reel educational film; and a one-reel comedy. It is also proposed to include in the program a burlesque of some of the hair-raising serials that are designed for adult entertainment—to have a youthful heroine and a juvenile knight to rescue her from the perils that in cinema serials beset the way of the young and beautiful and good.

A little later the company intends to inaugurate an Educational Department, which will be devoted to educational subjects exclusively. For instance, co-operating with school authorities, they will arrange special reels to present the work in geography for a certain grade. Pictures of industries, such as the processes in mills, mines, plantations, etc., will be included in this department of the organization.

The board of directors is made up of Alvah J. Rucker, Judge James A. Collins, George B. Coffin, Otta Klauss, C. R. Hamilton and John F. Wild, and Courtlandt J. Van Deusen.

The success of the company will depend upon the moral as well as the financial support given it by the people of the city. Parents who have long found fault with the cinema menu offered for the hungry young minds of their children will undoubtedly support the new enterprise. In order that the company may have a true community spirit, Mr. Van Deusen is anxious to have an advisory board of Indianapolis people to give counsel and advice in regard to the themes to be selected for production. It will be appreciated if those who are interested in this phase of motion picture betterment will get in touch with the president of the company to offer their counsel or recommend those who would be qualified and willing to serve on such a board.

Political campaigning is having its effect on the current motion picture offerings. Not only are the news reels blossoming out with smiling candidates pictured at home and abroad, at work and at play, but motion picture producers themselves are seizing the golden opportunity that ripens only once in four years to exploit the political plot. This seems to be the formula: A wild and worthless young citizen, decadent scion of a wealthy family, is through chance pushed into the political spotlight. In the arena of party strife his true mettle is shown and he makes the best mayor the old town ever had.

An interesting feature in a recent program at one of the local theatres was the display of "tests" of would-be motion picture stars. The test consists in a short length of film taken of the aspirant to movie fame wearing all the expressions known in the category of human emotions. The reaction of the novice to the camera is an interesting and sometimes a painful thing to see. Deficiencies in the way of make-up are also particularly fearful and wonderful as displayed by the young things who want to break into the movies. Some of the incipient Mary Pickfords were undoubtedly painfully surprised with the breath-taking results of the "test" pictures.

A feature picture included in the same program with the photographs of the amateurs showed as a setting an artist's studio cluttered with many statues, some of them classics. It was noticeable that Hermes, that fortunate possessor of a perfect profile, photographed very poorly, and a full face view of the curly headed gentleman showed him as a rather dissipated looking youth whose winged heels had kept him out entirely too late the night before—ample proof that the most beautiful people do not always appear to advantage on the screen.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

The publisher of Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis, died a few days ago. He was an exponent of the single tax, a very keen writer and a lover of good literature. His magazine brought out Edgar Lee Masters, publishing the notable "Spoon River Anthology." Reedy was an old-time journalist. By many well-informed men he was ranked with Frank Cobb, of the New York World, as the finest editorial writer in America. His pungent pen will be missed.

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Miss Lulu Bett

Superficially, Zona Gale's latest story, Miss Lulu Bett, is an appetizing morsel for summer reading, for it has a soothing green cover, comfortably large print and wide margins, and it is of convenient length for a summer afternoon's reading, tracing a tale through the warm half of the calendar, from April to September.

But the story of Miss Lulu Bett is a good deal more than a hot weather pastime. It is a very real—sometimes pathetically real—sketch of the life of an ordinary middle western family, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, their two daughters, and Mother Bett and Sister Lulu, who are "making their home" with the Deacons. In return for her home, Lulu fills the role of family drudge; accepts the jibes and elephantine witticisms directed at her by her pompously humorous brother-in-law; pampers the child Monona; endures the superior airs of her married sister; and in general makes the family comfortable, not because of any love or gratitude which she feels for them, but rather from habit, colorless passivity, and failure to realize the possibility of a condition of affairs other than as they are. But into the story strolls stodgy Ninian Deacon, to whom years of travel in South America and the Islands have failed to impart more than a one-candle-power glamour; and Ninian is the instrument whom fate and Zona Gale select to rescue Lulu from the rut of passive acceptance of her lot.

It is not a large story, and it does not pretend to be. It does not force large emotions and grand passions upon people too small to contain them. Lulu Bett does not develop from the family drudge into the butterfly of the emancipated woman; but in very realistic fashion, she is shoved out of an old habit of living and thinking, by chance and trivial circumstance. She is not a pretty woman even though she may have her pretty moments; she is not even always pathetic in an appealing way—she is at times rather a sorry figure of the type that makes you feel rather pained and ashamed; but she is interesting because she is a real person in the process of developing a backbone. And the happy culmination of the story for Lulu, in spite of her goodness rather than because of it, is a satisfying ending.

Aside from the interest in Lulu's story, the most notable feature of the book is the cool analysis of the motives for everyday actions; old Mrs. Bett's tantrums are indulged in at great personal inconvenience for the sheer bliss of making the rest of the family uncomfortable; Monona refuses the food offered her at meal time for the pleasure of being in the limelight; daughter Dilies, not to avoid just punishment, but to save herself from an eternity of ridicule at her father's hands. It is an interesting study in compelling motives, not flattering to the human race, but quite convincing. Miss Lulu Bett is a good story for those who like "that sort of thing", and even for those who don't.

Responsibility

If there is any doubt as to the popular success of Responsibility, it must be attributed to the fact that the author, Mrs. James E. Agate, has not followed the advice of his own Claude Rodd, "Don't crowd your good things too closely. Give our dull wits elbow room." He has cut out of his book all of the non-essentials, and there remains only the brilliant, vital matter which makes Responsibility an engrossing tale that permits of no going to sleep in the reading.

The theme of the book is illegitimacy, not in its relation to the child, but as it reacts on the father. The discussion of this theme does not attempt to arrive at dogmatic conclusions. The story is told, facts cited, and opinions arrayed, but the reader is free to make his own decision.

The setting is a small mill town in England, and the characters are those who touch the life of Edward Marston, the narrator of the story. Uncle Reuben, the unique villain of the story, is portrayed in a graphic manner. The young men of Crawley Bridge who make up the "New Bohemians" are pictured vividly, but in concise fashion: Claude Rodd, the Balzac-mad music store clerk; Westrom, conservative, Puritan, and thinker; Ransom, clerk for a merchant from nine to six, and his artistic self the rest of the day; Reinecke, the German Jew apprentice to English trade; and Marston himself, a writer caught in the calico business.

Their discussions on subjects ranging from the responsibility of the First Cause to the two best lines in English poetry, are of a sort to keep the reader alert for every new twist and quirk of opinion.

Mr. Agate's method of telling his story is the antithesis of all that is Mid-Victorian. His style is compact, crisp, and direct. He has a terse way of saying the things that most people only think, or feel subconsciously, and it is rather startling to see ideas generally decked out in a mitigating costume of indirectness set forth with common sense directness. His pleasure in dealing with every subject with an uncompromising honesty is reminiscent of Butler's The Way of All Flesh.

Three Masters of Violin

(Continued from Page 9.)

Heifetz for two years. Having sailed for Europe last spring, he has repeated his great triumphs both in England and France, reports stating that his two London recitals shattered all records in the matter of attendance and receipts for a violin concert in Queen's Hall. An interesting picture has just been received in America, showing Kreisler, Heifetz and Zimbalist, all enjoying each other's society at a garden party given in London recently.

Through the generosity and patriotism of Jascha Heifetz, who gave the proceeds of one of his concerts, before leaving for Europe, to the Home Service Section of the Red Cross, The Long Branch Seashore Cottage, a "fresh air" enterprise exclusively for the families of the soldiers, was established.

As a matter of record it is interesting to note that, according to the science of astrology, which Emerson says is "Astronomy brought to earth and applied to the affairs of men," Paganini, Kreisler and Heifetz are all born under the sign Aquarius, whose attributes are soul, memory and diffusive knowledge. Whether we believe in planetary influences or not, knowledge of the careers of these three geniuses of the violin and their similarity, is at least interesting.

An amusing incident is told of the trials of a manager of a great artist whose mother's life each day was ruled by planetary influences. If the day seemed adverse for art, no contract could be signed for her child to appear on that day, no matter how good the day seemed for business. Finally the fond mother was convinced that the manager was a very material person, and that "Art for Art's sake" must be a secondary consideration. Thereafter the only adverse days were those on which he was not signing contracts.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of August 8

Circle—Agnes Ayres in "Go and Get it"

English's—Robert W. Chambers' "The Fighting Chance."

Colonial—Mary Miles Minter in "A Cumberland Romance."

Alhambra—Charles Ray in "Homer Comes Home"; Marguerite Fisher in "The Week End."

Ohio—Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.

Mister Smith's—Henry Walthall in "The Confession."

Crystal—Children of Destiny.

Isis—Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence"; Charles Ray in "Homer Comes Home."

Regent—Rex Ray in "The Unknown Ranger". Combination program: Helen Gibson, William S. Hart.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

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Shop Tours

Ages and ages ago, perhaps as long ago as avant la guerre, there was a story in the Saturday Evening Post which made a great appeal to every woman who was interested in clothes, and particularly to those interested in clothes that are becoming to personality as well as person. The big feature of the story was the success of a young man of artistic tendencies who went into the clothing business, but not in the ordinary way. Instead of having designers and cutters and buyers and trimmers in the usual humdrum, commercial way, this young chap "dreamed" clothes for his fair lady customers. His place of business was a leisurely studio and himself an artist who designed clothes as a painter paints, or a sculptor sculps, for art's sake only. Beauty and grace were requisites in the customers of the enterprising young artist-dressmaker-chap, and needless to say, his studio shop was a howling success, not only artistically but in a vulgar commercial way as well.

Rumor has it that something of the sort is being tried in Indianapolis. But the hero of the tale happens to be a heroine. She is, so they say, an artistic young woman who designs gowns and blouses for women on the theory that the garment should be made to fit the figure, and the color scheme, and even the temperament of the customer. To this end, she makes the costume while you wait. That is not to say that a gown or a blouse is made in a hurry, but simply that the garment is built upon the person who is to wear it, and this process of the evolution of a gown may take fifteen minutes and it may take hours. But when the creation is complete, it has individuality and personality and is not only a thing of beauty in itself, but is a complement to the beauty of the wearer.

For example, when the lady who wishes to buy an evening gown enters the shop, she is not harassed with decisions as to materials, qualities, shades, or prices. The artistic young woman attends to all that. She prescribes georgette, chiffon, tulle or satin; pink, peach blow, wine-color or amethyst; a rolled umbrella silhouette or a hoop skirt effect; in a word, she selects the proper thing exactly to enhance the charm of the wearer.

In casually mentioning the young woman who performs these miracles of style and art, Indianapolis women have variously called her Miss Grey, Miss Blue, or even Miss So-and-so, you-know-her-name. Her place of business has been variously mentioned as being in one of the larger department stores, an upper story of one of the old buildings on the Circle, or Market street. She is either in charge of a department in one of the larger shops, or else she has a small studio of her own. But coming down to earth, it has been an impossibility so far for us to fix the young woman's local habitation.

Certain it is that the artiste-modiste exists. We have heard of her several times from several different persons, but unfortunately the information was always from a source several times removed. There is no reason to suppose that the news of Mademoiselle Modiste is false, it is simply a little vague.

One definite example of her handicraft we can cite, but again, unfortunately, we are not sure of the wearer's name or address. The gown was an affair of white satin and soft apple green georgette made in a smocklike style and trimmed with a delicate embroidery of all the colors in the world. It was worn at a recent informal dance by a young woman blessed with a fair and transparent skin and more than the ordinary allotment of auburn hair. The color scheme was perfect, and the designer of the costume was unquestionably successful in her art, or at least in this particular work of art.

Interminable shop tours have as yet failed to reveal the location of this genius in the dressmaking line, but perhaps other Indianapolis shoppers have not had so much difficulty in finding her out.

Something new in the way of fashion about which there is no doubt or perplexity is the advent of the polkadot. Perhaps the present return to popularity of the polkadotted gown is due to the constant mention made in newspapers and magazines of the "vicious circle", though the polkadot itself seems harmless enough.

Blue and white is the favorite combination, although a few patterns in dark brown and white are to be found. Materials are chiefly voiles and organdies. Entire dresses, or simply trimmings for plain colored dresses, are made of the polkadotted materials. There is something pleasantly gay about the polkadot, and the dresses and blouses besprinkled with showers of white circles are pleasantly gay and saucy on even the hottest day.

Because of the late war, or the pending election, or the embargoes on certain classes of freight shipment, or some equally profound reason, it has been practically impossible to get the kind of tennis racquet case that provides a pocket for shoes. For the inveterate tennis player who is not content to confine his tennis enthusiasm to one club, such a case is often a great convenience. One shop which handles sports goods offers a just-as-good in the way of a case which has a long pocket for balls and is besides of such generous proportions that shoes may be comfortably packed inside the case, if the tennis fan is not too tender of the feelings of the racquet strings to permit of this arrangement.



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Women Censor Films

Well Organized Committee Works to Keep Indianapolis Screen Offerings Clean.

By Mrs. David Ross

There are probably many citizens in Indianapolis who do not realize that an organization composed of club women, parents and teachers exists—an organization which looks after its motion picture houses each week, visits first showings of downtown houses and returns the reports to the chairman to be passed on.

The approved pictures are then given to the Shortridge Echo, the official school paper which reaches all schools in the city. This suggestion of worth-while pictures through the Echo, we are glad to say, is accepted by many of the high school boys and girls, their parents and teachers as well.

It is not an easy thing to select pictures for the public, and criticism as well as praise often comes. We do not all care for the same literature, neither do we all care for the same kind of pictures. Many of the women on this committee have served for nearly six years and are pretty well trained by their experience in viewing pictures and observing the audience, in knowing what the public wants. Pictures must be judged as a whole, and not by some little incident thrown in which might be objectionable, but often necessary to the story. The pictures are judged from the standpoint of being clean, entertaining, instructive and the impression it will leave on the mind of youth. It is just as impossible to eliminate all the objectionable in films as it is to do it in life, but immoral suggestions have no place on the screen. This committee reports to the policewomen and the Church Federation all incidents of immorality that come under their observation.

We are told that the public desires these questionable pictures which have been flooding our country. The better element of the public does not want such pictures, and pictures should not be made for the degenerate class.

We are demonstrating that the public does not care for such pictures by the fact that organizations for better films are being formed all over the country. We have forty county chairmen in Indiana. Letters have come to us from all parts of the country asking us for information in regard to our work. This shows that people are being aroused to the fact that co-operative work is necessary.

The National Parent Teachers' Association is planning to form organizations similar to the Indorsers of Photoplays in every state in the Union.

The National Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Morals is planning to send out lists of approved pictures called "White Lists". Sending out these lists is an advertisement which can not be bought.

The exhibitors are beginning to realize that a committee giving time to the choosing of good pictures for young people is worthy of consideration. We are not injuring their business, but doing constructive work along better lines. We all like good stories in photoplays which are not suitable for children either as stories or plays. We should not call a picture bad just becauses it does not appeal to us.

We feel that a stronger effort must be made towards getting the good works of literature before the public. Such pictures as "Evangeline", "Les Miserables", "The Tale of Two Cities", and many others, lie on the shelves of the exchange. These pictures appeal to educators, school and literary people, and to them we must appeal for support. We placed the presentation of these pictures in the hands of the special finance committee with the results that "Evangeline" and "The Land of Opportunity" were shown the week of Lincoln's birthday to average daily attendances of five thousand.

Three thousand and seven hundred bulletins have been published and distributed during the year and more than 30,000 homes have been reached by our message. They are sent to the Public Library, the Branch Libraries, the various film exchanges, and the Teachers College. Through the State President of Photoplays, we have been able to reach the thirteen districts in the state. Request came through the Speakers' Bureau from seven of the thirteen districts for speakers.

A motion picture machine was placed in the "Julia H. Goodhart" School in Irvington. This is the first public school to take up the work of pictures with lessons by the teacher. One educational film will be used a week and we are interested in the effect on the children.

The Business Outlook

(Continued from Page 6.)

But to pass along hope for the near future, pointing out a few of the things which may be reasonably expected to occur, is a matter of community service.

"Overproduction with prompter delivery and less money needed to handle transactions all the way through is what will bring about the return of former favorable conditions," said Mr. Downey.

The fact that we are entering a presidential campaign has very little bearing upon what may be expected in the next few months, the banker thinks. "I do not believe that the campaign will have one single effect upon the present high money rates and the liquidation which is going on," he said. "It is purely economic and inspired by the pressure and precept of the Federal Reserve Bank. History of former presidential campaigns to the contrary, this campaign will affect the business situation little or none because, I believe, there never has been a presidential campaign conducted during a financial situation quite like this.

"I am satisfied, however, that there is not going to be much business on the scale of a few months ago until our present pressing economic problems are worked out.

"What are these problems and how will they be worked out? The big thing is the reduction of the currency deflation by increased production and the improvement of transportation so that commodities may be marketed and credit in banks reduced by payment of notes. This will reduce the currency conditions and bring about the rapid retirement of rediscount of member banks upon which Federal Reserve notes are issued.

"Improvement of physical conditions in industry will also mean, to a certain extent, the reduction of prices of many commodities in order that they may be made to move quickly. It also means the withdrawing of stores of food and other materials from depots and warehouses where they have been held, either for future needs or for speculation, so that notes based on them may be taken up.

"The only way the Federal Reserve Bank circulation can be reduced is for the banks that have borrowed from the Reserve Bank to pay their notes and see that their customers pay up. The best way to get money is to sell something you have. Whether it be Liberty bonds or a hundred barrels of sugar upon which money has been borrowed they are going to be sold when the banks call for payment of notes and they are going to be sold even if the bonds have to be converted into cash at a loss and the sugar sold at twenty cents a pound. With everybody doing this we are going to see a return to the basis where a dollar is more nearly worth a dollar. This procedure is interlocked with the process of reducing the high cost of living.

"I think that with forces working as outlined above we ought to see the situation materially improved by the interest disbursing period of January. I think we have about reached the peak of the credit load right now. However, if transportation conditions do not get better I foresee that there will be considerable strain on banks in the smaller communities and the farmers during the crop movement period. It may be that there will be more of a strain upon the farmer than anybody else, for the elevator men are not going to tie up their and the banks' money by buying grain they know they can not keep moving toward the market.

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Music in Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 7.)

floor was had by a tumble-down outdoor stairway not even covered from the rain and snow. I never ascended it without wondering if it would still be there when I wanted to leave. The rooms matched the staircase and the furnishings the rooms, except for a few belongings of the Portfolio Club, which was then just beginning to attain the commanding position it later occupied in our literary and artistic life and of which Louis H. Gibson, architect of the Law Building, was that year president. The floors were rotten and gaping. The teaching pianos were out-of-tune survivals of a bygone day and other equipment was nil. I emphasize these details merely to make clear the contrast between the then one music school of Indianapolis and the present two with their own fine buildings and excellent equipment.

With the music teachers (one can not even use the term professional) the situation was equally bad. The busiest, most popular and most successful were the cheapest and most incompetent. One piano teacher, whom, if I should name, would doubtless be remembered by many of my older readers, was said to have a class of well over one hundred pupils, taught from eight in the morning to ten at night, gave his pupils the Maiden's Prayer and Waves of the Ocean March and couldn't play a hymn tune himself.

His ilk were in the vast majority but they have mostly passed on and are now, let us hope, happily playing the harp instead of pretending to teach innocent youth the piano, voice or violin. Make no mistake, however. There were also a few well-equipped, earnest, honest teachers. To this coterie and their accomplishments let me now draw your attention, to show how the leaven of musical righteousness gradually worked in Indianapolis. Max Leckner had done sterling pioneer work as director of the Maennerchor and had been honored with the presidency of the Music Teachers' National Association long before the time of which I write. Later Alexander Ernestinoff was to lead this society to still greater achievements. Between their respective incumbencies "Papa" Barus, despite his extreme age, brought to his leadership of this organization at least earnest effort and high ideals. About this time F. X. Arens, a most efficient chorus conductor, organized the Choral Union—a volunteer choir of about thirty to forty voices—in the Second Presbyterian Church. This was one of the best trained choruses of its size I have ever heard and much did I enjoy playing the organ for it. Mr. Arens also was the successful conductor of the May Festival chorus and brought it to high artistic excellence; but soon after resigned and left Indianapolis in peeved resentment because the board of directors refused to set aside the conductors of the visiting orchestras and allow him to direct the solo orchestral numbers as well as the choral ones. This little bee of orchestra conducting, by the way, has stung several other Indianapolis musicians. At least two beside Arens have left the city on that account.

Karl Schneider, another vocal teacher, was one. He made the first attempt at the establishment of a local orchestra and, considering the material at his command and the rather indifferent, if not skeptical, attitude of the public, he did very well from a musical standpoint, for several seasons. Able and energetic, he was at the same time rather intolerant and lacking in diplomacy. The enterprise collapsed and he soon departed to other fields. Other similar ventures, relying partly on amatuer players and requiring importation of outside professionals for some of the instruments also failed. The only approach to a real symphony orchestra Indianapolis ever had was the one formed in 1911 by the local players themselves. Inspired by the love of good music and the craving to produce it in a big way, they banded together, gave freely their time and effort without hope of commensurate compensation, chose, and when they could, paid their own conductor—of whom more anon.

Our immediate concern lies in the one big thing which made this venture not alone possible but successful; viz, the high character of the members of the organization. In past times and many cities, band and theatre musicians have not always been regarded as the most exemplary citizens. It was my privilege for many years, in fact until comparatively recently, to personally know almost every member of the local group. I can say without hesitation that Indianapolis had every reason to be proud of them. Wastrels and bar-flies were few and far between. The vast majority were good citizens; good sons, husbands, and fathers, devoted to their work and faithful to its conscientious performance and their own legitimate obligations. For instance, while I have no statistical proof, I am convinced from reliable information given me by traveling musicians, that Indianapolis has a larger per capita percentage of union musicians in the high Masonic bodies (Commandery, Scottish Rite and Shrine) than any other city in the country. I never belonged to the Musicians' Union, but I certainly take off my hat to its local membership.

One proof of their good sense and intelligence was their selection of Alexander Ernestinoff as conductor. Mr. Ernestinoff was, and is, the one man in Indianapolis capable of adequately directing a real symphony orchestra. He alone has the broad knowledge, the ripe experience, the intellectual and emotional qualifications for such a great task. It may be a surprise to most of my readers to know that before he was out of his teens he was conducting grand opera and that, at the age of twenty, in St. Louis, he conducted the first American performance of Wagner west of Chicago—Lohengrin, if I am not mistaken. He is the only Indianapolitan who has ever been invited as guest conductor for great outside orchestras. In short, to drop into the vernacular, he was all there with the goods. Yet our one real symphony orchestra also passed out. Why? The answer leads from retrospect to prospect.

(To be continued.)

Lloyd George

(Continued from Page 7.)

and ostensibly opposed political parties—the Unionists and the Liberals—as a tandem to his own political chariot. An analogous situation would arise if there were sufficient parties in the United States to prevent the Republicans or the Democrats electing their own candidate, and then were cajoled by some enterprising statesman into supporting an independent Democrat, so as to dominate congress. Thus it is with the British Unionists, ostensibly the conservatives, and the Liberals, who pose as less reactionary folk. Thus Lloyd George, an independent Liberal, keeps his present office because he can lead the Unionists, the largest parliamentary party, around by the nose. When the Unionists get tired of it, Lloyd George feels perfectly safe in assuming he can scatter their clan with a new election and joining forces with the steadily growing Labor section.

Lloyd George dominates the cabinet. He has no understudy who might serve in his place. While there are some two score politicians and a few statesmen in his Coalition government, there is not one of them who could form a stable government and have the country firmly behind him. Much is printed of Winston Churchill's potentialities, but his chances of becoming premier of England within the next dozen years are just about on a par with those of Thomas Marshall being elected President. And that's no slur on Tom, for Tom's at least popular among a wide section of the American public. Bonar Law, Unionist Party's chief who worked hand-in-glove with Lloyd George, fully realizes he is unfitted to form a government even if the Unionists so desired it. When the Asquith ministry fell, Bonar Law as leader then of the opposition party, was called upon to form a government, but he recognized that Lloyd George was more fitted for the task and peril which then confronted the country and stood back.

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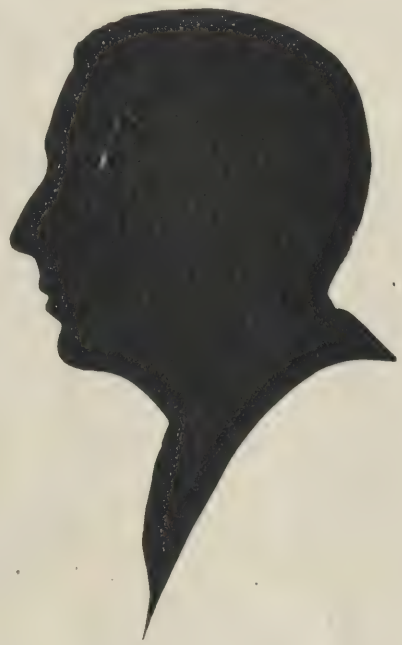
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1920 — NUMBER 9

Great Gotham

Theodore Dreiser, Hoosier, Serves as Preceptor for the Younger Artists and Writers of Modern America.

By Oliver M. Sayler

It isn't often that a man or an artist is more important than the work he produces. Once in a generation, though, nearly every cross-roads hamlet gives birth to a figure who is significant in his narrow neighborhood for what he is rather than for what he does. And once in a generation—hardly oftener—a nation rears up a genius of whom it can be said that the fact that he has lived is of greater moment than any single book he has written or picture he has painted or act he has performed.

Indiana is mother to such a one in the field of contemporary letters, for Theodore Dreiser, born in Terre Haute and kept within Hoosier confines until early manhood, has so profoundly influenced younger writers and the thought they have sought to express that it seems at this close distance, despite the substantial literary achievement of the author, as if the final judgment might assign him a still higher place as a preceptor of authors. In the brief decade since 1910, during which he has devoted himself wholly to writing and prior to which he had produced only a single story, he has published four more novels, two books of travel, two volumes of plays, one of short stories, one of philosophical essays and one of fragmentary biographies. Of this dozen volumes I have read only five and of the five none is a novel, and yet, although his reputation in letters is as a novelist, I can say frankly, along with dozens of others who are striving to express themselves in criticism, in literature, in art and in life, that no living American has affected us so profoundly as Theodore Dreiser. Many of those to whom he is a beacon may not have read a word he has written, but his influence is potent, nevertheless. He is an ideal personified.

Dreiser's power to mold the mental and imaginative processes of others is due to the same trait which explains his own achievement as a creative artist. That trait, that ideal which he personifies, is intellectual, esthetic and moral courage. In an era of slatternly thinking and of Pollyanna flight from unpleasant facts, he preaches a new crusade—a crusade to see and live life fearlessly, inquisitively, realistically. It is not the fault of his program if he does not always live up to it himself. He is like a man who has found a more rational way to roll a stone up a hill, but lacks the physical strength to carry out his conception with ease and grace.

Dreiser's realism is of a peculiar sort. Unlike the realism ordinarily encountered in art and letters and philosophy, it has absolutely no preconceptions. It will not remain realism if in the end the facts prove something else. It has no hierarchy of dogma to defend, no prejudices to protect. It is simply an experimental channel from which life may be viewed. It doesn't know where it's going, but it's on its way.

Dreiser's latest published work is a volume of essays, "Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub," a strange collection of his thoughts on such topics as marriage and divorce, the American financier, the reformer, the contemporary newspaper. For those who are willing to read essays or to forget that these pointed and incisive discussions of public and eternal questions are cast in essay form, I can think of no better way to start Dreiser. They will not be so momentous to those who know Dreiser already, for they merely present the philosophical framework which Dreiser the creative artist has clothed with imaginative characterization in his novels and his plays. But for the beginner in Dreiser they reveal his realistic manner of facing life.



ELEANOR PAINTER

"Florodora" in Revival after Lapse of Twenty Years Recalls Memories of Days when Fashion Bowed to It.

His method of thought as a philosopher, a method which he uses to the best of his ability and equipment as a creative artist, is here set forth in outline and in substance. Of course, if you reject the essay and insist on getting acquainted with Dreiser through his novels, there is only one course to follow, and that is to steal someone's copy of "The 'Genius.'"

I say "The 'Genius'" because by common consent it is the most impressive piece of writing that Dreiser has yet accomplished. I say steal it, for by no other manner can you put your hands on a copy. The reason for this situation is such a vivid commentary on contemporary publishing methods and has had so much to do with opening Dreiser's eyes and determining his reaction toward such current problems as the newspaper and the censorship and our sex neuroses, that it will bear repeating here.

Five years ago, shortly after the story of Eugene Witla made its appearance, a ban was placed on its sale and circulation by the Society for the Prevention of Vice, the organization through which the late Anthony Comstock worked as postal inspector to smother all literature and art which did not conform to strict Puritan sex taboos. John Lane was Dreiser's publisher at that time and he promptly put away in a vault the several thousand remaining copies of the novel without so much as questioning the Comstock verdict. Since then, Dreiser has gone over to Boni & Liveright as his publishers, a firm which is willing to fight out in the courts the right to republish "The 'Genius.'" Despite court action to compel his former agents to fulfill their contract or release him from its terms, the novel still languishes in the Lane vaults and not even the author himself is able to lay hands on a copy.

Such treatment at the hands of an ignorant and meddlesome system might be expected to have an influence on its victim's views of the social order. With Dreiser, however, the re-

sult is never bitterness. Time and again in this latest volume of essays, he touches upon aspects of our contemporary life which might afford him an opportunity to be spiteful and vindictive, yet he is never so self-indulgent. The experience has merely brought home to him the pitiful lack of honesty in our national thinking, a fault which he deplores much as a parent might the unintended misdemeanors of his child.

In fact, the outstanding trait of Dreiser the philosopher and moralist, just as it is the most obvious and lovable of his characteristics as a man, is his kindly tolerance. Instead of quarreling with that with which he does not agree, he seeks to find out why it exists. His analysis and exposure of conditions and their causes is relentless, but he is too good a realist—a fatalist, if you will—to think that the invective of the reformer can change them materially. His humility in the face of an overwhelming universe is such that he sometimes seems to doubt whether he has any right to wish to change them.

Two notes stand out in "Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub" of tremendous importance to those who seek honesty and freedom in art and in life. One of them is the gospel of change. Dreiser sees change as the eternal law of the universe, a law denied and blocked only by a blind portion of humanity which has the audacity to think it can halt cosmic processes for more than a moment. To the liberal this gospel will come as a heartening reassurance. The reactionary will scorn it and deny it as of old and the revolutionist needs no accretion of faith. In affirming it, Dreiser refuses to align himself with any party or social creed, and the impetus of his thought grows, therefore, by its impartiality.

The other note of superior significance is the broad basis of Dreiser's realism. Agnostic in sociology and science, in ethics and esthetics, as well as in religion, he does not make the mistake of the mere materialist and deny those aspects of life which do not fit in with a preconceived theory. His gospel of change leads him to believe that life can be improved by searching it to the depths and by facing and accepting whatever we find. To that end, therefore, he admits spiritual values in all his calculations, but he insists that they be scrutinized with the same frankness and lack of prejudice as a bank report.

Ever since early last winter, Dreiser has been buried in the Far West at work on a new novel, "The Bulwark," which his publishers hope to bring out this fall. And yet, distant as he has been in the flesh, his influence has persisted wherever men and women of the younger generation are trying to express themselves as artists or as writers. The Indiana tradition in letters knows no more powerful protagonist than this fearless, kindly, inquisitive, eager pioneer in the field of thought and life.

"Florodora" (ask for the genuine; beware of imitations!) still survives at the Century against the hoard of new musical plays with which the new season is starting. From Dreiser and philosophy to "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," is not an impossible chasm to leap, provided you remember that the intervening stream is one which is secure in Hoosier affection. The novelist tells the story in that singularly tender tribute to his brother, Paul Dresser, in "Twelve Men"—the story of how he himself as a youngster in New York wrote many of the words and the music of the chorus of "On the Banks of the Wabash." It is too good a tale to spoil by paraphrase, if you haven't read it. Perhaps, after all, "Twelve Men" is the best primer for Dreiser beginners.

Well, "Florodora" is of about the same vintage as the sentimental ditties of Paul Dresser, and popular affection which still sings "Oh, the Moon Is Fair Tonight Along the Wabash" is equally ready to whistle "Under the Shade of the Sheltering Palms." It would do as much for "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," if that particular tune of Leslie Stuart didn't change keys several times in its course. In this case, though, affection survives memory, for the audiences of "twenty years after" wait eagerly for the appearance of the sextet, that most influential and dictatorial autocrat of feminine fashion of modern times.

"Florodora" wears well. I wonder whether audiences of 1936 will care as much for "Watch Your Step." They might for "Oh, Boy!" And if Gotham with its proverbially fleeting memory still cherishes the melodies of Dolores and the antics of Anthony Tweedlepunch, what will be the response of "the road" with its more persistent affections when the Shuberts' revival goes westward this fall.

To Try to Take the H. From H. C. L.

Women to Try Their Hands at Job That Has Baffled Mere Men and Politicians.

By Beatrice Sherman

Another drive is to be made on the H. C. L. forces. This fresh onslaught will be in the hands of the women of the country, and since 90 per cent of the buying to supply ordinary household needs in this country is in the hands of women, visible results are expected. There will be no politics or pull in this campaign. It will set off no rosy fireworks. No attempt will be made to reach the millennium of pre-war prices. The aim will be simply to bring the prices of standard articles of dress, staple groceries—the things that we can't do without—down to a fair price level.

The work in Indiana will be in charge of Miss Eleanor P. Barker, an attorney, with offices at 916 Fletcher Savings and Trust Building. Miss Barker will be assisted by an executive chairman or a capable secretary, and will act in conjunction with an advisory board to be made up of representatives from the fair price committee, the Housewives' League, various school organizations, the Home Economics Division of the Department of Agriculture, the thrift committee, women's clubs, and the press committee. In this way it is planned to utilize all of the organizations already existing to further the purposes of the Anti-High Cost of Living Campaign. By using these already efficiently organized agencies, there will be very little lost motion in effecting a flexible, far-reaching and efficient force to combat unfair prices.

Although the work is only just begun, plans and methods of promoting the campaign are well under way. The work will be handled under Miss Barker's direction through six committees. The first of these will be a committee on clubs, whose duty it will be to interest the different women's clubs throughout the city and enlist their aid in the campaign and in the spread of propaganda against unfair prices.

Second, there will be a committee on schools. The workers in this division will carry the campaign through both the public and private schools, and they will have perhaps the greatest instrument of publicity.

There will be two divisions to the publicity committee. The first of these will consist of a speaker's bureau, whose aim will be educational rather than merely inspirational. Instead of vague, pointless tirades against high prices in general, lectures of specific value will be given. Experts from the department stores will be enlisted in this phase of the work. One talk, for instance, may be in regard to silks. Intelligent buying of silks will be the theme, rather than advice to buy no silk at all, or to buy only the cheaper grades; for sometimes low-priced silks are cheap at any price, while a higher priced silk of a durable quality, is a good investment. Explanations as to means of judging silks, how to tell a silk that is loaded with tin or glass, the types of silks best suited to different uses, and other aids to intelligent buying, will be included in the talk on silks.

The second division of the publicity committee will be the press committee, that will advertise the campaign through the daily papers, working, of course, in conjunction with the other committees.

Another phase of the publicity work will be experience meetings modeled on the old-fashioned revival meetings where those who had enjoyed satisfying religious experiences arose in meeting and told the rest all about them. The Anti-H. C. L. experience meeting will operate on the same principle, but will deal strictly with business. If a woman knows that at a certain department store a brand of silk stockings can be bought that is reliable and durable, she will tell her experience at the meeting and give others a chance to profit by it. The findings of these experience meetings will be compiled, and an honor roll of merchants will be made up specifying those stores where purchasers may find articles that are good value.

Music in Indianapolis

By Oliver Willard Pierce

From earliest beginnings all art has been the creature of subsidization. In the dark ages the source of subsidy was the Roman church; later, royalty and aristocracy; nowadays, plutocracy. No nation or period can produce, foster and support great art without the presence of a class whose wealth gives them leisure to acquire the perception of values not ponderable in the scales of material need or necessity. The first great flowering-place of the fine arts was in Athens. There all labor was performed by helots and the free citizens had time to orient themselves as to the meaning and significance of poetry, painting and sculpture. Rich Athenians vied with each other in the outlay of vast sums for elaborate productions of the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. A false accent in the delivery of an actor was hissed by the cultured audience. In our present day we see J. P. Morgan spending millions for choice treasures and at his death dedicating them to the public. Without the generosity of Mr. Flagler the triumphal trip of the Damrosch orchestra would have been impossible. Hence I repeat that music, in any large way, must be subsidized by the wealthy few for the benefit of those of less means until it has become indispensable to the latter that they will pay for themselves.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, the musician of his pay. Unfortunately, there are many worthy people who fail to realize this. I never heard of a church society or woman's club asking a doctor to prescribe for its members or a lawyer to handle their legal affairs without remuneration. But said organizations will blandly ask a musician to sing or play for their members without money and without price. If he consents he is flattered, petted for an hour in a patronizing way, and rewarded with a dish of ice cream. If he refuses he often incurs resentment and hostility. This is a very great injustice and should be resolutely opposed by musicians and fair-minded people on the other side. (This little side excursion is a free addition to the main trip.)

When it comes to solo artists, it is unfortunately true that for the Indianapolis audience—"What is far, conquers what is near." No resident pianist has ever paid hall rent with a recital; ditto violinist; ditto vocalist—with the possible exception of a few hand-turned benefit affairs. Mr. Emilio Renaud was ignored here, but, going to Boston, found prompt recognition

(Continued on Page 14.)

Out of Russia Comes Genius

Rachmaninoff Stands as Typical of the Art Development in the Muscovite World of Music.

Has Steadfastly Declined to Act as Conductor, Preferring to Play and to Work on Compositions.

By Ona B. Talbot

The Russian school of music is today admittedly the most important and original and Sergei Rachmaninoff, the latest and greatest composer visiting America, has exercised the greatest influence in building up of that mighty structure. To use his own words, at the time of his playing in Indianapolis last season, he said: "The Russian is the greatest musical school today. I marvel that Americans do not know more of it, for it has the universal emotional appeal which none can resist. It is regrettable that you do not know more of our operas, for they are as rich and marvelous as anything in modern music, and nowhere in the world are there fuller opportunities for producing great new works than in America."

In Rachmaninoff is the quality of all-round musicianship developed in a degree apparently unexampled in Russian musical history. As a composer, his creative ability is as varied as that of any of the young Russian group—Balakiref, Cui, Moussorgsky, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakof, who were the prime movers in the musical nationalist movement, and are collectively known as "The Five", "The Kouchka" or "Mighty Little Heap", and "The Invincible Band". The spirit of individual liberty which inspired this young group of reformers in the musical world about 1861, is clearly reflected in their music, as it is in the art and literature of Russia at that time.

As a conductor Mr. Rachmaninoff has made a reputation, earned entirely by sheer interpretive ability, and unswerving devotion to the composer's interests. The attention of the musical public was centered on Rachmaninoff, when he declined to accept the post of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This position was declined by him only because of his desire to appear as a piano virtuoso, which allows him to devote some time to composition. It is because of his reputation as a conductor and composer that, until his ecent tour of this country, his remarkable pianistic gifts, had not been realized, and even now, as his chief interest as aperformer is that of the interpretation, it is as a composer that he is regarded by the public, even when seated at the piano. It is a well deserved compliment.

Sergei Rachmaninoff is now in his forty-seventh year, and at the height of his powers. There is nothing peculiar or freakish in his appearance. He plays without affectation of any kind. Tall, rather broad of shoulder and with sober face, almost to severity, he sits at his instrument, and plays upon the emotions of his hearers. Upon the occasion of his first appearance in Indianapolis last winter, it was remarked that when he appeared on the stage, he resembled 'The Monk", from "The Garden of Allah". One could readily discern the similarity between the creature of Hichen's imagination and Sergie Rachmaninoff—emanating mystery and romance.



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

The wonderful interpretive art of this great Russian so affected one of our prominent musicians, that after the concert, she walked alone through the streets, living every moment over again, with tears in her eyes—unashamed. To be able to do this, an artist must speak the language of the heart, and Rachmaninoff truly demonstrates that in music "the heart is all".

Sergei Rachmaninoff has visited many countries. He was chief conductor of the Imperial Opera in Moscow in its most prosperous days. His operas stand in the repertoire of the Russian opera houses; his works for orchestra are widely performed, while his songs grace the programmes of many prominent concert singers, and his piano pieces are known and admired by pianists and students of piano the world over.

His latest creative work is a symphony on "The Bells", Poe's poem. With a romantic theme, a composer like Rachmaninoff with a romantic purpose, if one could simultaneously study the poem with the symphony, one would no doubt find revealed many points of likeness, not only in the works themselves, but also in the methods employed for their creation, the result suggesting a parallel between the geniuses that produced them.

In conclusion, a reference as to the influence and environments of these two singular and gifted men may be of interest. Of the life of Edgar Allen Poe we need not enter into detail. We all know its tragedy and ultimate analysis. Of Sergei Rachmaninoff, perhaps we are not all aware that through the hardships of war and revolution in his own country, he is practically an exile, having lost all his possessions. After great personal suffering he came to America, and now he is so oppressed by conditions, that for days at a time he wanders along the road alone, speaking to no one, and his attitude prohibits any kindly inclined soul from approaching him. So both our American genius, and this great Russian genius were surrounded by an atmosphere suited to the work they have accomplished. Both knew discomfort and unhappiness. Edgar Allen Poe has gone to his wider experience. America has extended welcoming arms to Sergei Rachmaninoff and in this land of opportunity and good will he should find happiness.

To Rachmaninoff

As one who dreamt might hear in choral flight
A seraph chanting of eternal things,
And with melodious, aeolian wings,
Sowing with silver the transmutted night—
Even as such a one we feel the might
And marvel of your days of deep impassionings;
We stand as one to whom the darkness brings
Mysterious music from a starry height.

In your vast chords are met our wildest dreams—
All memories of beauty and all gleams
Of loveliness that yet shall haunt the heart.
You echo, as no voice since Time began,
And earthly wings essayed the heavens of Art
The mourning of archangels and of man.

[This poem was read as a tribute to Rachmaninoff by the author, George Sterling, the California poet, on the occasion of the eminent musician's visit to California last year, when a feast was spread for him at the famous Bohemian Club in San Francisco.]



"I'm sorry," said the saintly young man in the play, "but I think you'd better go now, as I fear I'm going to be raided." And the pretty young guest promptly followed this kindly advice, for "raid", even in connection with the height of respectability, is a word to make the backbone prickle and the hair stand on end.

Until recent years it has been irrevocably associated with the names of buccaneers and guerillas. "Morgan, the Raider", slips smoothly from the tongue. But to be brought up to date, this fearful appellation of raider must be preceded by "Sergeant Murphy" or "Patrolman O'Rourke", for of recent years these are the chaps who do the raiding—in the name of the law and not in violation of it.

Of course, breaking the law has always been a more fascinating adventure than upholding the law, which is at best a bourgeois task. The glamour of raiding has been dispelled, and the common "cop" does it now.

And as for the object of present day raids—the search for moonshine and mountain dew and other liquids of that like but of a less poetic nomenclature has been the cause for most of the recent exploits of our valiant policemen-raiders. For this reason, some of the other infringements of law and order which prohibition does not prohibit are enjoying unraided bliss. Gambling, that damning title for all games of chance, has been of this happy number.

But occasionally this class of law violation comes in for its share of attention. and the devotee of cards and other games of chance is temporarily disturbed. For the most part, gamblers are masculine offenders, and women seldom come in for a share of blame on this score. But only last week a card party in Indianapolis—a women's card party—was in progress where "four of a kind" and "royal flushes" were in demand and brought the holders of such hands more than luck or a silver pickle dish. No prizes of linen table centers or wicker boudoir lamps for these women. The stakes were cold cash and it's safe to say that the game was exciting. A sad thing that the merry party should have been broken up—but broken up it was, and by a prosaic blue clothes and brass buttons raid of policemen.

The women who were politely trundled to "Headquarters" in specially provided automobiles were not, of course, of "our set". Perish the thought. But several young women of the city who are prominent socially—and a few of the older set also, read of the fate of this Massachusetts venue card party with unusual interest. Women card players raided! Horrid! Where is the policeman's sense of chivalry?

But wouldn't it be an amusing thing if some of these efficient minions of the law knew of the bridge parties in higher social circles, where money or I. O. U.'s change hands, of confidential little poker parties in the better residential districts of the city where the wicked game of "penny ante" is in vogue, and the bets sometimes go as high as—but why specify?

The moral of the story? There isn't any. Bridge is a good game, and poker is The Great American Game—if you forget baseball. They're both innocent enough. But if women of Massachusetts avenue can't have a game of cards for money, why should the gambling of other ladies on other streets be regarded as mere gamboling?

Society Notes

Mrs. W. H. Coleman, Mrs. William A. Atkins, and Mrs. Charles Wood will be in Atlantic City until September.

Miss Frances Beik will spend the month of August at Colorado Springs.



MARIE DAWSON MORRELL

Marie Dawson Morrell is to go to New York in the fall for her debut at Aeolian Hall under the management of Haensel and Jones, on October 14. Richard Hageman, assistant conductor of the Metropolitan orchestra, will be her accompanist.

All Indianapolis music lovers will be greatly interested in the success of Mrs. Morrell's concert, for she has had all of her musical training here under Hugh McGibeny. She is a member of the Matinee Musicale and the Harmony Club, and has played for nearly all of the musical clubs throughout the state, so that she is widely known throughout Indiana. Last June during the Centennial celebration in this city, she played with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

When Levitski gave a concert here last winter, he also played at a little soiree at which he was the guest of honor. On this occasion Mrs. Morrell played. Levitski was very much pleased with her playing and said that she had a fine talent.

Not long ago she played for Leopold Auer in Chicago, and Auer's verdict on her performance was highly complimentary.

Indianapolis has reason to be proud of Mrs. Morrell's attainments so far, and her many friends in musical circles of Indiana will be most interested in the success of her New York debut.

Mrs. Frederick A. Joss and daughte Miss Lucyanna are summering a their cottage in Rome City.

Mrs. W. H. Hart and Miss Har and David Christie will spend the re mainder of the month at Lak Maxinkuckee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davidson o North Delaware street have gone t Portland, Maine, and they will visi New York and Norfolk, Virginia, o their return trip.

Judge and Mrs. Quincy A. Myer and Mrs. Joel Whitaker and childre are at Leland, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Jr., ar at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carter and Mis Carter have been guests at th Belvedere at Charlevoix, Michigan

Mr. and Mrs. Homer McKee an family are spending the month August at Lake Maxinkuckee

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Chenoweth ar taking a trip on Lake Ontario and t St. Lawrence River.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moores ar spending several weeks in New Eng land.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kenningt have left for a trip to New Yor Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Balt more.

Among the recent arrivals at Ba View are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huder, and Dillon Huder; Mr an Mrs. Clarence F. Merrell, and Mis Dorothy Kothe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McPheeters an children are spending the week Lake Tippecanoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Cruzan ar spending several weeks at Lak Manitou.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland C. Col will spend the remainder of th season at Bay View.

Shop Tours

"No, it's not the cold weather th makes some women look so mu prettier in winter than in summer confided the young woman in charg of the fur department—"it's just b cause they wear furs in winter . nothing's more becoming to a woman than 'the softening halo o fur', as the Ad Man says."

Given a sufficient array of proper becoming furs, and the least a tractive of women borrows a glow beauty. A soft squirrel choke nestled under a feminine chin—ev a double chin—and a closefittin toque to match pulled down snug over wavy locks—even marcel-wa tured locks—produce an effect that sure to enhance the charms of th fur-decked lady. If the lady in ques tion is very attractive to begin wit the added attraction of furs will mak her a positively dangerous person.

For some obscure reason, Augu and fur sales are synonymous in th minds of merchants. Deep reason such as "necessity for moving stocks "possibility of advantageous pur chases", etc., are advanced as reason for the perennial August fur sale but whatever the reason the sa continue to show up as regularly August rolls around. As usu

(Continued on Page 16.)

A Democrat Sits on a Throne

King George of England Gets Acquainted, Minus His Crown and Jewels, with Common British People.

Puts in Most of His Time in Effort to Allay Dangers of Bolshevism Among His Subjects—Works Hard.

By Floyd MacGriff

St. George, England's patron saint, slew a dragon and saved a maiden.

King George, England's first democrat today, would kill the dragon of British Bolshevism and save a nation.

If by taking an upper floor flat in Whitechapel or living in a tenement in Stepney, the incubus of unrest in Britain could be allayed or the forces working for radical and unconstitutional methods of social reform could be appeased, the king and the rest of the royal family would move out of Buckingham Palace tomorrow.

It looks that way.

The king's patriotic. None is more so.

Democracy has practically captured Buckingham Palace, the royal residence in London. In fact, the king just opened the palace gates and said: "Come in, the place's yours."

And in it trooped. Just what the shades of Queen Anne, George the Second and their retinues thought, not to mention contemporary nobility who must have been somewhat startled by such an invasion of the proletariat and the innovation of it all, is immaterial to this story. For if they thought anything presumptuous, or considered it not in line with the best traditions of the Crown, they kept silent. Or if they didn't the king either ignored them or was too busy brushing up against democracy, his own people, of all classes.

Not only did democracy appropriate the palace, labor leaders coming to be as frequent visitors, almost, as cabinet ministers, but the king went out into the highways and by-ways of England, so that not only officialdom —in college-commencement robes and gilded log-chains about their necks— but also the street-sweepers, factory hands, waitresses, nurses, widows, orphans, farmers, clerks and truck-drivers got to know what the King of England looked like, how his voice sounded, the way he shook hands and how he took the salute. Following suit, like a royal flush, Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, his sister, Princess Mary, and Queen Alexandra have likewise mingled much with the garden variety of English folk.

King George's swing over from the royal functionary to the royal democrat dates from the early stages of the war, during which he did everything possible to keep up the men's spirits and down the women's anxieties, cheering the wounded and working people between times. Consider his war record alone: He personally has

Bestowed not less than 10,000 war medals, a work in itself that would require more than three weeks of eight hour working days.

Inspected hundreds of war gardens to encourage home food production.

Paid at least 1,000 visits to hospitals and convalescent homes for wounded.

Toured munitions factories in all parts of England and Scotland.

Attended numerous community war-work gatherings.

Reviewed millions of soldiers.

Discarded may of his flunkies at the palace, and

Kept off champagne.

To realize how tedious much of this work must have been just consider the bestowal of medals. The ceremony surrounding the presentation of the nation's honor-award to any soldier must impress that soldier as a momentous event—something to remember forever. To the king, the first medal bestowed was possibly an event to him. But doing the thing time and time again, uttering the same phrases, but getting variety only through some remark the soldier might make, and that very brief, could have been nothing but tiresome to any one. But the king never let any recipient of a medal ever get that impression. He presented medals with as much valor as the soldiers fought the Germans. Investitures generally were at Buckingham Palace. Officers, two or three hundred at a time, came to be decorated.

As the war progressed, the families and intimate friends of soldiers to be given medals were allowed to come to the palace. Later they were held in the palace courtyard, about a block long, and the Grenadiers' band played. Often the public was invited.

The democratic metamorphosis of the investiture soon characterized other activities of the king, who became as familiar a figure to London as a traffic cop in any Indiana city.

And now, as the saying goes, "He's off again." With peace here in a military sense, there's plenty of trouble of a domestic nature which has moved into Thor's abode. And the king is doing whatever he can to develop a spirit of greater tolerance and good will and co-operation. No one in England has a busier program. One day he delivered three speeches, made a number of official calls and received a number of persons at the palace. He's working hard.

The gulf that separates the Victorian age—and Queen Victoria died only eighteen years ago—and the present regime can not be measured in years, for the democratization of the royal family has been so complete, as compared with former standards.

All in all, the king has a job few Englishmen would want. Every Londoner knows that the king's job is boresome—or would be to them—and they think King George is a good sport to "carry on" in spite of that.

Yet the king feels he represents an idea which has been planted in every British youngster's head and heart—the idea that the king is the symbol of the state and a thing of sentiment, just like the British flag. There's none of the king-worship stuff, although there's respect and affection. If the king tried to be imperious, like the Kaiser, the people would make short shrift of him.

Instead, when the king rides forth, not in too much splendor or pageantry (since that again would be flaunting democracy) they hail him, much as they would hail the Union Jack, and very often his carriage is stopped by men and women, boys and girls, who cluster about, hanging onto the carriage, shaking their Majesty's hand and the like. Two coachmen, in red coats and white pants and black boots, sit on the driver's box and two similarly dressed footmen form a gallery at the coach's rear, but there is no immediate guard. It's unnecessary.

Personally, the king is not an imperious, impressive type of person. Slightly stoop-shouldered, about five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighing not over 145, the king is a quiet mannered citizen, with a faded brown, Van Dyke beard, slightly graying at the chin, that hides most of his expression. He's genial, never ruffled, and easily approachable by those with whom he comes in contact. He has no "frozen front" and readily adapts himself to every circumstance. His voice is strong and sonorous. He appears best in a field marshal's uniform. In a silk hat and frock coat he might be taken for a college professor or a diplomat. He would never pass as a man of big business.

No doubt King George V will go down in history as the first English democrat who sat upon the throne.

This article ought to end here. But for the information of Hoosiers who thirst for details, it should be stated that the throne is mainly a figure of speech. He probably hasn't sat upon the throne a half-dozen times in his whole king life. And he's worn the crown just once—when crowned. The crown is kept in the royal jewels side-show at the Tower of London. Admission sixpence!



Next week at the Murat the Stuart Walker Company presents "Too Many Husbands," an English comedy by Somerset Maugham, to lighten the enervating dog-days of August. This bit of fooling was produced by A. H. Woods early last season at the Booth Theatre in New York, where it enjoyed a full year's run. The play is the latest work of the same versatile Mr. Maugham, who has given the world such gems as "Our Betters," "Caesar's Wife," and the novel of the year, "The Moon and Sixpence."

"Too Many Husbands" is built upon the promising situation of a soldier, who has been reported killed in action, returning from the wars to find that his wife has been wedded for more than a year to his best friend. Thus, at the rise of the curtain we see Victoria and Freddie enjoying married life in their London home. Then, Bill, like a post-bellum Enoch Arden, returns suddenly from three years of oblivion in an enemy prison camp. Victoria and Freddie are afraid to tell him what has happened during his absence. But when Bill does discover the truth he is secretly rather pleased. It is his chance to gain his freedom from marital bonds. Freddie, who also sees a way to gracefully escape from the capricious Victoria, insists that Bill has the rightful claim to their wife. The husbands gallantly draw lots for Victoria, a procedure which proves unsuccessful because Bill catches Freddie cheating. Victoria, herself, finally solves the dilemma by adding one more to her already superfluous stock of husbands.

In "Too Many Husbands," Beatrice Maude, an erstwhile favorite in Indianapolis, returns to the Stuart Walker Company in the role of the charmingly polyandrous Victoria. Stuart Walker plays the part of Freddie. And McKay Morris will be seen for the last time this season in the role of Bill. Others in this fine cast include Elizabeth Patterson, John Wray, Lael Davis, Judith Lowry, George Somnes, Julia McMahon and Grace Kiechle.

Editorial

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE

At one of the very last of the daily conferences he held with Washington newspaper correspondents as we entered the war against the central powers, President Wilson made a rather offhand prediction that may be on the verge of fulfilment now. A correspondent asked the President if he thought the alignment of allies on one side and the other were permanent, and could endure throughout the war period until peace should be definitely re-established.

The President replied in confidence, and so far as this writer knows, that confidence has never been broken. But since that time one phase of the war has been bloodily disposed of, the peace treaty has been consummated everywhere but in the United States, and we are facing new trials. It may not be amiss, therefore, to set down what. in effect. President Wilson said in answer to the question.

His idea was, to put it roughly, that the war would last ten or more years with a new alignment of allies on one side and the other before it was all done. He rather expected to see the east against the west, as the final lineup.

The President's somewhat vague prediction was much discussed privately among Washington correspondents and me of affairs for several days, and then in the rush of war evets was apparently forgotten. Today we see Russia, supreme in eastern Europe and western and southwestern Asia, striking hands with Germany in central Europe. British and French statesmen are positive the Germans will take a definite stand on the side of the Russians, and they are apprehensive that all of Germany's old allies will take the same stand. The Polish situation provides opportunity for uncovering any secret understanding between Germany and Russia, and Lloyd George and Millerand seem determined to find out the true state of affairs.

Are we about to see a new world war break into flame? Will it be East against West?

If we are to see these things develop Americans should take thought of their feelings now, for it is just as impossible for America to remain aloof from world affairs today as it was three and four years ago.

NO BREAD LINES YET

Men blessed with what George Gissing calls "fluent irresponsibility" have been predicting panic for months. Constant prediction is one of the surest ways of bringing an event to pass, but thus far the panic has failed utterly to materialize. Business has slowed up somewhat, perhaps, but already favorable signs for renewed activity are seen. The money market, perhaps the best index to business conditions, is reported easier, with more funds available for needy business borrowers. Since the railroad rate award by the Interstate Commerce Commission, there are more optimists abroad. And the bread lines and soup houses have not yet appeared.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PFOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

MONOPOLY BROKEN

Has anybody called attention to the fact that Indiana's monopoly has been broken? We run out of vice-presidents next March, and for the next four years at least a Hoosier politician wanting a judgeship in Guam or a consular appointment in Cuba will have to take the same devious routes other politicians take with their hats in their hands. No inside track will be available because an Indiana man is vice-president.

Tom Marshall said that Indiana is the home of first class, second rate men, but the supply seems to have been exhausted.

"DOWN TOWN"

One of the hardest things to dissolve in the growth of a country village to a big city is the "down town" idea. We begin by going "down town" to the postoffice and general store, and once the habit is established, we keep it up until the city is so large and populous that the street cars will not carry all of us comfortably, nor the streets park all our motors. Whatever we need, or whatever pleasure we seek, we go "down town". The center of town is mecca, day and night. All the street cars should cross that corner, and every motorist some time during the day or evening feels impelled to pass it.

Congestion seems not to matter. A case in point is the city market.

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings, and all day Saturday and Saturday evening, the cars in all directions from the market are crowded with men and women wagging baskets and bundles. Women travel from Broad Ripple and farthest Irvington, Haughville and West Indianapolis to seek bargains for their bags and baskets. Going home, they sit and fall all over each other and their own and each other's purchases.

But the women of the south side seem to be more sensible. They are rebelling against riding a long distance on the street cars, transferring or walking several blocks, and then struggling home again loaded down to the finger tips. They are demanding a neighborhood market, and they should have it. So should the women of the Irvington territory, of the north part of the city, and other thickly settled suburbs far from the court house. Indianapolis is big enough now to get away from the village "down town" idea. Let the women have market places out from the center of the city so that they can do their marketing in less time and more comfort.

This is not a political matter and should not be made one. It is a question of common sense. Besides saving the time and tempers of our women folks, the suburban market idea would get fresher produce into the homes, take some of the tremendous burden off the cars of the struggling traction company, and ease the "down town" congestion on busy days.

Some women's clubs or organization of women's clubs could do a splendid thing for all Indianapolis women by taking up the idea of the south side housewives and conducting a campaign for more markets scattered throughout the city.



Speaking of football, Al Feeney says tackling Jim Thorpe was a good deal like stopping a box car with your hands tied behind your back. And he says the way to enjoy a game with Thorpe in it, is to play on Thorpe's team.

Who remembers when V. L. Shuler had a livery stable near the old fair ground and raced old Lockheart in big races all over this part of the country?

Babe Ruth has nothing on Ancil Brown except the salary he gets for making his home runs. Ancil does it for the fun of the thing.

Judging by the amount of rain he poured on them the day of their long planned picnic, the weather man must have had a very low rating from the credit men at some time or other. And if he hadn't before, he has since.

The trust company has been worrying along without I. Watt Pugh while he took a vacation and went to Fort Wayne, where Mrs. Pugh played tennis.

The editor received congratulations last week on another birthday. There were two of them. One was from an insurance man, and so was the other.

Willis Coval thinks that when the Rotarians, Americans, Optimists and Kiwanians finish their baseball season, if any are left alive, they should form a football league. Willis figures these business men might as well be killed as maimed for life.

Frank Wampler, formerly of Gosport, but now of here, has a ticklish job on his hands. Frank works for the Indiana Bell Telephone Company as vice-president and treasurer, and has been assigned to make a study of public relations for the company. Here's betting Frank delivers on the job, even if it is a queer one.

Floyd MacGriff, contributor to Topics this week and last, is from Wabash and a graduate of Indiana University. He is now a newspaper correspondent in London.

FOR WOMEN VOTERS

A book that will be of interest to many Indiana women is "The Woman Voter's Manual", by S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. It is really a handbook of the mechanics of government, written in simple, direct style, divested of much of the usual legal verbiage and phraseology. Its clear explanations will be welcome to the woman who will seek to vote intelligently but who has not time to wade through weighty tomes. Its business-like pages are lightened by several charts —one a map of the United States showing the different states in varying degrees of emancipation, inky blackness denoting the darkness of no suffrage at all; polkadottings and pock-markings, partial enfranchisement; and the pure white, full suffrage.

Editorial



The vacation season has hit the local investment field. Investment bankers and bond houses have let down in their activities and there have been few if any notable transactions for several days.

New York and Chicago securities markets are reported better than for some weeks, due chiefly to steps taken to straighten out the railroads. Rail shares and bonds are selling better. The New York Central's plans for buying two subsidiary roads to help out its Chicago terminals have caused some comment, coming on the heels of the Pennsylvania's retrenchments. These plans illustrate the optimistic business viewpoint.

[Note—The following comprises a report to Better Business Bureau members by the secretary, G. F. Olwin.]

Indiana has a blue sky law which will go into effect upon the publication of the acts of the special session of the legislature.

In the opinion of the bureau manager this is not such a blue sky law as the people of the State of Indiana have been demanding nor such a law as they had a right to expect their representatives in the senate and house to give them.

To our mind it is an ideal stock-salesmen's blue sky law.

The bill as it passed the 1919 legislature and first passed the house at this special session by a vote of 84 to 0 was a very good bill and designed to protect the public. However, the amendments made in the senate and accepted by the house transforms it into a monstrosity so far as a really effective law is concerned.

The first amendment struck out the words "principal or agent" in section 1 and inserted the word "issuer," making this and succeeding sections apply only to the "issuer" who may "undertake by advertisement, circular, prospectus, through agents or by other public, or general offering" attempt to dispose of securities, amenable to this law.

Here is how this may work. Let us call the "issuer" the Come-on Motor Corporation with home office in Illinois. If they for themselves or through agents attempt to sell stock in this state they will come under the jurisdiction of the Blue Sky Commission. However, to get around this law they make a secret contract with "Jones & Co.", Indianapolis stock salesmen to "underwrite" their entire issue of $1,000,000 at $6.25 per share of $10.00 par value. Jones & Co. thus purchase this stock for their own account and proceed to sell it in this state at $12.50 per share. It is their stock and they have a right to dispose of it and advertise it for sale under their own name. The "issuer" does not enter the state at all and therefore does not come under the jurisdiction of the commission. Jones & Co. dispose of the stock to the citizens at 100 per cent gross profit and there is no information filed with the secretary of state in regard to the Come-on Motor Corporation.

The next amendment which worked havoc with this bill was that which struck out all of paragraph "G" of section 1 and other parts of the bill requiring the filing of copies of "all contracts or agreements between the issuer and any underwriters of such securities", etc., and all contracts relative to the sale or disposition of stock, together with copies of the minutes of directors or stockholders relating to or affecting the issue of such securities.

This provision was the very meat of the bill as it passed the house and would have done more than all the rest of the bill put together to protect the public from the sale of questionable securities. But, the stock salesman does not want publicity in such matters and this part was stricken from the bill.

Another amendment struck out all of section 20, which made sales consummated in violation of the provisions of this act "voidable," providing that request for the return of the money was made in writing within one year. Is there any good reason why a sale made in violation of the law should not be voidable? Is there not every reason why such a sale should be voidable? But, those opposed to a real blue sky law didn't want such contracts to be even voidable and this section went out.

The salesman of questionable securities prefers to work under a blue sky law if such a law is to his liking, as he uses the fact that the state has a blue sky law to boost his sales. We believe that the Indiana law will suit him. He will in effect say: "You know Indiana has one of the most stringent blue sky laws of any state in the union. The commission even passes upon the moral and business qualifications of applicants. If this stock were not all righht, you may bet we wouldn't be allowed to sell the stock."

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Callable at any interest paying date on thirty days' notice, at $110.00 per share and accrued dividend.

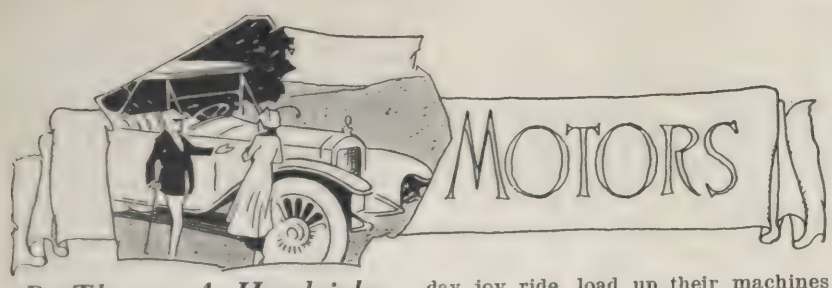
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

A couple of aeons ago, when human life on this little ol' sphere was in its puppyhood, the Boss of the universe took a look around and decided he needed some assistance.

"Here with all the developing civilizations to be looked after, peppy young nations to be encouraged, a lot of wars to be refereed and an occasional race with too pronounced tendencies toward Prussianism to be obliterated. I need some one to look after a certain class of individuals and remove them from the face of the globe in order that the rest of humanity may have at least a chance to progress.

"Every half holiday down in Egypt it keeps me busy seeing that a bunch of morons who rock the shallops on the Nile do not live to do it again. Then up around Babylon there are a flock of poor nuts that look down the mouth of a catapult and explain with their last expiring breath that they didn't know it was loaded. And up in Scythia some of those painted barbarians never learn that the proper way to get a mule into high is not to take a position directly astern the power plant and twist the tail. So I am going to create a deity whose duty it shall be to relieve me of these petty, annoying details."

And thus the Fool Killer came into existence.

Since that day civilizations have waxed and waned; nations have risen to heights of glory and sunk into pits of oblivion; but human nature has not changed one little bit of a whit.

The Fool Killer has a busier time today than when Icarus made the first official attempt at the altitude record and got a nice sea named after him when he fell into it after getting too near the sun with his wax wing joints.

But nowadays F. K.'s work has been simplified even if increased. Back a generation ago his business was largely of a seasonal character. In the summer it was the boob that rocked the boat, in the fall the hunter that pulled the gun muzzle first through the rail fence, in the winter the bird that tried to see how near the hole in the ice he could skate. These days all he has to do is to spend Saturdays, Sundays and legal holidays watching the railway grade crossings, and the autoists do the rest.

They just seem to love the game of race the train to the crossing. Everybody is doing it. Staid, conservative business men, that in business play safety first to the limit, and who would consider it sacrilegious, unconstitutional and unpatriotic to take even the slightest chance in a business deal will go out for a Sunday joy ride, load up their machines with wife, children and family dog, and with the glint of madness in their eyes will indulge in the great national pastime. Dozens of times they get away with it, but the Fool Killer only smiles, for the odds are all with him, he can not lose. The autoist wins once, ten or a hundred times, but he does not really win. The train wins once and the game is over. In the long run the Fool Killer takes all the tricks.

So great has become the weekly Sunday slaughter of speeding motorists at grade crossings that some of the larger newspapers in Indiana detail a special man for Sunday night to do nothing but handle long distance telephone calls of the butchery that makes a Hoosier holiday.

One Monday morning only a few weeks ago we read that twenty-one persons had been killed the day previous in automobile accidents, and in every case it was a grade crossing accident. Just think what would have happened during the war had twenty-one Indiana soldiers been listed as "killed in action" in the casualty lists of one day. The newspapers would have blossomed with editorials; from Evansville to Michigan City a multitude of sermons would have been delivered upon the horrors of war, and the frightfulness of the "useless slaughter" would have been painted in vivid colors in unanswerable arguments against war in general.

And what happened in this particular instance? Nothing. The following Sunday the usual number of fool drivers played the old grade crossing game with the same old zest, in the same old way—and with the same old results.

Of course the elevation of railroad tracks will help some, but the real trouble lies far deeper. It lies in the reckless, careless, take-a-chance streak in human nature. And just so long as motorists in Indiana insist upon brainless speeding, and refuse to take precautions for their own safety, that of their passengers or to take into consideration the rights of other autoists, just so long will the casualty lists of Sunday pleasure far exceed the losses our state suffered in the World War.

Not since the early days of the world war have the rumor mongers and calamity wailers had as much fun as in the past few weeks. The same crowd of glooms that used to destroy the British navy every week or two and predict the fall of Paris every month has now turned its attention to the local automotive industry. Last week not a day passed but from one to three automobile factories were sending out hurry up calls for the undertaker—according to wild and

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unfounded tales. However, it is a very noticeable fact that production of Indianapolis-made cars is moving along very steadily.

R. V. Law hiked to Lafayette one night last week and addressed a meeting of Lafayette automobile dealers.

Looking for new worlds to conquer, H. H. Rice, general sales manager for Nordyke & Marmon Co. sailed for Europe recently to remain for several months looking after Marmon interests.

The Whitaker-Kime Sales Co. has opened sales rooms at 320 North Capitol avenue for the sale of Noble trucks and the Miami trailer.

The Masters Motors Company has dropped the Winton and replaced it with the Westcott.

The Hawkins-Van Deusen Company has taken on the Skelton, a four-cylinder car made in St. Louis, and added it to its line.

Will Diddel just could not get the golf bug out of his system and drove up to Kokomo for the finals of the state golf tournament last Saturday. It took all of Will's self-restraint to keep out of the tournament in the first place.

A few years back managers of automobile shows would approach prospective exhibitors with fear and wabbly knees and in a weak voice beg them to "please, kind sirs, take a little space at our show." This year John Orman, manager of the show to be held in connection with the State Fair September 6-11, is calling upon dealers and manufacturers and pathetically pleading with them to "please be a good fellow and give me back a little of the space you have reserved."

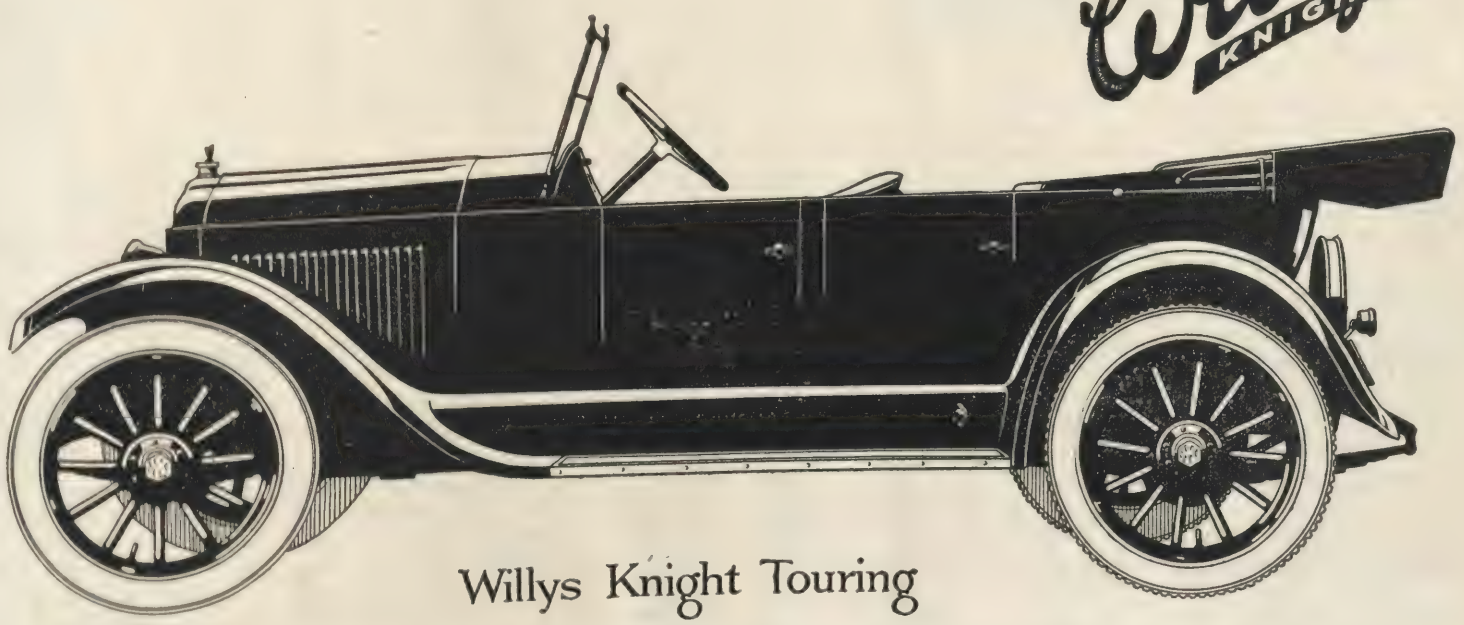
John is in an awful position. He is literally swamped with applications for space. He has appropriated two aisles, and provided for the use of every nook and corner of the big Manufacturers' building, and yet this is the problem he faces: How am I going to crowd applications for more than 68,000 feet of space into the 59,000 feet available?

When the Manufacturers' building was completed just a year ago it was thought that it would provide ample space for automobile shows for fifteen years to come, and yet in twelve short months the building has become inadequate to meet the demands put upon it.

Guy K. Jeffries, for two years first vice-president of the Hoosier Motor Club, has been elected president to succeed C. W. Sedwick, who resigned because of lack of time to devote to its affairs. Mr. Jeffries is general superintendent of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co.

The bill to increase automobile license fees 100 per cent that was introduced at the special session of the general assembly last month failed to pass. The bill was opposed by the Hoosier Motor Club and motorists throughout the state. At present the Indiana automobile license fees are about 10 per cent below the average for the entire United States, but in





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this state automobile owners are required to pay a personal property tax on their machines in addition to the regular license fee. This is not required in a number of states.

The Studebaker Corporation reported a big increase in earnings and business at the directors' meeting held at South Bend recently. Net profits for the quarter ending June 30, after deducting reserves for Federal taxes, was $3,006,000, as compared with $2,377,000 for the quarter ending March 30. Net sales for the second quarter amounted to $22,249,000 as against $16,599,000 for the first quarter. A dividend of 1¾ per cent was declared on both common and preferred stock.

The Boozer-Patterson Company announced during the week that it is in position to assure immediate deliveries of Gardners. The company remains oversold on most models of Auburns.

Motor car manufacturers in the Detroit district paid the government $21,500,000 in automobile excise tax for the first four months of 1920. This represents the purchase of about $430,000,000 worth of motor vehicles from Detroit manufacturers in four months, or at the production rate of $1,290,000,000 a year.

The Fisher Automobile Company has adopted the flat rate system of charges for repairs. This system assures the customer a definite price in advance for any service work he might be in need of.

Music in Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 6.)

both as pianist and composer. Sara Layton Walker had gone to Cleveland and later to Europe to come into her own. Only after Orville Harrold returned here from New York, stamped with the hall-mark of metropolitan success did Indianapolis sit up and take notice concerning him. Eddy Brown was overlooked at home when he returned in recital after an absence of many years in Europe. In the immediate past let me cite the really notable historical series of piano and violin recitals given last season by Pasquale Tallarico and Gaylord Yost. It was a comprehensive presentation of practically the whole literature of the world's best. The admission prices were almost nothing—two dollars for ten recitals. Only a handful attended. Concert-going Indianapolis seemed to know nothing about them. We are losing both Mr. Yost and Mr. Tallarico, two sterling artists. Mr. Yost goes to Paris, Mr. Tallarico to a fine position at Peabody Institute. I do not imply cause and effect in the above statements. I merely connote facts.

The Indianapolis daily press also offers scant encouragement to local artists. Their offerings are generally either ignored or damned with microscopic mention unless given under club or society auspices.

Indeed, the whole editorial attitude of the two principal papers toward art-music seems to be lofty indifference with one, and ill-concealed dislike on the part of the other. Neither has ever presented even a weekly page with a resume of happenings in the great world of music such as has long been a standard feature in many dailies of cities much smaller than this. Naturally this is another retarding influence in the development of the art locally.

It may seem to the reader who has followed thus far, that my introspective summary leads to pessimistic conclusions. Not at all. I have simply tried to present a fair and unbiased view of the subject. There is no use in trying to shut our eyes to deterrent influences. I have purposely refrained from mentioning the heightened impulses toward popular musical expression brought about by the war; the throbbing urge of the vibrant songs that upheld our splendid boys "over there" in danger, darkness, mire and murk. Nor need I refer to the courage and comfort brought to anxious souls back home, through community song and the millions of records played in a million homes on as many player pianos and phonographs. These influences, powerful though they be, are beyond the purview of this article, which has to do only with definite art-music.

The summing up of the whole matter lies in Goethe's verse:

Long is Art
And short is human life

It is not a question of years but of generations and in one generation we have seen incalculable change for the better. Within this time music in the public schools has changed from a sickly joke to a vital progressive force. The doggerel words and tom-tom rhythms of the "Gospel Hymns" are ceasing to poison our youth in Sunday school and prayer meeting. The child never before had a chance to make a choice, but he is getting it now and, when given that choice, he turns instinctively to the good and rejects the raggy jazz whether sacred or secular. Also, the children of today are the concert audiences of tomorrow. Don't forget that. Even the "tired business man" of mature age, the lawyer, the doctor, the editor of today may get their partial and belated chance if they can be coaxed out at night by music on a big enough scale to keep them awake.

The answer is, of course, a real symphony orchestra with a proper hall to play in, a great pipe organ to contribute its solemn thrills and if possible an auxiliary chorus of well-trained voices. Hence my final word, to have a real symphony orchestra there must be money to pay its members to play in its rehearsals and concerts and nowhere else. They must be able to devote their entire time to the "one thing" they do and be so remunerated for it that they would not be obliged or allowed to seek other sources of income. Then their one aim, purpose and ambition could be, as it should be, to help make their band the peer of any in the country.

Indianapolis is famed in literature, art and commerce. It is on the map with its Speedway and many other things. But as to music, not a pin prick indicates its location. It only cost Colonel Higginson about thirty thousand a year to make the Boston Symphony Orchestra the most famous in the United States. That is only cigarette money to not a few of our Indianapolis millionaires. And what an investment in civic pride and gratitude for a public spirited citizen who could afford it! What a monument to leave behind him! His children would bear an envied name. Indianapolis would cherish his memory.

Dog Days Bring Talk of Football

By Thomas A. Hendricks

During a lull in a recent kid tennis tournament a bunch of youngsters were in earnest conflab over some subject of supreme importance. The day was a sizzling one, the mercury was trying for the altitude record and seemed about to succeed.

Unquestionably, thought the innocent bystander, the subject under discussion must be tennis or some other sport suited to tropical July weather. Imagine his surprise in learning that the question under debate was as to the advisability of calling out the Thirtieth street playground kid football team for preliminary practice.

As a matter of fact the opening of the football season is not so far away as it seems. In less than six weeks the good old thud of the pigskin will be heard throughout Indiana from the Michigan boundary, which is guarded by the cohorts of Notre Dame, to Hanover on the Ohio, and from Earlham on the east whence come the militant Quakers to the realms of the Purdue Boilerbusters on the west.

And from all indications the football season of 1920 will be the greatest and most successful in Hoosier history for many years back. Following the practical abolition of high school football under a wave of pacifism and feminism in sport a number of years ago Indiana football went into eclipse. Purdue and Indiana almost invariably brought up the tail end of the western championship parade and the remainder of our colleges were easy pickings for invaders from states where football for high school youths was not classed along with burglary and homicide. The one bright spot in Indiana was Notre Dame, which operates a prep school in connection with the university, and raises its own stars from among the ranks of its noisy, dynamic, mryiad of "minims".

But the turn in the tide has come. Last year gave promise of great things to come and it is a safe prophecy that Indiana gridiron teams will make themselves heard—and felt—all over the middle west this year. Never have the prospects for the state at large been so bright.

That there will be one peach of a team at Notre Dame is a foregone conclusion. The great Bergman is gone, but his running mates Gipp and Kirk will be back with most of the team that gave such a fine account of itself last year.

At Indiana Stiehm has a big job on his hands, with many of his 1920 veterans out of college. But Stiehm has the knack of doing the impossible, as witness the victory over Syracuse last November, and when the Crimson lines up against Notre Dame and Purdue the spectators will be sure of seeing something more than a practice for the other follows. In Risely Stiehm has one of the two finest roving tackles in the country, the other being the rambling Birk of Purdue, and it will be worth far more than the price of admission to watch these two whirlwinds in action against each other.

At Purdue the prospects are unusually bright. Of last year's team all the best men will be back with the exception of Huffine, the human stone wall. Purdue will stand a lot of watching this fall. The team grew better and better a year ago after a discouraging get-away and wound up the season with a defeat at the hands of Notre Dame in which the silver linings of future promise were of far more importance than the cloud of defeat. For on that day Purdue found itself. It did what the Army, Indiana, Nebraska and Michigan Aggies never dreamed of doing. It tore apart that big Notre Dame line from tackle to tackle, scattered one of the best secondary defenses in the country to all corners of the field and by sheer power battered out two hard earned and well deserved touchdowns.

Earlham looks good with a flock of material that was green a year ago but will be seasoned this year. At Wabash Vaughn will have the bulk of his old team back, a team that showed marvelous football in its last few 1920 games. Coach Buss will have a task at DePauw similar to Stiehm's at Indiana. Around the nucleus of a few veterans he must build a new machine, but with the Galloways and Gipson this should not be an impossible task. No one knows what will happen at Butler, except that Pat Page is a mighty busy man these summer days. He saweth wood and saith nothing, but if Page were on a desert island there are those who say promising athletic material would soon sprout up, and we shall see what we shall see along about September 15. At Franklin there is to be found the one big gloom spot in the state. Last year the finest football material ever gathered together at that college started out like a whirlwind against Purdue getting a 14 to 14 tie, and then faded into mere nothingness. The inexplainable collapse of that team is still a subject for bicker every time the subject of football is broughht up in Indiana. Hanover and Rose Poly will have better teams than last year, and up at Valparaiso the students are talking about the Harvard game even during summer vacation.



The Second Latchkey

Not all the romance is gone out of the world by any means, but if some fine morning the old world should show a negative test for the germ of romance, it would be safe to assume that the whole visible supply had been used up in "The Second Latchkey". This is exactly the kind of a story in which one would expect to meet a heroine named Annesley Grayle, who dubs her lover "Knight". In other words, it is a typical C. N. and A. M. Williamson story of love and high adventure of a greatly inflated type. All the igredients of standard romance are mixed in: in lonely girl shut up with a cross old woman; the rendezvous with an unknown man; spies and eavesdroppers; jewels and burglars; and so on down the list. They are all stirred up to make a rapid story. On page 14 our hero and heroine meet, by page 51 our daring hero has proposed, page 66 hears the first pistol shot, and by page 106 the blue diamond has appeared. In the words of the hero, "Our affairs march". Perhaps more accurately stated, they fairly hurtle along. Mystery piles on mystery, but the blissful denouement finally clears up all the doubts and insinuations, leaving the reader's mind free for the next volume of frothy romance.

Titles of books featuring numbers are still popular, some of the latest additions to the list being "The Second Latchkey," "The Third Window" and "The Fortieth Door." It woud be interesting to see how far the list would run without a gap in its ranks, beginning say with "The First Violin", then adding "The Third Window," "The Fourth Dimension," "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," "Six Girls," "The House of Seven Gables," and "Eight Cousins." Playing the game without hedging by consulting library catalogues, there is nothing to be found for nine. Then comes "The Man in Lower Ten"—eleven is another sticker—then "Tweleve Men."

Help! Help! Who has nine and eleven?

Those people who enjoyed themselves speculating as to who wrote Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters" will want to see Hilda Conkling's "Poems by a Little Girl." Miss Amy Lowell says of them, "I know of no other instance in which such really beautiful poetry has been written by a child." To admirers of Miss Lowell's verse this statement will be a great recommendation for eight-year-old Hilda's flights on Pegasus.

Indiana in 1840

A recently published volume to be added to those books that are of Indiana, by Indiana, and for Indiana, is "A Tour Through Indiana in 1840." It is the diary of John Parsons, of Petersburg, Va., during the time that he journeyed through the Hoosier state, rambling about and absorbing all the information that he could about Indiana, preparatory to purchasing a home here. It is unquestionably a book for Indiana people particularly, for while there is a slender thread of romance in the book, the chief interest lies in the atmosphere of pioneer Indiana and the homely sidelights on the early history of the state. As to its being "by Indiana," of course, the diary was written by John Parsons, but it has been edited by an Indianapolis woman, Kate Milner Rabb. Parts of it have already appeared in a local newspaper, but the volume now offered contains the completed journal.

The book is written in rambling fashion, following the style of the author's travels, and its chief charm is in the quaint style and primly dignified mode of expression. An admirable bank building is described as a "very tasty structure." Of a young lady's singing of "The Last Link Is Broken," Parsons says, "Miss Mary sang this for me deliciously and with considerable science"; and all of the people who hospitably entertained the young diarist on his journeyings were classified as belonging to the "most respectable families" of their respective towns. The kindness of the reception accorded him no doubt gave a rosy tinge to all his impressions for he prophecied of nearly every town that it would one day become a great business city, he accepted the statements of the citizens of every hamlet that the climate of their town was highly salubrious, and he found that a "noble and well-shaped brow" was a general characteristic of most of the pioneer Indianians whom he met.

While there have undoubtedly been enormous changes in Indiana since those early days, it will perhaps be some consolation to modern sufferers from the H. C. L. to learn from Mr. Parsons that even in 1840, the price of voyaging was "higher by at least 25 per cent than last year, in consequence, say the parties interested, of the advance of wages and the high price of provisions, and when their tables do not present as plentiful a supply and as great variety, the reason assigned is "the high price of provisions will not permit it."

The appearance of this book is particularly timely in view of the recent renaissance of interest in all things pioneer due to the recent state and city centennial celebrations.

Motion Pictures

Growing up is apt to be a rather surprising process under any circumstances. The beautiful roundfaced baby with golden curls and dimpled cheeks grows up to be a too buxom blonde of an overpowering floridity. The criminal small boy who threatened to lead all of his youthful companions into the paths of incorrigibility develops into the type of man who is unanimously elected superintendent of the Sunday school. The leggy flapper blossoms out in a few years as a graceful debutante, and the boy who played the hero in the high school class play grows to be a vinegar-hearted bachelor. All of which goes to show that you never can tell.

Growing up in the movies is, of course, a far more hazardous process than in real life. There are two ways that it can be managed and either course is fraught with peril. There's the simple method of casting the same actor for the same part all the way through and only changing clothes and makeup to show the lapse of time. This is successful, if the beginning of the picture doesn't lie too far back in the realms of infancy. For instance, Mary Pickford can grow up most convincingly from a child of ten or twelve to the mature age of twenty or twenty-five. Charles Ray has managed beautifully a development on the screen from a lanky youth of sixteen to the responsible age of thirty or more. The chief defect of this method of portraying a good many years of life of a growing individual is that a robust, overgrown boy of twelve is only too apt to arrive at man's estate without developing into the hearty type of man that was promised by his sturdy physique as a boy, or the bouncing lass of ten too often grows up to be a mere midget of a woman at twenty-

(Continued on Page 17.)

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of August 15

Circle—Mary Pickford in "Suds".
English's—Mae Murray and David Powell in "On with the Dance".
Colonial—Olive Thomas in "Darling Mine".
Alhambra—The World and His Wife; Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man".
Ohio—Herbert Rawlinson in "Passers By".
Mister Smith's—Tom Moore in "Stop Thief".
Crystal—Doris Kenyon in "The Harvest Moon".
Isis—Marguerite Fisher in "The Week-End"; The World and His Wife.
Regent—Franklyn Farnum in "An Uphill Climb"; Leah Baird in "Cynthia of the Minute".
Lyric—Vaudeville

Indiana As It Was!

A most delightful word picture of the Stage-coach and Steamboat days. Contrast it with Dickens' Vitriolic Record. A Tour Through Indiana in 1840.

Edited by Kate Milner Rabb.

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Why Not One Big Tennis Club

(Contributed)

This is the story of kids, a story of 100 howling, happy, noisy, peppy enthusiastic Hoosier youngsters. Some day they may be presidents, senators or governors, but today if any one of them were given their choice they would pass up the Cox and Harding stuff to become a tennis champion of the Johnson or Tilden order.

Just one month ago these hundred youngsters swarmed on the courts of the Indianapolis Tennis Association and the Hawthorn Tennis Club to play in the annual boys' and junior tournaments under the auspices of the City Tennis Association. The importance of these events is illustrated by the fact that the winners have the right to represent Indiana in the national junior and boy championship tournaments to be held at Forest Hills, Long Island, the last of this month.

The entry list was almost twice as large as at any previous tournament and the quality of tennis played showed a marked improvement over the standard of former years. Henry Ankenbrock, a player from the public parks, won the junior tournament in the 15 to 18 year old class, and Guy Dixon, of Shortridge High School, won the boys' event. Right now the big problem is to raise sufficient money among the tennis players of Indianapolis to send these players to Forest Hills for the national tournaments.

All this brings up the question of tennis in general in Indianapolis. Despite many handicaps there is not the slightest doubt that the sport is in better, healthier and more flourishing condition today than ever before. The ancient regime of the tennis politician, that for so long was a dead hand on the local situation, is gone forever. With the improvement and increase in number of the park courts the big advantage formerly held by the private club player has to a large extent disappeared, as is proved by the showing of park players in recent tournaments.

At present the two leaders of tennis in Indiana are Johnny Hennessey and Fritz Bastian. They are both players of ability and with latent possibilities as yet undeveloped. Chuck Garland of Pittsburg is today a member of the Davis Cup team that will go to Australia. Chuck has played in Indianapolis many times and when he first came here as a kid he showed nothing more than either Bastian or Hennessey. He has reached his present ranking by constant tournament play.

Now we have some hundred youngsters, many of whom have the potential power to become better than Johnny and Fritz. Among them may be mentioned, Julius Sagalowsky, Hence Orme, Jr., heir apparent of the great House of Orme, Guy Dixon, Carl Huesing, the May boys, Chick Davidson, Bud Markey, Dick Mills, John Lance, Ernest Gilbert and any number of others.

What future chance have they? Must they look forward to a more or less petty jealousy between the Hawthorn and Indianapolis clubs? Must they go along and receive only half hearted, spasmodic and ineffectual support?

They must unless one thing is done—the formation of one big city tennis club. That is the solution of the whole problem. This club should not be "social" as the word is used in an exclusive sense. It is naturally taken for granted that a tennis player is a gentleman and a sportsman. This municipal club should be as modern and as comfortable as possible. From it should radiate all the park court clubs and park players should be members with full rights at the Municipal Tennis Club.

When the time comes that such a club is a reality our youngsters can be assured of a support that will be equal to that California gives its rising tennis stars. Then and not until then will Indianapolis develop a national tennis champion.

Shop Tours

(Continued from Page 8.)

August this year finds Indianapolis shops featuring furs, and the weatherman has pleasantly consented to prescribe some enticingly cool weather for the convenience of purchasers and sellers of furs.

The air in the vicinity of the fur department is heavy with the scent of moth-balls, and makes the services of an advisory floor walker unnecessary, for shoppers are finding this camphorated atmosphere the advance guard of pleasanter things in the way of furs.

Changes in styles in furs are effected slowly. The present trend is still for the narrow stole, or choker, rather than the large pieces made of the whole skin of the animal. The styles which are most unusual and therefore particularly intriguing are the novelty coatees, and the sets of cap, stole and muff.

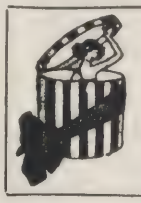
One of the larger department stores that has a complete showing of furs is displaying an attractive short coatee of nutria—a bunchy little garment, all sleeves of a huge pattern with snug cuffs, and a ripply, cape-like back.

Another pretty set among the late arrivals is of Hudson seal—cap, stole, and muff. The cap is Tam o' Shanter style, slightly higher on the left side, and with a wide band that comes down well over the hair. The stole is a long rather narrow strip of fur not more than twelve inches wide at most, which fastens with an intricate slip-through arrangement that dispenses with slides and chains and hooks that are so easy to lose. The effect when the slip-through fastening is mastered is simple enough, a wide, wrinkled choker effect that comes to the tips of the ears—a bit higher on one side where the wide, perky ends of the choker meet—and a flat end of the scarf at the back and front. The last touch is the little round muff, slightly melon-shaped, and with a puffing of dark taupe georgette in the two ends. Another style neckpiece that may be substituted with the set is a choker—one long strip, wide in the middle and tapering to points at each end. The broadest part of the scarf crushes into a bulky collar in front, and the long ends cross at the back and fasten on each shoulder with a fat pompom of a button.

August is also the open season for tennis balls. Sixty cents is now the accepted price for the same brand of balls that in the good old days sold for thirty-five or forty. An Indianapolis woman looking for new balls was dissatisfied with the selection offered at the sporting goods store, and harking back to the days of her youth when she had frequently been appointed to buy tennis balls for the family asked for an old established brand. "Yes, we have them," said the clerk, removing the slightly shop-worn balls offered at first, "but we only supply them on special request, as we shouldn't have enough to go 'round otherwise." With greatly heightened ideas of her own perspicacity the purchaser snapped up the two remaining balls, and proceeded to advertise her profound knowledge of tennis ball quality. Her rosy state of mind received a shock when she chanced to hear her own story a few days later, with variations in the name of the purchaser and the brand of the balls. She now regards the most innocent appearing young thing at a sales counter as a master of guile and an artist in subtle flattery.

The incense burner has come into its own. On warm nights when a vine covered porch is a cool retreat from the oppressive warmth of sun-soaked houses, oriental incense has a new function. Not only is its fragrance pleasant to the human nostril, but more fortunate still, it is said to be irritating to whatever part of the mosquito anatomy apprehends an odor. Of course, there are some people who are such rare tidbits for the mosquito menu that those daring insects would brave a Hun gas attack to reach them, but for ordinary mortals the incense burners and oriental joss sticks will furnish an adequate protection against the ordinarily voracious, night-prowling mosquito.

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Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 15.)

five. But even at worst, growing up by this means insures no startling change of features or complexion.

The really difficult feat is to insure the natural growth of a character from babyhood to maturity. Cut out all the middle stages, and the leap from infancy to manhood is safe enough, for all tiny babies are like enough to pass in the pictures. But show the hero or heroine every few years and the problem assumes startling proportions and develops difficulties that can seldom be entirely overcome. For example, in "The Prince Chap" the heroine visibly grows up from four or five to eighteen or twenty. As a tiny child she has dark curls, a round face, a mere dab of a nose, and a very sweet smile. At the age of eight or nine, she still wears the same dark hair, but her face is thinner—only natural—but her features have developed a strange semitic cast that has lengthened her nose remarkably. By the time she is about eighteen she is more nearly herself. More food or a happier state of mind has filled out her cheeks to their pristine roundness, the length of her nose is no longer pronounced, though that feature never fully recovers the upward tilt of babyhood, and she has recovered her merry smile. This changing countenance culminates in the dark-eyed prettiness of Miss Lila Lee, and the process of development is not one of the least interesting features of the play.

Another recent photoplay that pictures the growth of a child to womanhood is "The Perfect Woman". Here the problem is much simpler, for Mary Manson is shown in only one short part of the picture as a little girls, and in the rest of the picture she is a young woman. Miss Constance Talmadge plays the part of grown-up Mary Manson, and the little girl who portrays Mary at the age of 5 might very easily be a member of the Talmadge family. The superficial resemblance is further enhanced by the circumstance of Mary's wearing her hair bobbed all her life, so that there is very little room to find fault with the process of growing up in this picture.

This problem is merely a matter of mechanics, but it calls for careful directing. For though really Tom's boy may turn out to be exactly the opposite of what was predicted for him by all the neighbors, the motion picture here must be more plausible if he is to pass muster with an audience of those same mistaken prognosticators.

The strike epidemic has invaded the motion picture world and there is discord between theatre managers and their music. Most of the managers consulted about the situation in regard to the strike of union musicians maintain that music as usual is the slogan, and in those few theatres where the music has undeniably walked out, it is being replaced by other varieties of the "just as good" brands.

There has been some interested comment as to the reason why the organ at the Circle was moved to the stage not long ago. Some wag has suggested that this was in order to put the organist out of striking distance of the orchestra.

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The Story of Turkey Run

Women of Indiana Federation of Clubs Played Important Part in Creating Reserve.

By Miss Vida Newsom

That women's clubs in organized capacity have accomplished a vast amount of constructive work in community, state and nation, has long been a recognized fact, but one of the greatest assets of the woman's club movement is its power to create public opinion. Women's clubs are often the leaven, the "propelling power," from which many important activities grow to successful fruition.

During a recent pilgrimage with the "Society of Indiana Pioneers" to Turkey Run State Park, it was a source of gratification to recall the service rendered by the Indiana Federation of Clubs in the conservation of this beautiful tract of land. Although now a matter of history, it should be of concern, not only historically, but to all lovers of Turkey Run, numbered by the thousands, to have brought to their attention the important state document, the message in which follows, known as the

Turkey Run Commission

"Turkey Run, in the central northern part of Parke county, is a most picturesque locality. With its environs it forms what is known as Bloomingdale Glens. Bloomingdale Glens have been for many years and are now used by seekers of outdoor pleasure as a summer resort. But seekers of pleasure do not always revere God's gifts, or spare the charm and quiet loveliness of natural surroundings. And too often the public fails in its duty to protect these gifts and preserve them from the hand of the despoiler, for the admiration, joy and comfort of future generations.

"Now, therefore, I. Samuel M. Ralston, as Governor of Indiana, in obedience to the request and out of deference for the solicitude of the Indiana Federation of Clubs, to save from deterioration as well as desecration the grandeur of nature thus displayed in its primitive beauty, do appoint and constitute, but without the authority of legal enactment, William Watson Woollen of Indianapolis, Vida Newsom of Columbus and Juliet V. Strauss of Rockville—all of Indiana—commissioners to examine Bloomingdale Glens and the neighborhood thereabout, with a view of determining and reporting to the Governor what can be done by themselves or the state or both, to preserve the natural beauty of this place, and keep it as a habitation for the wild life of the woods, and as a restful retreat for man; to the end that here the young may find romance, older folks rest and all recreation and a renewing of the spirit through a real communion with nature."

We well remember the meeting of the board of directors of the Federation at Indianapolis in April, 1915, when, on recommendation of the conservation department, of which Mrs. Carolyn R. Fairbank was chairman, the action above indicated was taken. With her report was submitted a letter from a member of the Rockville Woman's Club, presenting the situation in regard to Turkey Run, emphasizing the imperative need for immediate action, and urging the assistance of the State Federation in the conservation of this rare specimen of Indiana's scenery. None of the members of the board was familiar, at that time, with this particular locality, although some of them had visited "The Shades," on Sugar creek, not so very far distant. After due consideration, there followed the motion that the "Board through our representative, the president of the Federation, petition the Governor to appoint an honorary commission looking toward the preservation of Turkey Run as a state reservation."

Governor Ralston, evidently realizing the vital importance of the subject in question and the scope and influence of the organization presenting it, very promptly complied with the request, issuing the above commission. The chairman, Mr. Woollen, arranged for a visit of the members of the commission to Turkey Run, on May 18, plans having been made, locally, by Mrs. Juliet V. Strauss and other residents of Rockville and of Bloomingdale. While all the story of this trip can not be chronicled here, the day was one long to be remembered, and what surprises as to the natural beauty of this part of our state were in store for some of us there.

No sooner had we arrived at the park than we set out for a stroll over the grounds, along "Lovers' Lane," across that somewhat treacherous swinging bridge that formerly spanned Sugar creek, and up the ravine, guided by Mrs. Strauss, and pausing now and then as she pointed out new beauties at every turn. She told us of the haunts of her childhood and girlhood days, and it is to her inspiration and love of this cherished spot, so replete with tender associations of her earlier years, more than to the efforts of any other one individual, perhaps, that the conservation of this unusual virgin tract of land in our state is due.

Following a bountiful dinner, provided by the Bloomingdale people, we were taken for a drive to "The Narrows" and to view the Lusk homestead, after which the entire commission returned to Indianapolis. A meeting was held that evening at the Claypool Hotel, attended also by the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks and Mr. W. A. Guthrie, president of the state board of forestry, when some plans were made for carrying on the work of the commission. It was generally conceded by all present that the Indiana Federation of Clubs, represented on the commission, and with branches in practically every county in the state, could render invaluable service in giving publicity to this new movement, informing the people of the state as to the threatened destruction of this storehouse of God's treasures, because of the fact that the nature-lover, John Lusk, who had so long guarded them, had passed away.

With abiding faith in the club women of Indiana and knowledge of their ability to carry out this part of the undertaking, it was with much enthusiasm that the president of the Federation left the city the following morning for a tour of district federation conventions in the northern part of the state. She was "armed" with a fine collection of pictures of the remarkable trees at Turkey Run, loaned by the forestry department, and within a few days had enlisted the interest and co-operation of large numbers of alert-minded women in several of the Congressional districts of the state, all of whom carried the message home to their own communities. The women of the press bureau, too, eagerly sent the story over the wires to all sections of the state, so with the close of the spring months of the club year the educational work was well under way.

At the State Federation convention, in October, 1915, at Indianapolis, "Turkey Run" was made a special feature, an address on this subject, graphically depicting the beauties of this spot, having been given by Mrs. Strauss, and which was strongly reinforced by Mr. Woollen, on the topic, "A Place for Rest and Recreation," immediately following. A Turkey Run exhibit on display at this time also contributed much to the educational propaganda. Suffice it to say that the Indiana Federation consecrated itself anew to this important cause and never for one moment abated its interest or lost sight of the goal toward which its energies had been directed, assisting not only along educational and legislative lines, but by contributing, through its individual clubs, to the financial campaign, so ably conducted by Mr. Richard Lieber and others, which, with the assistance of an appropriation by the state legislature finally resulted in the acquisition of this tract of land for our state. Therefore, on November 11, 1916, was preserved this one memorial of the celebration of the centenary of Indiana's statehood.

Children's Reading

In a survey of the reading of Indianapolis children made through the schools by Miss Carrie E. Scott, supervisor of children's work of the Indianapolis Public Library, and Charles E. Rush, city librarian, some interesting facts were brought to light. Children from the third to the eighth grade were asked to vote for their "best book friend", telling briefly why the books appealed to them. From this a list for each grade of the twelve most popular books among children of that grade was made. The standard of reading for some grades was much better than others, the 7B, 8B and 8A having the best selection.

The 7B list was unusually good. The books in the order of their popularity among the children of this grade stood thus: "Tom Sawyer", by Clemens; "Little Women", by Alcott; "Pollyanna", by Porter; "Bears of Blue River", by Major; "Five Little Peppers", by Lothrop; "Huckleberry Finn", by Mark Twain; "Christmas Carol", by Dickens; "Anne of Green Gables", by Montgomery; "Treasure Island", by Stevenson; "Penrod", by Tarkington; "Fairy Tales", by Grimm; and "Call of the Wild", by London.

Boots for Women

Ever since the fateful day when the armistice was signed, all of the pet luxuries and extravagances that were taboo during the war have been coming back one by one. And now at the foot of the list, the boot is coming into its own. At least, that is the prognostication of the shoe men in regard to their campaign for the fall selling of women's footwear.

During the past few years, the general tendency toward economy and thrift caused shoe manufacturers to limit their lines to the simplest models, the most practical patterns, and styles that required the smallest amount of materials. This naturally excluded the high boot, which, though an attractive and practical style of shoe, requires a great deal more material than the oxford. But now that the army's requirements for leather are no longer pressing, there is no reason for strict conservation along this line, and the boot needs no apology for its return.

Colors are no longer to be confined to sedate black and dark browns. The colored boot is the latest innovation, and the colors, if they look as attractive as they sound, will find a ready welcome with the many women who have been observing the Self-Denying Ordinance in regard to number, style, and color of their shoes. Advance notices from the shoe manufacturers bring news of such fascinating shades as Chippendale, chestnut, gold brown, morocco, and moccasin. There will be dress boots of soft kid, street boots of heavier leathers, and walking or tramping boots of sturdy calf.

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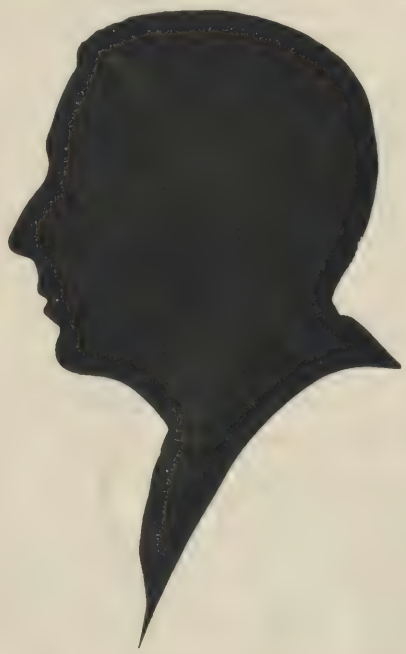
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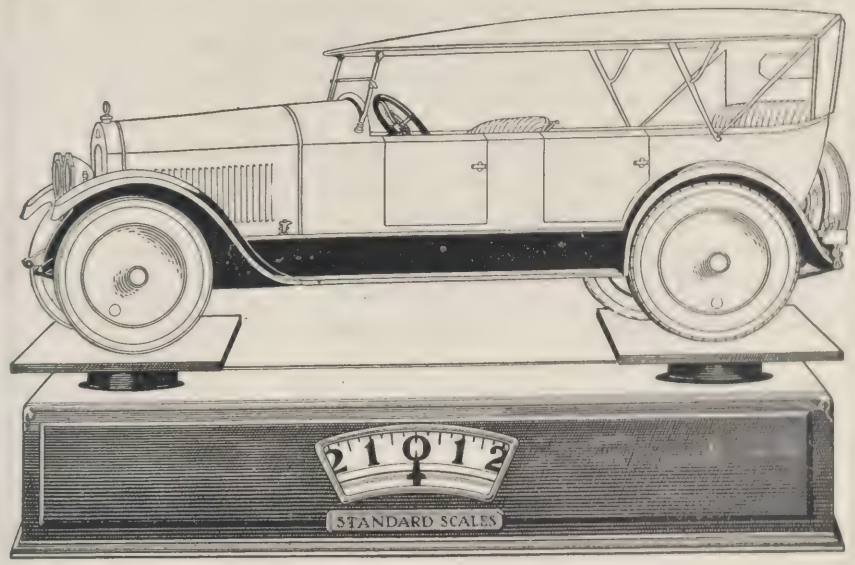
Topics

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1920 — NUMBER 10

Putting Talk in Chautauqua

Local Managers Used to Buy Attractions by the Ton, So to Speak—But All This is Different Now.

By Tom Elrod

Dog days once came alone; now the chautauqua season is a companion. Throughout Indiana and elsewhere in the corn belt, the institution lovingly referred to as the open-forum-where-all-meet-upon-the-same-level is offering choice attractions such as Mr. Bryan, Swiss Yodelers, grand opera singers, light opera songsters, an educated horse, jubilee shouters, Senators, clergymen and various others. Perhaps the educated horse is not appearing professionally this year, but he was on the programs a short time ago. He may have graduated from the stage to the pasture or the truck, yet his manager used to insist that he made a good impression, was not afflicted with artistic temperament at the last minute and was certain to please both old and young. The horse usually gave a prelude, followed by a member of the United States Senate or a speaker of equal prominence.

The chautauqua as an institution has been undergoing a change in methods during the past few years. For that reason independent assemblies are growing fewer in Indiana, while the circuit chautauqua comes to the fore. Under the independent method a local association took complete charge of the work every year, delegating special duties to special committees. One committee bought the talent, another policed the grounds, a third rented a big tent if there was no permanent auditorium, and so on.

Real competition was offered in the way of attractions when the independents started buying. It was ethical for the representative of one bureau to appear early and sell the whole program for next year, if possible. Sometimes a local committee gave way under his persuasive arguments and signed contracts, only to learn—when the next representative appeared—that the second dealer in attractions had better offerings and at lower rates than those for which ironclad contracts had just been made. This brought about, usually, a plan whereby all representatives called in a body, placed their cards on the table at the same time, submitted their arguments and then retired to fraternize with each other during a brief armistice while the committee wrestled with the problem of selections to fit the budget.

Selling attractions in those days reminded one somewhat of the hog market. Offerings were roughly classified as common to good lights, medium and mixed, fair to good, and best heavies. It is hardly necessary to add that when Mr. Taft went into the chautauqua business he was classified as a best heavy.

The committee, bent upon building a program that would appeal to all classes and at the same time give a reasonable assurance of drawing sufficient money to pay bills, was confronted with hundreds of possible attractions. On every program, no matter whether it ran five days, a week or ten days, there must be a certain amount of music, both light and heavy. For the preludes there were entertainers, impersonators, magicians, orchestras and the like. For the chief portion of the program—after the laughs had been laughed and the people settled back for the second course—there must be an attraction somewhat substantial in character. It mattered little if this number was old and a trifle threadbare. Frequently the speaker who made the greatest impression and who brought forth the most requests that he be bought again for next year, was one whose stuff was decidedly old. Perhaps that was the reason he made such an appeal. He told the people what they already knew and that, many platform speakers have learned, is an exceedingly safe game to play. He began with a compliment to "your beautiful and thriving little city." He praised the shade trees and the cement sidewalks. He noted a progressive spirit before he had been in the town fifteen minutes. It did him good, he said, to be associated with such a community, if only in passing. Then he paused, took a drink of lukewarm water, mopped his high brow, buttoned his coat and said, in a most impressive manner, that no one could help but be deeply moved by the sight of such a large and impressive audience. Here, he opined, was real culture and refinement. At that moment, if the schedule was working properly, a baby cried and another answered in a minor key. Stern looks on the part of near seat mates usually served to persuade the mothers of these disturbing elements to remove them from the big top. Whereupon the speaker, having delivered the same introduction that had served well for Red Oak, Queen City, Enterprise and Maple Grove, plunged into the business of knocking the things that should be knocked and praising the things that were praiseworthy. Here and there he injected the proper degree of humor. There was nothing very subtle about this humor because he wished it to reach everybody. For instance, he spoke of modern woman.

"Modern woman," said the orator, with a wave of his arm, "is showing more backbone today than ever before."

He paused just a moment, to let that sink in. Gradually there came before the slow thinkers a picture of modern woman in modern evening dress. These dresses have but little backs. No back would mean an unobstructed view of the backbone. That's what he meant! Cheers and applause!

These spellbinders and others are still treading the somewhat shaky chautauqua platform, but to a large extent they have been collected and classified under the management of what is professionally known as circuits. The independent attraction possibly lectured in Pennsylvania one night and had to jump to Iowa for the next night. Then he made a back flop to Illinois and was billed for an afternoon speech in Ohio the next day. The long jumps and the continuous travel made them restive. They yearned for a change, and when the circuits were organized they flocked to the circuit standard.

The circuit is similar to a circus. In place of the roaring lion it has the roaring lion-hearted reformer. Its business and that of a circus are alike to a great extent. The circuit representative arrives in the community and sells the whole thing, root, branch and fruit. He contracts to furnish a complete program, properly balanced, including light, medium and heavy attractions. He will furnish the official programs, all of the advertising and free publicity matter, all the seats, tents and what not. He agrees to have a platform superintendent constantly on the job and a "boy and girl worker" to amuse children during the morning hours. There is nothing about a chautauqua that the circuit man has forgotten. When the time comes the aggregation arrives. A representative has been there one week in advance, apother came a day or two later and, finally, the twenty-four-hour man dropped in to make the last minute preparations.

Circuit Salesman Provides Heavies, Mediums and Lights in Proportion—Local Manager Gets Crowds.

Talent booked with such a circuit is so scheduled that the railroad jumps will be short. Perhaps the circuit has three or four chautauquas running in the same state at the same time. One man will be booked for all these and he has an easy time of it, by contrast with the long hops of the old independent days.

The circuit has taken so much work off the local committee's hands that it has made serious inroads into independent business. Popular attractions are booking with the circuits because the work is so much easier and so much more pleasant. Still, a few of the independents hang on, declaring their right to buy such talent as they desire, weeding out attractions that would not prove popular in their own communities and taking all the trouble and risk of losing money on the venture.

With the passing of the independent chautauqua passes also the problem with which the local program committee always spent the greatest amount of time. That was whether to uplift or entertain. Now and again a representative threw down a folder picturing a deep thinker. He advised that there was a man with a message, a personage of real and penetrating vision. One of the committee looked underneath the folder and saw another. It pictured four colored brethren, their heads together in close harmony. They would sing "Old Black Joe," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and others of the same brand. They would have no message and but little vision, but how that black bass singer could nose dive to the low notes and how that tenor could aviate to the high ones. Here was what the profession knows as a sure-fire attraction. Old, yet ever new. It would draw real money at the gate!

Wanted---More Golfers

Indianapolis Has Fewer Young Golf Stars Developing Than at Any Time in Years.

By Thomas A. Hendricks

Has Indianapolis golf gone into a tail spin? After many years of flying in the higher altitudes where state championships came to the Hoosier capital with a regularity that was saved from monotony only by an occasional victory of Burr Sweezy, of Marion and Lafayette, are our golfers doing an aerial skid?

These are the facts, whatever may be the explanation. At Kokomo two weeks ago fewer Indianapolis golfers qualified in the championship flight than ever before. With one or two exceptions we put the best men we had to offer in the field, but when the time came to start the third round only three of the eight players were from Indianapolis. In the old days shame would have faced us if we had less than six. When the semi-finals were reached our hopes were reduced to one lone player, and when the fight for the championship took place in the final round on Saturday, for the first time in the memory of the oldest links hound, the out-state had things its own way. For the delegation from Indianapolis to the last man trailed along and watched Robert Resener, of Kokomo, and Baxter Sparks, of Terre Haute, fight it out for the title.

Were the 1920 situation merely a fluke it would not be so bad, but the real discouraging factor lies in the fact that from all appearances it will grow steadily worse for the next few years unless there is a sudden awakening among our younger players. Cooke Coen, whose father is a Highlander, was the only youngster to play from Indianapolis, and look how the rest of the state came through.

Lafayette sent Ainsworth Byrns, low medalist, Jack Bixler and Rafe Wagner; Terre Haute was there with Hal Dronberger and Baxter Sparks, runner up to Resener and the conqueror of Johnny Simpson; Johnny Ledbetter came from Michigan City. L. K. Sanders entered from South Bend and gained the reputation as the hardest hitter and longest driver in Indiana, and Dick Patton showed well from Kokomo. These "kids," all under twenty, were the life of the tournament and are the hope of Hoosier golf.

This city has promising players, Dan Coburn, Herman Olsen, Johnny Kinghan, Telford Orbison, Pat Atkins, Eddie Gallahue, Robert Averitt and many others. But why don't they get out in the tournaments? We have something here, too, that is equal to promising material and that is a golfing tradition. It merely is necessary that our boys live up to it.

This tradition was founded by such golfers as Will Diddel, Edgar Zimmer, Bert Wilbur, Herman Sielken and Johnny Simpson. While no "kid" himself, Johnny Simpson is still one of the youngest of the Indianapolis tournament players, and he is getting better every year. He is a fighter, refuses to break under adversity and sticks to the game. He refused to be disheartened by his defeat on the thirty-sixth hole in the third round at Kokomo by Baxter Sparks, the Princeton freshman from Terre Haute, and the following week found him playing in the national open championship at Toledo against the pick players of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. He didn't win, but he did far better than any Hoosier amateur golfer has ever done, and this in the fastest field of the world.

Club Women Help Blind

State Federation Committee After Years of Work Report Steady Progress.

By Mrs. E. K. Montgomery

The Indiana Federation of Clubs is unique among all other state federations in its work for the blind of Indiana. The federation took up this work in an incidental way, little dreaming, I dare say, that it would become an established part of its yearly program and grow into the important work it has come to be.

The Co-operative Committee for the Blind was created during the presidency of Mrs. Felix McWhirter to investigate some conditions presented to the federation by a member of the Indiana Association of Blind Women. Not being a part of the work as mapped out by the general federation, our committee has been made a special committee along with those of federation extension, motion pictures and state endowment.

I think it is not unusual for intelligent women to be unacquainted with very important questions, often quite near to them, but which have never been brought to their attention in some particular and definite way. If the chairman and the members of our committee were not well acquainted with the conditions of our blind people and their needs it was not for the want of sympathy on our part. The first thing we did was to inform ourselves concerning the conditions of our blind women in order that we might know something of the need for an industrial home for adult blind women. While the committee was doing this it took up at once the task of helping to market the needlework of the blind women.

During the session of the 1915 State Assembly, the federation's co-operative committee carried on a campaign of publicity by way of helping to procure a state commission for the blind which the blind were trying to have created at that time. The assembly did create a commission, which is known as the State Board of Industrial Aid for the Blind, with an appropriation of $10,000. The co-operative committee has assisted this board since it began organized and active service, in marketing the needlework of the women's department. The needlework, under the supervision of Miss Dora Wagner, of the state board, has improved from year to year until it is a marvel of neatness and beauty.

I believe that no other committee has received more sympathetic co-operation from the club women all over the state than this committee. The women have entered into its plans with the heartiest accord and have done their full share in disposing of the needlework at sales which they have arranged for this purpose. During the fiscal year ending September, 1919, $2,523.42 worth of needlework was sold. Since these sales are held at various points over the state it gives the women of the entire state an opportunity to become acquainted with the capabilities of the blind women.

Meanwhile the committee was gradually coming to the conclusion that for the federation to sponsor the establishing of an industrial home for blind women which the Association of Blind Women had asked it to do would be impossible. More than that, modern educators and persons who are interested in the education and care of handicapped persons, are coming to feel that segregation of groups or classes of people is to be avoided and that the best plan is to have them live

(Continued on Page 14)

The Decorator De Luxe



FRANK ZIMMERER

If anybody in Indianapolis wants a prize-winning float for a community parade, a world-beating scheme of decoration for an automobile show, or a bizarre stage setting for an artistic theatrical production, they send for Frank Zimmerer.

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He's the man who arranges the stage settings at the Circle all the year round, who designs the sets for the Stuart Walker Players for their summer season, and on the side plans and helps to carry out the decorations for the automobile show.

He is one of Indianapolis' most original, talented and energetic young artists.

Farrar Will Open Season

To Sing at First Sunday Afternoon Concert on October 17—Schumann-Heink Next on Program.

By Ona B. Talbot

Many erroneously liken themselves to the little lame boy who could not keep up with the rest of the children in Hamelin town that day that they followed the Pied Piper, and so the gate which opened into the wondrous land of music was closed ere he arrived. But for those who have listened to the great artists and organizations that have been brought to Indianapolis, they have found that music is not for musicians alone. It speaks to emotions in the untutored breast as well as to the initiate of the world of music. Therefore, the announcement that Geraldine Farrar will open the musical season with a Sunday afternoon concert on October 17th, and that our beloved Mme. Schumann-Heink, the idol of the American public, would again be heard on Sunday afternoon, November 28th, as well as that Sergei Rachmaninoff, the great Russian composer-pianist, who was the real musical sensation of the Sunday afternoon concerts last season, is to play on January 30th, will be a source of delight to laymen as well as musicians of this community.

This preliminary announcement is made because of the insistent demands of the music loving public to know what would be offered next season. There will be a number of additional Sunday concerts, as well as the resumption of the subscribed concerts. Three will be given this season on week day nights, and a season of grand opera will be announced in a short time. Orders for seats for the concerts are being taken at the office of Ona B. Talbot in the Hume-Mansur building.



GERALDINE FARRAR

Musical Indianapolis

Indianapolis had a brass band as far back as 1840, but not until the fall of 1851, when the population was something over 8,000, was there a concert of "classic" music. Then Madame Anna Bisjop and M. Boscha appeared in the old Masonic Hall, at the corner of Washington street and Capitol avenue, in an operatic program and "furnished the curious some idea of what music was that was neither hymn nor ballad, jig nor hornpipe." To some it was a revelation of a pleasure of a higher kind than had been customary. Others saw no music in it because there was no "tune" in it and found it ludicrous. The history of music is ever thus.

The tremendous musical event of the early days was the appearance in Masonic Hall of Ole Bull, September 6, 1853, which aroused an interest among the intelligent people of the city not quite equaled for years to come. One of the early visitors to Indianapolis was Patti, who came as a girl of ten or twelve years, and in a performance with her sister, Madame Strakosch, sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

It is impossible in a brief sketch to enumerate all the influences that have contributed to the musical upbuilding of the city and the data regarding them and the great musicians who visited Indianapolis from year to year are scattered. Notable visitors years ago were Wilhelmj, Anton Rubinstein and Von Bulow. It is interesting to recall that Leopold Damrosch, father of the distinguished Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, visited this city with his orchestra in the '80's. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Gericke, came in 1887 and played at the Grand Opera House, now Keith's Theatre. Edward Strauss also conducted a memorable concert at Tomlinson Hall. Theodore Thomas, as the director of the Chicago Orchestra, made a number of neighborly visits in the '80's and did much toward the creation of a taste for the best in orchestral music. It was through the influence of Theodore Thomas that I became interested in presenting music to the public, giving three concerts in Tomlinson Hall, which was built in 1886. At this time a splendid series of May festivals was inaugurated, continuing until 1898.

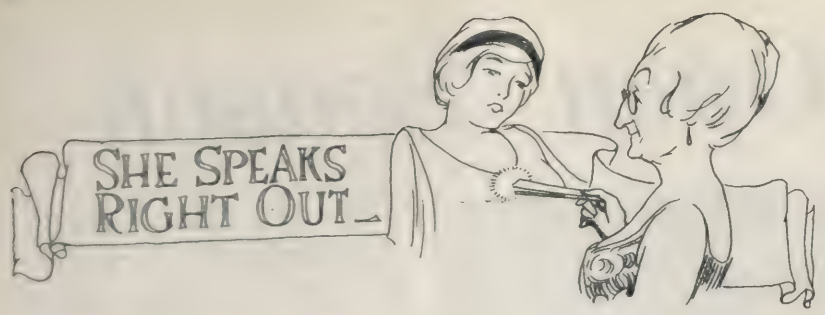
Twenty years ago, my first efforts toward a systematic series of concerts was begun, when Elsa Ruegger, violoncellist, was engaged for a recital to be given in the small auditorium of the Athenaeum, with a seating capacity of 300. This was followed by a piano recital by one of the most renowned French women pianists of that time, Mme. Roger Miclos. Encouraged by the success of these two concerts, came the desire for more ambitious undertakings musically in Indianapolis. When asked to arrange a musical affair for the formal opening of the Claypool Hotel in 1903, my real work began. Mme. Schumann-Heink was engaged for this occasion. The same year Walter Damrosch and David Bispham were engaged to give excerpts from "Die Meistersinger," "Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Parsifal." Then followed a recital presenting Suzanne Adams, English soprano, and Leo Stern, violoncellist. The first series closed with the Kneisel Quartette. An extra concert was given in the Propylaeum on March 16, 1904, when the famous Ferrucio Busoni gave a piano recital, the gross receipts amounting to $272!

City to Hear Rachmaninoff Again—List Includes Season of Opera and Usual Subscribed Concerts.

In the spring of that same year Tomlinson Hall was the scene of a great demonstration when the New York Symphony Orchestra, with Walter Damrosch, conductor, and eight soloists from New York, assisted by the male chorus of the Musikverein, gave a dedication festival in honor of Richard Wagner, presenting "Parsifal" in concert form.

Interest in music had grown to such proportions by this time that the Claypool Assembly Hall was inadequate, and arrangements were made for the second series of concerts known as the Ona B. Talbot Subscribed Concerts, which title has since become the trade mark of this endeavor, to be given at English's Opera House. This series comprised the first appearance in Indianapolis of Eugene Ysaye, violinist, and was also memorable for the first presentation in our city of the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata." Assisting M. Ysaye was La Matta, the Spanish pianist; Mme. Nellie Melba, soprano; Charles Gilbert, baritone; Ellison Van Hoose, tenor; Ada Sassoli, harpist, and the Kneisel Quartette. Following the three subscription concerts was the first appearance of Ignace Jan Paderewski, world-famous pianist. The third series included: Guiseppi Campanari, baritone; Jean Gerardy, violoncellist, and Ward Stephens, pianist, and The Pittsburgh Orchestra, Emil Paur, conductor Goethe-Beethoven's "Egmont," with George Riddle, reader, and Marie Zimmerman, soprano, singing the part of "Clara," was presented, with a loss of $900, which was small in comparison to the really great work presented, and is memorable to the fortunate few who were present. Jan Kubelik, Bohemian violinist, closed this season. A special performance of "Don Pasquale," with Alice Neilsen, was given in the spring of that same year, as well as a concert by Mme. Emma Calve, and two performances of the original Boston Opera Company, with Constantino and Lypkowska presenting "Aida" and "Lakme." One concert in the late spring was given at Caleb Mills Hall with the Kneisel Quartette and Arthur Rubinstein, pianist. The enthusiasm for young Rubinstein was so great that within ten days he returned and played a piano recital to a crowded house.

(Continued on Page 17)



"Bathing suits this season are made without the slightest regard for modesty," said the woman who always objects, as she rocked violently back and forth on the wobbly boards of the summer hotel porch. "They are hideous in color, abbreviated in length, and altogether a disgrace to the present enlightened age. Where is our modesty these days?"

But why lay the blame for any garment or for any state of affairs, for that matter, at the door of modesty? Modesty is a virtue that is the most flexible thing in the world. What's modest in one person is brazen in another. A shortness of skirt that is quite all right one season is indefensible if worn a year later. The costume that is considered full dress in Central Africa, according to the motion picture people who bring in the news, would cause a riot if worn on the other side of the globe. Why pick on an unoffending little garment like a bathing suit just because it doesn't meet all standards of what is modest in dress? There's no way of satisfying everybody, as the man in Aesop's Fable has often informed us, so why try to make the bathing suit achieve the impossible?

The eminently respectable bathing costume as worn in the Garden of Eden—for, presumably, even at that early date, going bathing was one of the things that was done—would be a case for calling the police or at least a life guard, if worn at Far Rockaway, Longbeach, Coney Island or Broad Ripple. The garb provided by nature for the boys who delighted in the old swimmin' hole would never, never do for wear at the Canoe Club. Bringing objections down to a finer point, the outfit which meets all requirements as to modesty and style at the south end of the lake may fall far short of perfection for wear at the north end. There's simply no such thing as a universal bathing suit. As you change your geographical or chronological location, you must change the style of your swimming apparel to match.

A short time ago an Indianapolis girl started for the East for an extended visit, stopping on the way for a few weeks' stay at one of the northern Indiana lakes. Her wardrobe, of course, included the inevitable bathing suit, selected for wear in Indiana—a plain wool-jersey, one-piece, short-skirted suit of a dark greenish shade of brown about the color of shaded lake water when the sun is nearly down, and trimmed with a narrow line of red at the neck and armholes. It wasn't a startling suit in any way, simply sensible and comfortable, and it didn't cause a ripple in the serenity of that Indiana lake colony. But within a week after the Hoosier miss reached Rye and Rockaway, the suit was discarded; and snapshots taken at the eastern beaches show that same Hoosier girl arrayed in a far more voluminous and far less comfortable suit than the one she had discarded.

If the East is considered by middle-westerners to be excessively severe in its standards of swimming suit modesty, they have been informed that, on the other hand, the standards of the far West are shamefully lax. Indianapolis is ready to believe this, for haven't we seen the Mack Sennett bathing beauties? But now and then some conscientious objector puts in a good word for Californians—good or bad, depending on the point of view—and tells the world that California is as modest as the next state and that all the would-be mermaids at the western beaches must be properly dressed and stockinged. One stanch upholder of Californian virtue grew quite wrathy at the mere suggestion that the Annette Kellerman suit was in universal use at western beaches.

So apparently all that is needed to completely muddle the mind as to what is modest in the way of swimming apparel is a government investigation. At one beach you wear stockings, at another you don't; at some places you wear silk jersey if you want to be in style, at others nothing but taffeta will do; on some lake shores you march down to the beach muffled to the neck in a bath robe or pompous rain coat, and at a lake in the next state, the mermaids and mermen roam the streets of the town wearing only their swimming costumes. The only way to be on the safe side is to send out an advance agent and find what is being worn at the time and place you pick for your summer swimming, and then take your chances that everything won't be changed by the time you arrive.

He's Leading Lady



CADET W. GREEN

This husky looking young gob is no other than the leading lady for the Culver Summer School play. In ordinary life he is Cadet W. Green of Chicago. On August 21 he will be the Princess. Arabis, the leading lady in "The Heart of Youth," a pageant-play by Hermann Hagedorn. The whole show is being supervised by John R. Froome, director of the dramatic work at Culver Military Academy, and recently of The Little Playhouse, Cincinnati. The assistant boss of the show and Mr. Froome's right-hand man is Cadet W. A. Shideler, of Indianapolis. One of the great theatrical problems which is at present occupying the time and attention of Messrs. Froome and Shideler is how to get the tanned, weatherbeaten Cadet Green to look pale and interesting.

Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell S. Brooks are spending a few weeks at Portage Lake, near Onekama, Mich.

Mr. Robert Hassler and family have arrived at Burt Lake, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle N. A. Walker have gone to spend a short time in New York and Atlantic City. Miss Della Hays, of Minneapolis, is the guest of Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. John A. Pfaff is summering at Bay View, Mich.

Ralph Lemcke, Jr., Cornelia Lemcke and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson are guests at Maple Grove Inn, Wequetonsing, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Fesler have recently returned from a month's trip in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miesse are at Burt Lake, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Romney L. Willson are spending several weeks at the Forest Beach Hotel, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Mr. William Higgins has recently arrived at Burt Lake. His marriage to Miss Mary Helen Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Boyd, will take place this month at Burt Lake.

Mrs. Lewis Eiler and daughter, Fannie Lew, have returned from Walloon Lake. Miss Dorothy Kothe, who was with them, is still at the lake.

James Harvey Brayton, of Kohala, H. I., has been spending a week with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Brayton.

Mrs. LeRoy Breunig is summering at Burt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Aaron, of Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rosalyn, to Ferdinand S. Meyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Meyer.

Mrs. Edwin Hill and daughter Frances and Miss Ruth Bozelle have recently returned from a trip through the West and Northwest.

Hoosiers Abroad

Indianapolis has been advertised so intensively and extensively as a good town to live in, that it is surprising anybody ever gets up the courage to leave it and try his luck in an inferior city. After reading the propaganda that has been so freely disseminated in regard to our no mean city, it is only reasonable to suppose that since Indianapolis grabbed off all the superlative virtues for a city, other places must be poor holes in comparison. But still Hoosiers do leave—and presumably the motive should be to carry glad tidings of Indianapolis to benighted dwellers in other cities. But such is not the case.

There are a goodly number of dwellers in Indianapolis who are planning to go abroad, and not one of them has admitted that he's going for the sole purpose of advertising Indianapolis. They're going for purely personal reasons, and any advertising Indianapolis gets will be a side issue.

Former Governor Ralston is on his way to England with a party of five, including Harry Maurice Angell, Thomas J. Stevenson and George E. Stevenson of this city. They secured their passports to sail from New York on August 14. The trip will last about six weeks and during that time the party will visit England, France and probably Belgium. They are noncommittal as to the purpose of the trip; they are simply going on business for the Stevenson Gear and Manufacturing Co.

Mrs. Tarkington Baker is planning to go to India to join Mr. Baker, who is now at Bombay in charge of the construction of studios for the Famous Players-Lasky Company. Mrs. Baker's plans are rather indefinite as Mr. Baker sends word that conditions in India at present are such that it will perhaps be advisable to postpone her trip until a little later. If Mrs. Baker goes she will probably remain a year or more in India.

France will doubtless be the destination of many American travelers within the next few years. Mrs. Lucius B. Swift is planning to go to France in the near future. She has been an indefatigable worker in the Indianapolis branch of the American organization for the relief of French War Orphans, and while in France she will investigate the work that has been done by the organization and talk with the orphans themselves, and she will report on the results of her trip on her return to this city.

Miss Elizabeth W. Eitel, daughter of Mr. Henry Eitel, is in France to study voice culture.

Miss Jessie Lothian who, though she is not a Hoosier, has been staying in Indianapolis this summer, left last Saturday for the East on her return to London, England. Miss Lothian has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Frost Daggett of Washington Boulevard. Early this season she appeared with the Stuart Walker Company at the Murat, and when she returns to London she will take up her work as a teacher of dramatics.

Great Gotham

The Jewish Art Theatre in Ben Ami Reveals a Contender for Mansfield's Place on the American Stage.

By Oliver M. Sayler

Within the first week after my arrival in New York last winter, a half dozen of my friends who keep abreast of novelty and achievement in the arts, insisted that I must lose no time in seeing the work of the Jewish Art Theatre down in the old Garden, the playhouse in the northwest corner of Madison Square's ornate coliseum. I couldn't work up much enthusiasm in advance of my first visit, partly because self-styled art theatres in America—despite their laudable ideals—have usually been hopelessly meagre in equipment and amateurish in accomplishment, and partly because I had no very pleasant memories of the traveling Yiddish companies which used to come to Indianapolis in late spring and on which I cut my eye teeth as a cub-critic.

It didn't take me long, however, to discover that both my misgivings were without foundation; and before I had made the acquaintance of the theatre's entire repertory I realized that here was the most substantial and the most heartening venture of the New York stage of the season of 1919-1920. Here was a fine impulse carried out in a fine way. Here were plays produced on their high merits as drama and not as a bait on a gambler's hook to catch a fickle public. Here was that close co-operation between playwright and player, scene designer and director, without which the theatre can never hope to rank as an art. Here was acting which completely submerged personal individuality under the guise of the assumed character. Here was a spirit and an atmosphere which carried me back to Moscow and Petrograd to find anything comparable.

Back of all these achievements and chief cause of them, I soon found, was a single driving force: the vivid personality, the rich imagination and the contagious inspiration of Jacob Ben Ami, a handsome young Russian Jewish actor who had come to this country six years ago and had reached the point where he could make use of his rare gifts only after a desperately difficult struggle in New York's lower east side. With all due credit to the others whose collaborating vision was necessary to the resulting ensemble, Ben Ami was the Jewish Art Theatre during its first season. His superiority over the rest and his responsibility for what the rest accomplished were so conspicuous, in fact, that he has been marked for the wider opportunities of Broadway and the English-speaking stage where he will appear this fall under the management of Arthur Hopkins. What the Jewish Art Theatre will do without him is the biggest question it has to face today.



(Photograph by Maurice Goldberg)
JACOB BEN AMI

* * *

The romance of the achievement at the Garden is so wrapped up in Ben Ami that I must first recount the record of his advent and his hardships on these, his adopted shores. A little over a decade ago, at the age of twenty, he began his stage career at the Russian theatre in his native city, Minsk, on the Polish border. Just ten years ago, with the aid of a young playwright friend, Peretz Hirshbein, he founded in Odessa the first Yiddish theatre in any country to be devoted to the serious drama. The Tsar's police soon killed that venture, however, by insisting that Ben Ami substitute a mongrel German for Yiddish, and rather than comply with that meddlesome order he closed the theatre. Back in Minsk and despondent, he heeded a call from a group in London which desired to start a Yiddish theatre there, and early in 1914 he arrived in the British metropolis only to discover his hosts impractical and the plan a chimera. After two months, therefore, he set sail again for America, whither his mother had preceded him, and where he looked forward to playing under Rudolf Schildkraut, the great German Yiddish actor, who was then appearing in New York.

Disillusion trailed him across the seas though, for he found Schildkraut bent on augmenting his own glory regardless of the play or the other actors or the ensemble. The other Yiddish theatres in Gotham were no better, for their repertory consisted in those extravagant combinations of farce, musical comedy, grand opera, vaudeville and tragedy, all in a single performance, which Jewish companies have invariably brought out to Indianapolis on their annual spring tours. Against this regime Ben Ami fought, but the odds were so great and the wealthy men of his race were so indifferent to his dreams of a serious Jewish theatre in New York that he simply went to sleep, to use his own picturesque phrase, for three seasons.

Finally, in the autumn of 1918, after he had demonstrated by several single performances at the Neighborhood Playhouse what he could do, he joined the company which took over the home of the old German company, the Irving Place Theatre, with the proviso that he be permitted to make occasional productions of really notable plays. His success was so marked that a year ago a group of ambitious players were gathered round him by Louis Schnitzer to form the Jewish Art Theatre with its home in the abandoned Garden.

New Victor Herbert Musical Comedy and Wall Street Melodrama Are Among Early Plays on Broadway.

* * *

The entire record of that season I have found almost as difficult to obtain as the annals of the Russian theatres. Owing to economy and to a keener interest in making new productions than in keeping track of the old, practically no photographs were taken, and it was only after much persistence that I finally induced Ben Ami this summer to sit for a portrait. After I discovered the Jewish Art Theatre, though, I followed their repertory faithfully the latter half of the season. And in that time I saw them do five plays as strikingly different in character as those which make up the Russian repertories: Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives"; Dymoff's "The Bronx Express"; Sven Lange's "Samson and Delilah"; and Peretz Hirshbein's "The Idle Inn" and "Green Fields."

Of the five, the first two named interested me least—the Hauptmann, because Yiddish seems unable to convey the restrained mood of German realism, and the Dymoff, because it resembles too much the plays current in the other Yiddish theatres in Second avenue and the Bowery. "Samson," however, and the two Hirshbein pieces edge each other closely for first place. Ben Ami expects to open his season under Hopkins with an English translation of the Lange play, which he brought with him in manuscript six years ago. It is a tragedy of a poet and his wife and another man, somewhat in the Ibsen manner but with its story told more picturesquely and passionately. It will give the actor a brilliant opportunity to display his command of a spiritualized realism in his characterization, which should establish him immediately as an important figure on our stage.

The Hirshbein plays are of a widely different nature, idyllic and poetic in mood, with romance and realism strangely blended into unity. I hope Ben Ami will carry out his present plan to do one or the other of them in English, too, later in the season, for they will bring a new note into the American theatre. Simple little

(Continued on Page 18)

Editorial

AND THE FIGHT IS ON

One thing about the 1920 campaign is we do not have to wait for it. The fight is on. The verbal, adjectival battle is in full swing. Cox and Harding have cleared their chests of the burdensome acceptance speeches, and now Will H. Hays startles the nation with the declaration that the Republicans will not fight Cox on the League of Nations issue, but will instead take the field with Woodrow Wilson as the bone of contention. If the President should get his health back, that means a real battle. If he doesn't, Cox looks like a good two-fisted fighter himself. Here is what Hays has to say:

"It is squarely up to the electorate to indorse or repudiate the last seven years of Democratic maladministration in Washington, which to the vast majority of the citizenry of this country stands for a sinful squandering of our great resources, a saturnalia of extravagance, a cataclysm of perverted purposes and broken promises, and, finally, an absolute betrayal of American rights and American interests."

Them's hard, as well as long words, Mr. Hays. If Republican speakers can establish their truth, Harding will ride into the White House a winner by miles. But Franklin Roosevelt says it is not so. He reminds the country of the eighty-seven congressional investigations conducted by the Republican congress at an estimated cost of $3,000,000, and asks what these investigations have disclosed that is in any degree damning. Nothing, he declares, answering his own question.

If the Republicans wish to drop the League of Nations as an issue, they would do well to advise Senator Harding to quit talking about international affairs and his proposed foreign policy. He said the other day that this country can not take its place in the League of Nations because of the presence in our midst of people of foreign birth who would cease to be "rejoicingly American when the land of adoption sits in judgment on the land from whence they come." If that had been our policy we should never have acted on the sinking of the Lusitania, and the German Empire would today doubtless be triumphant in Europe with Kaiser Wilhelm touring subject countries instead of chopping down trees in seclusion.

It is not to be expected that either Republicans or Democrats can refrain from welcoming the votes of German people in this country. There are a lot of these votes, and they can go a long way toward swinging an election, as witness 1916. But the candidates that are wise will do their pandering very subtly and very quietly. Many of us, with the war almost two years gone, are willing to sit down now and drop old war-born enmities. On the other hand, there is still some bitterness that will easily kindle at any perceptible moves in the direction of rounding up votes among German sympathizers. This advice is offered gratis to both Harding and Cox. Harding may not have had the Germans in mind when he made the quoted statement, but at the same time his thought fits the German case.

Hays can doubtless be relied upon to steer a straight course for Harding, for although he has had less experience he is much the more skillful of the two in politics. He is adroit, where Harding is stark matter of fact. He is quick and sympathetic, where Harding is slow and unresponsive. And, as the New York Times says, twittingly, he is "omnidexterous."

Cox is at last getting into action, after having seen his running mate well under way in his campaign to show the country another Roosevelt. If Franklin D. is no more dynamic and compelling than Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the Democrats may repent of their strategy in placing him on the ticket. Young Theodore has been found by Republican leaders in the East to be more or less a "bust" in politics, ranking as a melancholy fizzle by comparison with his energetic and attractive sister, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. But then the Democrats declare Franklin Roosevelt is a definite positive character in himself and does not need to rely on his name or his faint kinship with the late T. R. for popular appeal.

Anyway, the race is on, and may the personal political divvle take the hindmost next November.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

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OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

LOCAL ANGLES

One thing that may have been overlooked in some quarters in connection with the campaign is the part that local affairs may play in the various states. In New York state, the Republicans are up against a popular and powerful figure in Governor Al Smith. In Ohio, which the Democrats expect to carry, they are facing a somewhat lukewarm sentiment, as evidenced in the recent primaries. Illinois Republicans who hold aloof from factional strife are worried over the prospect of a split between Thompson and the rest of the party. Missouri Democrats may conceivably lose their only senatorial seat if Reed decides to follow his friend Hearst and support Harding.

The list might be strung out to some length, but these examples will serve to show that local affairs will certainly play an important part in determining the election this fall.

MOTOR MAKING

So many stories of disaster to the motor industry have been floating around that it is just as well to have a look at some of the facts. Rumors have had it that in the past month Nordyke and Marmon discharged 3,000 men. On January 1, there were 4,900 men on the Marmon payroll. Last week there were 4,664. Only a few inefficient men have been let out, instead of the rumored 3,000!

Another report had the National plant shut down, but this is not true. The factory is at work turning out cars.

Business men and loafers who spread such stories without knowing the facts are doing the city a poor turn.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

It is a safe bet, anyway, that the contractors would get busy on the streets just about now. Isn't the State Fair almost at hand? And how could we have a State Fair without the streets being torn up?

THE FRONT PORCH

One nice thing about Senator Harding. He seems to have a real, old-fashioned front porch to his house instead of one of these new-fangled, enclosed side affairs with a stingy little stoop facing the street.

MORE SUBSIDY TALK

A Chicago meat dealer, in an address before the national organization of master butchers the other day in New York, predicted a shortage of meat and advocated some form of Government loans or financial aid to live stock men. He declared the banks have been gouging the stock men because they preferred to lend their depositors' money to more stable industries. There is already a shortage of cattle, because range land in Texas and Nebraska is being used for other and more profitable purposes and because of the abnormally heavy killing during the war years.

It is to be hoped that some other means of encouraging the live stock industry than the subsidy can be found. Government loans, Government guarantees and Government rate increases all savor of subsidy, and as in the case of the railroads it has been pretty well proved that the subsidy idea does not work. It may save the subsidized pocketbook temporarily, but it tends to soften initiative and self-reliance, and thus to ruin service.

Editorial

Gossip of the Village

Who remembers when Harry Stutz started his first car, a Marion, in the Glidden Tour, only to drop out, after leaving Indianapolis, with a broken axle?

Billy Berner, according to George Standke, holds the world's record for remembering folks' names and faces.

Times do change. Selling extras the day McKinley was shot, this writer marveled at a man, who must have been a millionaire, who gave up a nickel for a paper and walked off without his change. Nowadays the way to get your change back is to ask for it, plainly and distinctly.

Charlie Perry is going to read a paper to the state association of electric light men one of these days.

Stoughton Fletcher uses a card index system to keep track of the Peter the Great colts winning races on the Grand Circuit this year.

The young lady gazing wistfully into the future from her vantage point on the front cover of Topics, is Miss Marjorie Gates, some time of Indianapolis and Dayton, but just now of Hot Springs, Va. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett Gates.

Mrs. E. K. Montgomery, who writes in this issue of the club women's work for the blind, is the well-known Shelbyville club woman.

"Baron" Rothschild, everybody's friend, tells the following story of a Merchants Heat and Light Company engineer:

"This engineer, discussing a mule owned by a colored boy, asked:

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Utility'."

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"I'm studyin' de animal and readin' de papers. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de city, an' goes ahead doin' his level best jist de same."



The Financial Outlook

Changes in the fundamental fiscal structure of the country indicate better times are ahead in the money markets and therefore in the general business world. In the first place the foreign trade situation is much better than at any time since the war, for the reason that European countries to which we have been exporting goods are now beginning to build up the balance by shipping goods to us. This will tend to relieve the credit strain upon American bankers who have been lending to American exporters financing shipments abroad and supporting the American government in its foreign loans. When our imports reach something like a balance with our exports the situation will relieve the credit strain and make money easier throughout the domestic business world.

The trend is decidedly in this direction, for British exports to America in July were double those of 1919, and treble those of 1918. Actual tonnage of British goods coming this way in July was practically equal to that of July, 1913, the last pre-war, or normal year. Additional evidence is seen in the government reports for June, when American exports declined and imports increased.

There is some discussion, in this connection, of Senator Harding's declaration for reversion to the protective tariff system. Some bankers are wondering whether the tariff wall, if erected, would not arrest the development of a normal balance of trade, at the same time it was "protecting" American industry.

The second reassuring development is in the domestic field of transportation. Several bankers, among them such men as Frank Stalnaker and Brandt C. Downey, have said that the money market now depends on the ability of the railroads to clear up traffic congestion and move the crops. Their reasoning is clear—the longer the roads are tied up with crops and goods, the longer the money financing these products will be tied up. The Interstate Commerce Commission has lately made public some figures to show that the railroads, now that they are back on their own resources, are getting from ten to thirty per cent more milage per day with their freight cars, and loading them probably ten to fifteen per cent better. They have the same equipment, motive power and man power that they had when the government was subsidizing them, but they are doing much better work.

Coal roads such as the Chesapeake and Ohio and Norfolk and Western, and grain roads such as the Union Pacific and Great Northern are notable among those that have effected improvements in their freight service, according to the report of the I. C. C. The Union Pacific in May, for example, moved freight an average of 69.7 miles, with 1,341 net tons per car, as against 47.7 miles in May of 1919, with a net tonnage of 792 tons!

With the railroad executives organized to improve conditions still further, the prospect is that freight will move and the money market consequently ease up before many months.

This, of course, has a bearing on the investment market, for it is well known that a large percentage of investment money is borrowed money.

New York bankers think officials at Washington are divided as to the best method of lowering the high cost of living. One group, they say, favors high interest rates to curb expansion, and the other group urges the lowering of money rates to make capital cheap and encourage production. Shut your eyes and take your choice.

One share of Stutz Motor Car Company stock was sold on the New York curb market recently at 220, a drop of 30 points since the preceding sale and a drop of 504 points from the high, which was 724. This was touched when the Stutz corner was on and Allan A. Ryan and the New York Stock Exchange were at odds over the corner in the shares. Before the stock was thrown off the list on the big board trades were many and a feature of the day-to-day trading.

Hit This Wedge

The thin end of a wedge is being driven into American business policy. Among corporations we find organizations that have replaced their "public-be-damned" policy with "public-be-pleased" policy.

In co-operative activities we find groups of manufacturers practicing the policy of fairness to all, rather than benefit to the few, says "Activities," published by the Chamber of Commerce.

The old czar employer is giving way to the more human leader who feels deeply his responsibility to those whom he employs and to the public.

In the retail field we see men following John Wanamaker's "20% reduction" instead of grabbing all the traffic will bear.

The wedge is unselfishness, or, rather, intelligent selfishness—the breadth of view which recognizes that all of us can reap our own desires more fully and satisfactorily by a fair attention to the other fellow's rights.

Grab a sledge and hit the wedge!

Earnest advocates of a National Blue Sky Law for the protection of the Investing Public.

"The Class *of* 54"

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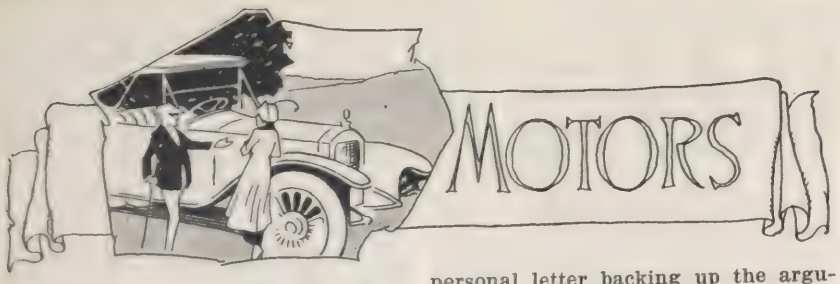
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

The old military and football maxim that "the best defense is an offense," has been taken by Indiana automobile dealers associations, individual dealers and manufacturers and applied to the financial conditions at present surrounding the entire automotive industry.

When the money market tightened and bankers became reluctant to handle automobile paper, the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association immediately started a campaign to convince the public and financial institutions that the automobile is an essential utility and as such is entitled to the same banking support extended to other and older industries.

Individual dealers and factories took up the matter, some working in one way and some in another, but all with the same end in view, and there is no doubt that the campaign has had definite and favorable results.

The Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, through John Orman, manager, has distributed 16,000 pieces of literature pertaining to the automobile as a utility within the past month. This literature was sent to 2,800 garage owners, dealers and state distributors and to 1,078 bankers throughout Indiana.

It consisted of reprints of a letter written by E. C. Stokes, president of the Mechanics National Bank of Trenton, N. J., and a member of the Federal Reserve system, to the president of the United Globe and Rubber Company expressing his views on the automobile industry. Mr. Stokes was formerly governor of New Jersey. This letter was accompanied by a strong editorial from the Kansas City Star of June 25, entitled "Outworn Ideas About the Automobile."

Furthermore, the association will distribute very soon 4,000 reprints of an article on the automobile as a utility, from Automotive Industries.

Indiana dealers and manufacturers are carrying on their own attacks against local objectives in addition to those being waged by the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association. A good example of what is being done along this line is supplied by the steps taken by W. E. Pierson, manager of the Welbon Automotive Company, of this city, distributors for the Chandler.

He received, from the factories his concern represents, a large amount of literature on the subject of the automobile as a utility and, realizing that editorials written for other parts of the United States might not apply to local conditions, he went over it all very carefully, and selected such as he considered best adapted to the Indiana situation. These he mailed to fifty Indiana bankers, together with a personal letter backing up the arguments advanced in the literature. Mr. Pierson took particular care to select only such articles as would present the case of the automobile dealer without arousing any antagonism in the mind of the banker. All "roasts" and articles accusing the financial interests of a deliberate attempt to wreck the industry were excluded.

He received many answers, and in every instance the banker insisted upon his good feeling toward the automobile industry as a whole. One man said, "We have found automobile paper one of the safest securities. We have handled it long enough for its history to prove this statement to our satisfaction." Only one banker ranked the automobile as a luxury.

The National Motor Car and Vehicle Corporation also used the letter of E. C. Stokes in its campaign. It sent these letters broadcast through its dealers and agents and left local distribution in each community in their hands.

Work of a similar character is being done by dealers, distributors and factories all over Indiana.

According to figures issued by the Indiana Industrial Board, 415 out of 3,746 accidents reported to the board in June occurred in automotive plants. One death resulted.

Nine city bridges are in a dangerous condition and should be rebuilt, the Board of Public Works was informed last week by the city engineering department. Mr. A. C. Meloy, street commissioner, says that the constantly increasing use of heavy motor vehicles is largely responsible for this condition. He says that all new bridges must be built to meet the demands of modern truck traffic.

The Jackson is now being represented in this territory by the Hamilton-Finch Co., a new concern with its salesroom at 302 North Capitol avenue.

W. McK. White, for several years advertising manager for the Premier Motor Manufacturing Co., and now Western manager of the Columbia Machine Works at Chicago, spent several days in Indianapolis among his old friends last week.

A receiver for the Indianapolis Body Corporation was asked last week by the Jackson Cushion Spring Company in a suit filed in superior court. Judgment for $2,000 on a note for $1,127.65, said to be overdue, was also asked.

To meet the increasing demands of motorists for accommodations at Tur-



Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS

TRADE MARK Hoosier SUB-CARBURETOR THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR

Saves Gasoline

It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

Woodruff 1879 Automatic 61-678

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Plumbing Steam Heating Power Work

Regardless of the size of your job—a small repair or a complete new installation—it will receive our prompt and most efficient attention. We have a complete organization and are at your service. We know our business; we know our costs; our charges are based on making a legitimate profit—no more, no less.

Our Location, 1720-26 East Tenth Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

key Run, five new bungalows are being built by the state department of conservation. The bungalows range from two to four rooms each. For some time the hotel at the park has been crowded far beyond its capacity, the attendance at Turkey Run thus far this year having exceeded that of the same period of 1919 by more than 50 per cent.

Monroe retail sales in this territory will be handled in the future by the Monroe Motors Corporation, which was incorporated for $100,000 last week. R. O. Malott, W. G. Todd and Floyd P. Ferguson are named as directors. The new company will succeed the Monroe Sales Co., and will take over the old sales room at 602 North Capitol avenue. It is understood that the new arrangement will enable the William Small Company, makers of the Monroe, to realize on its sales more quickly.

R. H. Losey, of the Losey-Nash Company, returned last week after a business trip in the North.

H. H. Alexander, general manager of the Losey firm, is spending his vacation on an automobile trip through Illinois.

R. V. Law, president of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, took a short rest at Lake Manitou getting in condition for the big week at the State Fair automobile show.

George W. Dickey, head of the Dickey Motor Sales Co., has just put the finishing touches on the new sales room at 1027 North Meridian street, and the new King looks nifty in homelike surroundings.

If you want to spend a pleasant afternoon discussing any subject from politics to the condition of the motor market, drop in on W. E Pierson, of the Welbon Automotive Company. Even though his new offices are not completely finished he will take time to visit a while.

The Donnelly-Bunch Motor Car Company, 1003 North Meridian street, has added the Velie to its line.

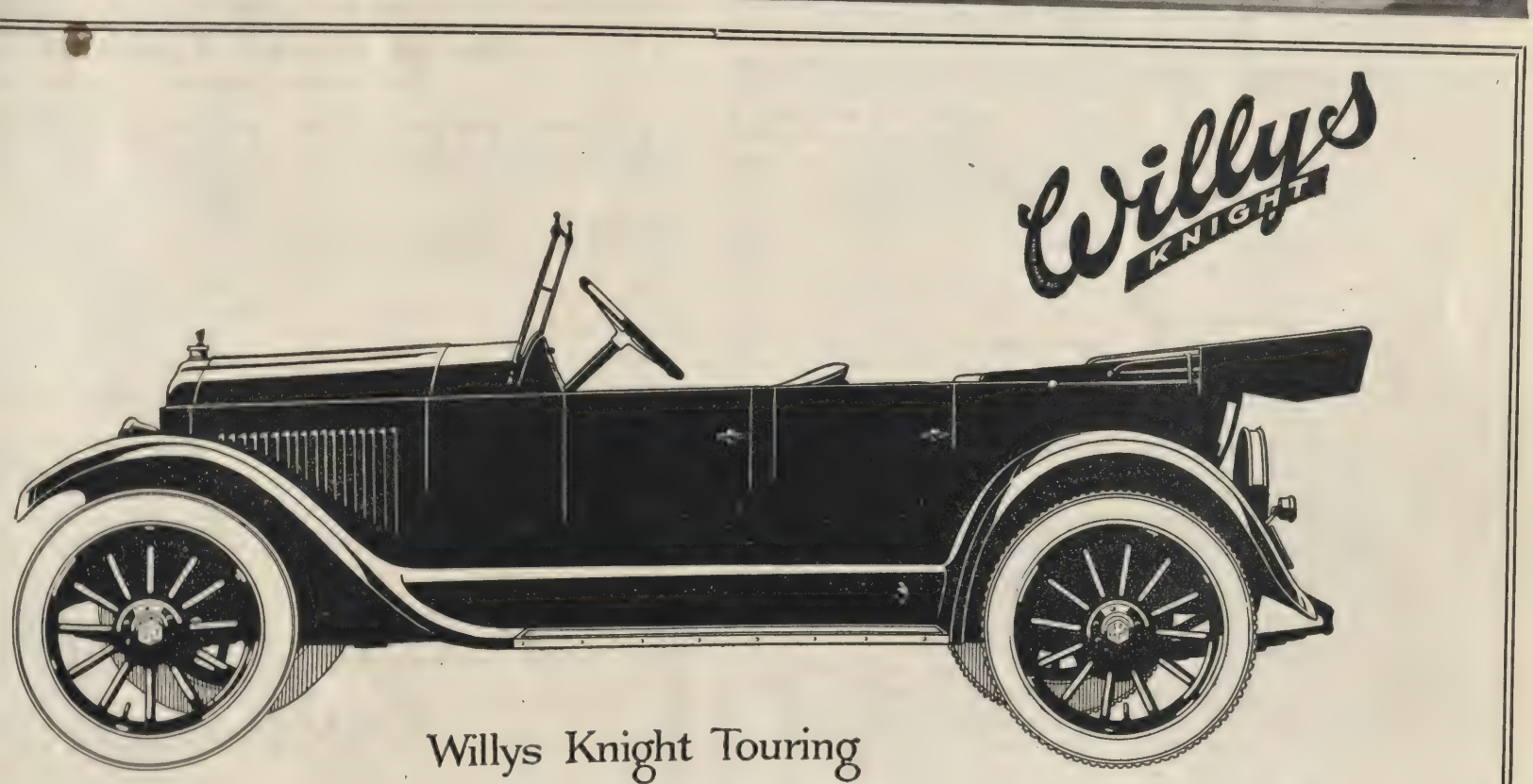
Roscoe Sarles, whose game driving at the Speedway last 500-mile race, has not been forgotten, will take his green Monroe to the Western coast, where races in the next few months will be held for purses aggregating $150,000.

Often the number that the telephone girl calls back to you is a perverted affair that is unrecognizable, but this is the latest. Painstakingly you call your four digits and echo answers "North 2-7-what-then?"

Comparison of the French income taxes with those levied by the United States shows that Frenchmen with incomes of 260,000 francs, equal to $50,000 at normal exchange, will pay $21,823 against $7,105 by citizens of this country.

The British national debt is $32,500,000,000.





Willys Knight Touring

Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

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Motion Pictures

Motion picture drama has been variously named and nicknamed, but aside from the ubiquitous title "The Movies," the best name seems to be the silent art. Producers since the very beginning of the motion picture, however, have apparently been dissatisfied to let it remain a silent art, and many are the devices that have been invented and tried out to give the picture play a voice, or at least to equip it with some sort of noise.

One of the first attempts to make the movies vocal was in the days when Keith's was the Grand Theatre. The summer season was enlivened with pictures that were called talking pictures, and the passerby who was lured inside by this intriguing title, was pretty sure to be disappointed. The pictures themselves were still of the rather jumpy, light-flecked kind that give the audience an idea that it was always raining, even in the interior scenes, but the talking was achieved by some kind of phonographic device that droned on in nasal accents, and frequently failed to match up with the action shown on the screen. This lack of synchronism in picture and conversation, combined with the double strain on eyes and ears, was the doom of the talking picture.

Since that time motion picture managers have used every conceivable method to make the sound fit the picture. Some of these attempts have been successful to a certain degree and others have been hopeless failures. The vigorous lambasting of canvas back-stage when the cowboys held up the stage coach may have produced the proper illusion in the days when motion pictures were still in their crude beginnings, but it is scarcely satisfactory today. The ringing of the telephone after the maid has already started for the phone may be regarded as an evidence of the power of mental telepathy, but is more apt to be looked upon as a slip which spoils the picture. The splintering crash of breaking glass thirty seconds after the comedian has fallen through the skylight may add to the merriment of the audience, but as Kipling says, "Is it art?"

On the other hand, some of these noise-making contraptions are cleverly worked and well timed. The telephone may ring at the psychological moment, the glass may crash as the clown falls through, the rooster crow as he opens his bill, and the water splash as the fire plug is turned on. But the efficacy of these devices as additions to the entertainment depends so completely on their arriving at exactly the right moment that, better than be a second late, they had better not be at all. For this reason, much of the attempted realism in noises for the movies has been abandoned by the better houses.

There are a few scenes that really need some background of sound if they are to have the desired effectiveness. In a play recently shown here which featured a struggle between the bright young business man and the crafty Bolsheviki, one of the weapons of the struggle was an infernal machine of the kind that goes off just at midnight. Just as the hour was about to strike, the brave heroine grabbed the bomb, sizzling already in her hand, and with a Ty Cobb swing sent it hurtling out into the hinterland of the hero's estate. A few seconds later the thing exploded with a profusion of red light illumination. The lady rescuer shivered at the shock and presumably at the sound, but the audience heard nothing but the cheerful strains of a popular air on the organ. No need to blow up everybody back stage to get the proper reverberation for the explosion, but the climax would have been more intense if there had been some appropriate sound—not necessarily a whacking big detonation, but at least a sympathetically crashing style of music.

After all, music is the best solution for the filling in of any gap caused by the absence of sound in the motion picture drama. The atmosphere created by appropriate music gives the proper state of mind for sympathetic enjoyment of a picture play, and never verges on the ridiculous. The music in such plays as "The Birth of a Nation" and others of that spectacular kind was just as inherent a part of the piece as the film itself. Carefully selected music will add enormously to a good photoplay, and will do wonders to cover the shortcomings of an outlandishly improbable story. Undoubtedly, it is along this line that any arrangements for giving a voice to the silent art will develop.

One of the most popular plays in Indianapolis, to judge by attendance records, was "Why Change Your Wife?" It played an engagement of several weeks and then came back for a return engagement. Whether people liked it or not, undeniably a great number saw it, and the length of the engagement shows at least that people were interested in it. To judge by the following quotation from the London Times, English audiences regard a play of this character differently:

"'Why Change Your Wife?' emphasizes all the faults of a class of film which has obtained an extraordinary vogue. The fashion started with certain comedies, none of which was complete without the inclusion of a bevy of so-called 'bathing beauties.' We have a bathing scene in this film, and rather a startling one, too. But this appeal to the lower side of human nature, instead of being merely incidental to the film, as it used to be in the comedies, is here made its leitmotif. The film is founded on the idea that married life is a constant state of physical attraction. We are shown a husband and wife. The wife is an intellectual and the husband is suspected of seeking his pleasures abroad. The lady of his choice is a mannequin. Her physical charms seem to be undeniable, and she is shown in a state of neglige which will probably astonish even the most hardened. The wife divorces the husband, and he marries the mannequin. Then the wife, in desperation, decides to pay more attention to the physical than the intellectual side of her nature. She appears in a bathing costume, and her former husband is eventually so captivated by her physical charms that he decides that he is in love with her again. The whole idea is extremely unpleasant, and, to advance such a theme as a subject for light comedy, shows a lamentable lack of taste."

Speaking of changing wives and husbands, the habit of thinking is now offered as a reason for divorce. Read what the New York Times has to say of Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, who offers that argument:

"Current discussions of the Chaplin divorce suit have too hastily assumed that the 'mental cruelty' of which Mrs. Chaplin complained meant only, or chiefly, the famous Charlie's devotion to socialism. Mrs. Chaplin's complaint was more serious than that; she objected that her husband was devoted to thought.

"Her feminine charity attempts to find an excuse for this vicious habit; 'he is an artist, and artists, I suppose, must have their temperaments.' Still, it is evident that the little woman was sorely puzzled. Not only did her husband think, but he did his thinking out of doors. Perhaps he found thought within the four walls of the home incongruous, if not impossible. Weather had no terrors for him; 'the harder it rained the longer he walked and the harder he thought.' When a man has gone this far there seems little hope for him, and divorce proceedings are justifiable."

CLUB WOMEN HELP BLIND

(Continued from Page 6)

and work with normal people as much as possible. Indeed, a large per cent of the blind people themselves feel that this is the better way and that living in real homes is much to be preferred.

During the last two years our committee has helped along the lines of social service in the larger cities where there are enough blind to justify this kind of service. It has aided the blind people who care for music to attend concerts. It has arranged parties where music and readings make up the programs which are followed by a social hour. Picnics and outings have been arranged for the summer entertainments. One of the most successful parties was a Christmas party given by the Evansville club women last Christmas. The blind people are taken to and from these parties by the club women in their automobiles.

Many clubs have made a study of the blind in their club work, giving one program or more to various phases of the subject. Wherever a club does this the result has been to quicken the interest of the women and this interest takes form in some concrete service.

The work of the state industrial board has grown to such proportions that the buildings in which the broom shops are located have become wholly inadequate. The women's work has also outgrown its quarters. The board expects to ask the next assembly for larger and better equipped buildings.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of August 22

Circle—Katherine MacDonald in "The Notorious Miss Lisle."
Colonial—May Allison in "The Cheater."
Alhambra—Ethel Clayton in "Crooked Streets"; Tom Mix in "Three Gold Coins."
Ohio—Pat O'Malley in "Sherry."
Crystal—Alice Brady in "The Dark Lantern."
Isis—Norma Talmadge in "Fifty-Fifty"; Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man."
Regent—Edith Sterling in "The Girl Who Dared"; combination program—William S. Hart, Helen Gibson.
Lyric—Vaudeville.
Mr. Smith's—Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman"; Blanche Sweet in "The Deadlier Sex."

Main 1143
Main 6898

Main 6052
Main 6310

The Home of Good Chile

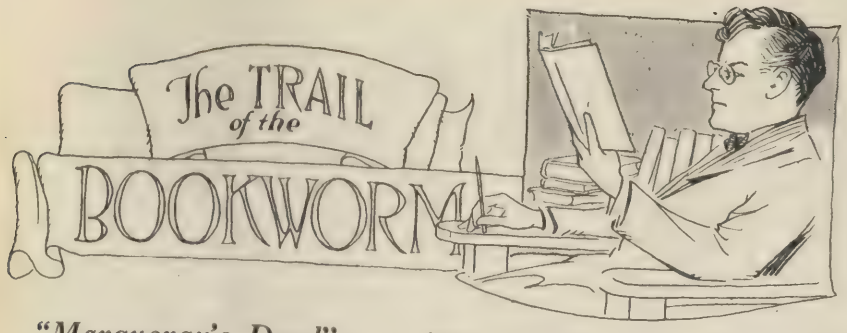
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Indianapolis, Ind.



"Marqueray's Duel"

If a continuous running fight against varying antagonists—individuals, passions, circumstances—can properly be called a duel, then "Marqueray's Duel" is well named. This novel by Anthony Pryde gives a story of political and financial intrigue in post-war England, with a thread of rather out of the ordinary romance woven in with the heavier political theme. Marqueray is an international sportsman, an Englishman who hunts his game through every country in the world, and he is apparently one of the world's butterflies—though that's rather a lightsome word to apply to a gentleman as substantial and weather-beaten as the dangerously strong Mr. Marqueray. The development of intrigue and counter-intrigue brings to light the fact that Marqueray goes gunning after higher game than wild animals and uses subtler weapons than firearms for certain lines of sport. But throughout the tale, he proves a good fighter, and his fight against Peruvian traders, his contest for the reluctant friendship of a man he likes, and the pursuit of his lady fair, all arouse that eternal and universal interest in a good fight, and particularly a fight against odds.

As a relief to the tension of public affairs, little Miss Phyllida Browne of Ireland is a striking figure. She is at once childlike and wise—a pretty but pathetic enigma to her friends and Mr. Pryde's readers. While she may not be remembered for the color of her eyes or the charm of her ringlets, she will linger in your mind a while as a queer combination of utter innocence and a fatalistic philosophy of accepting without complaints the hurts which life gives her.

Aside from the interest in plot and character, there are odd little thrusts at people in general and the characters of the story in particular, that add to the interest. For instance, describing Vere, the retired head of the foreign office, the author says succinctly, "Vere detested mischief-makers. He had never written to the Times in his life."

A revival of a time-honored custom is the prefacing of every chapter with a pat quotation. Most of these short excerpts of verse are from Shakespeare, and its a bit of a sell for the reader that they aren't labeled, for they are for the most part of the kind that stick in the mind, pertinent without being obvious.

Alliteration rather than pertinency was probably the reason for the choice of "The New Frontiers of Freedom" as the title for Major E. Alexander Powell's story of his travels. The book is really a combination of political economy, descriptions of the Powells' travels, and sincere personal opinion. Major Powell began his journey to investigate the Fiume question, and continued on through the Balkans, Rumania, Turkey and the rest of southeastern Europe, whose map has been greatly changed as a result of the World War. He describes the country passed through, gives accounts of his meetings with men in authority, and sets down his honest opinions as to whether or not the disposition finally made of these little territories can be permanent.

There is much that is apparently irrelevant in the book, but the style is for the most part straightforward, unstudied and to the point, so that the reader's interest does not flag. In describing the Fiume difficulties, Major Powell mentions in connection with the constant agitation in that city that its patron saint is St. Vitus, certainly an appropriate choice. The sincere and not altogether flattering description of d'Annunzio and his part in the Fiume affair is highly entertaining.

The chief virtue of the book lies in its obvious sincerity and honesty of opinion and in the brief, clear statements as to conditions in mooted territories.

A heartfelt tribute to Theodore Roosevelt is the little essay, "Leader of Men," by Robert Gordon Anderson. In noble, dignified language, Mr. Anderson expresses the admiration and appreciation of a nation for a great leader.

Incidentally, there is a very fine photograph of Rosevelt in this book, a close-up that shows him in fighting mood.

The friendliest type of book to take along on a summer vacation is a little volume of pocket-edition size. Of course, the important thing about a book is its contents, but the true book-lover can not help but feel the effect of the physical attributes of a book, the charm of the limp leather binding and thin paper, the convenient size, and the willingness to slip into a pocket and snuggle up without bulging. Some of the latest titles to be added to the new century edition of pocket-sized books are Emerson's Essays and the Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam.

These little books are priced at about two dollars, so that there's no great harm done if a volume is lost, but if a book is fortunate enough to make the return trip from the summer cottage, other volumes can be added to complete a set. All the Scotts are blue, the Dickens volumes are maroon, the George Eliot's green, so that a set once started can be finished off in one color.

A business man in Indianapolis is interested in getting the names of the good old tales of the pirates who were the terror of the seas before the days of the submarines. As to the reason for his unusual interest in the bold buccaneers, it is not known whether he is expecting to go in for privateering himself to meet the H. C. L. or whether he expects to get some tips from the pirates as to the way the profiteers operate. Captain Kidd and Morgan and Tech are the men he is interested in. The following books might be in his line: "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates" and "Romance of Piracy" by E. K. Chesterton; Defoe's "Life, Adventures and Piracies of Captain Singleton," a book inspired by the wild deeds of Captain Avery; "Buccaneers of America" by E. X. Quemelin; and "Barbary Rovers" by James Finnemore. Perhaps he might be interested also in a very late book, "Pirates of High Finance."

Beatrice Maude's Work

If a company playing stock ever had time to sit down, it would be permissible and apropos to say that at the beginning of the Stuart Walker Players' season this year there was one vacant chair, namely, that belonging to Miss Beatrice Maude. Murat Theatre audiences are welcoming Miss Maude back to Indianapolis this week in the role of Victoria, the Mrs. Enoch Arden who finds herself with "Too Many Husbands." Indianapolis theatregoers regret that a Buffalo stock company had a prior claim to Miss Maude this summer, but they will be heartily glad to know that she is to be with the Walker Players for the remainder of their summer season. In next week's play, "Peg o' My Heart," she will have the leading part.

She has played many and various roles, and Indianapolis has seen her in a goodly number, from the gum chewing office girl who doled out the stamp money, to the latest addition to her repertoire, the philandering wife. As for the parts she likes best, Miss Maude simply stipulates that she doesn't like flapper parts. Although physically fitted to play the sweet young thing, she says "there's nothing in a white organdy part," and greatly prefers the part of an older woman. As for Indianapolis, it has shown a disposition to like Miss Maude in whatever role she elects or is elected to play.

Miss Maude is a devotee of the plastic as well as the dramatic art. When she has leisure and can manage to do something besides rehearse and play, she spends a good deal of time in sculpture work, and modestly admits that she does heads and things.

Last winter Beatrice Maude played Juliet and Ophelia with Walter Hampden in New York and on the road. It is probable she will return to Indianapolis in the fall with Hampden's company.

Indiana As It Was!

A most delightful word picture of the Stage-coach and Steamboat days. Contrast it with Dickens' Vitriolic Record. A Tour Through Indiana in 1840.

Edited by Kate Milner Rabb.

W. K. STEWART CO.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, OFFICE OUTFITS

44 East Washington Street

Indianapolis, Ind.

Shop Tours

Ice by any other name is just as cold, and frequently much more beneficial. The mere sight of a huge cake of ice on a red hot day will go far to cool the heated imagination of a suffering city dweller. Chip it up and mix it with lemonade or iced tea and it may not be colder, but it does a great deal more toward cooling the victims of superheated August days. Go a step further and serve the same iced drink in shining crystal glasses that have the sheen of ice itself, and you administer a cheering dose of coolness to both mind and body.

A Washington street shop that makes a specialty of attractive glass and chinaware has been exhibiting on its first floor several complete lemonade and iced tea sets that look so cool and refreshing and so full of temperature-lowering possibilities that it needs only the fervent imagination engendered by an overdose of heat to imagine that you can hear the ice already clinking in the glasses. One dignified and expensively plain set is displayed on a flat oval tray of silver. It consists of a tall, stately, covered pitcher topped with a mounting of silver, six glasses with a chaste border of delicate frosting, and long slim spoons in a plain Fairfax pattern. A crystal ice tub of generous dimensions, a sensibly large ice spoon, a small silver-rimmed plate for sliced lemon, and a tiny three-pronged fork complete the set.

A jollier and more informal little set is presided over by a motherly-looking, plump, little teapot of English pottery. This dark brown enamel flowered pot is a recent importation, one of the first of the few pottery articles that have come in from England since the war. On a gaily painted flat wicker tray, it hobnobs socially with six tall glasses that wear a thin gold band round the top. Iced tea spoons with hollow handles and amber bowls make this little set altogether as you like it.

Hostesses who like to dispense iced tea as well as the hot variety from the pot itself will be glad to learn that homey, earthen teapots, sisters to the one described above, are now to be had in various patterns. Those ordered as long ago as last January and December, with a view no doubt to cosy, fireside teas, are now arriving in time to do duty as containers of cold drinks. Some of them are plain, some are adorned with flowers in different patterns, and some are decorated with a band of lighter brown in mottled effect somewhat like agate.

A piece of glassware that fits very nicely in the picture with the cold drinks is the 1920 model cooky jar. Instead of the old, deep earthen jar of the "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" pattern, covered with a wooden barrel-head, you can now buy a round, squatty, glass jar of about the same architectural design as a cheese box but of somewhat smaller size. It is of plain clear glass and has a convenient knob as a handle for the cover. An enterprising clerk in the store where these are for sale had the happy idea of decorating the plain jars. One, which he calls the clown jar, is plentifully sprinkled with round spots of various sizes and colors outlined in gold. There's only one objection to this brightly colored decoration—it will make the cooky container even more attractive for the children.

Other recent arrivals from Europe are handsome compotes. They are made of crystal and one of the most effective is in clear crystal and royal blue, with a notched edge and a deep cover. The whole surface of the bowl and the cover is dimpled with deep cuttings. The heavy glass and quaint design make this piece of glassware look more like an antique than a compote of modern Belgian manufacture.

Fruit of the most expensive kind is now to be bought in jewelry stores or furniture departments. A Hebe basket plumped high with luscious fruit is a sight to cheer the weary purchaser of furniture, but this handsome array of fruit is only a form of decoration, a snare and a delusion, and nothing to eat. The assortment is almost as varied as a market display—shining dark red Sheep's Nose apples that look temptingly juicy, but prove hard and dead to the touch, for they're made of wax; grapes of all kinds, red California ones, dewy clusters of the blue Concord variety, and even pale white grapes, all looking quite edible and very tempting but made of some waxy composition, except the frosty dull purple ones, which really yield to the touch and feel almost all right, but they're not, for they're made of rubber. Perfect lemons, bananas both red and yellow, shining Damson plums, and flushed golden sugar pears are all faked to perfection.

If you like you may have your silver fruit dish or wicker basket heaped with a mound of artificial fruit, or if you prefer, get real live fruit for the filling of the basket, and top it off with a goodly apple or perfect cluster of gigantic grapes.



"Peg O' My Heart," the comedy of youth, will be the attraction of the Stuart Walker Company at the Murat next week. Hartley Manners wrote with a pen of sharp wit and sure aim when he put forth this contribution to the American stage. Seldom has any comedy attained such success.

"Peg O' My Heart" relates the story of a little uncultured Irish girl who leaves her father and her squalid home in New York City and is suddenly plunged into the midst of a family of the most exclusive English aristocracy. Her freedom of speech and manner offends Lady Chichester and her haughty son and daughter, but they consent to keep the girl for a month, in accordance with the provisions of a will of her uncle. The Chichester fortunes have been impaired by the failure of a bank, and by the terms of the will the one undertaking to rear Peg is to receive a handsome annuity. Despite her repugnance towards the task Mrs. Chichester undertakes it for the sake of the family coffers. Peg proves an intractable pupil and longs for the happiness that was hers in her father's home. Peg, however, soon meets Jerry, who is an English lord residing in the neighborhood. He takes her to a country dance one night against the wishes of the icy Mrs. Chichester. Sneaking in late at night Peg bumps into Ethel, who is about to run away with a married man. She saves Ethel from herself, taking the blame when Mrs. Chichester discovers them both. She at last decides to return to her father in America, when Jerry proposes and is accepted.

The Stuart Walker Company presents "Peg" with Beatrice Maude in the lovable title role. George Somnes will play the part of Jerry, Elizabeth Patterson will appear as the frigid Mrs. Chichester. Others in the cast include Oscar Craik, John Wray, Thomas Kelly, Julia McMahon, Robert McGroarty and James Webber.

The production is staged under the direction of Melville Burke, with settings by Frank Zimmerer.

The Writers' Club had their annual picnic last Saturday at Ellenberger Woods. There should be plenty of material for first rate comedy in this annual celebration of the pen-wielders of the city. A great waste if none of them uses it.

Cherokee Bill, a veteran Indian fighter, is listed in the census as the oldest native American. He was born June 6, 1797, and celebrated his 123rd birthday at Grand Junction, Colo.

Achievement

What this house has achieved for its customers in the last forty years, in the distribution of fine dress specialties, is responsible for the position it holds today. Achievement is the direct result of Service.

Eight wonderful designs in lace hosiery.

"Just Say It Came From Tucker's"

Tucker's
Since 1880
a Specialty Shop
18 North Meridian



Chic Chapeaux
for All Occasions
Shop of
Harriette Maine
304-6 Kahn Bldg.

FARRAR COMING

(Continued from Page 7)

The artists of the fourth series were Johanna Gadski, soprano; The Pittsburgh Orchestra, with Mme. Schumann-Heink as soloist, and the realization of one of my fondest dreams in those days, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, closing with a recital by the famous Russian pianist, Moriz Rosenthal. The next season the subscribed concerts were increased to five and contained the names of artists world famous then and now—Ignace Jan Paderewski, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir de Pachmann, Teresa Carreno and Jan Kubelik. In April of that year two performances of grand opera with the Metropolitan Opera Company were given, presenting "Il Trovatore" and the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," with such artists as Gadski, Homer, Destinn, Amato, Gilly, Whitehill, Riccardo Martin and others.

In the fall of 1910 the Shubert-Murat Theatre was completed, and the concerts were transferred there. The first attraction in this beautiful theatre under my direction was the Pavlowa-Mordkin Russian Ballet on October 26, 1910. Since that time all the musical activities under the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association direction have been given in the Murat, and from five subscribed concerts have grown to include a series of Sunday afternoon concerts, and seasons of grand opera, as well as the subscribed concerts.

Among the notable artists and organizations that have appeared, the following list will be of interest:

Orchestras — Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Philharmonic, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Russian and the Russian Balalaika.

Singers—Schumann-Heink, Farrar, Sembrich, Gadski, Tetrazzini, Calve, Melba, the first North American recital of Galli-Curci, Alda, Hempel, Kurtz, Gluck, Lypkowska, Matzenauer, McCormack, Bonci, Clement, Amato, Gilibert, Campanari, Diaz and Didur.

Violinists—Ysaye, Kubelik, Kreisler, Brown, Elman and Heifetz.

Violoncellists—Casals, Bramsen, Gerardy and Dambois.

Pianists—Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Bauer, Rosenthal, Busoni, Denton, Levitzki, Ganz, Chaminade, Mero, Copeland and De Pachmann.

Dancers—Isadora Duncan, Adeline Genee, a number of appearances of Anna Pavlowa and Mordkin, the Isadora Duncan Dancers with George Copeland, the Diaghlieff Ballet under the patronage of Otto Kahn.

One of the most important and colossal undertakings during these twenty years was the production of "Siegfried" at the Fair Grounds Coliseum with a great cast from the Metropolitan Opera Company, with the orchestra from that famous institution conducted by Arthur Bodanzky.

The majority of the above artists and organizations have appeared not only once, but numerous times in Indianapolis. I have been offered contracts many times for Enrico Caruso, who is the only famous artist, I believe, that has not appeared at some time during these years under my direction, but because of no hall with seating capacity adequate, I have had to refuse them each time.

The last among this comprehensive list was the production of grand opera recently by the Scotti Grand Opera Company, which perhaps by all odds was the greatest artistic success in my varied career of musical impressario of Indiana. The financial side of this undertaking is another story. The few public-spirited citizens who are acquainted with the deficit incurred, which is my responsibility, have expressed themselves very forcibly on the justice of the situation. Out of this has come the formation of an organization to be known as "The Friends of Opera Association." Many have already signed their willingness to become members, which will insure a season of grand opera annually with a patronage worthy of the endeavor.

In twenty years it has been my pleasure to give the best in music to Indiana, never once asking for financial support, and in many instances guaranteeing large sums of money. I think this is without parallel in any other city in the United States, as in all the large cities music has a guarantee fund made up by the representative citizens of their respective communities. I have passed through many and varied crises, so naturally it is with a feeling of deep gratification that when the realization of my endeavors has been brought directly before the citizens of this community, their response has been ready and generous, and a guarantee fund is now being made, whereby 100 men or more will guarantee $100 each as a foundation for a permanent opera association.

Another distinctive mark of the loyalty that I have had from the subscribers of these concerts is that in looking over my files I find that the names of many box-holders and subscribers have never been missing a single season; and the generous patronage of the music lovers from every part of this state as well as southern Illinois and part of Ohio has been remarkable. These are the things that have given me courage to continue.

Montreal's incline railway leading to the top of Mount Royal is being junked. Automobile visiting to the mountain is said to be the cause of the decline of business on the incline.

Honey produced in the United States last year totaled 250,000,000 pounds and was valued at $50,000,000.

Ontario towns and cities with a population of over 15,000 may permit the operation of street railways on Sundays provided the residents vote favorably on such operation.

A new $2,000,000 sugar mill has been planned for La Lima, Honduras.

The Department of Agriculture reports an army of 100,000 eastern farm hands in the wheat belt, attracted by a wage of $7 for a ten-hour day.

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GREAT GOTHAM

(Continued from Page 9)

tales of the Russian countryside, they are—a bit of love-making, the humors of field and hearthstone, the colorful kaleidoscope of a merrymaking, the affecting ritual of a wedding, the foreboding hand of superstition, the honest and downright emotions of parenthood and first love. In "Green Fields" Ben Ami plays the role of a diffident itinerant young school master; in "The Idle Inn" his role is that of a swaggering young lover who bides his time, breaks up the marriage ceremony and carries his sweetheart off to the forests and freedom. Two roles could hardly be more oppositely conceived, but Ben Ami makes each one live with a vividness unequaled on our stage since the death of Richard Mansfield. I would not be surprised if a few seasons more would place him in the rank of leadership left vacant since Mansfield departed.

Ben Ami has had several extremely valuable assistants in his work at the Garden. Until mid-winter, Emmanuel Reicher, who left Max Reinhardt in Berlin to come to this country in 1915, was the art director of the theatre. Unexcelled in our time in the interpretation of German realistic plays of the school of Hauptmann and Sudermann and Wedekind, Reicher gave the company valuable training in the art of making a unified stage picture. His absence was not missed so much on his departure as many expected, for Ben Ami himself developed powers in producing almost as remarkable as his genius in acting. As the company's leading woman, Celia Adler, who has played thankless roles at different times in Yiddish companies that came to Indianapolis, gave Ben Ami able support. Other actors who have preserved a fine spirit through disheartening service in ordinary Yiddish companies are Gershon Rubin, Hyman Mysell and Bina Abramowitz. Louis Bromberg as the theatre's scenic artist achieved striking results with meager means.

* * *

Just what the Jewish Art Theatre will be without Ben Ami is a matter of considerable doubt. Celia Adler, too, is leaving the company to go to Philadelphia. In their place, the management is importing Schildkraut and several younger players from overseas. The theatre may continue to do interesting things, but they will not be the same kind of things which it accomplished during its first season. It is not beyond possibility that this entire organization may turn out to have been intended by fate simply to toss Jacob Ben Ami so high that the rest of the theatre world could see him and take him into the larger field which awaits him. If it does no more than that, however, its labors will have been richly rewarded.

* * *

Victor Herbert is apparently going to slip us several musical comedies this season, for he has gotten under way in the early dawning of the new theatre year with "The Girl in the Spotlight" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. He has a new librettist, Robert Bruce, and a veteran producer, George W. Lederer, and he has run true to form by turning out a light musical entertainment somewhere near his own average—which is considerably above the average of the stage at large. Playgoers these many years have looked to Mr. Herbert for good taste and affability rather than for the bizarre or the strikingly novel. His latest opus fulfills all these specifications with its amiable tale of a penniless little Irish warbler who overrides many obstacles and finally doffs her scrub clothes for the spangles of the prima donna. Mary Milburn is an ingratiating newcomer in this role, while other well-liked entertainers, nimble of tongue or of toe, include the industrious James B. Carson; the irrepressible Hal Skelly, graceful and awkward by turns after his own ricketty fashion; and the super-clown, Johnny Dooley. Mr. Herbert's waltz this time is entitled "I Can Not Sleep Without Dreaming of You," but somehow or other you leave the theatre whistling "Catch 'Em Young, Treat 'Em Rough, Tell 'Em Nothing." It might take a psycho-analyst to decide whether it's the tune or the philosophic advice for handling the female of the species which impresses it on the memory!

* * *

Indianapolis isn't mentioned in "Crooked Gamblers," the new Wall Street melodrama in which Taylor Holmes, of the Bunker Bean patch, has opened the new season at the Hudson under A. H. Woods' management. But the play wouldn't have come to life in the minds of Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde if the sturdy Stutz hadn't made a wild trip in recent months through Gotham's financial alleyway. They dramatize current topics while you wait these days. Woods and Bill Brady ran a race to get the Stutz out of Wall Street into Broadway, and Brady won by a day or two with Owen Davis's "Opportunity." I haven't seen the Davis racing car yet, but those who have say that it didn't stand the pace of the contest nearly so well as the Shipman-Wilde car.

"Crooked Gamblers" is hokum, but it is a mighty good hokum, guaranteed before its third act is over to have you cheering as you used to at a race between a train and an automobile in a Lincoln J. Carter thriller. Al Woods produced those, too, and he is shrewd enough to know that he has the same public today as of yore, only a little better able to pay his advanced prices.

Robert Milton has staged the play and he has unwittingly given a much needed lesson to our producers who think they have to use the entire stage to set a cottage scene or a room in a modern apartment or even a kitchenette. When the curtain rose on the third act, the proscenium opening was cut down sharply at both sides and above, resulting in about the actual proportions of a Wall Street office. Immediately I gave Milton credit for a shrewd bit of realistic staging, but the real purpose of this expedient was revealed when the lights were turned off of this scene and suddenly switched on to disclose another office of like proportions just above. It was a little like sitting in the first row at the Murat in Indianapolis in its effect on your neck if you sat very far front, but the back of the house and the balcony accepted the trick without discomfort. Rapidity of action and a tense climax are achieved thereby, with the incidents shifting from floor to floor several times, and with the act closing on a wild scramble in the street below, disclosed by pushing an outside wall across the double deck setting and using the space at the side for the street perspective. Something more than an ingenious trick will go to the credit of Milton, though, if producers will only take his cue for reproducing the actual size of a room on the stage even when such mechanism as that of "Crooked Gamblers" is not required.

Those Paper Suits

Whether or not paper suits ever come to be worn in our United States, at least they have achieved the distinction of being very widely talked about, thought about and written about. Surely, we who have so strenuously exploited the paper towel, the paper cup, the paper napkin, and even paper fruit, will one day give the paper fruit, will one day give the much-talked-about paper suit a chance to show us whether any of the things we have said about it are true.

The only occasion within Hoosier recollection where a paper suit was actually worn was at the old fashioned poverty social, a festivity which has become superfluous and unnecessary since the H. C. L. has made everyday existence one long daily round of poverty. The game was to appear as waif-like and poverty-stricken as possible for this festive occasion, and someone invariably had the idea of dressing the youngest member of the family in a capacious brown paper sugar sack. This apparel was severe and plain, but it always attracted attention, and being of stout material, it lasted as long as was necessary—for one night.

So far, then, American experience with the paper suit seems to be satisfactory. This should make all of those who have displayed a lively interest in its introduction into the United States more optimistic as to the possibilities of developing a practical paper suit for everyday wear.

On the other hand, there are those timid souls who mistrust the frailties of paper as a material for clothes, and they will probably be interested in the views of Walter H. Burton, a Chicago woolen merchant, recently returned from Europe, who is quoted in the New York Times as saying:

"During the long war the Germans had to fall back upon all kinds of materials to make clothing out of as they had no wool or cotton to make cloth. Their manufacturers did wonders with paper. They made shirts, underwear of all descriptions, collars, caps, sheets, towels and bed coverings. The tablecloths in the hotels when I was in Germany three weeks ago were nearly all made of paper except at the Atlantic Hotel in Hamburg, which is owned by the Hamburg-American Line, and has been furnished from the supplies that were intended for the ships.

"The paper suits and underwear are all right to keep people warm in cold weather, but they are very trying in the summer, even in Germany, where the temperature is much lower than in New York and there is less humidity.

"The underwear and the shirts stick to one when they become soaked through with perspiration and have to be removed in pieces. The suits look O. K. until the rain comes, and then good-bye clothes. They shrink up and are likely to fall apart suddenly in a manner that causes confusion to the wearer. People who wear these paper suits have to take to shelter directly a shower comes on and wait until it is over, which might mean several hours."

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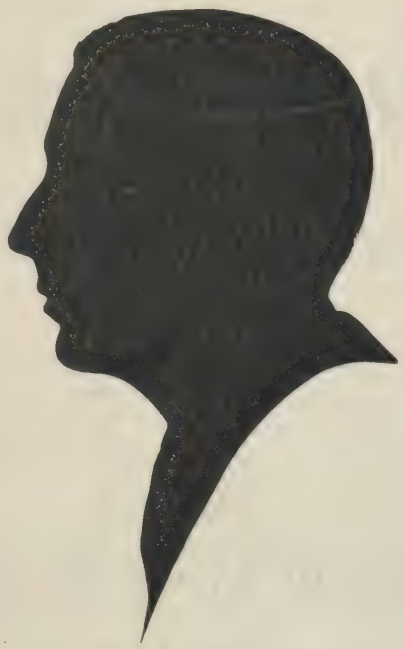
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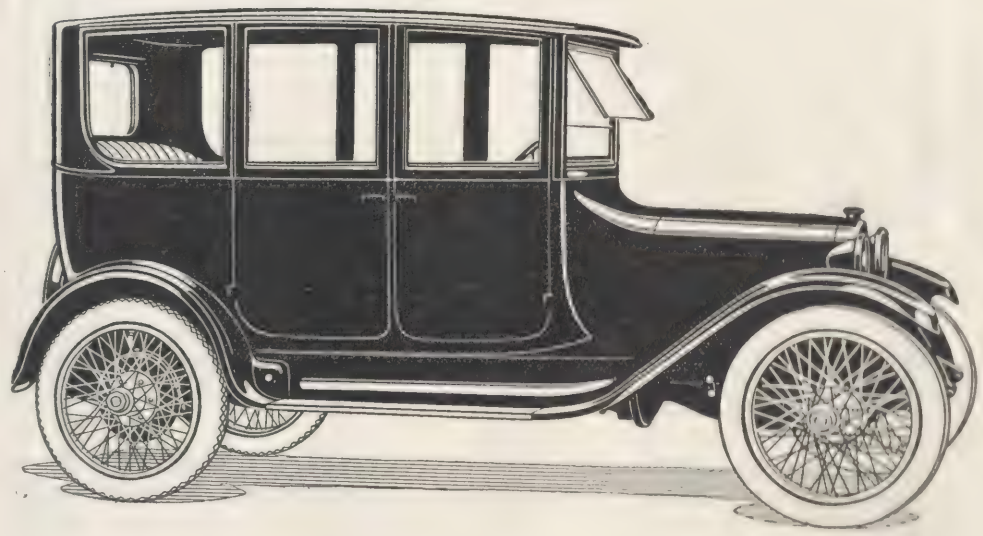
Topics

is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1920 — NUMBER 11

You Are Notified To Report

Captain Johnson, Upright Judge, Will Hear Your Alibi, if You Have One, and Sympathize if You Have Not.

POLICE NOTICE

"You are hereby notified to report to Captain Johnson at Police Headquarters on..... Monday ..... between 9:00 and 11:00 a. m.

Be Sure You Know Number of Your Car Before You Explain Your Violation of Traffic Laws—He Asks For It.

By Beatrice Sherman

If one fine day you come back to get the car, and find a sticker with the above inscription plastered on the windshield, there's no particular occasion for getting wildly excited. On the other hand, this may be classed as an urgent invitation, and it behooves the recipient to call upon Captain Johnson at his office on South Alabama street without undue delay.

This innocent little notification may call up a vision of a burly, overbearing policeman, with an authoritative air and a domineering disposition, and a tendency to overawe the poor motorist with a recital of the penalties for his sins, past, present, and to be. But this picture as applied to Captain Johnson, who receives those who call in response to his peremptory little invitations, is all wrong, except in one respect—he does have an authoritative manner. But that is evidently one of the attributes of the police that goes with the blue suit, brass buttons, and white cap to make a policeman really a policeman.

Captain Johnson is a young man of ample height and weight suitably to support the dignity of the law, but he doesn't fit into the domineering role in the least. He greets his callers with as pleasant a "Good morning" as if he were trying to sell them an order of goods instead of reprove them for disobeying the city traffic ordinance. The people to whom he metes out reproof are a motley assortment, from the very busy business man who has left the Packard standing too long in front of the office, to the telegraph messenger who has failed to make his bicycle obey the stop signal of the traffic man. But to every one of the offenders against traffic etiquette, Captain Johnson listens with untiring courtesy, to each one he explains the nature of his offense, and he sends each offender out of the office with a friendly warning—"Don't do it again."

Captain Johnson holds his little parties for citizens of Indianapolis three times a week, Monday and Friday mornings from nine to eleven and Wednesday afternoon from two to four. The average number of guests runs about one hundred—all violators of the traffic ordinance on some minor count. As there is such a large number to be handled in a comparatively short time, not a minute can be wasted in useless explanations or detailed accounts of how it happened, but Captain Johnson handles all his callers with courtesy and dispatch.

The ordinary procedure runs something like this:

The Captain: What number?

The anxious motorist: 78965, no, 56987—I'm not sure, Captain, but I know it has those five numbers in it.

The Captain: Have to have the last two numbers for a key number so I can find the report. Perhaps (very politely) you might go out and get the number from your car and then come in and tell me.

Exit the worried motorist.

The next man in the long line moves up—a respectable citizen who evidently finds himself a bit out of place in the police station. "Good morning, Captain." (They all call him Captain. It sounds respectful, yet familiar, and no doubt they trust it to soften his heart.) I got a sticker on my car but I don't know what I've been slated for." Number— —"

The captain runs through the neat little piles of papers on the table before him. "Turning round on Washington street between Meridian and Delaware. Ordinance prohibits turning around in the middle of a block in the congested district."

This is the cue for the offender to tell what they all call "the facts of the case." If the offending citizen is immensely persistent he manages to tell the story of the crime in all its details, but generally, he finds that before he has fairly launched himself on the beginning of the tale, the Captain has understood just how it was, explained just how it should have been, warned him never to do it again, promised to have the lapse O. Kd., and has extracted a willing promise that "it won't happen again, Captain."

Most of the stickers are put up for the same petty violations of the traffic ordinance—turning round in the middle of the street, leaving the car parked longer than regulations permit, parking at 45 degrees when parallel parking is required, and parking on the wrong side of the street. Most of the people brought in are first offenders, and a warning suffices. Repeated offenses or failure to call at police headquarters in response to the sticker request bring an affidavit for arrest and the case is turned over to the Police Court. Apparently every offending motorist would far rather report to Captain Johnson than at Police Court, and so they all try to keep in his good graces.

The number of excuses and explanations which they bring up as alibis is unlimited. A man was reported for having parked too long at Washington and Meridian streets. "This was how it happened, Captain. I parked there, then came back and got my car and took my friend down to the station, and then came back to park the car again. Evidently, I got the same parking space that I'd had before, for when I came to get the car again I found your sticker." Of course, this may have been true.

The woman who was driving on the left side of the street had a perfectly good reason—her right arm was broken, and she couldn't use it to drive, so she had to drive on the left side of the street because she was driving with her left hand.

If there is no explanation to clear the culprit, then he passes the blame to some one else. His wife was driving the car, the children were playing with the car and turned out the tail light after he had lighted up, or everybody else in the block had his car parked at an angle and there was nothing to do but drive in between two other cars at an angle and stay that way.

If there is no possible way of walking out from under the blame, then the only thing left for the guilty driver to do is to explain how sorry he is that he overlooked the matter. For all of the many offenders are anxious to clear themselves with the Captain, not only from the technical blame but to show him, man to man, that they didn't do it on purpose. As one dignified old gentleman said: "I'm so sorry this happened, Captain—why I'd give twenty dollars if it hadn't happened."

Most of the traffic violations occur in the congested downtown district, for it is there that most of the traffic ordinances apply. Consequently, any one who finds a sticker on his car when he comes out of his own house to his own curbstone is apt to be indignant. What if his car was parked the wrong way? It was standing in front of his own house. But by the time he has gone down to police headquarters and observed Captain Johnson's method of handling others' cases, he is ready to apologize to the whole police department in the person of the Captain, and to go away promising to make his car behave correctly henceforth.

Captain Johnson's attitude toward these offending motorists is like that of a good-natured school teacher toward mischievous but well-meaning small boys, tolerant, helpful, admonitory, at times amused, but never unreasonable, angry or domineering. He is resolved to lead the motorist in the way that he should go, but he does it in such a friendly, good-natured fashion that the offending motorist at once becomes a booster for Captain Johnson and rigid traffic ordinance enforcement.

DR. JOHN N. HURTY has returned from a trip to Ft. Wayne and Allen county where he found a hospital for tubercular patients just about to his liking. He inspected the Irene Byron hospital and it was almost 100 per cent. in its appointments, according to the doctor.

Dr. Harry Hill, president of the Indianapolis School of Music, lectured recently in the Community House at Greenwood. Development of musical taste in Greenwood is unusual for so small a village. The musician's convention in Greenwood last spring was another example of its progressiveness in this respect.

Mrs. Martha Rairdon, a pioneer of Brown county, has come to Indianapolis to live. Mrs. Rairdon is a native of Kentucky and is in her eightieth year, but in good health despite the fact, as she says, she has done a "little cooking, washing and chopped a little wood," all her life.

W. H. Insley, president of the Insley Manufacturing Company, has been the guest of friends in Greenwood for a few days.

Strickland Gillilan, poet-humorist and lecturer and a native Hoosier, has returned to Baltimore after a week of "chautauquaing" in Indiana. "Strick" has rubbed shoulders on the platform this summer with a number of political candidates who have taken part in the various meetings. When asked what he thought about the political situation, "Strick" hastily replied: "It's all over but the spouting."

The libel on the district messenger boy that he is too slow has been challenged. Maud H. Augur of Rushville has brought suit in the local courts against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $10,000 damages, alleging that a messenger boy employed by the company dashed into her on a bicycle recently at the intersection of Meridian and Washington streets.

Henry Spaan, candidate for congress from the seventh district, has almost become popular on the chautauqua circuit in Indiana. He has been making them regularly and delivering a dyed-in-the-wool Democratic speech. If he is defeated for congress he might sign up a contract for next year.

Will H. Adams, reporter of the supreme court, thinks considerable of the chautauquas and recently attended the "big day" at Rushville. Incidentally, he attended the Republican rally held at the same time.

Governor Goodrich attended the "visitors' day" of the Clark county state forest reserve meeting near Henryville, August 19. Richard Lieber, state conservation commissioner, arranged the greatest show on earth, having invited all the Republican and Democratic candidates to be present, including Senator Watson and would-be Senator Taggart.

And speaking of the forest reserve:



It is a tract of 2,000 acres full of wild life, rabbits being so plentiful as to threaten to eat down the young saplings. It is understood that a grand hunt will be arranged some time next winter by Richard Lieber in order to reduce the number of bunnies.

Automobilists everywhere are chuckling over an incident that happened recently to Elwood Haynes, "daddy of the automobile." It seems that Mr. Haynes, while motoring in Allen county, was arrested on the charge of speeding, haled before a long-whiskered justice and fined $5 and costs. Mr. Haynes himself saw the humor of the situation in the arrest for speeding of the man who invented and helped to develop the motor car, and remarked as he paid his fine that he was satisfied.

A Washington correspondent comes out with the startling information that a photograph has been discovered of Thomas Taggart, Democratic candidate for the United States senate from Indiana, showing him standing beside a high-wheel bicycle, for which Mr. Taggart frittered away good money in his salad days. The correspondent intimates that this reckless picture might be used to "blackmail" the genial French Lick host. But it will not. Not after viewing the last word in photographic art of himself, which Mr. Taggart has presented to the women's department of the Democratic State Central Committee. It is not only generous in expanse and a good likeness, but a striking example of picture making. The picture is now being passed around for all to enjoy—and it is worth it.

George McCune, pioneer merchant of Indianapolis, has been visiting his old haunts on the Ohio river at Madison. Mr. McCune was in the grocery business in Madison many years ago, and has lived in Indianapolis almost fifty years. He is a member of the firm of McCune, Wiles & Ross, wholesale coffee and spices.

Ralph Potts, a former Indianapolis citizen and now a resident of Chicago, has lately been glad-handing his numerous friends here.

Annis Burke, who runs the guest end of the Claypool Hotel when he's not fishing at Bass Lake, wonders why the housing committee of the Grand Army Encampment does not make arrangements to take care of the old veterans at Ft. Harrison barracks. The suggestion is a good one. The barracks are clean and sanitary, the view is picturesque and the whole situation one to roll back the curtain of memory for the old boys in blue, many of whom were bivouacked at Camp Douglas in '61, and who have lively recollections of those old days. They could compare the days then with the days now. Old times would be awakened by the boom of the morning gun and the running up of Old Glory on the flagstaff at sunrise. Why not let the old vets encamp at Ft. Harrison? Shuttle trains and interurban cars could bring them back and forth to the city whenever they wished to come. Why not?

Wilson's, that's all! Think of it! All you wanted to drink! It was some party that Stanley Wyckoff, Bert Hendren and several other Indianapolitans attended the other evening at Sheridan. There were 300 spring chickens fried, two beeves roasted, 3,000 gallons of ice cream, etc., provided. Some party—some crowd! To prevent a riot it might be explained that the party was given by the Wilson Evaporated Milk Co. for their employes and friends and the "Wilson's" served was milk.

Motion Pictures

That objectionable class of people who always talk at the movies, and talk so that their remarks can not fail to penetrate to the consciousness of their neighbors, may be divided in three groups—all objectionable, but in varying degrees.

First, there are the effervescent individuals who talk anywhere and everywhere, and it is not to be expected that simply because they enter a theatre they should cease their running monologue. Like Tennyson's overworked brook, they flow on and on forever. They disturb the atmosphere with such gentle assininities as, "Now, I know this is going to be lovely, for Billie Burke is just the sweetest thing!" or after having used up the supply of original remarks of this character, they retell the story as it was in the book, or as they saw it two weeks ago at the Rivoli in New York. These are the sort of people who have developed the demand for willing listeners to such an extent that it exceeds the supply.

Then there are the people who know more about the picture than the rest of the audience, and feel it their duty to enlighten their unfortunate neigh-

(Continued on Page 14.)

HAROLD FEIGHTNER, majordomo of the publicity department of the Indiana Democratic Central Committee, says that handling stories about candidates who were former service men is a ticklish job, inasmuch as the said candidates are not given to blowing their own horn concerning their war experiences. And who can blame them, with recollections yet so vivid of days they would like to forget?

Bob Eicheldorfer, the personal representative and publicity manager for the Rembusch theatrical enterprises in Indiana, is a busy little boy these days. The Rembusch interests have recently acquired six more moving picture theaters in Indiana and the end is not yet in sight.

Henry K. Burton is a happy mortal, happier even than he was when directing Lew Shank's job at the city hall. Henry is seeing Abe Martin put on the speaking stage! Why shouldn't he be joyful?

Harry Mason, formerly a member of the detective department of the Indianapolis police and one of the best in the business—is now selling oil. When questioned as to how "detecting" and selling oil stack up, he said they fitted well. "In either case," he said, "it is merely a matter of 'detecting' customers." Incidentally, Mason is a mighty good oil salesman.

Frank O. Wilking, president of the Indianapolis Ready File Co., will ride on the pilot next time he takes a train trip. Recently, on a trip from Detroit he occupied an upper berth in the sleeper. There was a sudden lurch of the train and Mr. Wilking found himself scrambling out of the lower berth and a startled female yelling, "Sir!" Fortunately, Mr. Wilking escaped with only a bruised leg and a ruffled temper. He let the porter make the necessary apologies.

A story credited to Ray Luhring, Republican member of congress from the first district, to the effect that a countryman went into a store at Evansville and bought a campaign hat with "Cox and Roosevelt" printed on the band. After taking the hat out the man returned in about an hour and remarked to the clerk:

"Say, I just can't get used to a Roosevelt as a Democrat—take this hat back and gimme my money."

Congressman Luhring has not been interviewed as to his connection with the story.

Charles R. Williams, well known to the Indianapolis newspaper fraternity and the Hoosier literati as editor of the Indianapolis News, has been on a visit here from Princeton, N. J.

George Stout, who has been at the editorial helm of the Vincennes Capital, which recently gave up the ghost, has returned to Indianapolis. Notwithstanding it was Friday the 13th George was lucky enough to rent an apartment within an hour after he arrived, on College avenue.

Great Gotham

Blanche Yurka is Central Figure in Brieux's New and Interesting Comedy of Ideas, "The Americans in France."

By Oliver M. Sayler

The loss of Indianapolis is the gain of Gotham in the early weeks of the new theatrical season, for Blanche Yurka, after dignifying the first productions of Stuart Walker's annual summer festival at the Murat has become the outstanding figure in Eugene Brieux's comedy. "The Americans in France," which Leo Ditrichstein and Lee Shubert have disclosed at the Comedy Theatre. Just why any player would be willing to trade an industrious but assured and placid berth in the Walker ensemble for the uncertainties of a metropolitan premiere in August might be a perplexing question until one has seen how tempting the role in the Brieux play must have been to the actress.

The character of Henriette Charvet seems almost to have been written for Miss Yurka. I doubt whether anyone else in our theatre could make this extremely French type at once true to its native aspects and at the same time sufficiently explicable to an American public. Some of my critical friends seem to feel that Miss Yurka leaves them emotionally cold, despite the preponderance of emotion in Henriette's makeup. That is hardly a fair judgment, though, for Henriette's emotions, deep as they are, proceed from peculiarly Gallic sources and must necessarily leave us somewhat cold even if through tolerant understanding we are able to sympathize with them. No one can deny in any case that Miss Yurka has sketched her role with sensitive intelligence and that we have few players who could have done even this elementary service for the French dramatist. Under these conditions, therefore, it is obvious to see why the actress permitted herself to be lured away from the cordial and congenial atmosphere of her Hoosier holiday.

Monsieur Brieux's comedy has been done into English by Mr. Ditrichstein with a faithfulness which may jeopardize its wide popularity on our stage. Even the title, "Les Americains chez Nous," has been translated so literally that a casual reader of Gotham's dramatic bill of fare might think it was just another of "those war plays," arriving at the finish line like a yacht in a dead sea long after the race had been called off. Instead, however, its setting is in France, 1919, and its eyes are turned not to the past with its heroisms and its mistakes, but to the future of France and of our relationships with her people and her ideals. Brieux has faced that future so courageously, so resolutely, so dispassionately, so fairly, that those who are solicitous for the entente cordiale between the two countries will be thankful for every American who enters the Comedy Theatre, who lives for two or three hours with the fortunes and problems of the family Charvet and their guests from overseas and who hearkens to the forceful but mannerly warnings of the playwright speaking through his characters and his situations.

The story of "The Americans Are With Us" is almost slender enough for a musical comedy. A French family in financial distress is confronted with an American engineer's proposal to surrender the traditions and the sentiments of a picturesque but unproductive estate for the efficiency and fecundity which the introduction of irrigation and other modern methods will insure. Coincident with this proposal is the discovery on the part of the sister who had mothered him from childhood that her baby brother, grown now to manhood after five years as a surgeon in the trenches, has fallen in love with an American girl who as a Red Cross nurse had fought side by side with him to save the lives of his comrades. When Henri determines not only to disregard the nuptial plans which his sister and his father had made for him but even to follow Nellie to her Chicago home, the whole motive for living seems to have vanished for Henriette. By a logical sequence of character development and a minimum use of accident, the playwright brings matters to a conclusion suitable to French sensibilities and not irritating to our own; Henri and Nellie give up their dream of America to work with Henri's own people, while Captain Smith, the American engineer, seems not at all unlikely as the curtain falls to become a new object of solicitude for Henriette.

Brieux contrives to give this story a substance and body in two ways—by shrewd and careful characterization, especially in the role of Henriette, and by his old familiar penchant for propaganda. A Brieux play without trombone and bass drum directed either for or against some particular phase of the social scheme of things has been unthinkable these many years. That tendency reached its climax in "Damaged Goods," which Richard Bennett carried in camp meeting fashion from one end of the country to the other a few years ago. Brieux uses the theatre deliberately for purposes of propaganda, even with more singleness of intent than Bernard Shaw and Ibsen in his middle period. He is interested in the theatre simply because it gives him an opportunity to preach his social doctrines in a way more effective than any other he knows. He is aware, of course, that he must follow the laws of the theatre and tell an entertaining story through plausible characters if he is to achieve his ends. To complain periodically on the production of each new play from his pen that his work is propaganda and not art is to become very tiresome and dull; and criticism has no right to be either. Brieux has chosen his metier and it is sufficient to point out that he is running true to form.

Still, it is interesting, not only from a technical point of view, but also to fulfill the quest on which we start by agreeing to listen to him, to examine the material of his dialectic and the manner in which he sets it before his audience. I don't suppose he has ever had a set of conditions so naturally favorable to his purpose of making his characters serve as mouthpieces for his sociological doctrines. Usually in the past, with his dramatis personae drawn wholly from within the borders of French life, he has had to erect straw men and women for his pro-

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ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Although Elizabeth Patterson has been with the Stuart Walker Players in Indianapolis for only two seasons, including the present season, which will close with next week's bill, she has been definitely adopted by Indianapolis theatre-goers as their own. The moment she steps on the stage the audience responds with that thrill of friendliness which is the tribute given only to those whom it knows and likes, as well as admires. Miss Patterson has had several roles this summer that have helped to make this season one to remember. As Mrs. Bunting, the landlady who agonized over the doubtful character of her lodger; as Mrs. Welsh, whose pungent remarks kept the Little Journey from growing dull; and as Mrs. Mandelharper, the prim but progressive proprietress of the Mandelharper Undertaking Parlors, Elizabeth Patterson was an unqualified success. Next week in "39 East" she will play the part of one of the boardinghouse ladies who has an overdeveloped interest in the affairs of her fellow boarders.

Cezanne and Gauguin Stand Out Among Additions to Metropolitan Museum for 50th Anniversary Exhibition.



Why is a picnic? Ostensibly, for the purpose of having that elusive thing called a good time. Really—and only those who have tried it can know how terribly real a picnic can be—a picnic is a trial for the soul and a mortification of the flesh.

Take the good, old-fashioned all-day picnic. (Not literally—just for example.) Presumably, a pleasant rest from the every-day grind is involved in the enjoyment of a picnic. Yet on the great day everybody gets up earlier than usual, and the alarm clock is in greater demand than at any other time in its history.

The first thing on the program is the worry about the weather. Ideal picnic weather is rain and storm and thunder, for then it's clear from the start that the picnic is an impossibility. Nine picnics out of ten, however, are blessed with that April fickleness of weather which promises to be clear and cool for a half an hour, then veers to threats of rain, and ends by settling into a heavy heat. But the real trade-marked picnic will, after periods of agonizing indecision, finally prevail over the odds of unfavorable weather of any kind, and start off.

One of the rules of the game is to start early to avoid the trip in the heat of the day, and prolongs the agony of the day's frolicking. Presumably, this psychological time for starting is about eight or nine in the morning, but no normal picnic ever gets off to a fair start at that early hour. The attempt is made, but it's no use—everybody is finally gathered together and ready to go by about eleven o'clock. Hammocks, camp stools, table cloths, drinking cups and thermos bottles are packed into the car with the lunch baskets, and in the midst of this paraphernalia the family and the invited guests are carefully packed in. The trip, which should be a cool, breezy excursion, develops into a jaunt where everything and everybody is so crowded that there is about as much room for enjoyment in the trip as there is for an extra sardine in a can.

But everything has an end, and finally the party arrives at the bosky dell selected for the jollification. Naturally others have pounced on this secluded spot as just the spot for a picnic, and its sylvan charms are slightly befogged by the evidences of past picnics. Nothing can be as depressing to the spirits of a party of would-be day picnickers as the finding that the sacred spot which they have chosen in which to disport themselves has been desecrated by the paper napkins and empty Bevo bottles of former picnic parties. But the relief of extrication from the crowded car gives the party fresh vigor, and, perking up their spirits, they prepare for the object of the picnic—the lunch.

Probably everyone in the party has upon ordinary occasions a common, everyday appetite. But the lunch which convention prescribes for such occasions as this is, to say the least, abnormal. The major part of the lunch is invariably indigestible, and if one may use a term of food, difficult to handle. There is an abundance of hard-boiled eggs, clusters of green bananas, beans highly seasoned and thirst-provoking, pickles inconveniently inclined to drip, oranges of the sure-spurt variety, juicy grapes of the kind that gnats simply can not resist, and sandwiches oozing mayonnaise dressing. The piping hot coffee should go far toward saving the day, but it is served in cunning little camp cups made of aluminum of wonderful heat conducting and profanity-inspiring properties.

Then animate nature adds to the gayety of the picnic. Spiders with a famous appetite for salads, ants that have a mania for sugar, caterpillars that can hit the back of the neck or the mouth of an uncorked thermos bottle with equally unerring aim, and daddy-long-legs that invade any uncovered edible, all do their best to keep the luncheon from becoming monotonous.

When the blissful meal is over, the temper of the party is definitely spoiled. Everyone has either eaten too much or too little. Juicy oranges and drippy berry pie have done their best to ruin clothes. The unappetizing remnants of the feast are yet to be gathered up. Even the incorrigibly cheerful members of the expedition are beginning to realize that the picnic is not proving to be all that it should. The last spark of merriment flickers out in a doleful suggestion that the picnickers play games. And the first real moment of enjoyment in the day comes when a shameless comfort-seeker predicts rain from a cloudless sky and recommends that the picnic adjourn. The weary frolickers accept the suggestion with false reluctance, and the party with unbecoming haste sets itself to gathering up the paraphernalia of picnicking and hies it home, back to the normalcy of chairs and tables and unspectacular food, sadder, but no wiser, for they'll do it again before the ache of sitting on hard unfriendly ground is out of their bones, and before their insulted stomachs have recovered their habitual power of functioning.

Club Women's Housing Work

Federation Has Placed Indiana in Front Rank in Child Welfare and Housing Development

By Albion Fellows Bacon

The editor of "Topics" has asked me to write about either "Housing" or "Child Welfare," since both have been my especial work.

"Let me write about both, together," I replied. "They belong together."

To be sure they do. It is the appeal of the child, in the wretched, crowded "home" that wins men to housing reform, against all sordid counter appeals. It is the haunting memory of sad little shadow faces we have seen, in dark and loathsome dens, that drives the housing reformer to battle against all the "Powers of Darkness." It is the basic principle that "the home is the key to good citizenship," the dawning realization that thousands of American children can never have the influence of the "hearthstone" that one of our national candidates urges; that they must grow up in ignorance of what a home really means, that has brought public sentiment to the aid of housing reform.

Long before the acute housing famine of war times was upon us, our states were awakening to the dangers of unregulated building, and unrestrained slums. The rush of men to industrial cities during the war brought on acute congestion of the cities, with all its dangers and horrors.

The problem of housing, once supposed to be the care of charity workers and reformers, leaped at once to a place of prime interest to the Government and organized business interests. The task is still in their hands, and it will strain their powers to solve the problem.

Great have been the money losses occasioned to business by the housing shortage. Great as these have been, the effects on society, and on human life, have been more disastrous. And, of course, as in all other things, the children have suffered most. It has meant more misery, more sickness, more deaths among children, unable to stand the hardships that tested to the limit the endurance of their elders.

"The Children's Year" has opened the eyes of the whole country to the many needs of the children of America. It has shown us that, with all our boasted advancement, we are far behind other countries in many ways, in preserving the race and caring for our children.

This has been brought home to us in many ways, with severe shocks. The first shock was felt when the enormous discard of our drafted men was made, on account of physical defects, due, mainly, authorities said, to conditions "that might have been prevented or cured in infancy." The next shock was the statement that 300,000 children under six die annually in the United States, and that at least one-third of these deaths were preventable.

Then came an experience that tore our hearts, when, throughout the counties of our state, as in other states, the children were examined, weighed, measured and registered, and we saw, stripped bare, the childhood of Indiana. To be sure, there were many "better babies," round, rosy and dimpled, laughing and cooing. But, ah for the little crooked backs and legs, the wasted bodies, the evidences of disease of heart, liver, lungs, or other organs, that had passed unnoticed, the slight deformities, growing worse, the slight ailments, growing to serious ones. Many a mother was thankful for the timely warning, and the resultant cure. And no one ever again asked "Why should we do this?"

Then began the organizing of milk fund circles to furnish pure milk and prescribe the diet for the mal-nourished children—the largest class of all. Then came operations for tonsils and adenoids, the straightening of crooked limbs, the correction of eye troubles and many others. The good mothers of Indiana organized themselves into

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Notes of Society

Mrs. Arthur Bradshaw, Mrs. T. O. Gasaway, Miss Mabel Gasaway and Mrs. J. K. Lilly, Jr., are guests at the Bay View House, Bay View, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Spink have gone to New York.

Mrs. Frank Severns has left for a six weeks' trip through the West.

Miss Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Green, and Miss Elizabeth King, daughter of Mrs. William J. King, are guests at the summer home of Mr. J. Will Callahan.

Miss Elizabeth L. Collins, daughter of Judge and Mrs. James A. Collins, has been attending a house party at Strassburg, Virginia. Before returning home, Miss Collins will visit Baltimore and Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Weer announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, and Ralph E. Morrow.

Mrs. G. A. Millett and children are spending a few weeks at Lake Wawasee.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tuttle have gone to Gloucester, Mass., to visit at the summer cottage of their daughter, Mrs. J. L. Barr of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson are at Bay View, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Engelke and family are motoring through Michigan and spending a few weeks at Whitmore Lake.

Miss Elizabeth Fauvre is spending two weeks at Woods-Hole, near Boston.

Where Amateurs Stand Out

"Bohemians," of San Francisco, With Their Annual "High Jinks," Do Some Splendid Creative Work.

Their Summer Musical Productions in Natural Forest Theatre are Unique in the World of Music.

By Ona B. Talbot

The Bohemian Club of San Francisco, famous the world over for the literary and musical standards of its "High Jinks," maintained for almost twenty years of "Grove Plays," and for the fact that it is in truth, unique, has just ended its two weeks' encampment of 1920, as being the most successful on record.

The dedication of the new organ opened the festivities—the greatest of the season. Joseph D. Redding, who took part in the dedication exercises, and to whom we are indebted for its description, says: "A new perfume in music has been produced in Bohemian Grove by the presence of this organ. There are great organs in great cathedrals, supported by great columns, and organs in the open air, but this is the first organ to be found in the open, surrounded by cathedral columns of redwood trees whose majesty give a tonal reply which enhances the value of every pipe in the instrument and produces a quality which has a new individuality. It is a revelation and marks a monumental milestone in the world of art."

The organ was made by the Austin Company, and the price was $16,000. It is contained in a concrete house with asphaltum tiles and waterproof paint which absolutely protects it from the elements. In front of the grill are three sets of protected doors, the first of water-proof canvas; the second, tongue and groove-fitted storm-doors, and third, outside, a water-proof oiled and asphaltum curtain. Inside the organ chamber are placed a series of electric stoves with an automatic thermostat apparatus. As soon as the temperature inside goes below fifty-nine degrees the stoves make electric heat which absorbs all humidity and brings the temperature to normal, when automatically the electricity is cut off. Around the entire house is a concrete moat which prevents any water from coming in contact with even the outside of the house. The organ resembles the bark of a tree. The organ was dedicated by the club's dean of organists, Samuel D. Mayer.



HENRY HADLEY

An annual ceremony of the club is the "Cremation of Care." The story was written by Almer M. Newhall and the music by Joseph Redding. Care was typified by a Caliban figure, supposed to have met his death at the hands of Bacchus last year. He appears, and although Bacchus has been killed, Care still survives. He is imprisoned by tradition and good fellowship. The spirit of Bohemia then appears before the high priest and Care is burned upon the funeral pyre.

The Bohemian Grove play for 1920 was written by Charles Caldwell Dobie, and called "Ilya of Murom." It is inspired by the legends of Little Russia. The members of the club were transported back a thousand years to the mediaeval ages and saw the stories of childhood come true. The dramatic intensity can be easily imagined, with the sloping hillsides and towering trees to enhance the realistic scene to the Forest of Murom and the events related by the folklore drama presented.

The play is in three acts and the scene a forest glade near Kiev, Russia. Ilya, the crippled child of a woodcutter, is the chief character in the drama, played by Dion Holm. Ivan, his father, was played by Frank Deering, and Marya, his mother, by Harold E. Baxter.

The rising curtain of the first act discloses Ilya, the crippled child, bemoaning his fate, helpless on his couch. His mother enters and tries to comfort him. A company of woodcutters coming for their noonday rest, discover mother and son praying, and mingle their prayers in a hymn of supplication for His blessing. As if in answer to their prayer, a company of holy wayfarers come on the scene, and Ilya is miraculously cured of his affliction by the pouring of water for them of which he is also commanded to drink. On doing so he is given strength and power, but is told by the wayfarers to spend his power upon the business of the Father. In great joy Ilya calls upon his father and mother to witness his cure, and the wayfarers command Ilya to go to the holy city to offer thanks for his deliverance from sickness. They foretell great things for him, hailing him as a religious deliverer, but warn him against perils, particularly against all women, and the bird demon, Nightingale.

The following scene is laid at the foot of a mountain on the way to the holy city and shows the hero Ilya is tempted. It opens with Nightingale, the robber, and his wicked brood indulging in a wild orgy of hate and malevolence. Their cries and dancing are interrupted by Zlatigorka, the warrior enchantress, who is filled with foreboding of the future. A magic shield, in which fates mirror their prophecies, is introduced, and Nightingale and Zlatigorka see the figure of a spotless youth approaching, who is to subdue the warrior enchantress and win her. She treats this with scorn until she espies the cross upon the shield. At this she becomes terrified and makes a pact with Nightingale, that if he will help her to subdue her enemies, she will see that he is protected during her lifetime. Ilya enters, and upon seeing Zlatigorka, falls in love with her. She repulses him, but Ilya subdues her in battle, and she grovels in adoration at his feet. She then invests him with the sword, robes and shield belonging to her warrior father and lures him into her castle.

Twenty years elapse between the second and third act, during which time Ilya wanders in search of forgiveness. Here Ilya conquers the fierce demi-god, Falcon, who has been tormenting his people. Having now paid the price of his sin, Ilya is free to find the shining road leading to the holy city and consecration.

Henry Hadley was one of the most welcome visitors to the Bohemian en-

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SCENE FROM "HIGH JINKS"



NEW OUTDOOR PIPE ORGAN

Editorial

THERE GOES COLLICOTT

That's the way the educational world of Indiana expressed it when word was passed that J. G. Collicott, director of vocational education for the state, had decided to go to Columbus, Ohio, as superintendent of schools. And there was the usual lament and deprecatory wagging of heads.

It is an old story that Indiana produces some wonderfully efficient and progressive school men for the use of other states and cities. Any number of heads of colleges and universities have been permitted to slip out of Indiana when offered reasonable salaries. The list, a long one, includes Aley of Maine, Swain of Swarthmore, Lindley of Kansas, Bryan of Washington, Bryan of Colgate, and many more. Not long since an Indiana man was made president of the great University of Minnesota. New Jersey has an Indiana man as state superintendent of public instruction in Calvin Kendall. And, wondrous to relate, so has Massachusetts, home of culture, the bean, the cod, and Henry Cabot Lodge.

If Indiana had no need of such men as these that have gone out of the state, the situation would not be deplorable. But she has. And yet she lets them go because of a stubborn disinclination to pay fair salaries.

Mr. Collicott's many friends will be interested in his handling of his new position.

TO EXPLORE AMERICA

An exploring expedition from Sweden has landed on these wild and rugged shores, for to explore some of the inhabited portions of North America. It is going to explore the valleys of the Hudson, Connecticut and St. Lawrence rivers, and a large part of Canada. The idea, among other things, is to discover the date of the first appearance of man in the three valleys.

Already the suggestion is made that the party may save its trouble on this score, it being well known that the first man appearing in the Hudson valley, at least, was Cornelius Vanderbilt. The date ought to be easy to ascertain. But then the head of the party asserts his belief that New York State is only 20,000 years old, a mere pup by comparison with Europe.

Remarkable how much these New Yorkers have learned in such a short time.

LOOK AT TERRE HAUTE

One of the newspapers that helped clean up Terre Haute, physically and morally, is now pointing with pride at the industrial and commercial strides the city is making as the center of the empire of the Wabash Valley. The average wage of the working man in Terre Haute, it says, is $32 per week. A large majority of the 10,000 miners that make the city their rendezvous average $48 a week, it declares, and the 3,000 steel workers and car builders are making more money than ever before.

Let's go over and get a job in this town on the high ground of the Wabash.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
JOHN C. MELLETT, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
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POLITICAL STEAM

There is steam, and steam. Some of it is blown off, and some of it drives the drivers. Some of it wastes its power in the desert air, and some of it, by compression, starts things in motion.

Steam is much like politics, although there is not as much of it. Politics under compression can do wonders, but politics that drifts off into the empty air carries no elections. Managers of the Democratic and Republican parties, busy just now with organization work, can prove this statement conclusively and convincingly.

Unorganized politics is just so much waste energy.

All these remarks are called forth by admiration for the efficient manner in which the Republican leaders are organizing for the campaign. They have been organizing for almost four years, and are still at it. Publicity, oratory and advertising, outward manifestations of this activity, are offered in evidence. The facility with which the Republicans are raising their campaign funds is further evidence.

And the thoroughness with which they are building their county, township, ward and precinct organizations is final evidence. There may be all sorts of opinion as to the ability of the Republican leaders to handle a city, a state or the nation, wisely, fairly and economically, but there is no doubt of their faculty for party organization. This is as it should be. If we are to have party government, we should have efficient party organization.

The Democrats have been hard at work organizing their forces, but they have a late start by comparison with their enemy. The test of their respective organizing abilities will be seen in the capture of the women vote, both white and colored, next November. Issues alone will not round up the votes. The League of Nations, the Wilson record of progress, the prosecution of the war will not, without organization work, avail the Democrats. The separate peace with Germany, the Wilson record of radicalism, the inefficiency of war methods, will not, without organization, avail the Republicans.

To round up the women vote, as well as to hold the regulars in line and grab off the independents, is the task of the next few weeks. Organization, and organization only, will do the trick. It remains to be seen which party contains the organizers.

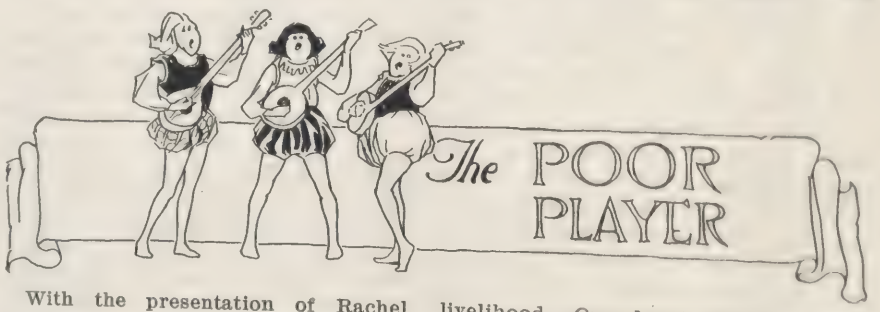
CAMPAIGN ORATORY

Hiram Johnson announces he is going to speak in the East extensively for Harding, but this will be easier to believe when it is announced by Will Hays. After seeing the damage Johnson did in the middle west and east last spring while comparatively little known, it is hardly likely that Penrose will wish to turn him loose to make a name for himself throughout the east.

The New York Times, by the way, suggests that Hays send out his speakers in pairs so that every audience might be pleased. If Johnson tours the east, opposing the League of Nations, he should be accompanied by William Howard Taft, himself a pretty fair Republican, speaking in favor of it. To make the thing complete, it would be fair enough to have Jim Reed stump the country with Hitchcock, and Senator Gore or Senator Shields with Governor Cox.

And to carry out the idea in another direction, let every newspaper reader have a copy of a Hearst newspaper with his Times or World, or a copy of the Indianapolis News or the New York Evening Post with his copy of the Chicago Tribune. In this manner pro would have a fifty-fifty chance with con.

And the poor voter would have just as much chance as he has now to find out what it really is all about.



With the presentation of Rachel Crothers's classic comedy of boarding-house life, "39 East," next week at the Murat, the final curtain will be rung down upon the 1920 season of the Stuart Walker Company. Mr. Walker, who believes that last impressions are best, has selected an ideal attraction for his closing week. "39 East" offers a splendid opportunity for every member of the company. It is another of those inimitable character comedies by Miss Crothers. If you liked her play, "A Little Journey," you are bound to enjoy "39 East."

Penelope Penn is a pretty and ambitious daughter of an indigent country parson. From the village choir she goes to New York to seek her fortune as a singer. She takes up her abode at the shabby-genteel boardinghouse of Mrs. De Mailly at 39 East. Finding that there is small chance for an untrained voice in the metropolis, Penelope is forced to enter the chorus to keep the wolf from the door. Her worst fear is that her narrow-minded, inquisitive fellow-boarders will discover her means of livelihood. One day in Central Park, while picnicking with Napoleon Gibbs, a rich young man who has been attracted to 39 East because she is there, Penelope confesses to him that she is a chorus girl. The news threatens to destroy their pretty romance until Napoleon's common sense comes to the fore. He attempts to rescue this little country mouse from what seems to him her inevitable fate. However, Penelope indignantly resents his attitude and runs away to keep her appointment with a wicked theatrical manager. In the nick of time Napoleon saves her—saves her for himself.

Upon the shoulders of Beatrice Maude and Stuart Walker, as Penelope and Napoleon, rests the brunt of this little comedy of the big city. The suave, tactful boarding-house mistress, Mrs. De Mailly, will be played by Judith Lowry. Elizabeth Patterson will be seen in another one of her characterizations, as the Widow Smith. Others in the cast include John Wray, Lael Davis, George Somnes, Julia McMahon, Robert McGroarty and James Morgan.



A Buyers' Market

The investment market is steadily becoming busier with the approaching end of summer and the waning of the nervousness that agitated the business world a few weeks ago. Indianapolis investment bankers predict a growing volume of investment, and branch offices of big national houses already report increasing business.

Although a buying movement seems to have set in, the market has not yet lost any of its attractiveness. Ordinarily prices go up when buying and bidding begin, but this is not the case thus far. Industrials are as attractive as ever because, with prices down, their high average yield still looks good. The let-down in the woolen manufacturing business, which in some quarters is regarded as material for the Department of Justice to investigate, and the attendant relaxation in the strenuous field of motor manufacture have combined to hold down industrials.

But there are many good buys in the industrial investment field, nevertheless. Automobile manufacture must speed up before long because the country is still absorbing, and more demanding, motor cars, both passenger and truck. And the woolen manufacturers can not long remain idle because the country is under-supplied with wool cloths and is welcoming shipments of British cotton goods.

Steel, always an index to industry and investment, is sound. Reports from both the Pittsburgh and Birmingham districts, are that inquiries on orders for next year are exceedingly heavy. This means business for the steel mills. There can be no gainsaying the fact that this country faces a tremendous era of construction. Industrial and civic development, retarded during the war and the post-war period, must go forward. Bonds and preferred stocks in the steels are therefore almost universally recommended for long time investment.

Some weeks ago comment was made in this column on the contrasting attitude of the Pennsylvania, in letting out thousands of employes, and the New York Central, in planning expansion and development.

That the New York Central optimism was justified seems to have been proved conclusively by the manner in which the $25,000,000 offering of 7 per cent ten year bonds by this road were snapped up. There was the usual private invitation a day or so before the offering was advertised, according to rumor. Then the bonds were put on the market, and sold out before noon of the first day. Afternoon newspapers appeared on the streets with the original announcement, after the books were closed.

But, after all, the most reassuring thing about the New York Central bond issue is the fact that the investment public appears to agree with the railroad officials that better times, industrially, are close ahead.

One of the best-versed investment men in the city recommends high grade utilities and oils for people who have money to invest that can stay invested for a few years. These, he says, will make perhaps the best showing over a period of years, among all the securities on the market. His opinion is that, if the bottom has not been reached, it is certainly very near. And these securities are bound to go up eventually because of safeguarding regulation of the utilities, and the tremendous demand for oil and oil products.

The tendency now is toward assurance of utilities earnings by state legislation. As for oil, the shortage is well known. But buyers of these classes of securities are advised that they should simply lay them away for a period of time without thought of resale at a profit.

Prices Going Up

The prices on several kinds of building material are due for a rise, according to prophets who watch this market closely. It is the old, old story—long familiar to purchasing agents—of increased cost of production and scarcity of railroad cars. Purchasing agents have heard these reasons over and over, until they despair of any new ones ever being brought forward to explain why prices go upward, says the Hoosier Buyer for August.

Cement, long one of the steady actors in the building material line, has broken out of its regular gait and has advanced about 30 cents a barrel. Production cost and shipping tangles are given as the reason. Even at the higher prices, manufacturers say they can not overtake the demand. Because of premium prices paid for fuel, they say, a single barrel of cement now costs more in production than the cost of a whole barrel, burned, packed and delivered, cost a litle more than a year ago. Cement stocks in the hands of manufacturers are low, being about 25 per cent below the total quantity for sale at this time last year.

Lumber, the headliner in building material vaudeville, was for a time in June and July the weak spot of the whole construction market, owing to a temporary financial embarrassment of heavy holders. But this depression has passed and there is again an upward trend of prices.

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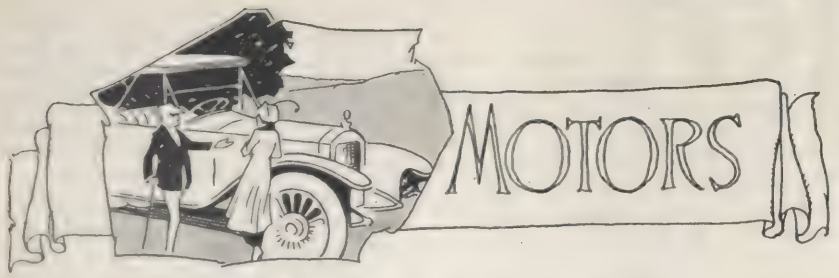
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

"Road closed—detour one mile east." You read the sign, Mr. Motorist, grumble, growl, get all peeved and maybe cuss a little, and then orate to the defenseless passengers in your lil' ol' boat: "Gee whiz, why can't they keep a road open once in a while. Life is just one darned detour after another. This will take us two miles out of our way and put us five minutes behind our schedule," etc., ad infinitum.

And when a few months from now you go over the same road and hit a nice new stretch of paved roadway and open her up to forty and tell your friends you are doing sixty, you won't even feel conscience-stricken for the grouch you had when the construction was under way.

Unfortunately, new paved roads can not be just dropped down casually and overnight along the lines laid down by the greatest speed king in the history of the world, old S. Claus, who in the brief space of one night covers the entire world and finds time to fill a few billion stockings. Unfortunately, they require a lot of work, and attention to such bothersome details as grading, drainage, concrete mixing and laying and the like, and these all require time.

However, in the comparatively short period of one year and three months since it began operation, the state highway commission has done a remarkable work and made astonishing progress.

It has laid out and is maintaining a state highway system 3,500 miles in length, a system that extends to every nook and corner of Indiana, that reaches each of the ninety-two county seat towns and every town of 5,000 or more of population, and hitches up on one system every market center in the state.

The commission now has under construction 135 miles of paved roads, including the five and one-half mile stretch from Broad Ripple to Carmel, and has completed surveys for 335 miles more; it has let twenty-two bridge contracts and has plans for as many more under preparation. These are the things that make it necessary to erect the w. k. detour signs that boost the profanity percentage on the dope sheets kept by the recording angel.

To maintain these 3,500 miles of state roads 200 men are kept busy all the time on patrol duty, for the commission knows the fallacy of the old American road-building idea that the proper way to handle the road problem is to build a road and then let it alone until it becomes impassable—and then build it all over again.

So the French national system of road patrols has been adapted to Indiana conditions. Each one of these 200 men is responsible for a stretch of roadway from ten to twenty miles in length, depending upon local conditions. He has a helper, a truck, drag, plow, grader, etc.

It is his duty to drag his stretch once every week and after every rain, and to see that little inequalities in the surface are ironed out before they assume the proportions of shell holes. Any doughboy who has seen a French road patrol at work with his little donkey cart and toy shovel and who knows that it was this kind of work that kept the roads of France open all through the four years of the World War to meet the demands of the best military motor transport system in the world will testify that the commission has gone a long way toward solving the road problem in Indiana.

But all this work costs money. According to L. H. Wright, director of state highways, about $5,000,000 will be spent this year. Under present conditions concrete roads cost on an average of $37,000 a mile, asphaltic pavement from $5,000 to $7,000 more and brick about $10,000 more. Then Mr. Wright says that the commission has set a standard of an eighteen-foot roadway for all paved surfaces, which is from two to four feet wider than the paved roads generally used in Ohio. This is expensive, but it provides ample room for traffic with a wide margin for the safety of passing motor vehicles.

The work to be done next year, according to Mr. Wright, will depend entirely upon the amount of funds available. "There is one thing about road work," he said, "there is no limit to it. If we had $50,000,000 we could easily spend it on Indiana roads. It would not be advisable to do so, but as a matter of fact it could be done."

Thanks to the brilliant efforts of the last special session of the Indiana legislature, no one, not even lawyers appointed by the Hoosier Motor Club to investigate the situation, have been able to determine how much will be available for the commission in 1921.

According to one solution of the puzzle left by our gifted statesmen, the commission will have $4,000,000 more than the amount figured out by another solution.

When it is taken into consideration that the Federal Government goes fifty-fifty with the states in the matter of road work and puts up a dollar for every dollar raised by the state, it will be seen that the 1921 number of detour signs scattered over the Hoosier landscape will depend wholly upon which solution of the legislative puzzle finally prevails.

But one thing is very certain. The commission will never be abolished. It may be criticized, the law from time to time may be modified, but in the little more than a year it has been in active operation it has proved beyond a doubt that a general system of state highway construction and supervision, with broader vision and broader scope than possibly can be obtained under township and county control, is necessary to bring into existence and maintain any road system that links up the entire state.

A pig barbecue for all employes, officials and their families of the E. W. Steinhart Company, was given last week by the E. W. Steinhart Good Fellowship Club of Terre Haute, on the Wabash river near Terre Haute. More than one hundred persons from the different branches of the company were in attendance.

The automotive industry of Indiana was responsible for 374 of the 3,954 accidents reported to the state industrial board for the month of July, according to figures given out by the board. No fatalities resulted.

A resolution favoring radical changes in the present automobile license law was adopted recently by the Clinton Township Farmers' Association of Cass county. The resolution proposes that a law be passed compelling the expenditure of all money derived from the sale of automobile licenses on the roads in the counties from which it is collected. But the most radical change suggested is that in the future all automobile licenses be issued by the county treasurer of each county and not by the secretary of state.

There is considerable merit in the first proposition, but there is too much opportunity for political patronage and favoritism in the second to make it at all desirable.

H. K. Bishop, chief engineer of the State Highway Commission, has been replaced by C. Gray, formerly in the employ of the Portland Cement Company. Mr. Bishop, it is understood, was out of harmony with some policies of L. H. Wright, director of state highways. He came here at a salary of $7,000 a year not long after the commission was organized, giving up a position as district engineer for the Federal Bureau of Good Roads under the Department of Agriculture. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and for several years was assistant to the chief engineer of the New York state highway commission.

The Hoosier Motor Club has placed a large number of danger and detour signs along the roads of Marion County. Thirty-seven signs were placed on the detour route between Cumberland and Greenfield.

An interesting legal question of the right of an automobile factory to repurchase the cars sold to an agent at the original sale price after the market price had been advanced by the company was brought up last week in litigation between the Oakland Motor Car Company and Lee F. Justice, formerly Oakland distributor in this county, before Judge Theophilus J. Moll in Superior Court.

The question came up when the Oakland Company sought to enjoin Justice from selling Oakland cars under the retail price, and to compel

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him to resell the machines to the factory at the same price he originally paid under the contract.

Mr. Justice contends that he is entitled to receive the present price of the cars, which is higher than the one he originally paid, on the ground that the machine can not now be duplicated for the old price and that the factory has had the use of his money for a long time.

A temporary restraining order was granted without objection, and the case will be fought out before Judge Moll later. He set it for hearing August 17, but neither side put in appearance and it went over.

Another suit to prevent Mr. Justice from selling his cars outside Marion County has been filed in Superior Court before Judge Linn D. Hay. Return date has been set for September 6.

The Dort agency has been taken over by the E. A. Bennett Motor Sales Company.

Howdy Wilcox is now distributor for the Lovejoy shock absorber, a Cleveland product.

The Kanouse Auto Company, 544 North Meridian street, has taken the agency for the Auburn Beauty Six.

Ray D. Brown, Stutz distributor for Indianapolis, has just come back from a vacation of golfing, motoring and boating on and about Walloon Lake, Michigan.

Maurice Donnelly and R. R. Bunch, who sell Roamers in the Indiana district, threw a big welcome party for the members of the Automobile Club of Southern California who were in Indianapolis August 23. The visitors are touring the country in a large Roamer in behalf of a national highway that will reach from coast to coast.

Things have been so rushing this year for W. Mort Martin and Frank T. Gray, of the Martin Motor Truck Company, headquarters for the Stewart Company in Indiana, that even though dog days are here and presidential campaigns are approaching, both admit they are too busy to get out of town for a little lay-off during the former or worry much about the latter as yet.

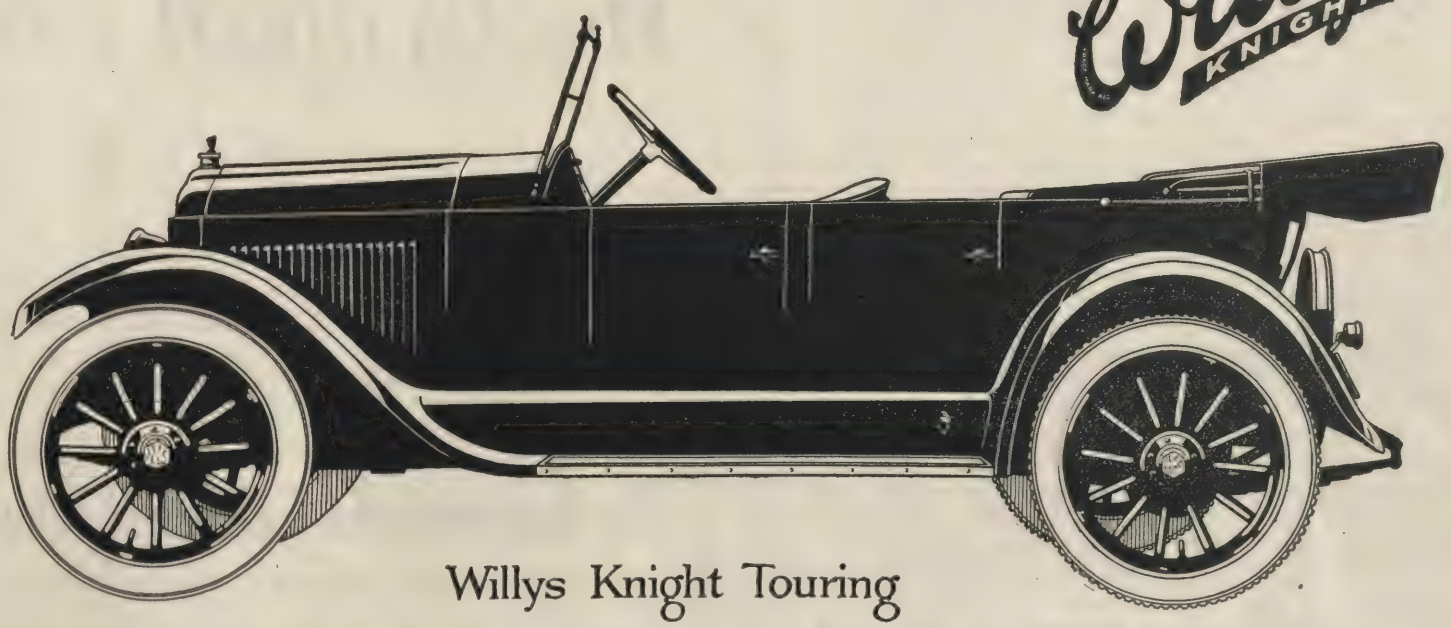
TALBOT

(Continued from Page 9.)

campment and frolic in the Grove. A few years ago, while conductor of the San Francisco orchestra, Mr. Hadley composed the music for the Jinks, "The Atonement of Pan," another of the club's real achievements.

At the Grove, "the play's the thing," but the concerts bring the music into its own, and fortunately for womankind, the privilege of hearing that is not denied. At this concert Mr. Hadley conducted the Diana theme from "The Atonement of Pan" and the intermezzo from "Cleopatra's Night," one of the memorable moments of the recent May Music Festival in Indianapolis.





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MOTION PICTURES

(Continued on Page 6)

bors. "No, that building to the right is Grant's tomb," they will bromide, or "Yes, mother and the boys and I went all through Universal City, and it was wonderful," and so on to the end of the film. Then when the lovely heroine comes fiddling onto the screen, the musical lady will air her knowledge. "You see, she's playing with a light bow. Kreisler plays with a heavy bow, but she's playing after the manner of Elman." These people are of the type that have made the giving of information as unwelcome a thing as the giving of advice.

In the third class of talkers are those who do not keep up a running comment, who do not care particularly to educate their neighbors, but who simply feel that a certain situation in the picture calls for remark, and they make it. This kind of talk, being spontaneous and involuntary, is the easiest to forgive. For instance. A crook play was approaching its wildly thrilling climax. The hero had just succeeded in opening the safe where his enemy had hidden the stolen money when the black-hearted thief, having got wind of the hero's whereabouts, returned to the scene. Climbing up the fire-escape, he tried the window, carefully raised it, tiptoed into the room, and lifted a length of gas-pipe to shatter the skull of the innocent hero, still engaged in gathering up his retrieved belongings. On the upward swing of the weapon, the shrill, high voice of a child shouted in terror-stricken accents, "Look out! He's gonna hit you." Motion picture heroes being deaf as well as dumb, the man at the safe failed to take warning, the fatal blow fell, and the hero collapsed amid a ripple of laughter from an unfeeling audience.

So on the whole, the person who talks at the movies is a disturber of the peace of mind of the rest of the audience. There are just two rules for avoiding this annoyance. First, change your seat, if you find yourself in the vicinity of a talker. Second, don't go to the movies.

In a recent editorial the New York Times waxes bitterly eloquent over what it is pleased to term the failure of the alphabet. In the rapidly growing use of pictures, in magazines, in posters, and most of all, in the motion picture theatres, the Times sees a sure portent that the effort for universal literacy has been a failure, for the alphabet has gone to the dogs and the race, as a whole, is going back to the pictograph. Following are a few choice paragraphs from this wail of pessimism:

For some thousands of years the world got along with the alphabet. It made the writing and reading of literature infinitely easier, and perhaps it might have continued to be satisfactory but for the ill-judged effort to make literacy universal.

This subjected the average human intelligence to a strain too great for it to endure. Words convey thought, and thought is too much work for most people. Yet for a few decades after education was brought to everybody the world stumbled along with the old alphabet, getting itself in worse trouble all the time, till the improvement of photographic processes and the development of the motion picture opened an easy road back to the normalcy of the Stone Age. The newspaper pictorial supplement serves merely the purpose of illustration of the news, but we are getting whole papers and magazines that are virtually nothing but pictures, with a little reading matter for old-fashioned persons who still like to make some rudimentary use of other faculties than that of sight. As for the movies, they serve up current history to the public in their news reels, but this function, as well as that of education, is still capable of considerable development. The movies unquestionably, however, are the literature of the masses, and every day's news brings further evidence of their growing power in setting standards of taste and conduct.

Reading requires effort. Some of it does not call for much effort, but all of it requires a little effort. Homer makes the reader "see" Achilles chasing Hector around the walls, but even Homer has to leave something to the reader's co-operation. But when Achilles chases Hector on the screen —and the Iliad has been filmed in Italy—everybody can see it without any effort at all. If in the process the Iliad has to be degraded—as it was in this case—to fit a low taste, no one need be surprised; for the new medium appeals to millions who, even if they could read the words of a translation of Homer, would have no idea what the words meant.

Doubtless the alphabet will not be altogether forgotten. There will always be reactionaries who get some pleasure out of reading, just as there are old-fashioned persons who prefer "Hamlet" with the spoken words to "Hamlet" in the movies. Letters will once more become what they were in the beginning and remained for long ages—the possession of a few; with the difference that in the beginning the few were the wise and powerful, who found in their possession of the secret of writing a source of power, whereas the few who still read and write in the future will be regarded as mere harmless lunatics who waste time on fantastic follies while the rest of the world is happy in the uniform monotony of ultimate democracy.

Presumably, this editorial is not to bs swallowed whole. There are, of course, some lazy-minded people who imbibe their entire knowledge of literature ancient and modern, of current and past events, from the motion picture screens. But perhaps this circumstance is not altogether an occasion for weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. What would these slothful-minded individuals do if they didn't go to the movies? Certainly, they wouldn't read.

Thousands of German helmets were used to repair roads in England.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of August 29, 1920

Circle—Charles Ray in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway." (Anniversary Week.)

Colonial—Elaine Hammerstein in "The Point of View."

Alhambra—Sweet Lavender; Bryant Washburn in "What Happened to Jones."

Ohio—Dangerous Days.

Mister Smith's—Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman"; Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon in "The Blood Barrier."

Crystal—Alice Joyce in "The Prey."

Isis—Ethel Clayton in "Crooked Streets"; Sweet Lavender.

Regent—Neal Hart in "The Lone Hand"; Owen Moore in "The Poor Simp."

Lyric—Vaudeville.

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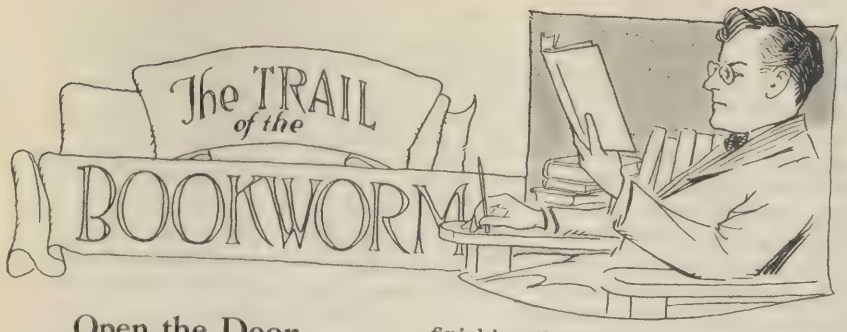
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Open the Door

In recent years there has been a great deal of interest in novels of the biographical type, which have no definite, compact plot, but merely follow the trend of events in the life of one character. "Open the Door," by Catherine Carswell, is a story of this type Joanna Bannerman is one of four children in a religious Scotch household, where the welfare of the soul is considered a matter of such paramount importance that the prosaic matters of everyday routine are not given enough attention to keep them running smoothly. Juley, the mother of the family, has never been able to harness her mental ecstacies and religious aspirations with the actualities of existence, and even at twelve Joanna feels the incompleteness of her mother's life. Perhaps through very contrast, she strives to realize in her own life a complete and purposeful existence, and it is her own efforts to escape from the stuffiness of her family environment into a fuller life that makes the story.

Like most people who seek some fine ideal, Joanna is not exactly sure what it is that she is looking for. Impatient of the repressed and trammeled character of her life, she seeks for complete freedom, but again she is not sure exactly what freedom is. At her Aunt Perdy's Italian home, she is deeply moved by the spectacle of a net full of lake swallows snared by the Italian peasants. The exhilaration she feels as she frees the birds by snipping the threads that bind them is symbolical of her own uplift when she escapes from circumstances that she feels are stifling her.

From the moment when Joanna discovers that her love for Bob Ranken is not something true and vital, but that in this love affair she has been rather in love with love than with inadequate Bob, she keeps on groping after what she so greatly desires. Her marriage is only another step in her development, and not a solution of her problems or a fulfillment of her aspirations. Her strength of character is shown by the recuperative power which she displays after each fresh disappointment.

The descriptions of Joanna's hopes and desires, her disappointments and her defeats are vivid and excellently done. Her passions and her renunciations, her struggles and her decisions are finely portrayed.

The denouement of the story belongs technically in the class with happy endings, and whether because of or in spite of this fact, it is the weakest part of the book. Joanna has so often followed the will-o'-the-wisp of her desire that it seems impossible that she should ever find a haven. After finishing the book, the reader can not but wonder just how long this newfound content and happiness of Joanna's will last.

"An American Idyll" is a warm, glowing account of the life of Carleton H. Parker by his wife, Cornelia Stratton Parker. It not only gives a brief outline of Parker's work in the cause of labor and his adventurings in different fields of activity before he found his proper sphere in Labor-Psychology, but it also presents the intimate, affectionate, vital side of his life with his wife and children. Here was one man who was undeniably a hero to his wife, a comradely, loving, admiring, hard-working, joyously enthusiastic hero, who found life so crowded that the book which was to chronicle the findings of his experience and observation in the field of Labor-Psychology never found time to be written. This little biography is an intimate, unpretentious recital of Carelton Parker's life, and the boundless enthusiasm of Mrs. Parker's belief in her husband's accomplishments and potentialities makes it an appealing story as well as an illuminating sidelight on one of the most promising labor experts the United States has produced.

A collection of poems with a punch, songs with a swing, and rhymes with a reason is gathered together in Robert Frothingham's anthology called "Songs of Men." Poems of the war, of the West, of the great outdoors, of the air, the sky, and the land, of hunting, tramping, and fishing, are included in the collection.

A collection of serious and frivolous essays and meditations by Christopher Morley has recently been gathered together and published under the title of "Mince Pie." Some logical soul who saw no connection between essays on ink bottles and Christmas cards and a title such as "Mince Pie," inquired of the author, "Why in the world did you call the book 'Mince Pie?'"

And most logically Mr. Morley replied, "Oh, because you're apt to find most anything in it."

Kathleen Norris's latest novel, "Harriet and the Piper," is now on sale at local bookstores.

After a silence of two years, Basil King is having published this month a new novel called "The Thread of Flame."

Last week the window display at a local bookshop attracted a great deal of attention. The window was discreetly screened, leaving only a tiny loophole at about the eye line, and this aperture was labeled "For Men Only." Naturally, it proved a very attractive opening. Most passers-by stopped with a look of curiosity, and after a peep, passed on with a grin. One chap, however, didn't take it kindly. "Now, I call that a pretty poor trick," he opined to his companion. "Putting up a sign, 'For Men Only,' and then it's nothing but a book."

The question is—Was this a reflection on the window decorator's art, or on the mental state of the disgruntled window-gazer?

For the benefit of the women—the book which played the leading role in this little episode was "Songs of Men," the collection of verse by Robert Frothingham.

Two volumes in the series "Plays for a People's Theater" have been issued recently: "The Fight for Freedom," by Douglas Goldring, and "Touch and Go," by D. H. Lawrence.

The Interchurch World Movement report on the steel strike of 1919, which has been so widely condemned and praised, is soon to be published. This volume will contain a great deal of matter that was suppressed by the newspapers, and some of the information it contains is said to be of a startling nature.

Gilbert Parker will have a new issue on September 10, a full length novel called "No Defense."

The young women who dispense books at W. K. Stewart's have been vacationing for the past two weeks at Idlewild, north of Broad Ripple.

Hadley Honored

Henry Hadley, recognized by musical authorities as the greatest living American composer, has recently had honors bestowed upon him; and has accepted the position of assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. He will make an extended tour next spring from coast to coast. Mr. Hadley is at present motoring through California, and in a recent letter expressed deep gratitude for the overwhelming reception given him in the "land of golden sunshine."

Acknowledgment

Partly because a promise to give credit was neglected and partly because several people have asked "Who made that darling picture of Marjorie Gates" for last week's Topics, we hasten to say that Dexheimer did it.

Miss Yurka Stars

Speaking of front cover decorations, this week's Topics presents Miss Blanche Yurka, lately leading lady for Mr. Stuart Walker, but now starring in a New York hit. For which see Mr. Sayler's "Great Gotham" in this issue.

Salt River Valley of Arizona and California, a desert ten years ago, will grow $75,000,000 worth of cotton this year. The Roosevelt dam waters 174,000 acres.

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Shop Tours

A thoroughly efficient and fascinating little fan is on its way from Paris to Indianapolis. It is made entirely of dark tortoise shell. A tiny little box about the size of a dollar in circumference and about an inch deep holds the mechanical contrivance that makes it go. Set atop this little pill box compartment is a pinwheel affair with three fans. This unique fan looks more like a relative of the high-powered electric fan than a substitute for the dainty white lace and bead and ivory affair that used to waft breezes to a fair lady's cheek. Only this little novelty is not operated by electricity. All that it needs to make it go is to press the little silver button at the side of the fan base, and the three little fans go whirling around, giving a very fair imitation of the cyclone set in motion by a really grown up electric fan. All you need to do is to keep pressing the button, and the fan goes merrily whirling, zumming with that queer hum which cools you off when you sit in the neighborhood of an electric fan, even though it may not be aimed in your direction.

Not so very long ago, a basket was classed with those useful articles that no family can afford to be without, but that nobody wants to be seen with. Probably the reason for the bad reputation of the basket was that it was an ugly thing, woven of splintery bands of raw wood, and it was made to contain homely things, like potatoes and onions, or clothes for the laundry. To add the last touch of the disagreeable, baskets were often made by inmates of institutions for the blind, or, worse yet, by state and Federal prisoners.

But now the basket, like Pollyanna, has come upon glad days, and it is being used for all kinds of delightful purposes and naturally is being dressed up to look its part. The woman who loathed the very thought of carrying packages will find it not such a disagreeable task nowadays to carry a few parcels in a gay, up-to-the-minute basket of a shade to match her gown. Instead of the wide-mouthed baskets that were only too ready to shoot your parcels out onto the floor the minute your attention wandered from them, the sensible new basket for marketing or shopping is narrow and deep with a comfortably short handle, and it is a flexible thing with smooth sides instead of the rigid, roughly finished splint basket of a few years ago. Some of these baskets are checkered in natural wood and colors; others are dark green, the color of park benches, or deep purple as if they had been dipped in grape juice.

There are also little wicker baskets stained a light tan and of a more conventional design. Some of these baskets are of French make, and are so tidy and thrifty in appearance that you can almost imagine a white-capped little grandmere hugging it to her arm, filled with fresh vegetables from market.

But the basket that will make you long to own it and that will revive your dying interest in the neglected flower bed is the garden basket. It is of heavy wicker, painted green, and wide and shallow, almost like a large tray, with a sturdy, rather high handle. The inside is lined with dark green, shiny leatherette, marked off into a number of little pockets which are filled with any and every kind of implement that can be used in the garden. In one pocket is a large bone-handled knife, in another a long pair of scissors, in another a keen-edged trowel or a pair of grass clippers. A little stick of wicker protrudes at the side of the basket to hold a small spool of fine wire. Wire cutters, little blank wooden markers, paper tags with strings to anchor them, three-pronged cultivators with short handles, trowels of varying sizes, cord for stringing climbing plants, and garden paraphernalia of every description, are supplied with some of the baskets, while others have simply one or two tools as equipment. These baskets will appeal to the woman who as a little girl loved to play in the forbidden drawers of her mother's tidy bureau, and who hasn't outgrown the love of playing with things that fit in certain places, and have an air of sedate orderliness. They will also be found very practical for the woman who loves to work in her own garden and give it her personal care.

Black and white are becoming more and more popular for grown-ups, but for the youngsters of from two to six and seven the very last word in style is the black taffeta bloomer frock trimmed with bright wool yarn embroidery. Some of the brightest colored designs make the tiny dresses look quite futuristic, but a few that are embroidered in more subdued tones of lavender and pale pink look like the Sunday gowns of the little old-fashioned girls who used to go to the convent school. Little taffeta bags embroidered to match are of just the right size to hold a handkerchief and the collection money.

HOUSING

(Continued from Page 8.)

bands to "follow-up" the work of the examiners; to form maternity centers, baby clinics, and other needed organizations. Even remote counties, where "the hills were steep and the hollows were deep," and good roads were very few, carried on, and still carry on, zealous work for the children.

We can not count the value of this work by the number of cases treated. The awakening of the communities to the value of the child and the needs of child life is the greatest good wrought by the Children's Year. And, where one noble band of women has given weary hours to the community, there is needed the efforts of scores of others, for, like woman's work, it is "never done." Until every mother in Indiana can have pre-natal care, and knows how, and has the means, to feed, clothe and rear her child properly, until every child in Indiana can be educated and safeguarded so as to grow into a normal, useful citizen, we can not feel that we have assured child welfare in Indiana.

At the end of the Children's Year Miss Julia Lathrop, chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, brought to this country a notable group of child welfare experts from England, Belgium, France, New Zealand and other countries. This group held conferences at Washington, Chicago and other cities, from coast to coast, discussing every phase of child welfare. These conferences were enlightening and showed us how much more other countries were doing for their children than America had done, especially in lowering the infant death rate. This gave us another shock, but there was one more to follow when the group, after long study, made out the minimum standards of child welfare and we found that Indiana fell below those minimum standards in a number of places.

Indiana has done too notable work for child welfare to keep in a place below the top. We do not want America to fall below New Zealand. We can not endure the thought that Indiana shall fall below Ohio or Utah. But, all comparisons aside, we can not be satisfied that any baby in Indiana should die that might have been saved. We can not let our boys and girls go to the human scrap heap that might and should have become useful citizens. We can not be unconcerned by the menace of the feeble-minded, that increase two to one, as compared to the normal family. If state pride is not enough to spur us, if we are unmoved by the huge cost, the endless chain of misery, we must be alarmed at the peril of our own children, whose fates and futures are linked with the welfare of all other children. As the great McCulloch said, "Whenever any little child suffers or is in danger, my little child is not safe." All of our state and voluntary agencies are linking hands to work out the great problem of child welfare in Indiana. Let every one who loves a child take part.

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Wanted—A Place to Play

That Is One Sign Never Hung Out in Indianapolis—The City's Playground Development Reviewed.

By Thomas A. Hendricks

Back in the seventeenth century King Louis XIV of France wanted some place to play. So he ordered the world's champion landscape gardener of the time, one Le Notre, to lay out the park at Versailles and include therein a flock of formal gardens, a bunch of fancy fountains, a glorified world's fair Swiss village, an artificial like and lots of "Defendu" signs which meant "Keep off the grass." In this park Louis had the time of his life. Having the time of one's life for Louis consisted in strolling among the gardens with a select crew of courtiers, listening to LaFontaine tell fables, giving Racine's outdoor plays an occasional once over, watching the flowers grow and the fountains fount, making love, and keeping the people of France from enjoying the park for which their taxes had paid.

Now, under the Republic of France, some three centuries since Louis's day, the gardens and park of Versailles no longer are for any select group of individuals but are open to all. Each spring, summer, and autumn, Sunday or holiday, the Swiss lake is crowded with rowing, howling, splashing, yelling, happy joyboaters. The famous formal gardens are lined with little groups that laugh and picnic in all languages. Thousands each week come to watch the fountains play and to play themselves. There is nothing at all exclusive about the Versailles of the twentieth century.

Not so many years ago, right here in up-to-the-minute, twentieth century Indianapolis, the average man's idea of a city park was a place where there were lots of flower gardens, a fountain or two, rows of benches, and long stretches of green grass with brusque "Keep off" signs. In fact the general old fashioned impression seemed to be that a park was something to be looked upon, but not to be used.

In the last few years, however, America has come into a new and better era of park development and like France has turned many of its most exclusive public grass plots into playgrounds. In this movement Indianapolis has led. The grass-worn playgrounds bounding Fall Creek boulevard with such undignified trappings as giant swings, kiddy shoot-the-shoots, and baby go-rounds surely would shock the old timer. But these places are real Elysian fields for the youngsters.

Just what these parks mean to the city and just why Indianapolis occupies the front row aisle seat when it comes to matters of recreation and playgrounds may be seen from the report of R. Walter Jarvis, supervisor of recreation, recently made to James H. Lowry, superintendent of the board of park commissioners. He brings out the following facts:

1. Recreation officials are appointed to positions not through politics but on a basis of character, personality and training.

2. Care has been taken to have only directors in charge of the recreational work with the boys and young men who are clean cut, manly, with ideals, love for boys, who emphasize the ideals of true associates and who believe in the fact that playing the game is a thousand times better than winning the game.

3. An earnest attempt is being made by all members of the department to encourage natural and unrestricted play where all children shall become good comrades and abandon any artificialities. As a result of this type of play, self-forgetfulness and thoughtfulness of others have developed.

4. Playgrounds are opened in the season earlier and close later and as many grounds as possible are being lighted at night. The idea is eventually to have a twelve months' program, thereby replacing the obsolete two months' recreational schedule.

5. The work of the department is tied to the Juvenile Court and helps to reduce juvenile delinquency.

6. The department plans to make a survey and prepare plans which will eventually care for the entire city as to playgrounds, swimming pools and community centers.

All this is merely an outline of work Mr. Jarvis is doing and shows in some way the splendid, far-sighted, thorough-going manner in which the department of recreation under his guidance is going about its task.

"Last season we had 75,150 players who used the baseball diamonds," said Mr. Jarvis, concernnig the growth of athletics in recreational work, "and this year you can just double that number. Last year 1,500 took part in athletic carnivals and this year even though you multiply that number by six times you will then fall short. Last year we had hundreds of horseshoe pitchers and this year we have actually thousands. The same growth is true in golf and all lines and we are preparing now for the biggest football season in the history of the department."

Shoe Prices

In a recent issue, "Current Affairs" says: "It may be taken for granted that shoe retailers can not dispose of high grade goods for next season at prices exceeding $15 to $18. In other words, the $20 shoe has vanished from the horizon. General opinion throughout the trade appears to be that the peak of leather and footwear prices has definitely been reached, and that from now on there will be at least a gradual decline."

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GREAT GOTHAM

(Continued from Page 7.)

tagonists to overcome in argument and precept and example. America in France. however, afforded him just that clash of temperament and opinion which he needed, and it afforded him such a contrast naturally and without the need of artificially conceived opposition.

Simply by revealing and expressing their inherent and natural attitude toward life, the representatives of the two nations point out the faults and the fallacies of each other. The playwright has no need of entering the argument in an artificial way, as he has had to do many times in the past. The American opinion of France and French methods and customs is largely his own view of those questions. Likewise, the French reaction toward American characteristics provides Brieux with his necessary criticism of our own failings. "Let doughboy and poilu do it," he seems to say, and the result is a more natural, straightforward, dramatic narrative than any he has written for a long time. In fact. I am not at all sure that everyone would suspect the propagandist Brieux in "The Americans in France" if the propensity of the author to preach were not so well known.

This juxtaposition of two contrasting nationalities results on the French side in having their faults laid bare by their outspoken visitors. Their satisfaction with the status quo, their respect for the traditional, their greater regard for the sanctity of the past than for the rights and the opportunities of the future are all brought out in the attempt of Captain Smith to convince the Charvets that they should agree to the improvements on their estate. In the same way, Nellie brings home to Henriette with a bitter but well-meaning frankness the smothering sentimentality which French family ties impose on individual rights and on natural character development—an enslavement for the one who represses as well as for the one who is repressed. All these aspects of French character have been the butt of Brieux in times past. He has simply enlisted the services of a valuable ally in seizing upon the opinions of his nation's visitors from overseas. Another of his traditional betes noires on which his point is not so well taken is the red-tape rigmarole of French legal documents. An unsophisticated American engineer might fret under the involved phraseology of a contract under the French code, but only in case he had never found it necessary to submit to the legal intricacies of his native land.

On the American side, Brieux finds it possible through the situation he has chosen to level pointed shafts on French lips at the machine-like and dehumanizing influences of "scientific management" and the Taylor system. His French characters, too, react in their own defense by retorting on the American heedlessness of beauty where efficiency is to be obtained, on the disregard of sentiment and feelings in others who by long training have had these qualities ingrained in their nature, and on the informality of Americans bordering at times on lack of taste. On the whole, though, the Americans come off somewhat more unscathed than the playwright's own people. Brieux wrote his drama primarily for French consumption and to correct if possible certain faults in the character of his compatriots. If he had been writing for the American audience and had been as solicitous of the sins of the guests from overseas, he might have found other phases of our life equally open to criticism. As it is, the case he has made against the French will meet a certain agreement and satisfaction among those who see his play in this country, without injuring the high respect which he wishes us to entertain for the finer and nobler qualities of his people, while his brief against American foibles can not be taken in ill part except by the most bigoted. Those who believe that such frankness in facing one's faults can result only in lasting good will wish even more keenly after seeing Brieux's play that we had a dramatist of equal perspicacity and courage.

Once upon a time there was an Indianapolis girl who pretended to care for the arts and the finer things of life, but who lived for two whole years in Gotham without ever once setting foot inside the Metropolitan Museum. Now, I am not one of those who insist that the Metropolitan is the sole and supreme fountain of the fine arts in America. I think that the Boston Museum in many ways is superior in arrangement and in choice and I know that its Rembrandts are unequaled anywhere short of the Hermitage collection, once of Petrograd, but now, for safety's sake, of Moscow. Besides, just as in every country, you can not expect to see the newer and more intriguing examples of painting and sculpture in the established institutions; they are to be found only in the byways, in private collections, in studios and in independent and secessionist exhibitions. Still, the achievements of previous ages and the accepted work of the present is gathered most effectively in public galleries like the Metropolitan, and the connoisseur of the present can not ignore them even if he looks upon them merely as background for the present.

The Metropolitan this summer is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation—an insignificant period of time in comparison with the age of many of its treasures. The exhibition gathered to mark this event consists of loans from private collections near New York which are scattered through the permanent collection in their respective media and periods. The names of Bellini and Holbein and Titian and Goya and Hals and Rembrandt enforce the fact that American private collections are rich in the masterpieces of old world art, while the classic and Egyptian periods, the decorative arts and the print galleries are enlivened by the festival loans.

The half dozen canvasses of Cezanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh, however, have equaled in popular curiosity almost everything else put together. That fact is due in part to the lack of really representative works of these artists in the Metropolitan's permanent possessions and in part to the keen and eager interest of which these men are the object today. Gauguin, especially, is on the wave since Somerset Maugham used his strange career in Tahiti of the South Seas as the basis for his novel, "The Moon and Sixpence." Anyone with a new story about Gauguin could sell it to The Christian Herald or the Wall Street Journal, so eager are editors for new material that will throw some light on this mysterious Frenchman. Unfortunately, I did little more than feast my eyes on the smouldering reds and oranges of the world's richest single collection of Gauguin in Shchukin's gallery in Moscow. If the Russian theatre hadn't absorbed so much of my time, I might have uncovered some interesting data regarding little white-haired Shchukin's connection with the artist's work.

The two examples of Gauguin loaned to the Metropolitan for the summer are not his best work, either in point of color or of content. They do, however, give a very broad hint of that best work, and for me, of course, they serve to bring back with a rush of memory and feeling the wonderful wall in Shchukin's gallery devoted to nothing but Gauguin. The Tahitian Madonna and Women by the River are the two canvasses on view at the museum and anyone who comes to New York without seeing them should be compelled by the Government to make the trip back again after the railroad fares are advanced. They may not win instant approval, for their conception and their flavor are extreme and exotic, but they are not to be missed by those who would keep themselves abreast of contemporary painting.

Gauguin and Cezanne have this at least in common: they both use human psychology freely and imaginatively to illuminate their subjects. Much of Gauguin's deliberate distortion may be attributed to his effort to see things through the primitive eyes of the Malays. With Cezanne the same motives apply with less striking results. It is especially gratifying to have him represented by a really superior piece of his work in The Sailor, for a very early and inconsequential landscape was all that the Metropolitan possessed before.

The Gas Shortage

Back in the spring there were prophecies that gasoline in Indiana would be forty—maybe fifty—cents a gallon and not abundant at any price, and purchasing agents have been watching the market with their fingers crossed as the price has hung around 27 cents for the cheapest grade. Reports for some time have been that refiners have been able to meet demands and at the same time strengthen reserve supplies.

Reports from the Pacific coast are not so reassuring and with a month of summer yet to go, there is no foretelling what gasoline price will prevail in Indiana. The shortage in California has for weeks been growing more acute, gas stations rationing all cars on a five-gallon basis. A similar situation exists in Oregon, with no relief in sight. It is said to be due on the Pacific coast to heavy exportation from California ports, while there is a suspicion that the shortage has been purposely created to jump the price.

Shelfless Library

W. P. Baker, of the Syracuse Post Standard, has an altruistic scheme for starting a shelfless library. The plan is to buy a worth-while book that he is really interested in and that makes him want somebody else to have the opportunity of reading it. The book is then passed on to a friend with the condition that after he has read it he shall pass it on to some one else, thus sending the book circulating until sheer old age and dissolution bring it to its journey's end. Mr. Baker says the scheme is not expensive as he contemplates adding only one or two books a month to his shelfless library. There would be no charges or library fees, and the only recompense to the founder of the library would be the satisfaction of getting a larger audience for worth-while books.

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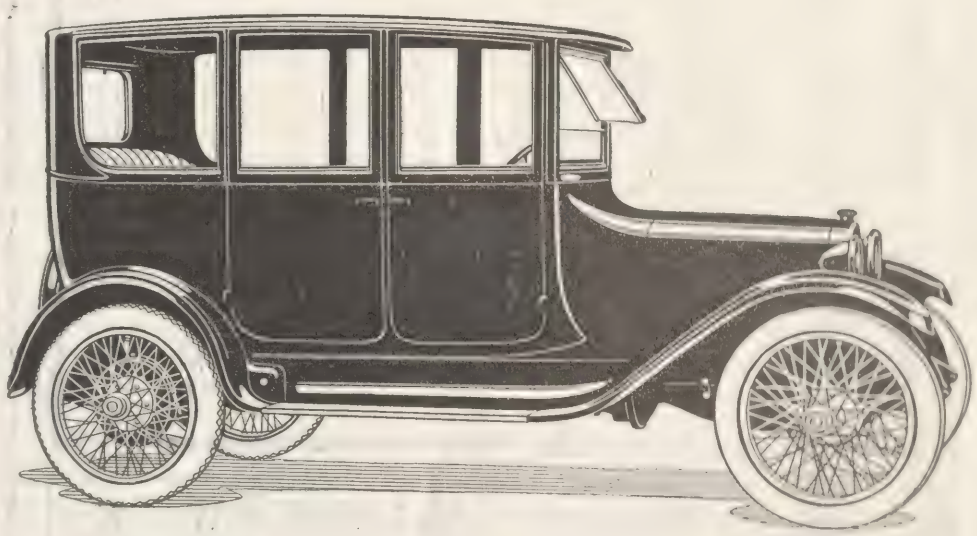
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1920 — NUMBER 12

The Automobile Glad Hand

Indianapolis Auto Trade Association to Play Host at the State Fair to Motor Fans.

By Thomas A. Hendricks

No matter what kind of a car you park outside, whether the very latest model $6,000 beauty or a prewar motorized perambulator, or whether you are a mere member of that now almost extinct species, homus pedestrianus, and go under your own motive power, the big Fall automobile show of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association at the State Fair in the Manufacturers' building, will receive you with the glad hand.

And behind that glad hand will be John Orman, manager of the association. To him more than to any one person belongs the credit of the show, and on his shoulders rests the ultimate responsibility for its success. It was John Orman who, despite many prophecies that no show could be given this year, got so many exhibitors interested that he received applications for space far in excess of the capacity of the big Manufacturers' building. It was John Orman who cut out an aisle here, crowded an exhibition booth into hitherto unavailable space there, and begged back space already reserved from exhibitors until he was able to take care of the applications received to the very utmost of his ability. And it was he who arranged for overflow exhibitions in tents just outside the main building.

So all through State Fair week experts in all lines of the automotive industry will be there to show everything of interest for the motorist from the most diminutive spark plug to the giant trucks and tractors that loom above the rows of regulation roadsters and touring cars like mighty prehistoric monsters.

Displays will be found at the show for every possible motor need and every purse. For the limousine lad there will be plate glass enclosed cars that in size resemble show rooms on wheels, and long, skinny, low, rakish, piratical looking roadsters of high power, high speed and still higher price. For the farmer and the industrial purchaser there will be tractors of all kinds, shapes, and sizes, from the little "Cootie" garden tractor that you follow after a lawn mower on up to the big boys like the ones that dragged the big naval bombardment guns along the poplar-lined roads of France not so very long ago.

For the rest, through the various gradations of size and price, there will be all kinds and models of passenger cars leather inside, all leather outside, no leather at all, roadsters, touring cars, closed cars, four, six, eight, twelve cylinder cars, ranging in color from tawny yellows to stately and dignified blacks.

And as for accessories—why, the spectator will leave the exhibit convinced that everybody has been working overtime inventing and perfecting something or other to hang on a car. There will be search lights, trouble lights, spot lights, shock absorbers, safety devices and direction indicators that tell the motorist behind you and the world at large which way you thought you were going to go if you hadn't gone the way you thought you wouldn't go. And if all the gasoline saving devices shown run true to form, gas stations may just as well prepare to go out of business and the government excess profits tax will cause no loss of sleep to John D.

The exhibit of the Boozer-Patterson Company will be no place for the spectacled antiquarian or ardent archaeologist to carry on his research work, for the space will be filled with strictly 1921 stuff. Here will be placed the first Gardner sedan to be shown in Indiana and alongside it will be other types of Gardner machines.

Just what new features Buick has to offer in the latest models will be seen at the show where six of the newest models will be on review. Three open and three closed cars make up the Buick quota and officials of the local agency say that there are a number of mechanical and constructional details which differ from Buicks of the past.

Ray Brown and Bert Coffin will have a prominent place under the big roof with three sturdy Stutzes, a four and a six passenger touring car and a snappy two passenger roadster.

Everything in Elcars, from a regular street going, workaday affair to an ultra-sporty, show-bedecked, nickel-plated, fancy furnished sport model will be chaperoned at the show by Roy C. Fulcher, president of the Colonial Auto Company. The Elcar display will consist of a five passenger sedan; a six cylinder, three passenger coupe; a Hudson green six cylinder touring car and a standard four cylinder touring car.

Its going to take a mighty strong willed man to tear himself away from the seductive motor car display lined up by O. A. Chillson of the Conduitt Auto Company. This display will include the Chalmers in four passenger coupe, five passenger sport, and seven passenger touring car models, a Peerless sedan and three other "Peerli" of various types.

Space in Big Manufacturers Building Will Blaze With Newest in Cars and Accessories.

No campaign orator will point with pride to his party's record more confidently than will Andy Hutchinson of the Detroit Electric Sales Company to his particular pets. These include a pair of Templars, one of the same type used by Cannonball Baker in his recent coast to coast record breaking trip, two Detroit electrics, and a new sort of Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery that can be used in both electric and gasoline cars.

A Roamer sport model and a Velie coupe will be the headliners of the Donnelly-Bunch Motor Company's exhibit, and will be strongly supported by a standard four passenger Roamer and two Velie touring cars, a "34" and a "48".

The Fisher Auto Company will show the latest Packard with the latest changes, together with a complete line of Reo cars, including a cutaway chassis.

One of the largest displays at the show will be that of the R. V. Law Motor Company under the direction of Harry L. Bradbury. Phaetons, sedans, coupes, in Essex and Hudson products, will be shown. A four passenger

(Continued on Page 12.)



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No, Miss Beatrice Sherman, who wrote the article on traffic violations in last week's issue of TOPICS was not the guest of Captain Johnson through the sticker notification route.

"Chick" Jackson, who manages the Roger Bean outfit, says it's a sad world. He is dickering to sell his home, and when the trade gets about "ripe" he and his wife wonder where they will live—and the trade languishes until they pick up a little more courage.

Ed Perkins, chairman of the Industrial Board, is just recovering from a joke which recently left him gasping. Ed is the Democratic member of the board and some one of his close friends, during Ed's absence from his office, stuck up a nice lithograph of James Eli Watson, Republican candidate for United States Senator, in a prominent place in the Perkins private office. Ed was game enough to let it stay, biding his time.

Not many folks know that genial Bill Carter, who knows all about neckties and things, and is a haberdasher par excellence, as the French have it, used to teach blooded horses to cakewalk and such. But Bill did and he's proud of it. He came to Indianapolis from Kaintuck, got a job in a furnishing store and soon after acquired the ambition to own a similar store on Washington street. He does!

Walter Greenough is soon to become a full-fledged financial man, having accepted a place with the Fletcher Trust Company as assistant to Mr. Evans Woollen.

Claude Wallin is losing sleep o' nights trying to devise some sort of a heating apparatus for his car that he can press into service during this time of ice cream suits and chilly nights. Sit closer, Claude.

Charles Carr, who used to play, manage and boost the local Indians, has broken into the game again. That is, he is playing ball with the Optimist Club nine—and doing a very good job of it. All of which goes to show that a feller can come back when he wants to.

George Standke, of the Brunswick shop, has a brand new idea. Recently he sold a portable talking machine for use in an automobile. He thinks the idea a good one and is advising other car owners to install a machine. George may have an ulterior motive, inasmuch as it will be impossible for a car owner to run his phonograph and leave his cut-out open at the same time.

Capt. W. E. English is not going to be chased out of his home, even for a $1,000,000 moving picture house. The captain lives at the English Hotel, where he has resided all his life, and has reserved his apartments there against the encroachment of any commercial enterprises. Doubtless the Captain knows how hard it is to find a house.

Baron Rothschild, who is a politician if nothing else, says that the solution of the Republican party's dilemma is lassoing the colored women's vote—and it oughtn't to be so difficult.

Ralph Lemcke is sending out some interesting tax letters these days. About time for him to repaint his delinquent wagons and put them in shape to haul the family furniture into storage.

Bill Steinhart—parks his motor car. No tail light burning. "Good morning, Judge!"

Edward B. Raub has been appointed national councilor to represent the Board of Trade in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Ed wears his new honors fittingly.

Judge Louis Ewbank likes to get away from his court duties occasionally and hear the crickets sing and the chickens fry. Leastwise, he has spent a few recent days among friends at Lagrange.

A story going the rounds is credited to Charles Orbison, prohibition enforcement officer, that he heard of an exceedingly "wet" gentleman who lives in a mosquito infested region. This bibulous gent drinks a quart or so of "mule," and for the next six hours is oblivious to the mosquitos. The next six hours the mosquitos are oblivious to the bibulous gent, all of which is a good mosquito remedy—if you live after the first "application."

Fred Van Nuys is something more than a jury speaker or a campaign orator. The other day he made a tip-top speech at an all-day picnic of the Knights of Pythias at Greensburg.

Mrs. John Pershing—who lives at Elnora—has it "on" the rest of her neighbors. Last week her brother, Toph Owen, flew over from Dayton, Ohio, to visit her, he being connected with the Curtiss Company. Mrs. Pershing took a short flight with her brother. This was the first "visit by airplane" for Elnora.

The Times is providing Leonard Quill with some free mayoralty publicity. Didn't know you were aspiring, Leonard.

Columbia Club diners are wondering how long the fifth floor is to be used as a dining room and when the second floor is going to be ready again.

Now that the size of the Republican campaign fund has been settled by Jimmy Cox, let the contributions continue.

It has been suggested that perhaps Governor Goodrich was making a play for the Baptist vote for the Republican party when he fell into the lake the other day while trying to feed the fishes.

It's a calm day when no young girl is reported "mysteriously missing" to the police department. As Abe Martin says, one cheek is painted higher up than the other and she usually answers to the name of "Kid."

South Side citizens are protesting against the pollution of the streams that meander through the city. Outside of smelling like a glue factory, the streams are all right.

Earl Mushlitz, who has been city editing on the Indianapolis Star for lo, these many years, has joined up with the Russel Seeds Advertising Agency. He will spend the rest of the autumn in learning how to sleep at night instead of the day time.

Local traveling salesmen are telling about a new electric call clock which the Hotel Davis in Sullivan has installed. The proprietor advertises "Splendid eats and lawful sheets." It has been suggested by the traveling gentry that an additional line be added to read: "If the bell hop shirks our call clock works."

Vevay teachers were recently shown a moving picture of scenes from Indiana public institutions on how the state defectives are cared for. Amos Butler, of the State Board of Charities, has been showing the picture to teachers and parents. It is intended to impress the fact that many defectives could be made self-sustaining instead of dependents if taken in hand at an early stage.

News dispatches from Springfield, Ill., tell of the winning of the $2,000 stake in the 2:10 pacers' class at the Illinois state fair, by Peter Look, a brown gelding owned by Stoughton Fletcher. Thus Stoughton is assured of another meal ticket as winter comes on.

Charley Zink, secretary of the T. P. A., is losing no time in filing a protest against the increase in interstate passenger fares on steam lines. Charley says there are 10,000 traveling men living in Indiana and traveling for Indiana concerns who are protesting the increase. Here's hoping the protest hits!

Walter Playter, may not have a cultivated voice, but it is good enough to scare off a highwayman who attempted to hold him up the other night as Playter was going upstairs to his printing office on North Capitol avenue. The highwayman demanded money and Walter let out a yell and the robber ran. Perhaps Walter was thinking about how much another car load of paper cost when he let out the howl.

Now that the coal miners are working again Morton Gould is happy. Mort can sell all the Linton Fourth Vein he can hoist—but the trouble has been lately that he hasn't hoisted any.

Ellis Searles, editor of the Mine Workers Journal, predicts lower coal prices. Let's hope Ellis is not in the same class with the weather prophets as a predicter.

Charles F. Coffin was the principal speaker at the presentation of a silk flag to the Seymour post of the American Legion at Seymour. The flag was presented by the citizens of the town. As a speaker C. F. is there on the dictionary.

Bowman Elder was the busiest man in seven states from the time it was announced that Franklin D. Roosevelt would be in Indianapolis until he left.

The Rev. Festus Steele, pastor of the Edwin Ray M. E. Church, recently attended a reunion of the Steele family near Oakland City, which was attended by about 100 members. The Rev. Mr. Steele preached a sermon to his relatives at a nearby Methodist church and it was perhaps the first time in his life that he could talk anyway he wished to his kin.

M. E. Noblet, secretary of the Automobile Club, is some optimist. The other day he concluded it was the regular meeting day of the Optimists. He went to the hall at the Claypool Hotel and walked in. The Credit Men were in session—it being Thursday and not Friday. He was invited to linger—and did so. The moral is that Noblet lives just one day ahead of sidereal time—every day in the week.

Andy Hutchinson tells a story on an Indianapolis business man who has an account in one of the local banks. The bank recently called up the b. m. and informed him his account was overdrawn $500.

"What of it?" said the business man.

"It's simply overdrawn," the bank replied.

"What of it?" the b. m. again replied.

"Don't you know you are using $500 of the bank's money?" insisted the banker.

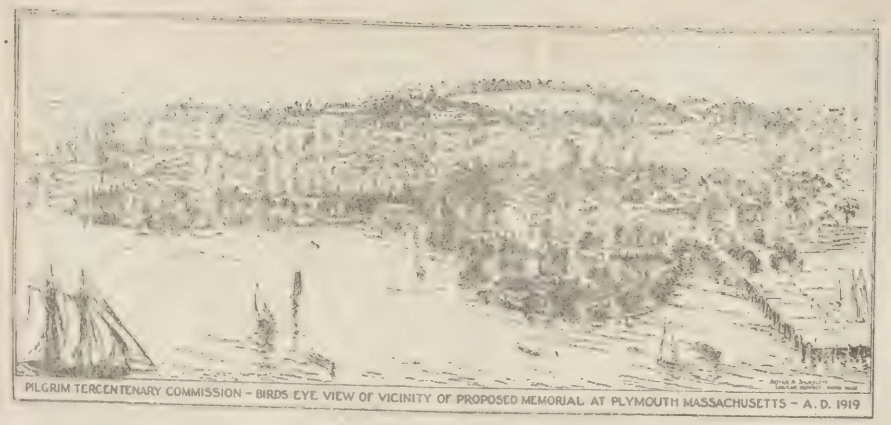
"What of it?" again retorted the b. m. "Last week I had $10,000 in your bank but I didn't call you up to remind you that you were using $10,000 of my money." And there was a laugh on both ends of the wire.

Bill Kincaid will soon greet his friends in his new location at 24 Massachusetts Ave. Bill is planning an up-to-date shop covering every requirement of the motorist.

Celebrating a Noted Event

Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims Holds Peculiar Interest to Descendants of the "Mayflower."

William O. Bates of Indianapolis Writes Prize Play in Connection With the Event.



PILGRIM TERCENTENARY COMMISSION – BIRDS EYE VIEW OF VICINITY OF PROPOSED MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH MASSACHUSETTS – A. D. 1919

By Ona B. Talbot

The tercentenary celebration of the landing of the sturdy band of pilgrims on Plymouth Rock in 1620 is occupying the minds and hearts of the thousands of descendants of the 102 passengers of the "Mayflower," to give to this anniversary proper recognition of the founding of America by our English forefathers, who first established the two great institutions which are the basis of American liberty—the free popular assembly and the elected executive.

The various sects and persons which the word "Puritan" designates are characterized by both an aversion from gaiety and by a passionate love of civic freedom. The vitality of Puritanism in all its branches was derived from the imaginative study of the Bible. "Puritanism can not be defined by a creed, for the peculiarity of the Puritan was in the intensity with which he felt that 'God is spirit' and must be worshipped neither by ritual nor by doctrine, but by feeling and conduct."—J. M. Trevelyn, "England Under the Stuarts."

The pilgrims were Puritans of Gainesborough, Austerfield and Scrooby, who fled to Holland in 1608, sojourned at Leyden until 1620 and then emigrated to America, where they founded the Plymouth Colony.

As the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass., occurs on November 21, the celebration will begin at that time. On account of the impossibility of doing more during the winter the more extensive features will be held in the summer of 1921.

According to William Carroll Hill, secretary of the congressional committee, which was instrumental in raising the necessary $750,000 for the carrying out of the plans for the tercentenary, they will include an improvement about Plymouth Rock. This has been determined as the most worthy and adequate memorial—the restoration of Plymouth shore about Plymouth Rock, to the appearance it had when the pilgrims landed in 1620. All along the water front will be planted pines, cedars and hemlocks, and such trees as probably first greeted the eyes of Miles Standish, Governor Carver and the others of his party. The base of the rock still rests upon the sea level, at high water mark, and so it will remain.

The early graves of the pilgrims, those who died the first winter, and whose bones are now lying under a much traveled street, will be preserved by the removal of two or three houses and the spot marked by a suitable memorial to be contributed by the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

The characteristics of the period (Elizabethan period) only changing slightly during all that time, are very well known to us, from portraits of contemporary great men, explorers, statesmen and poets, and perhaps even better from remembered performances of Shakespeare's plays. (World-wide interest has been centered during this past summer in the Shakespeare celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, which previous to the world war had been an annual event, and was resumed for the first time since the war, this year. Many Americans went to England to be present during the six weeks' continuous celebration.)

As to the music and musicians of the early seventeenth century, we find them influenced in a very marked degree by the rigid religious spirit of the age. The organ was the principal instrument used, and nearly all of the composers confined themselves to it, with the result that church music was the dominant note. A family of French musicians now famous were the Couperins, of which there were three brothers, Louis, Fran and Charles. Fran, called Le Grand, was the first great composer to write exclusively for the harpsichord.

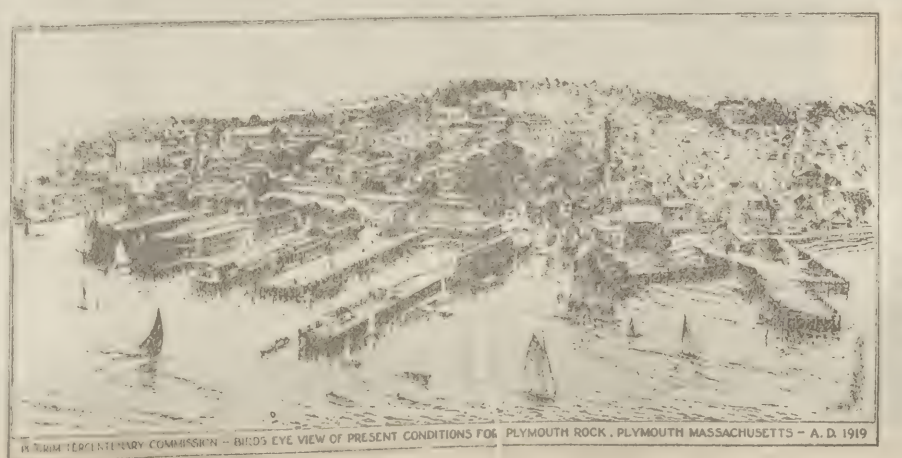
The chief German organist of this period was Jakob Froberger. His biographer writes of him—that on a tour through England he was robbed, and in order to earn enough money to live, he became a bellows-treader—that he over-blew during the marriage ceremony of Charles II and was beaten by the organist, Orlando Gibbons, the foremost English organist and composer and organist of Westminster Abbey.

In 1653 we find J. Bap. Lulli, an Italian court composer to Louis XIV. It was he who developed the overture and introduced brass into the orchestra. He was also the founder of French opera, "Alceste" being his best known work.

Giovanni Monteverde, also an Italian, was regarded as not only the greatest musician of his own age, but the inventor of the system of harmony which has remained in uninterrupted use to the present day. He was bitterly assailed by Artusi, a theorist of this period, and replied in kind. The outcome was his complete triumph and the establishment of the new school of song and accompaniment. His victory was salutary for art in general and dramatic song in particular, but was too complete for the bigoted defender of polyphonic music dragged down with them in their ruin of splendid edifice of church music built to perfection by Palestrina, who earned the title of "the father of the art of instrumentation."

Jacopi Peri, a Florence musician, called "Il Zazzerino" (the long-haired), was an enthusiast of this period in everything classic. He made an attempt at revival of Greek musical recitative with Caccini and Corsi. He set to music Reniccina's text, "Dafne." This was doubtless the first opera ever written.

The early years of the seventeenth century saw Frescobaldi in the zenith of his fame, and his pupil Froberger following worthily in his footsteps; and throughout the century rapid progress in the accumulation of artistic methods and the true instrumental forms was made famous by such organists as Scheidt, Scheideman, Pachelbel, Muffat, Reinken and Buxtehude. When it is considered that this branch of art already enjoyed an advantage over the new secular form of art which began to be cultivated at the end of the sixteenth century, through having its foundation securely laid in the old style of sacred-choral music, it seems natural that by the beginning of the eighteenth century it should appear to be the most mature of all the branches of art then cultivated.



PILGRIM TERCENTENARY COMMISSION – BIRDS EYE VIEW OF PRESENT CONDITIONS FOR PLYMOUTH ROCK, PLYMOUTH MASSACHUSETTS – A. D. 1919

These circumstances had profound and far-reaching influence upon Johann Sebastian Bach's musical character. In unraveling the secrets of art he was naturally attracted by that branch which possessed methods fully developed for the formulation of the artistic impulses which were urging him to utterance. But the attraction was enhanced by the fact that organ music had already become a kind of means of sustenance of German composers, and had proved the one special form of art in which the fervent religion of Teutonic Protestants found the highest artistic expression.

Bach was little known during his life, and few of his works were published then. It was through the influence of Mendelssohn and Franz, who took up his cause about 1829, that he was established on his present pinnacle as "the Father of Music," and those who cherish a constant love of the human art of Bach have still a guiding light which will not betray them.

Back in the early days of our country's history, there seems to have been very little of musical importance to record in the annals of our art. The primitive conditions met by the colonists left them practically no time to devote to musical art or its progress. Only the few real music lovers may have satisfied their taste by the singing of tunes that were dear to them in the land from which they came; and for years this spirit of the foreign element in art continued to be received by our shores just as was the emigrant who brought it.

As one writer puts it: "Music on this side of the Atlantic was like a flower cut from the stem." The first step toward individuality, however, we find in the hymn tunes of Hopkinson, who died in 1791, and who was acclaimed by many as the first American composer. Other writers followed along the same line, among them

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An Al Fresco Spectacle

Culver Transformed Into Illyria the Ancient in Producing the "Heart of Youth."

Stage Director Transforms a School Boy Scrimmage into a Play That Pleases.

By Beatrice Sherman

There is a magic and a subtle spell of unreality about an open-air stage, flanked by whispering dryad-trees and arched by a star-sprinkled sky, that will transform the twentieth century American boy into a mediaeval monk and make a modern military cadet into a youth of the middle ages. At least that was the case at Culver Military Academy when some one hundred and fifty members of the 1920 summer school slipped back into the gorgeous days of Romeo and Juliet and became the men and women, youths and maidens of Hermann Hagedorn's pageant play, "The Heart of Youth," which was presented on August 21, on the Culver campus. Of course, hard practice and diligent coaching may have had something to do with the success of the play, but the witching spell of a starry sky and a leafy back-drop completed the illusion of this pageant of the Middle Ages.

The stage was admirably set—a long avenue of tree narrowing down from the full spread of the stage at the footlights to a narrow pathway between over-topping trees a quarter of a mile up state. Nature herself supplied the long line of stately maples on the left, but a camouflage corps completed the wall of greenery at the right. The result was a dignified avenue that seemed to lend from the footlights straight back to a Maxfield Parrish sky.

The transition from Culver, Indiana, to the ancient kingdom of Illyria was affected by Cadet Wasson in the prologue. From the howls of a school boy scrimmage, he unscrambled his actors and, ranging them up for public display, introduced them to their audience in the crisp, neatly turned sentences of the Hagedorn Prologue, and then rang up the curtain, figuratively speaking, on "The Heart of Youth."

The play shows the story of Rabelin, a youthful follower of Fra Angelo. The two travel about the world together, the Holy Man Healing the sick an dthe crippled by the power of his faith and theirs. But Rabelin loses patience with the old man's goodness and his stupdid refusals to accept gold in payment for his miraculous cures. In the pride and wisdom of his seventeen years, Rabeline decides to go into the Holy Man business on his own account. His idea of Fra Angelo's trick is to transfix the afflicted one with an awesome glare and pronounce the solemn hokum, "You—are—healed." Posing as Fra Angelo, he tries his healing power on the Princess Arabis, who is pining away because she can not be a nun. The daughter of a wealthy duke, she seems a likely patient for a rising Holy Man. But Rabelin's quackery a a ghastly failure, his proud and vaunting spirit is broken, and in true repentance he prays to God for forgiveness and goes to search for the real Holy Man. Fra Angelo arrives at the castle in time truly to heal the pining Princess and the Heart of Youth in Rabelin resumes its normal beat, unless perhaps it flutters a beat or two faster in the presence of the Princess's youthful charms.

As Rabelin, the worldly-wise youth who scoffs at the impractical and visionary Holy Man, Cadet Allen was most satisfactory, and his prayers for forgiveness for his imposture were all reverence and contrition. Cadet Hampton was a veritable Holy Man, slow of movement and dignified of manner. The mature and ducal manner of Arabis' father, as played by Cadet Guy Richards, was fairly Shakespearean, and his deep voice reverberated instructions to the members of his court in true Mantellian accents.

The ladies of the cast, in true Shakespearean fashion, were all boys. Cadet Williams Green, a pallid, white-robed Arabis, attended by her hand-maidens, bewigged and robed in all the splendor of a proper duke's court, was a very princess-like young thing.

Cadet John Wright, an Indianapolis boy, was a dignified and sedate Archduchess.

One of the most effective parts of the pageant was the carnival scene, a long processional that passed in review before the dais on which the Archduke and the Archduchess presided. First down the long tree-bordered way came the soldiery in armor and shining helmets, then the bearers of heraldric banners, the ranks of mediaeval athletes and the mounted horsemen. The effect of this gayly colored procession was imposing as they debouched into the long aisle and passed in stately review before the dais. Then came the carnival festivities, the athletic contests; the dance by a sylph-like girl whose mediaeval contortions bore a startling resemblance to the modern shoulder-shaking dance; and a snake-charming act, with a cast of real snakes and Cadet Holcomb as the dusky-charmer, a part for which he was well fitted, for his everyday nickname is "Snake Holcomb."

The musical program contributed greatly to the atmosphere of the play. Concealed backstage by a screen of greenery, the band did its share in creating the convincing flashback to the Middle Ages. Their program included the Pilgrims' Chorus and the Pageant March from the Queen of Sheba. In the cathedral scene, the white-clad choir boys and their singing of old hymns brought a vital touch of reality.

Some of the lighting effects were stunning, particularly the finale when the tall white cowled Fra Angelo with arms uplifted in prayer passed down the long green aisle to the gradual dimming of the lights focussed on his retreating figure.

The entire performance was in charge of Mr. John R. Froome, Jr., who has had some ten years' experience in theatrical work, as actor, manager, producer, and in almost every capacity except taker of tickets at the box-office. The direction of a performance involving almost two hundred people called for the exercise of military efficiency, and to insure the smooth action of the large and lively cast over a very spacious stage, field telephones were installed. At the right hand side of the stage a switchboard was installed, presided over by a cadet who took messages verbatim from the director and repeated them parrot-wise to the various operators stationed at the telephones in the dressing room, at the band master's elbow, and at the various exits. This gave Mr. Froome a spider-like grasp of the situation. Close enough to the stage to whisper verbal directions to his actors, and connected by telephone with his back-stage workers, he was in a position to engineer the show with military precision. Difficult as authors are to satisfy, it is safe to say that even Mr. Hagedorn would have been satisfied with the Froome interpretation of "The Heart of Youth."



SCENE FROM "THE HEART OF YOUTH"

Great Gotham

Blanche Bates in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," by James Forbes, Adds to Her Record as an Actress of Poise.

By Oliver Sayler

It's through no unwonted clemency of the weather man that Gotham's new theatre season shifted its gears into high this year before August was half done, for the exquisite humidity which Indiana enjoys in June has allied itself with a mid-summer sun to make New York one mammoth Turkish bath house. If one factor is more responsible than another for the dramatic season's early dawning, it is the impasse into which the theatrical real estate situation has drifted and the power of the higher power to dictate who shall play when and where. Until the dozen new playhouses now under construction relieve the congestion and provide proper housing conditions for the unusual activity among producers, the moguls of the game will retain their rights to the more important theatres for the later and more financially dependable months, while those with lesser prestige but possibly better wares are told they must display them in the earlier and less certain weeks of the season or give up the idea of a Gotham opening altogether.

Before the threshing of the new crop of plays engages our attention, though, there are several productions which have defied the thermometer and have lasted on into the new calendar and which deserve more than a word or two in view of their impending tour through the nation's outer capitals.

Of these plays, the most important which I have not yet reported in this journal is "The Famous Mrs. Fair", a new comedy by James Forbes, who beguiled the populace in years past with "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman" among other etudes. Henry Miller and Blanche Bates have been playing it at the former's own theatre since mid-winter. I'd rather reverse the electric sign to read "Blanche Bates and Henry Miller", for Miss Bates is much the greater artist of the two and I resent the contrary implication of the partnership as phrased on canopy and in program just as I have always rebelled against the similarly disproportioned "E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe."

However that may be, Mr. Miller is more effective than he has been since his association with Miss Bates. His Jeffrey Fair is far more plausible than his Moliere last season and much more credible than his middle-aged



HENRY MILLER and BLANCHE BATES

romancers in company with Ruth Chatterton just preceding the Bates alliance. And Miss Bates herself finds in the Forbes comedy sufficient opportunity to care not a whit whether her name is first or second or lost altogether.

As a play, apart from the way it is acted, "The Famous Mrs. Fair" takes rank at the head of the second group of the past season, following closely after "Beyond the Horizon," "Abraham Lincoln" and "Jane Clegg." Unlike the first and the third of this trio, which finally had to yield to the siege artillery of summer, it has held its course unbroken at Mr. Miller's Theatre—one of the most ingratiating of Gotham's dramatic homesteads, by the way—and it will go out on the road early in the fall along with these competitors, but without even so much as the conventional two-weeks' vacation.

Somehow, it is growing a little late to look with much excitement upon plays about people returned from the wars. That genre naturally fell heir a little over a year ago to the place summarily abandoned by the strictly war play when the armistice suddenly left proprietors of theatres and of bookshops overstocked with perishable goods. We had the returned soldier in all of his guises from "Clarence" upwards or downwards. Mr. Forbes chose the feminine prodigal from overseas, the wife and mother who comes back from years with the "Y," only to disappoint her expectant family by leaving them as much in the lurch as ever to tour the lecture platforms of an adulatory nation.

And yet, despite his choice of a meteorically passing type, the author has written so honestly, with so much faithfulness to human nature, regardless of the ephemeral aspects it assumes on such occasions as this, that his play holds the attention firmly and will continue to hold it through succeeding months, although its purely temporary interest will grow speedily less to complete disappearance. The proof of that fact lies in the mounting clutch which the play exercises on you through the last two acts after "Y" costumes and lecture tours are abandoned and forgotten. The same engrossing situation of a family gone to wreck through the failure of mother and wife to play her normal part in it might have been motivated in any one of a dozen manners instead of the one the playwright chose. The "Y" and the lecture platform aren't the only tempting enemies of happy hearthstones.

The sincerity with which James Forbes handled his earlier and lighter themes in years past might have led one to expect the same boon in more ambitious work. The expectation is not ungrounded. I shudder to think what such a play on such a theme might have been twenty years ago before the realistic tradition had extended its influence throughout our theatre. The temptation to be didactic in a case like this must be strong. When things get into a mess, the tendency

Brieux's Comedy, "The Americans in France," Dies Natural Death—It had Slight Chance of Surviving.

in life and in art—if the artist is not quite up to his profession—is to ask who's to blame and, when that has been decided, to lay on the moral cherry switch with might and main. In "The Famous Mrs. Fair," Forbes goes Washington one better and never even thinks, apparently, of the existence of a cherry tree. There's a mess, yes—he says—but no one in particular is at fault. Life isn't so simple as all that. The obligations of life are interwoven, and when those obligations are neglected, the neglect is interwoven, too. Nancy Fair probably ought not to have gone off for years, no matter what her country's need, and left a normally passionate and loving husband to the snares of another woman. Her duty to an eager and impressionable daughter might have been even greater, especially after her return, when an open eye unseduced by the gratifications of public flattery would have warded off unhappiness and disillusion. But Jeffery is not free from fault, either. A more honest and more effective course, if not quite so easy, would have been to explain the problem to Nancy when it first became apparent, instead of retreating into Angelica's arms. The Easiest Way is not always the woman's way and it is quite as disastrous to a man as to a woman.

Really, it's hardly fair to Mr. Forbes to consider the problem of guilt even as dispassionately as this. Throughout his play, he is concerned not with the question of who is to blame but with the far more absorbing quest of how people live and develop and what they do when somebody else does something. He has treated a moral problem without pointing a moral, a thing which too few American playwrights have been brave enough to attempt.

The intellectual and emotional poise which is one of the chief assets of Miss Bates as an actress has seldom been put to more admirable use than in the role of Nancy Fair. America has no finer defendant of the realistic tradition than she. It was this quality rather than a flare for the romantic and the artificial which made her work so astonishing in the boudoir scene in "Moliere" last season. Her use of it in the Forbes comedy brings out with brilliant emphasis and shading the finer points in the playwright's work.

(Continued on Page 17.)

Editorial

WHY DALLY?

Rooms for visiting members of the Grand Army of the Republic who are expected to be in Indianapolis this month, are not being promised as rapidly as they should. At least 50,000 rooms are needed to house the old veterans during their stay here. Fewer than 10,000 have been registered thus far. Isn't it time we are bestirring ourselves?

A delegation of Indianapolis citizens went to Atlantic City at the last national encampment of the G. A. R. and made an uphill fight to capture the convention for Indianapolis and won out. Now it is up to the citizens to see that the visitors are at least decently entertained. If there was no disposition to treat the old soldiers right the convention should not have been brought to Indianapolis.

However, we believe that it IS the disposition of Indianapolis citizens to take care of the situation as it should be taken care of.

We are prone to "let George do it," as a full page advertisement in local newspapers said, in calling attention to our duty. It is a matter of dalliance or carelessness in not responding promptly to the appeals of the housing committee. At the last minute we will be offering all sorts of rooms —but that is not the idea. The committee must know in advance the number and location of rooms so that the visitors can be taken care of as soon as they arrive.

The suggestion has been made that the barracks at Ft. Harrison be obtained for housing visitors, it being pointed out that such a place would be peculiarly inviting to the old soldiers. Perhaps this is true, although some objection has been raised to the plan, on the score that it would not be showing the right sort of hospitality to shunt the old soldiers to the barracks at the Fort and leave them to shift for themselves. In addition, the matter of a commissary has to be taken into consideration, as the veterans must be fed. So, after all, the plan to obtain rooms in private homes is apparently the best plan and one that demands that every citizen of Indianapolis respond quickly to the appeal of the housing committee. Indianapolis has entertained too many big conventions and encampments to fall down now on one of the most picturesque of all the gatherings that come to the Hoosier capital.

BEATING BACK

Considerable propaganda has been spread both locally and in other parts of the country about the automobile industry "slowing down" and laying off men by the thousands. The reports, some of them go so far as to intimate that the motor car industry is on the ragged edge of a panic or that the market is so "saturated" with cars that business has gone to pot.

Nothing could be further from the truth—at least as far as the industry in Indianapolis and Indiana is concerned.

While it is true there has been some curtailment in production and some grades of labor laid off, the industry as a whole is in a healthy condition, and what is taken for disruption is merely the industry getting back to a normal basis.

It must be remembered that during the war the industry had been sped up to peak production in auto accessories and war supplies and tens of thousands of new cars were built.

Now the industry is beginning to readjust itself. It is getting down to brass tacks—to a basis where it really belongs. This is a sign of health and good business. Not so many machines will be built the next year, but they will be better cars and perhaps sell at lower figures than they do now—although this turn of the business is disputed by many makers, who point to the high cost of labor and material as one of the reasons why cars will not be cheaper for some time to come.

However that may be, the fact remains that there is no cause for alarm, but on the other hand a cause for congratulations. Dealers recognize the fact that a "house cleaning" is needed in their end of the business

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
STANLEY GARRISON, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382



Another one of those girl-and-music shows, commonly called a revue, will have its first local showing at the Shubert Murat Theatre all next week as its State Fair week attraction, opening with matinee Monday (Labor Day), September sixth. Other matinees will be Wednesday and Saturday. Jimmy Hussey, the comedian from vaudeville and the music halls, will offer his own idea of what an entertainment of this sort should be. The piece is called "Tattle-Tales," and the book is by the comedian himself. The lyrics are by Howard Johnson and the music by Archie Gottler.

Like a number of other comedians who have turned producers in the last year, Hussey is at once the author, the producer, the director and general utility man, having designed his own scenery, selected his own trimmings and otherwise used his own ideas in organizing and setting the revue he will unfold for the approval of the public next Monday.

Most of these new managers have taken their cues from Ziegfield and one or two other musical comedy managers, with the result that whatever else may or may not be said for or against the ultimate result they are, generally speaking, very pleasing to the eye. In this particular, Hussey is said to have followed the rules of his fellow players, and in "Tattle-Tales" he has expended large sums of money on the production, costumes and other effects.

The author-actor-manager always takes especial pride in his achievements, and Hussey has surrounded himself with a company of musical comedy and vaudeville artists whose names have long since appeared in electric lights in front of theatres, an unquestionable sign of excellence as appraised by the theatrical magnates.

The principal tattlers are—besides Hussey, who has written himself into a fat part—Rae Samuels, Maurice Diamond, Lola Girlie, Joe Browning, Jen Tennyson, William Worsley, Keegan and Edwards, Callahan and Bliss and Johnny Dundee, with whom Hussey has designed a scene said to be as good as any of the burlesques done by the famous Weber and Fields when these comedians were at the height of their popularity more than twenty years ago.

Editorial

and they are not taking on new commitments until they put their house in order—another precaution that should be encouraged. These progressive men are the very salt of any community and they should be encouraged to "go slow" until the new adjustment level has been reached.

Getting back to the old levels after having been almost forced out of business bounds within one year of intense trade is a task that must be reckoned with and due time given for the transformation. The automobile business will be better than it ever has been when it finds its normal

CARELESS DRIVING

Notwithstanding the warnings and exhortations of the Hoosier Motor Club and its individual members, careless motorists continue to run down and kill or maim people.

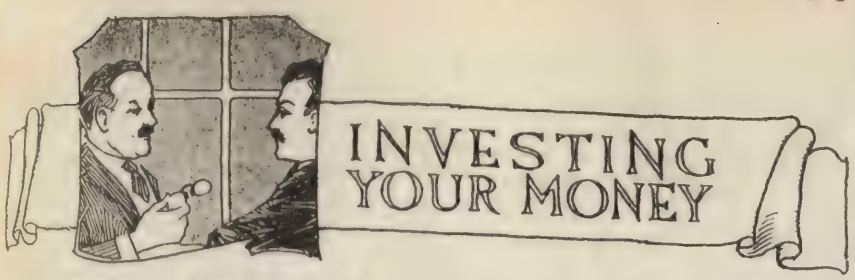
There are some few motorists who have absolutely no regard for the prerogatives of others. They are cruelly selfish and plunge along a right of way without a single thought of the rights of others—either motorists or pedestrians. They bring reproach on the motoring world and careful and kindly automobilists come in for blame and cussings that they do not deserve.

The most recent tragedy was the killing of Mrs. Elizabeth McAbee in Monument Circle by a motorist who, after dragging the unfortunate woman forty feet, speeded up his car, after turning out his tail light so his number could not be read, and disappeared in the darkness.

Such action is just plain murder and the culprit should be dealt with accordingly. It shows an utter selfishness and a disregard for even common decency. No one believes that the driver intended to take a human life, but he was either so careless or selfish that he did take one—and then in a panic, doubtless, dashed away from explanations.

Many motorists are prone to lay the blame for accidents and "near" accidents on pedestrians. Perhaps pedestrians are careless, but that does not relieve the motorist from being careful himself. The statement has been made by police officers that 95 per cent of cases where accidents happen to careless pedestrians could be avoided by motorists if they were fully alive to the fact that an accident might happen any moment. In other words, the driver must be always on his guard.

The killing of two children—too young to be responsible—within a week, emphasizes the fact that motorists can not be too careful at any time. The attitude that some car drivers take in regard to pedestrians that "you've got to get out of my way" doesn't help the situation, even though the motorist may be right, which he isn't.



Back to Normal

The financial situation in Indianapolis, according to a number of local financiers, is slowly getting back to a prudent, normal basis. Brokers report an increasing demand for good, conservative investments. While building operations have been considerably slowed up, on account of high price of material and labor and the tightness of the money market there is every indication that the late fall and winter will see an improvement in this line.

"There is one thing sure," said a local financier, "the country is getting back to a more normal basis of business. Prices have shown a tendency to recede and borrowers, since the banks have tightened up on credits, are only taking what they actually have to have to do business on and are making every dollar count."

Bulletins and bank circulars from big eastern concerns point out that business is being conducted more conservatively and that the country's finances are being gradually deflated. These same circulars also point out that the credit situation now dominates the financial world, inasmuch as credit is the one big thing that makes the world go round, and something that the country has been short of.

The demand from foreign nations for money has been the big factor in putting up call loans to 10 per cent. It is disclosed by Wall Street financial news that there are five borrowers to every lender in the money markets and that if foreign governments want money they will have to pay the prevailing market price. This has a tendency of course to keep money tight, but it also acts as a slowing down process on the wild rampaging that speculators have been indulging in the last two years. It also gives the business man a chance to borrow money needed for his business.

One Indianapolis broker says the situation looks to him as if there would be a much better demand for long term bonds and other securities that usually are in demand by investors who wish safety of principal along with a fair return. While the local bond market is slow yet there has been some demand for this class of securities and business is gradually picking up. The advice to investors is to buy now, inasmuch as some really good securities can be had at very attractive prices.

Eastern financial writers say that the one big thing needed just now is to put the railroads back on their feet and point out that it would be just as easy to get along with a crippled transportation system as it would be to get along without the Federal Reserve Banking system. Railroad men say that the transportation lines of the country are just entering upon a new era and predict big things for them in the future.

"If the electric lines of the country were put back in shape, everything would look rosy," declared an Indianapolis broker.

Enormous Liquidations

Indianapolis financiers are interested in the showing made in the last report of the War Finance Corporation, showing the progress in the liquidation of its affairs.

The total outstanding loans on August 21, the date of the last report, amounted to $132,200,000. The report further shows:

Advances to railroads which, at the highest point, aggregated $204,700,000, have been reduced by repayment to $64,600,000. Virtually all of those outstanding are call loans, and officials anticipate a further substantial reduction before the new year.

Cattle loans, made principally through Kansas City and Dallas cattle loan agencies, have been largely repaid. Accommodations extended through the Dallas agency have been wiped off the books, and $87,000 remains to be repaid by the Kansas City agency. The corporation originally advanced financial assistance to the cattle growers aggregating $5,400,000 at Dallas and $2,400,000 at Kansas City.

Banks and bankers to whom financial help was given, so they might meet the demand on them for loans, have returned all but $158,000 of their borrowing, which aggregated at one time more than $4,700,000.

Public utilities, to which nearly $40,000,000 was lent during the war, have repaid less than half, and constitute the only group which has not liquidated to the extent expected. Of the amount lent, $21,233,000 remains unpaid. Other industrial corporations, however, have reduced their original borrowings from $23,800,000 to $953,000.

The figures reveal that earnings of the corporations for the first half of the year were $12,477,000, against about $10,000,000 for the same six months in 1919.

Buy Anderson Bonds

Breed, Elliott & Harrison, well-known securities dealers of Indianapolis, last week bought an issue of $225,000 worth of municipal light plant improvement bonds of the city of Anderson. A premium of $17 was paid, the bonds carrying 6 per cent interest. The light department of the city of Anderson proposes to redeem $20,000 of the bonds annually.

For longer time bonds the Anderson Banking Company offered a premium of $140 and the Meyer-Kiser Bank of Indianapolis bid $100 premium.

"An Industrial Slump"

In a copyrighted article in the New York Times of August 25, Dr. H. Clapham of Kings College, Cambridge, England, discussed the possibility of a "world-wide slump" in industrials. While his predictions are disputed in American financial circles, his argument and conclusions are of interest:

"I say the slump is more certainly coming in the United States," said Dr. Clapham, "because her position bears most resemblance to that of England in 1815-1817. Consider that position. What before the war was on balance a debtor country has become a creditor country. That creditor is equipped to export both raw materials and manufactured iron and steel goods particularly on a huge scale. It is true she is a heavy importer of some foods, such as sugar, coffee and tea, and of certain raw materials, such as rubber and wool; but, owing to her tariff system and her general policy, she is reluctant to take many things which her debtors have to offer her.

"Her recent dry policy, for example, has shut her market to one of France's most valuable exports—an export with which France has always been in the habit of paying her creditors. A country which will not buy, neither shall it sell; that was the most solid of free trade arguments in the nineteenth century, and it has lost none of its force.

"No doubt America will be glad to take part payment in gold, but that is not a permanent solution. If she remains a creditor nation, she must in time arrange to take more goods from outside. Her political processes, however, are slow, and it seems unlikely that she will have adjusted her policy before the post-war slump is upon her.

"So far as Great Britain is concerned, the fear is that in view of dangerous currency in many countries, of the difficulty which the damaged nations have to meet their obligations and of the uncertainty of the political and economic future of Central and Eastern Europe, we shall have to go through a genuine crisis as distinct from a depression."

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The Automobile Glad Hand

(Continued from Page 5.)

speedster with attractive equipment and tonneau windshield will be in the foreground.

The first five passenger, four cylinder Nash to be shown in Indianapolis will be featured by the Losey-Nash Motor Company, in one of the most varied displays at the show. There will be Nash cars running from sedans, touring cars, coupes, roadsters, speedsters on up to the trucks of one and two tons and the big quads that helped hurl back the Hun in France.

Does your pet Ford need a new floor mat? You'll find it at the Rub-Tex exhibit. Does the master or mistress of the house need a new rubber tire on his or her chariot of state, the family baby cab? You'll find it at Rub-Tex. Do you need some nice, new, sneaky, shock absorbing rubber heels? You'll find them at Rub-Tex. If the stair treads on your stairway are worn out you can get new ones at Rub-Tex. In fact at Rub-Tex you will find a display of innumerable products made from reclaimed rubber. The exhibit of one of the city's newest industries will be in charge of Thomas Hicks.

All offsprings of Hennery and Lizzie will attend the show, touring cars, roadsters, sedans, coupes, and plain chasses. Ford trucks will be on display under bodies built by the Martin-Parry Corporation.

Two Milburn electrics, the pride and joy of the Battery Service Company, will be shown. Henry C. Churchman will answer all questions on behalf of his proteges.

All four cars shown by the Indiana R. & V. Knight Company will be shined, polished and all dolled up for the occasion. C. C. Davis will be in charge of the display, which will include two R. & V. Knights and two Davis cars.

Although not all Hoosiers will get to California this winter we will all get a chance to give a California auto top the once over, for the Lathrop-McFarland Company has announced that it will have one right out in the front row on a Cole car. Besides the Cole that carries the Pacific coast sky piece there will be four other members of the Cole crew, including a particular "snooty" young roadster, all tanned out with special Fall colorings and brown disque wheels. The Liberty display will be in three models.

An all-truck display will be made by the Cartinhour-Bowman Company under the personal supervision of Walter Bond. There will be six Federal and two Huffman trucks of various types and sizes, and the question, when is a Ford not a Ford will be answered. The Cartinhour-Bowman answer is, when it is a Smith Form-a-Truck.

Goldfish with sufficient confidence in the Permalife storage battery to associate with it in an electric lighted tank will be the leading feature of the exhibit of the Permalife Storage Battery Company. If a gold fish and a storage battery can exist in the same tank its sure proof that the battery does not leak. Everett Brosious will personally conduct the week long tour of the gold fish around the storage battery.

The big two-ton G. M. C. truck and his one-ton kid brother will be shown by the General Motors Truck Company, with R. A. Sweet in charge. The two-ton model will be equipped with the stock body and closed cab, while the smaller truck will have a stake body and open cab.

Jim Moriarity and Eddie McLaughlin, incorrigible Democrats before they semi-reformed and went into the truck business, will exhibit two Luedinghaus trucks in one and one-half and two ton models. One of the trucks has been shipped from the factory expressly for the local show.

There will be nothing small in size in the exhibit of the R. P. Reinhart Company. Sterling trucks in two and three and one-half ton models will be shown as well as a three and one-half ton Acme.

A transmission completely surrounded by Enarco oils and greases manufactured by the National Refining Company will be featured by that concern. The transmission will be so arranged that the lubrication of every part is visible to the spectator. The merits of White Rose gasoline will be explained also.

A safety first device that will do everything from tell a corner cop which way you want to go to warn the car following of your intention in the matter will be exhibited by the Safety First Auto Tail Light Company of this city. The display will be an elaborate one and will be in charge of Edward Croner.

Longwear and Falls tires will be exhibited by the Standard Metal Company, but the really startling feature will be the display of Evergreen tubes, guaranteed to be the greenest and "Irishest" tube in captivity.

All the latest models and snappiest styles in automobile insurance policies will be exhibited by the H. H. Woodsmall Company, along with photographs of "horrible examples" automobile accidents. Mr. R. A. White will be in charge and will explain to motorists the ever-growing necessity of automobile insurance.

A new speedster, a maroon colored coupe, a snappy sedan, and a seven passenger touring car with an artcraft top will be the headliners of the Nordyke & Marmon show troupe. Stage manager for the Marmon act is S. M. Dean.

Officers of the Peterson-Keyes Auto Company are impartially proud of both their Jordan and Maibohm cars and types of each will be lined up in company front ready to undergo even the most scrutinizing and detailed inspection.

Winfred E. Smith and Hubert W. Gregory of the Smith-Gregory Company will orate at length on the virtues of the Allen motor car and will back up all statements by two splendid specimens of the Allen auto which will have prominent places in the big building.

"Lakewood", "Ardmore", "Larchmont Second" and "Glenbrook" are the names of the cars to be exhibited by the Sterling Motor Car Company. No, the Sterling Motor Car Company has not the Indiana agency for Pullman sleeping cars and the above names merely are used to designate four of the very latest and snappiest models of the Paige automobile which will be shown at the present show. Mr. F. H. Hoover will be there to tell you all about them.

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INDIANA MOTOR COMPANY

spot lights, that is thoroughly equipped and "rarin" to go will have the honor place among the Sanders-Haynes Company's motor beauties and Charles G. Sanders himself will be right on hand to see that onlookers don't miss any of its points.

Everything in the line of Oldsmobiles from bakery trucks with a carrying capacity of more than 3,000 pies onto racy sport models capable of carrying two passengers as fast as they care to go will be on the firing line for the Wildhack Company under the immediate command of W. H. Ehrich and J. B. Kellogg.

The gray Dort, a car which is as attractive as its name, with all leather upholstery and show trimmed body, will be the concentration center for those who wander upon the E. A. Bennett Company's attractions. R. V. Method of the Bennett Company will be at the Fair Grounds throughout the week with the special idea in mind that those who wander in the Dort direction shall linger to admire.

Gaston Chevrolet's scrappy green No. "4" race car, the winner of the 1920 Speedway 500 mile event and the most famous Indianapolis built car of the day, is sure to get all the swell attention from that eminent critic and automotive expert, Mr. Public, when that inquisitive gentleman takes in the Monroe Motor Corporation part of the show. Mr. Public will find that a minute chat with Mr. R. O. Malott, who will be on hand for the Monroe concern, will be charming, interesting and well worth his while.

Special color effects will predominate in the display of the Charles E. Stutz Sales Company, which will show the new H. C. S. and the Premier cars. The feature of the H. C. S. models will be a four passenger deep yellow fellow and the front row of the Premier line will go to a seven passenger car of maroon tint. W. W. Farrar and Charles E. Stutz will be in charge.

Products of a happy motor family may be seen in the Welbon Automotive Company corner of the show where the Chandler and its younger cousin, the Cleveland, will be on exhibit side by side. Mr. George M. Caylor knows all about the exact relationship between the two cars and can be counted upon to come through with all the dope when asked.

Although there is going to be a whole big space filled with Studebaker cars ranging from light blue hues to autumnal browns, the most novel part of the Buck Company display will be in Autocar motor trucks. Several of these large trucks will be shown and according to Mr. Horace H. Smith there will be plenty of novel attachments to make the thing interesting.

A "Road King" that is a regular highway sovereign will have a royal setting in which to show itself at the show, is the promise of George W. Dickey, Indianapolis agent for the car. A King Limoudan, a touring car, and a foursome will also be in attendance.

Forty per cent more power coupled with a gasoline saving of 30 per cent is the claim made for the new dual valve Pierce Arrow motor truck that the Fred P. O'Brien Motor Company will display. J. J. Mullins will show you that these estimates are conservative.

The Gibson Company will show a complete line of Overland and Willys-Knight cars. W. B. West will be in charge.

The Skelton ought to feel at home at the Indianapolis show, although it has never been exhibited here before, for according to Mr. Van Deusen of the Hawkins-Van Deusen Company, it was designed by the designers of our own Premier. Other exhibits of the company will be a pair of Pattersons and two Grants.

What Will and Glenn Diddel insist is the lightest enclosed car of its power and size at the show is the Franklin sedan with a roadside weight of 2,745 pounds. Carl Sunderland will help Glen and Will handle the crowd.

A flock of fancy Kissels running from blue custombuilt to rosy touristers will be displayed by the Indiana Motor Company. They will have wire wheels and all the very latest stuff. J. L. Baugh and Charles Hornaday will preside.

A good looking disque wheeled Apperson and a roomy Hup sedan will be featured by the Wilbur Johnson Company. There will also be a showing of Columbia storage batteries. Ed Spencer will do the heavy work.

Thirteen has no terrors for the Jones-Whitaker Company, for that is the exact figure disclosed by a census of all Chevrolet models that will be exhibited. B. M. Taft says that all cars will be standard and that it is practically the same old substantial campaign stuff. "We caught a bunch of voters last year", Mr. Taft said, "and we expect a lot of repeaters this time."

Paint jobs to open the eyes, art craft coverings to close them again, nifty and snappy looking thoroughbred cars that would knock you dead —sedans, coupes, to say nothing whatever of sedanettes. Oh, boy, don't miss this. You will find it all in one display at the booth of the Lexington Motor Sales Company, and what you can't dope out for yourself Mr. Olin Peck will elucidate for you.

Sixes, both beauty and salient, will be shown by the Kanouse Auto Company under the personal supervision of George M. Kanouse and C. L. Scott. Four Auburn Beauty Sixes will be on display, a four passenger coupe, five passenger sedan, two passenger roadster and five passenger standard touring car. The Stephens Salient Sixes will be seen in three passenger roadster, four and six passenger touring cars.

Master trucks in 2½ and 3½ ton models, Scripps-Booth pleasure cars in sedan, touring and roadster models, and a Westcott touring car will make up the display of the Master Motors Company. R. F. Hanger and C. H Wilcken will be in charge.

Oaklands in four body styles on one chassis will be shown, roadster, touring car, coupe and sedan. An added attraction to Mr. L. S. Shoup's regular performers will be a chassis hitched up with a storage battery in such a way that every little movement can be seen by the spectator from the opening and closing of the valves in the motor to the shimmying oil in the transmission case.

"Hist ! Take off that disguise, Hennery; you can't fool me. I know you're a Ford." But just the same Mr. L. C. Swisshelm of the Autowa Body Distributors insists that the Autowa body will so improve a Ford car in appearance that you will be mighty proud to have people recognize its genus.

Climbing gasoline prices need not terrorize a motorist whose car is equipped with an Automatic Steam Carburetor, according to W. S. Goodell, who will have charge of the exhibit of the Joe Benz Company. Mr. Goodell says a steam jet injected into the manifold of a motor will put more pep in the gasoline than a shot of white mule in a craps game. The Auto Stop Battery Filler, a device to prevent the putting of too much water in a storage battery, also will be shown.

Arthur Chevrolet, of the great Chevrolet racing dynasty, will make a display of Hayes, Houck and Rudge Whitworth wire wheels, together with a line of Zenith carburetors and fly wheels. Arthur has fully recovered from the accident at Speedway the week before the big race, and is back in oldtime form.

It will take three separate displays to take care of the Cadillac and Dodge exhibits of the E. W. Steinhart Company. Five Cadillac models, including a four passenger phaeton, seven passenger touring, five passenger sedan, seven passenger suburban and a Victoria will comprise the line under the supervision of H. R. Steigemeyer. Dodge Brothers will make two exhibits, one to consist of four standard Dodge models, roadster, touring car, coupe and four door sedan and the

(Continued on Page 18.)



Motion Pictures

Although no cards have been sent out bearing the familiar "You are cordially invited," that is one of the time-honored requisites of a kid party, the Circle is celebrating its fourth anniversary this week in regular birthday style. The conventional invitations evidently were not necessary, for carnival crowds of guests are arriving, among them a goodly number of children, for birthday festivities always have a great appeal for the youngsters. The Circle celebration begins with a huge birthday cake, with white icing and pink lettering and four tall candles, which stands in the lobby as an advertisement of the birthday jollification.

As a special feature, six vivid stage pictures have been arranged symbolizing the different phases of the pictures that are shown on the Circle screen week by week. "Muses of Shadowland" is the title of the picture pageant, which shows first the spirit of the Circle and then comedy, tragedy, music, art and color, and the dance. In this last tableau the two graceful figures who pose as the spirit of the dance are those same Indianapolis girls whose dancing was so effective in the pageant given by the city playgrounds. For a finale, the characters posed in the various pictures loom up, shadows on the silver screen, and this pantomime of gray silhouettes is as effective in its way as the brilliant color pictures of the preceding scenes. The pageant is produced under the direction of Mr. Frank Zimmarez and is characteristically colorful and original in style.

After the pageant, Charles Ray is the chief entertainer at the party in the role of Kid Burns, the lively young hero of George M. Cohan's stage success, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Charles Ray has been seen so often as the bucolic youth with shy and gawky manners but a heart of gold, that it is refreshing to see him in a different character. In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," his heart is still in the right place, but as a young lightweight from New York, he has a chance to assume a Bowery accent and a flippant manner instead of his customary rural innocence. He has developed a nifty swagger, and his surprising skips and jumps, lunges and slides, resemble the antics of a cleverly controlled mannikin, and make you almost ready to look for the strings that control his hops, skips, and jumps.

The Kid's good friend and pal, Tom Bennett, unexpectedly falls heir to a fortune and an estate in a town forty-five minutes from Broadway. He immediately sends for the Kid to be his secretary, and in this unaccustomed position, he is so successful that he saves Tom from an unscrupulous business enemy, plucks him from the grasp of a designing woman with a marriageable daughter, and having settled the affairs of his friend, secures a lovely bride for himself. Dorothy Devore is the charming maid, Mary, who captures the secretary's heart. Charles Ray has never been seen here in a picture where he was more likable, youthfully debonair, and appealing.

The program includes a news reel, a comedy, "An Overall Hero," and several songs by Harry Allen, who has a sincere manner, a cockney accent, and a baritone voice. The orchestra, apparently as a birthday present, has returned to duty, and furnishes the musical program.

There is a general air of holiday gayety about the theatre, and Circle audiences, usually rather dignified and not easily moved, are extremely responsive and ready with applause. Sunday's audience seemed highly pleased with Allen's songs, and even broke into hearty applause several times during the showing of the picture when Charles Ray reached the high points in his funning.

With the passing of "Temperamental Henry," Samuel Merwin has not departed from theatrical affairs in Indianapolis permanently. Last week he was represented in local playhouses by "Crooked Streets," the picturized version of "Dinner at Eight."

An aftermath of the war is to be seen in the use of French in the movies. The famous surgeon calls out a "Venez" to his Algerian negro servant when it is time for him to come and testify; an excited French laundry woman looses a flood of French epithets on the girl who spills the clean clothes, leading off with "Petite cochonne." The surprising feature of this use of a few words of a foreign language is that the producers do not furnish a translation. They evidently trust to the vocabulary brought back on the transports from France to supply an adequate translation for the majority in the audience.

Shop Tours

"A traveler is known by his luggage" may not be one of the infallible maxims, but at least it is true enough to make most travelers particular in the matter of their bags and baggage. Right now the subject of bags and valises, trunks and suitcases is receiving the earnest and fascinated attention of girls who are going away to schools and colleges, and who for the first time in their lives find that the selection of luggage can be matter of thrilling interest. For if the cut of your trunk or the jib of your bag has anything to do with the sorority you make, then surely the matter of selecting traveling equipment is all important.

Of course, a trunk's a trunk and a

(Continued on Page 17.)

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of September 5, 1920

Circle—Annette Kellerman in "What Women Love."

Colonial—The Hope.

Alhambra—Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth"; The White Circle.

Ohio—Rupert Hughes' "Scratch My Back."

Mister Smith's—Charles Ray in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

Crystal—Riders of the Dawn.

Isis—Bryant Washburn in "What Happened to Jones" (First four days.)

Regent—"The Country God Forgot."

Lyric—Vaudeville.

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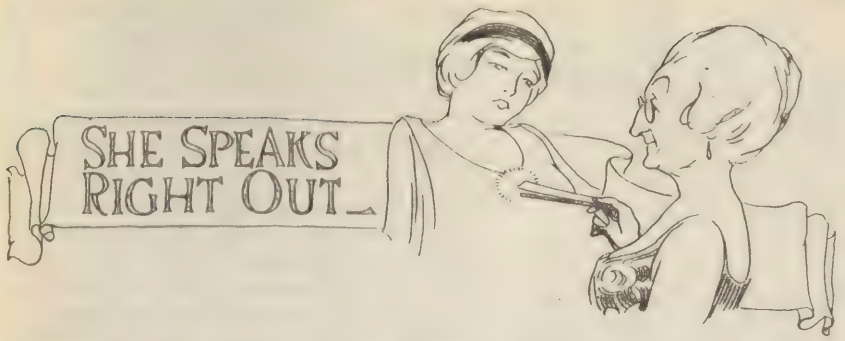
as special musical counsel for

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On all matters of music information
Ask Mrs. Foster



There's nothing like a fight to prove the mettle of a man—or of a woman—or, for that matter, of a group of women. The Housewives' League has had a fight on its hands since the very day, not so long ago, when it was first organized, a fight against high prices and vicious profiteering. While the league has been active in various ways and has won a number of small victories, it has lost its two biggest fights so far, but the proof of the courage of the organization is that, although it has fought hard and lost, it has taken the count and is up again, wiser and warier for its experience.

The biggest project of the league was the plan for the operation of a stand at the city market. In the early part of June the plan was put into execution and the stand was opened under the auspices of the Housewives' League, officered by Mrs. William H. Hart, president; Mrs. Philip Zoercher, vice-president; Mrs. W. A. Powers, treasurer; and Mrs. Willaim A. Ragan, secretary. By the fourth or fifth week of its existence, the housewives' stand was on its last legs; by about the middle of July it had collapsed completely; and by the last of August, only one of its officers was left in town to tell the sad tale of its short life.

And this was the way of it. In the first place, the project for a market stand run by city housewives never received its fair share of publicity, according to the ladies themselves. A movement of this kind for lowering prices by cutting out the middleman necessitates the co-operation, not only of the housewife merchants in charge of the stand and the commission men and gardeners from whom they must buy, but also the co-operation of the housewife marketers of the city who were all potential purchasers at the Housewives' League stand. Without this co-operation, any such project would be greatly handicapped, and it is the belief of prominent members of the league that if they had had the whole-hearted support of the press in spreading their propaganda for price cutting that the stand would have had a better chance for success.

According to Mrs. Ragan, the press was very chary of granting any publicity to the drive on market prices, but after the market debacle, they were ready enough to give the news of the failure of the stand. The Housewives' League has discovered for itself that the press is greatly in the power of its advertisers.

A still more fundamental reason for the failure of the market project was the impossibility of getting fair prices for the Housewives' League stand from gardeners and commission men. After some six weeks of valiant effort to combat the unfair prices, the housewifely ladies retired in defeat. The "ring" was too much for them. Anonymous telephone threats and dire prognostications as to the fate of the housewives' stand failed to frighten the ladies, but after almost two months of courageous fighting against unfair odds, through sheer exhaustion they had to give up the ship—or, more properly speaking, the stand.

A third cause for the failure was the lack of co-operation of all the members of the league, which numbers some fifteen hundred. As usual, the beginning of the plan was greeted with much enthusiasm, everybody wanted to help, and there were more people for every task than could possibly be used. But as the glory and the thrill of the performance wore off, and the hard grind of actual labor began, the weak sisters dropped by the roadside at every turning. Many members left town for their summer homes, others found it impossible to fight high prices in high temperatures, some had visitors and others had weddings, and the original hundreds of workers dropped to a mere handful of the faithful.

The hours for duty at the stand were from seven in the morning until nine at night on Saturdays and from seven until noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays, long hours enough for the housewives to work—but then the market opened at four o'clock. The problem was to get women to work at the stand—without pay, of course—all through the morning on Tuesdays and Thursdays and in shifts one-third of the day long on Saturday. It was like pulling teeth to extract a promise from a housewife to work at the stand, and then, at the appointed hour, as often as not, the promised relief clerk failed to show up, and the woman already on duty had to stay on. This, of course, made the woman who was stuck at her post through two shifts very chary of promising to assist again, and so one worker after another withdrew and the hard work fell to a few faithful workers, chief among whom were Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Ragan. When the difficulty in getting fair prices and reliable workers proved insuperable, the faithful guard faced the necessity of giving up the project or going deeper and deeper in the hole. They chose the former alternative, and the Housewives' Market Stand added one more to the list of the world's lost causes.

Another fight which the Housewives' League backed was a bill which was introduced in this summer's special session of the legislature called the Pernicious Hoarding Bill. The object of this bill was to prevent the continuance of the practice of allowing fruits and vegetables to rot on the ground while consumers pay high prices for the small supplies on the market. It provided a fine with a maximum of several hundred dollars for a producer to permit his foodstuffs to rot when consumers who would purchase for use instead of to corner the market were ready and anxious to buy. This bill was defeated, but only by a narrow margin, and it will probably be brought up at the regular session.

The Housewives' League has suffered two signal defeats, but the encouraging feature of their campaign is that they are not in the least knocked out. Fagged and weary and almost worn out—they will admit all that—but not at all ready to give up.

The market stand issue is dead. They say they will never try that again—the odds against them are too great. But even at that they learned from their failure. One woman said that at least she had learned how to run a cash register, and the obvious moral for every woman in the league is that if they can't all pull together it will be a very easy thing for any competitor to pull their league apart.

The fight for the passing of the Pernicious Hoarding Act will be pursued through other sessions, and plans for the installation of a market system of state-wide proportions on the producer-to-consumer basis are already forming. So though the league's fortunes have been on the decline this summer, it may still be regarded as a coming organization.

Notes of Society

Mrs. Oliver Willard Pierce is visiting her mother, Mrs. William A. Clarke, in San Diego, Calif., and will return about the middle of September.

Mrs. Myron R. Green and son, Harrison, are summering in Denver, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen L. Miller have returned from Maxinkuckee, Miss Mary Margaret and Allen following a few days later.

Mrs. D. C. Allison and daughter, Esther, are spending a few weeks in Petoskey, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kiley and children and Miss Marjorie Bracken are at the Emrick cottage at Lake Manitou for a few weeks.

Miss Julia Mae Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hamilton, is attending the conference of Y. W. C. A. workers in Estes Park, Colo. From there she will go to Dallas, Tex., which will be her headquarters for her work in organizing Y. W. C. A. organizations in the colleges of the Southwest.

Miss Elizabeth Hayes will leave this month to attend the Southern Seminary at Buena Vista, Va.

Dr. D. L. Kahn has returned from New York, where he motored with his daughter, Virginia, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kahn.

Miss May Louise Shipp has gone to spend the remainder of the summer in Michigan.

Miss Catherine Coburn has been visiting Miss Alice Holliday at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Dr. and Mrs. John Ray Newcomb and son and Mrs. S. D. Masters have returned from Wautaca, Wis., where they have been spending the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moorhead and Mrs. Edward Franklin White are at Bay View, Mich., and will return the last of the month.

Miss Mira White will go to Indiana University this fall.

Miss Agnes Hodgin has returned from Boston, where she has been studying at the New England Conservatory. She will start in October for a concert tour through the West.

Miss Mary Reynolds, who has been visiting for the past month at the home of her brother, Mr. John B. Reynolds, has returned to New York.

Mrs. J. H. Parkhurst and daughter, Helen, have recently returned from Terra Alta, W. Va., where they spent several weeks.

Mr. Albert Baker and daughter, Miss Gertrude Baker, have gone to Burt Lake, Mich.

Mrs. Stanley M. Timberlake and Miss Ann Timberlake are guests at the Terrace Inn, Bay View, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Miller are at Burt Lake, Mich.

Mrs. William Kappes left last week for Burt Lake, where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Milligan.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Krauss have returned from a vacation of six weeks in northern Wisconsin.

Miss Lea Binand, of Amiens, France, will teach French at Tudor Hall next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Emrich and Miss Stella Watson left last week for a motor trip to New York and other Eastern cities. They will visit Mr. Harvey Emrich, the artist, while in New York.

Miss Elizabeth Eitel sailed last Saturday for France. She will spend a year in vocal study at Nice.

Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Pfaff have returned from a visit at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dungan have returned from a summer in Leland, Michigan.

Mrs. Charles Dryer has been visiting Mrs. Bernard Vonnegut at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Reichenbach, of Huntington, Ind., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Lucile, to Oliver M. Sayler, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Sayler, of Huntington. The wedding will take place about the middle of this month at the New York home of Dr. Edgar W. Work, a former classmate of Miss Reichenbach. Mr. Sayler is New York dramatic correspondent for the Boston Transcript and for Topics. Miss Reichenbach is office manager of the New York Drama League.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lemcke motored to Wequetonsing, Mich., to join their children, Cornelia and Ralph, at Maple Grove Inn.



This Side of Paradise

Word photography of tremendous mental struggles and keen analysis of the contortions of a soul are the stuff from which the novelist makes his book these days. Not what a man does, or is, or looks like, but what he thinks, is the paramount issue.

F. Scott Fitzgerald describes the mental life of Amory Blaine in "This Side of Paradise." From his precocious childhood, through his sophisticated youth, to the mature age of twenty-four Amory's brain storms and brain calms are recorded, and the tale they make is not in the least a dull one. His wandering life as a child with his mother Beatrice, his prep school days at St. Regis, and his years of college at Princeton, are enlivened with friendships, ardent love affairs, and changing philosophies of the universe. And always it is Amory's vision of himself that is the most interesting aspect of any happening. His intense experiences pound him from a romantic egotist into what Mr. Fitzgerald technically defines as a personage.

Amory's twenty-fourth year brings him just about up to date, and so the problems and complexes that he discusses and dissects with the other people who wander through the book are live issues of today or problems of yesterday that are not yet cold. Amory oscillates between orthodoxy and paganism, but the end of the story finds him no longer swinging but yet not settled, as who should be at twenty-four.

"This Side of Paradise" is essentially American. Mr. Fitzgerald's flexible style does not hesitate at slang or colloquialism, and his book is so thoroughly American that in spots it seems rather like giving away family affairs. But probably most of its American subtleties and crudities would be unremarked by a foreigner.

The book is deliberately fragmentary and the narrative skips all but the high spots—there are no dull, smooth connecting links. The style fits the subject matter, and Mr. Fitzgerald uses slang or free verse as the mood demands, and does not hesitate to interpolate a one act playlet chapter if the occasion or the muse demands it. Unquestionably he enjoyed writing the book, and the reader who isn't mentally lazy will enjoy reading it. It's an all-American book.

Mr. Wu

A new variation on the old Madam Butterfly theme is "Mr. Wu", a novel by Louise Jordan Miln, based on the play of the same name. The emphasis in this story is laid on Wu Li Chang's plans to revenge himself on the young Englishman who has betrayed his daughter. The old Mandarin had been educated in Oxford and had spent most of the formative years of his youth, from ten to twenty-four, in England and Europe; but although he is a master of the English language and perfect in the polite manners that make an English gentleman, his mind is thoroughly Oriental, and his mental processes are scarcely intelligible to the Occidental mind. His revenge for the wrong done his daughter is diabolical as only a Chinaman's revenge could be, and yet in it there is grim justice.

The story is rather slow in getting started and there is a great deal of ornate description of Chinese rooms, gardens, and architecture, when what the reader is really engrossed in is the inter-action of Chinese and English minds. Presumably this overabundance of word pictures is designed to supply the gorgeous setting with which a play can be visibly provided, but it obscures rather than illuminates the story.

On the whole, "Mr. Wu" is a highly colored tale and one that will be read with interest by those who find a never-ending fascination in the oil and water quality of relation between East and West.

Ghost in the White House

There is no Sir Oliver Lodge atmosphere or even any ouija board spiritualism about "The Ghost in the White House" by Gerald Stanley Lee. The ghost in question is the wrath that we call variously the Public, the People or the Consumer. Mr. Lee's idea seems to be that the public has been inarticulate and ineffectual long enough, and his suggestion is to give it body and a palpable existence by organizing a union composed of the one hundred million consumers in the United States. This organization, he claims, could actually co-operate with the President and make its desires known in a practical way. Also, it would be an effective organization to lift the public out of the unenviable position of buffer between Capital and Labor, abused by both. His plan is worked out in some detail, and if only every member of this hypothetical league of the public, which he calls The Air Line League, could be inspired with the author's optimistic enthusiasm, there is no question but that something would happen.

Robert Cortes Holliday is no longer editor of the Bookman. The reason given for his withdrawal is the cryptic statement that he is to do independent writing.

Heads New Department

Instituting a department for the study and appreciation of music, Mrs. Charles B. Foster, prominent in club circles, has joined the Indianapolis Talking Machine Company, the exclusive Victor Shop. As special musical representative, Mrs Foster will arrange private musicales with the vocal presence of such artists as Mme. Galli-Curci, Caruso, Farrar, and others. Patrons interested in preparing well balanced programs of music, Mrs. Foster will assist in making selections.



MRS. CHARLES B. FOSTER

Celebrating a Noted Event

(Continued from Page 7.)

Lowell Mason and Stephen Foste and among the more recent ones ar Arthur Foote, George Chadwick, Edg Stillman Kelly, MacDowell, Horat Parker, Henry Hadley and Mrs. H. H Beach. For a long period Europe gav us the best she had to give; but no in the ranks of the profession and a tributes bearing therefrom, Ameri holds a place distinctly individual, place of which she may indeed b proud, since the progress of music art in the United States is alread marked by rapidity and the excellen of its standard.

An incident of local interest, and on of which Indianapolis may justly fee proud, is that the William O. Bate play, "Merry Mount," has been selected as the Pilgrim Prize Play in the Drama League Contest, in connection with the tercentenary celebration, and will no doubt be staged in many of the cities during this period. It is a comedy of New England beginnings, and in the introductory note the author says:

"The tercentenary celebration on both sides of the Atlantic of the firs settlement in New England, makes timely Lord Bryce's observation that up to the seventeenth century the two peoples were one in blood, training and fundamental ideas. Of less importance, but still significant, is the fac that those who came to America brought with them their sturdy agree ments but their no less sturdy variant of sentiment and inheritance."

PERHAPS it's the air or perhaps it's the soil, but no matter, there is something in the State of Indiana that is productive of genius, and every few years a big book comes out and its author's origin is traced to Indiana. This is the case with STEEL PREFERRED and the name of HERSCHEL S. HALL is one more to be added to the Hoosier State Hall of Fame.

Born and brought up in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Mr. Hall has a wide acquaintance in his native city and state. Local papers, keen for news and alive to the par value of STEEL PREFERRED, are reviewing it with unstinted praise and at more than usual length, and friends of the author are reading and recommending the book which has already been designated by one dealer as the best novel published with the DUTTON imprint.

STEEL PREFERRED is a story of a great industry and of a man whose whole heart and soul are bound up in the works. It's a man's novel, tense with dramatic incident and vivid realism; but it's a woman's novel, too, for the strength of the hero makes the mystery and romance of his life all the more alluring.

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Shop Tours

(Continued from Page 14.)

bag's a bag, but every year brings little changes and cunningly contrived improvements to make the lot of the traveler more pleasant. Take the trunk, for instance. Of course, it must be a wardrobe, with linings of gay cretonne. The latest wrinkle is a pressing board, which, when the trunk is in transit, serves as a door for the wardrobe side of the trunk. When needed for pressing out the wrinkles in a fragile gown, it is slipped from its grooves, folded in the center, and is then ready for use in any convenient position. Some of the shops show a board which is so contrived that it hitches onto the trunk itself by a folding contrivance, but the simpler board which can be set up anywhere seems more practical. In the bottom of the trunk, a compartment of cretonne is provided to house the iron and keep it from running amuck among carefully packed garments. Laundry bag and shoe bag to match the lining of the trunk complete its equipment.

As for the handbag, the neat kit shape and the flexibility of the leather of the overnight or week-end bag makes it far more convenient than the old and accepted style of handbag, with stiff, unwieldy corners, which keep the architectural design of the bag intact under hard usage, but which make no allowance for the bag's being sometimes only half-filled, for it is as stiff and bulging with only a few articles inside, as if it were loaded to full capacity. On the other hand, the flexible style of the kit shape is as accommodating as an accordion in expanding or contracting to fit its contents.

Bags are to be found in various leathers, but the alligator valise is a thing of the past. If you want an alligator bag, you must go to Florida, shoot your alligator, bring his skin to New York, and have the bag made up to order. Walrus is durable, but the innumerable convolutions in its surface make it a veritable dust trap, so it seldom looks as well as cowhide. Almost any grain desired can be handboarded on the plain surface of the cowhide, and this process makes the leather softer and more pliable. It takes a workman hours to put a grain on a hide, but the result makes the leather much handsomer, and, incidentally, more expensive.

A supply of bags just coming in at one of the larger stores includes not only black but also tan, and a darker shade of brown-chocolate to match the mellow shade of brown street boots.

Many of the oblong overnight traveling cases are fitted with toilet articles and also have a new feature —compartments for houdoir cap and slippers as well as for brushes and combs. A new design in a separate leather case containing toilet articles is shown in oblong form with a neat handle at the top, instead of the old, unwieldy, handleless square case.

The college miss who is selecting her kit for travel can have as much joy in the selection of her luggage as she can in the choice of what's to go in it.

Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 9.)

Record here the untimely but not unexpected death of Brieux's comedy, "The Americans in France," after two weeks at the Comedy Theatre. As a December diversion for the few who really care about the readjustment of Franco-American misunderstandings, it might have had a chance for as many months, but December theatres are already booked for productions which look like a lot more money than Brieux. And so the play was tossed to the mercies of an August sun that the theatrical real estate trust might be served.

* * *

Sometimes I think a musical comedy is the nearest relative of a cat. Its lives are almost as numerous, and while it doesn't always land on its feet, the chances for complete financial failure are far more remote than those of the average farce or comedy. The latest specimen to languish and then be born again is "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," an early August arrival at the Central Theatre. Rumors from Boston where it served its novitiate were dire, and a drastic overhauling preceded its debut in Gotham. Its final form, thereby, is as architecturally nondescript as a block of facades on upper Fifth avenue. Whether it is more farce than musical comedy, more extravaganza than revue, witness deposes not. And yet, there is no escaping the fact that it does entertain in its way or ways. It is like a man whose various articles of wearing apparel murder each other, but whose fluent tongue and ready smile make him eminently companionable.

It's Andrew Tombes, I suppose, who carries "The Poor Little Ritz Girl" along despite its formal informalities. Tombes is the fluent tongue and the ready smile. He is a comedian of individuality whom Broadway has only recently discovered. Comedians, of course, can't be described any more than motion pictures. If you like either phenomenon, you simply take a chance and go see them, and the chances of your liking Tombes are extremely good.



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The Woman's New Duty

Now that votes for women is no longer a slogan but an accomplished fact, the problem of the day is to see that the women's vote is polled. Having worked long and diligently and at last successfully for the vote, the women of the country are to have their first opportunity in Indiana to cast their ballots in a national election. The same old sermon which has so long been ladled out to the masculine voter in regard to the exercise of the franchise being a duty as well as a privilege now applies equally to the woman voter. If the women of the country are to take up their share of the burden as well as the privilege of government, it is up to them to be ready to put their shoulders to the wheel by turning out in full force to cast their votes on November 2.

As Mrs. Joseph B. Kealing expresses it, "Every woman who expects to perform the obligations of citizenship will vote in the general election, November 2. There are too many important questions involved in the election, too many issues needing the guidance of intelligent womanhood, to make it excusable for any woman to forego the duty of casting a ballot on the side of what she believes to be right and proper.

If they would exercise a potent voice in governmental affairs they must choose their party and stand by their conviction. Nothing is to be gained by vacillation and indecision on political questions; let the women take their time about forming their conclusions; but let them be positive of their position when they do come to a decision."

And in order to be qualified to vote, the first thing to do is to attend to the mechanics of the matter by registering. The first official registration day set is September 4, and it is to be hoped that the greater part of the women who will vote for the first time at a national election will register on that date. Registration blanks have been passed out in some districts and are to be had by applying at Republican or Democratic county headquarters. They may be prepared in advance and then filed with registration officials on September 4. For the benefit of those who do not register on this date, a second registration day has been set for October 4. If the prospective voter can not arrange to register on either of these dates, it will be possible for her to qualify by registering with the Secretary of the League of Women Voters, who is a notary, at their headquarters any time between these dates. It is probable also that in precincts where the women are slow in registering, special registration parties will be scheduled to give still another opportunity for the women to qualify for the duty and privilege of voting. With these many opportunities for registration, there will be no excuse for the woman who can not cast her ballot on November 2 because she failed to register. The safest and surest method, however, is to register at the first opportunity, on Saturday, September 4.

The Automobile Glad Hand

(Continued from Page 13.)

other of Dodge Brothers business cars in panel and screen bodies. C. H. Wallerich will be in charge of these.

Viscoline oils and greases will be displayed by the Campbell Oil Company. It is said that they will be displayed in a very clever and novel manner, but no details are forthcoming. So just take a look when you visit the show.

All kinds of automotive accessories from things that take the knock out of the motor to things that put the kick in it will be shown by the Citizens Auto Supply Company. A new model Howe spotlight, Quaker fabric tires and Norwalk cords will be featured by P. C. Barnes, manager of the company, who will take personal charge of the exhibit.

Piston rings from the little 2½ inch fellows that drives the air compressor on your car up to the 10 inch big boys that are used in stationary engines and the largest tractors will be displayed by the Gill Piston Ring Company.

The Goldberg Ignition Repair Company, specialists in making a magneto, that most temperamental and unreliable ding-bat on an automobile, behave will display a magneto in operation and show you how they are repaired when they get cranky.

Cooper storage batteries will make up the exhibit of the I. J. Cooper Rubber Company. The batteries will be shown in connection with charging outfits and J. C. Pritchard will endeavor to remove some of the film of mystery that clouds the understanding of most motorists as to electrical apparatus.

A motorized rainbow on wheels would have nothing on the color scheme of the Updyke Auto Company's exhibit. Just look over these modest, retiring beauties of Edgar Updyke's:

Exhibit A. Two McFarlands. One a sedan, light green in color with maroon disque wheels, upholstery of green in Laidlaw broadcloth. The other a four passenger open car, black with gold trimmings, green disque wheels, Spanish leather upholstery, the whole surmounted by a tan Burbank top.

Exhibit B. Two Daniels. Number one a maroon sedan, belted with cane work around the center, and with maroon broadcloth upholstery. Number two, a light cream four passenger car with light green striping. The prices of these models run from a modest $10,000 down to a paltry $5,400.

The Tom Thumb of the show will be the Brooks car exhibited by the Spacke Machine and Tool Company. This car has been on the streets for several months but this will be its first formal show appearance.

L. H. Corbaley of the Storage Battery Company will have a display of storage batteries for all makes of cars and will feature a cross section display which will give the inside dope of why the firm can guarantee the batteries for two years.

Unquestionably one of the most interesting exhibits will be that of the Lafayette Motors Company. Indianapolis has waited for many months for a glimpse at the product of one of the best engineering forces in the country and this will be the first time the car has been on exhibition here. Three models will be shown, regular touring car, four passenger torpedo and a four door, four passenger coupe.

"All special stuff" is the description of the National exhibit given by S. L. Bennett, who will have the display in charge. Five Nationals and three Elgins will be shown. The National exhibit will consist of a very nifty yellow four passenger sport model trimmed in nickel, a red roadster, maroon touring car, green coupe and blue sedan. The Elgin will be seen in a red sport model with black trimming, a blue touring car and blue sedan.

An exhibit that will appeal specially to garage and machine shop owners will be made by the H. T. Hearsey Company, although a general line of accessories will be shown also. The company will specialize on electric drop benches and shop equipment for garages. D. E. Rice will be in charge.

Greasing a car ceases to be a terror to automobile owners when the Alemite system of lubrication is used, according to representatives of the Alemite Service and Sales Station. It is said that the system has been used with great success on some of the best racing cars in the country; where necessity for proper lubrication is of vital importance.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1920 — NUMBER 13

Unusual Growth of Music in U. S.

All Forms of Musical Interpretation Show Enormous Increase in Popularity in America the Last Two Years.

By Ona B. Talbot

At no time and in no country have the finest forms of musical art been so eagerly attended or so generously applauded as they have been in this country during the past three seasons. Grand opera, symphony concerts and recitals have had almost incredible popularity. This new surge of musical understanding and desire has not been confined to a few great centers of population, but from Seattle to Atlanta and from San Diego to Portland, Me., there has appeared a new, eager, intelligent and responsive musical public that wants the best, knows what it wants and is ready and able to pay for it.

It is not easy to get an editorial finger upon the pulse of the American musical public, but I do not feel that financial benefactions, educational musical endowments or any of the other idealistic activities of the profession of music have had much to do with our sudden access of musical interest and enjoyment.

Music as a patriotic inspiration was responsible for the outpouring of billions of dollars, during the successive drives of the recent war days, and soldiers and sailors who learned to play and sing music as part of their military training are now unconsciously operating as a permanent and potential musical leaven in every part of this country. But it must also be remembered that the American musical tendency had begun to manifest itself before the war, and that throughout the past few years the patronage of all forms of musical entertainment has been continually increasing.



ARTURO TOSCANINI



LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE, MILAN, ITALY

Particularly true has this been in relation to symphony orchestra concerts; conditions forcing musical independence in every direction, with the result that during the last five years symphony orchestra associations have been established in many of the cities throughout the country. Prior to this, lovers of orchestra music were forced to content themselves with the occasional visits of the great orchestras like the Boston, Philadelphia, New York Symphony, Philharmonic and Cincinnati. Today, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle maintain with just pride their own orchestras. Perhaps the most sensational achievement of any of these organizations is the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Although this orchestra, of which Ossip Gabrilowitsch is the distinguished conductor, is in its sixth season, its supporters and the people of Detroit generally, prefer to count its achievements from the time Mr. Gabrilowitsch assumed the post of permanent conductor in the fall of 1918.

When founded in 1914, the orchestra numbered sixty players, and with a subscription fund of $16,000, six afternoon concerts were given during the season. In the succeeding season of 1915-16, a fund of $30,000 permitted ten Friday afternoon and ten Sunday afternoon concerts, and in 1916-17 the same policy obtained, but with a fund of $40,000, soloists of world celebrity were added. A season of twenty-eight weeks with fourteen pairs of symphony concerts and fourteen popular Sunday afternoon concerts was planned for 1917-18 and the number of musicians increased to sixty-five. The close of this season brought several well known directors as guest conductors, among whom was Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

The impression he made was so profound that the orchestra took on an entirely different aspect to the citizens of Detroit, which until this time was regarded as a purely local organization, and it was determined to secure Mr. Gabrilowitsch as permanent conductor and to raise funds that would assure the city an orchestra of the first importance. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's first year as conductor—1918-19—attracted so much attention that an increasingly large following of the gifted conductor and the orchestra made possible the planning of a brilliant future. Musical enthusiasts and broad-visioned business men joined forces in providing means for Mr. Gabrilowitsch to enlarge his orchestra to ninety players, procuring the finest musicians in the country and in the erection of a home for the orchestra at an annual cost of about $200,000. Heretofore, Detroit had been without a concert auditorium and all musical events had been held in the armory or in a converted dance hall. Today, Orchestra Hall in Detroit stands as one of the finest music halls in America, and the city owes its realization to Mr. Gabrilowitsch, to his admirers and to the staunch supporters of the orchestra.

First American Tour of Famous La Scala Orchestra Planned Under Patronage of Italian and American Governments.

It was the interested few who made the uninterested majority finally believe that no city in the world, however notable its commercial supremacy, can possess a more valuable asset that a first-class symphony orchestra and a great conductor. The names of beneficent spirits in America's musical life is legion. The one universally known, and the courage with which Major Henry Lee Higginson, a Boston banker, laid the foundation some

(Continued on Page 17.)



TOSCANINI, FATHER AND SON
as cartooned in a Milan Paper



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

H. F. Deitz, "bugologist" in the state conservation department, says that blister bettles are routing the grasshopper pest. Well, small favors are thankfully received.

Bob Butler suggests that the G. O. P. financiers are comparable to the fellow who "shot" Niagara Falls—they are also trying to go over with a barrel.

Paul Davis, candidate for prosecutting attorney, says he will pay for his help—which ought to be good news to any of his proposed assistants; they will be sure of their weekly pay envelope.

Felix McWhirter has blossomed as an after dinner speaker, and Dick Miller's laurels are threatened. Felix recently spoke before the Optimist Club on European impressions and made good, as he did before some other local clubs.

Emerson Chaille is still bragging about his Atlantic City experience in having taken an airplane ride with Laura Bromwell, the noted woman aviationist. In fact, Emerson has a picture of himself and his fair pilot hanging in his office.

Frank Bull, of the Russel Seeds Company, take notice: Charles W. Slaughter has been elected as president of the Bull family reunion association in Orange and Dutchess counties, New York.

Now that the Republicans have nailed the negro women vote, Baron Rothschild is wondering how the party can tie up the vote of the Chinese women.

Joe Dailey, son of Frank C. Dailey, former district attorney, just grabbed romance right off the footlights, having married Miss Elizabeth Vogt of the "Cheer Up, Mabel," company, which recently filled a date at Terre Haute.

Wonder how Volney Fowler feels writing Democratic articles for the Times, since the popular belief was that he is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican?

Bill Herschell and Bert Hendren et al. are authority for the statement that the preponderance of red noses among a certain class of citizens is not due to the work of bootleggers, but of hay fever, of which both are sufferers just at present.

Count Wiley, city editor of the Star, would be perfectly happy if the real restaurants kept open until about 3 a. m.—when he goes off duty.

If you want to know who is going to be elected President of the w. k. United States, ask Col. Barnett.

Hotel loungers are asking what will happen when both the Dennison and English Hotels are closed. By the way, what WILL happen with two fewer hotels in town?

Lester Winter of the News has it on the rest of the Indianapolis newspaper reporters—he recently had lunch with Calvin Coolidge in Boston. They didn't eat baked beans, eyther.

A newcomer to Indianapolis will be William H. Swintz, of South Bend, who is to take the position of grand secretary to the Indiana Grand Lodge of Masons, succeeding the late Calvin Prather.

J. Dorsey Forrest, general manager of the Citizens Gas Company, says it is not a raise in rates the company wants, but some plan to conserve gas. That cheerful statement ought to be framed.

Wonder how many persons know that Indianapolis has a Roque Association? How many know what the game is and how it is played and whether you use mallets or oars to play it?

Jim Lowry, superintendent of the city park department, believes the public likes good music, so he has arranged for another series of organ recitals at Christ Church. Charles Hanson will again be the organist. These concerts are free and held each day except Sunday, at noon.

Irvington women were not backward about registering for the vote last Saturday. Almost a full vote was registered in the second precinct. The women not only registered but assisted in getting out the voters. Miss Helen Jackson, daughter of Secretary of State Jackson, assisted at the registration booth.

"Well, I guess just so it is somewhere near my age will be all right," said a woman at the registration booth in the fifth precinct, ninth ward, as she asked to be registered. "What shall I put down?" said the clerk. "Oh, make it 32," the woman answered without the quiver of an eyelash. She was perhaps 48.

One of the signs of the interest women are taking in politics was the early registration of many of them last Saturday. In many precincts the women were the first to register.

Well, it seems it would take considerable provocation to make one resign a $4,000 a year job, as Ralph Douglas did when he told the board of school commissioners he "was through." But the last straw is what fractures the spinal cord of the camel.

Sam Gerber, who is well-known to Indianapolis swine fanciers, recently sold a drove of fancy Poland-China porkers for $10,752, at his farm near Bluffton.

The New York Post says that Almighty Two Dollar Bill recently paid a visit to Will Hays in New York, but that Hays told Bill there was nothing doing, as he was too small to help. Well, old Two Dollar might visit the Democrats—or is he afraid he'd be interned?

Income taxpayers will be glad(?) to have a letter from William L. Elder, who has sent out notices informing interested citizens that the third installment of taxes are now due.

Richard Lieber proposes a national conference on the subject of public camping grounds for automobile tourists. If he will guarantee them against "chiggers" and bugs he will have a memorial tablet erected to him in due time.

Earl McKinley has been rusticating down at Madison and watching the flock of chickens disappear.

John Fields, J. B. Long, Harvey Dodd and George McCall are down in the wilds of Floyd county fishing and camping. Before returning home they will make a round trip up the Kentucky river. A new supply of fish stories is expected on their return.

Among those with the "busy" sign hung up is George Buck, principal of Shortridge High School. Shortridge has a larger attendance than ever and the task of assigning pupils and answering a million or so questions is some job.

Mayor Jewett has taken a hand in the Irish question. Leastwise he sent a cable to Lloyd George asking for clemency in behalf of the Mayor of Cork, who is slowly dying from a hunger strike.

Robert Holt, an Indianapolis man, gunner, was on the submarine S-5 which was partly flooded after a dive a few days ago, off Cape Henlopen. Holt expects to retire from the navy next year, as his enlistment expires then. He enlisted when he was fifteen years old.

TOPICS, like all the rest of Indianapolis periodicals except the newspapers, was handicapped by the strike of pressmen. However, TOPICS managed to come out approximately on time, but with many shortcomings due to the occasion. At that, it was the only publication that appeared, all for which we are thankful.

Frank Flanner can write about anything. In his last issue of "Nuggets" he has a readable article about Eskimos—a chilly subject for any pen.

The call of the wild has Harry Agerter. He has forgotten all about such smooth running, civilized things as Detroit electrics and Templar cars and is concentrating all his efforts on an attempt to haul out the biggest muskalonge ever caught in the state of Wisconsin.

It seems as though "Sunbeam" Tom Synder has at last reached his transportation ideal. Tom has boosted truck transportation for short hauls for a long time—and now a real company has been organized and ready for business. It is fitting to record that Sunbeam Tom is secretary of the new organization.

The Elks Bowling League is a peachey organization. At least part of it is, because Harry Peachey was elected president of it. Harry intends to have every club rolling its own before the season is half over.

Will H. Wade, who was here recently from Denver, has announced that he has established the Will H. Wade Company, dealers in securities in Denver. He remains a vice-president and a member of the board of directors of the Fletcher American Company, of this city, it is announced.

Senator Watson and Warren T. McCray, "well-known candidates," told the commercial travelers all about it at a meeting last week at the Severin Hotel, the occasion being the meeting of the G. O. P. Travelers' League. It is declared that Senator Watson told some funny stories.

We had with us on Labor Day Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, who made a speech at the labor mass meeting at Tomlinson Hall. Uncle 'Sephus is just a plain editor but labor likes him—at least this is his second speech of the kind made here.

Mrs. Edna C. Pauley has the distinction of being the first woman registration officer in Indiana. She was named in place of T. Ernest Maholm in the 11th precinct of the first ward.

When it comes to being a grand marshal of a parade you have to hand it to William Holmes, who officiated on Labor Day. He surely can wear the red sash.

A millinery company has brought an injunction suit to silence a player piano in the music house of Herman Seidel, alleging that customers can not concentrate on their hat buying. This is the first thing ever heard of that would distract a woman's mind from a new hat.

Mine Host Gates doesn't think that music interferes with digestion, for the Orloff Trio is again appearing at the Severin Hotel at the dinner hour.

Great Gotham

George Gaul Has a Chinese Role Once More in "The Lady of the Lamp"—Tinney Plays Himself in "Tickle Me."

By Oliver M. Sayler

The memory of the Broadway manager is short enough in all faith, but sometimes he stores away a recollection and brings it forth again to the advantage of player and playgoer. In Europe it might have been taken for granted that the young actor who lent charm of voice and presence to the revival of "The Yellow Jacket" a few years ago would be remembered when a new play of Chinese setting was to be produced. Not so in Gotham—at least not usually so.

The fact that the rule of Broadway has been broken in casting George Gaul as the Emperor in "The Lady of the Lamp" reflects considerable credit, therefore, on Al H. Woods, the producer, who has been the target for more critical brick-bats in recent years than anyone else on the Great White Way. To be sure, Woods has been responsible for enough banalities and to spare since he bequeathed the ten-twenty-thirty melodrama of Lincoln J. Carter to the movies and invaded the two-three-four dollar houses to cater to the same public as of old. His name will probably be linked eternally with the vogue of the bedroom farce, and the gaucherie of his supposedly smart interiors is a by-word in the theatre. But the man has an astonishing sense of showmanship and a keen understanding of the public pulse, which results at times in novel and daring experiments as in "Crooked Gamblers" a few weeks ago and at other times in admirable decisions such as that which has rescued George Gaul from the doldrums in which he has tarried since he left Stuart Walker. The proverbial shrewdness of Al Woods has lain in the fact that he has been simply the mirror for his public. His failings have been theirs and his good qualities theirs in like manner.

The return of George Gaul to a role reminiscent of his Wu Hoo Git in the Benrimo fantasy is not the only reminder of "The Yellow Jacket" to be found in "The Lady of the Lamp." Somehow all the way through Earl Carroll's new play you have the feeling that this is the way Woods would have produced that masterpiece if it had come his way tied by no strings of an exacting author like Benrimo. Of course, that would have been an artistic tragedy. It doesn't so much matter that "The Lady of the Lamp" is disclosed as a curious and conflicting blend of the Way of Heaven and



GEORGE GAUL

Broadway, the Way of Earth, for its author is of Broadway broadly. The playwright has produced the play himself in association with Woods, he has designed the scenery and composed the incidental music, and so it is probably just as he wished it to be.

As such, therefore, it is an interesting but not deeply disheartening study in what Broadway can do to significant and promising material. As the curtain fell after a series of gorgeous scenes and moving moments, I itched for a blue pencil and the manuscript for just a half hour. It wouldn't take longer than that to eradicate the banal jokes and innuendoes which confuse the spectator who takes his theatre seriously and which make him wonder whether the evening is to romance or melodrama or farce. These blemishes are probably more numerous in the first two scenes in New York's upper-class Chinatown, where the setting for the enacted dream which follows is arranged, but they are more disastrous if less frequent when they intrude upon the picturesque and impassioned dream-tale of two thousand years ago.

Despite these blemishes, "The Lady of the Lamp" has its moments of thrill and of beauty. Most of them occur on the third terrace of the Yen Pagoda in Chengtu, province of Szechuan, and they are grouped round the struggle of the Emperor to save his beloved T'ien Tao from the bloodthirsty Manchus of the north, a struggle in which the newly invented gunpowder plays a prominent role. It is in this act that George Gaul has his finest opportunities. One of my friends insists that the character would have been more convincing if it had been enacted by someone with more distinctly Oriental features than Gaul. In realism that might have been true, but romance sets greater store by the picturesque sweep of voice and gesture of which Gaul displayed his mastery in the Coburn's revival of "The Yellow Jacket" and in Stuart Walker's production of "Kismet" in Indianapolis.

More deeply effective than Gaul's romantic figure of the Emperor, though, is Henry Herbert's sinister Manchu. Perhaps that is partly because the opportunity is greater. In any event, the contemporary stage has seldom seen the equal in sheer deviltry of this expert blending of purely Oriental and of widely universal aspects of human cruelty. Herbert's picture is never once broken; he overrides all the superficial banalities of the scenes in which he appears. Others who have important roles are Brandon Hurst, Robinson Newbold and Eileen Wilson.

* * *

An interesting question in public morals is raised in "The Lady of the Lamp"—quite innocently and inadvertently, I believe. The point is this: Just how far will a pipe-dream, as gorgeous as that which Gaul enjoys, serve as an incentive to the use of narcotics? I looked for a deterrent note somewhere near the end, but it was lacking. I pass the question on to the experts in ethics.

The Hattons Reform But Are Very Tiresome in "The Checkerboard"—Other Plays of the New Season.

* * *

The Hattons, Frederic and Fanny, once upon a time co-critics of the theatre for the Chicago Evening Post and playwrights of the more and more risque in recent years, have turned over a new leaf in their latest comedy, "The Checkerboard." I'm not at all sure they have improved matters. Of course, some people may think the theatre more admirable when it is proper and dull than when it is naughty and amusing. Ordinarily, I have no hesitancy in preferring the latter, but the Hattons' particular kind of naughtiness has become so offensive and lacking in taste since "Upstairs and Down" that there isn't much choice between their 1919 smut and their 1920 prudery. If they would only return to the wit, manners and wisdom of "Years of Discretion!" But pages in the book of an author's life don't often turn backward.

Aside from its dull respectability, my chief complaint with "The Checkerboard" is on the score of its crew of misrepresentative Russians who make up almost half the cast. There are tricky, lying, ill-mannered Russians just as there are deceitful and vulgar Americans. But they usually display some few moments of humanity or gentleness or humor—at least oftener than Masimofi's shady retainers.

Two themes as old and honored as drama are launched early in the course of "The Checkerboard," the theme of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and the theme of "Le Misanthrope" strangely crossed with that of "Tartuffe," to go no farther than Moliere for types. And yet, neither one is sufficiently developed to give character and substance to the comedy. T. Edward Taylor, ash-can king, is introduced early in the first act as an unlettered American millionaire with social ambitions, but he is almost lost in the shuffle among the other human checkers, emerging for an embarrassed moment now and then, but always a stage type rather than a plausible human being. The other theme, that of cynic compounded

(Continued on Page 15)



The Senate investigates, the Public Service Commission investigates, the Interstate Commerce Commission investigates—everybody in these United States who has any objection to register makes his complaint and then investigates. From a mere pastime, the mania for investigation has developed until today it's the national occupation, and everybody who wants to know the why of anything starts an investigation. It's the thing to do.

And now with summer on the ragged edge, and the katydids tuning up for the first concert that prognosticates a frost in six weeks' time, the Indianapolis housewife has a question to propound and an investigation to make. Will there be sufficient gas for cooking purposes next winter in Indianapolis, and if not, why not? All kinds of answers pro and con have appeared in the local papers, but the only thing these numerous statements and counter-statements seem to have accomplished is to mystify the ultimate consumer—the feminine head of the household.

Last winter the problem of preparing meals for a household was not a simple matter of daily routine, but an affair for careful campaigning and planning. The preparation of a breakfast was an achievement the success of which depended on the weather, the disposition of the miners, the canniness of the gas company, the hour of rising and the temper of the fates. If the weather was such that coal cars could run, if the miners were disposed to work, if the gas company was willing to let go of a few extra million feet of gas, if the would-be breakfaster arose betimes so that he was ready to eat it at the time prescribed by the gas officials, and if the fates were wiling—then there was gas for the making of breakfast. And every other meal in the day was dependent on these same contingencies. A meal was a precarious thing, and there was no counting on it until it was actually cooked and set on the table.

Now the housewives of Indianapolis face the coming of another winter, and they are anxious to know just what may be expected in the way of gas, and what in the way of inconvenience.

One enterprising Indianapolis matron who was utterly disgusted with last winter's program decided—like a great many other people—that something should be done. If the light companies can supply lights all winter long, and manage to get coal to keep their plants running, why should the gas company's supply of fuel be forever on the verge of flickering out and leaving a hungry Indianapolis to eat its food raw or half-cooked? If householders can secure a supply of coal to last them all winter, why can't a gas company, which is presumably run on a more business-like and efficient plan than a household, secure its supply of coal for the winter, and thus insure its clients a uniform supply of gas? If Indianapolis is willing to pay for gas, why isn't gas available at all seasons of the year?

The logical answer to these conundrums which the Indianapolis women propounded seemed to be that the gas company is loafing on the job and taking advantage of the fact that it is the sole source of supply in Indianapolis for gas. Now, decided the lady with the investigating turn of mind—if two competing light companies can so work that the supply of electricity is always satisfactory, why shouldn't the logical solution to the gas problem be two gas companies? If competition is the life of trade, why shouldn't it be the life of public utilities? And with this bee in her bonnet, she started her investigation.

Not willing to accept any second-hand theories for first-hand facts, she went direct to the headquarters of the suppliers of light and gas, ready to blast any fallacious defenses with plain common sense, and if she couldn't have gas, at least she would have the satisfaction of telling the iniquitous gas misers what the righteously indignant housewife thought of their inefficiency.

This is what she found out, as the result of her Private Service Commission investigation:

First of all, it is a sheer impossibility for the gas company to store a supply of coal for the winter. Where the householder deals in ten, twenty or thirty tons of coal for a winter, the company must secure hundreds of tons for a day. While the private citizen can garner in his coal supply for the whole winter, the big corporation must run on a margin of say twelve days' supply. Even were it possible to secure space to house all of the coal needed for the winter, the expense of moving it or scattering it to keep it from catching on fire would be enormous. Then, too, there would be an enormous amount of capital tied up in a huge coal heap. So that even if storing a season's supply of coal were possible, it would not be advisable.

Second, there is the matter of competition. Would it really stimulate the gas company to greater efforts to obtain coal if there were a second and competing company? It might—thought at present their staff seems to be doing everything that is humanly possible to get more coal, even when there is none in the vicinity to be got. Besides, two companies supplying gas to all sections of one city would mean a duplication of equipment, and the consumer would be compelled to pay the interest on the double investment of capital.

As for the comparison with the electric light situation where two firms instead of one supply the city's light—it is true that there have not been so many distress flags flying from this quarter even in the worst weather, literally and figuratively speaking. The investigating committee of one, however, discovered that the light companies have had their troubles also, and coal supplies have been perilously low at times. The reason for their failure to advertise their difficulties as widely as the gas company has done is probably this: If the coal supply were to disappear entirely, service for both electricity and gas would cease. As soon as the coal began coming in, the electric light companies could resume their service within a short time. On the other hand, once the gas ceased to flow through the main, the air would rush in, and instead of a matter of a few hours, it would be a matter of days before gas service could become normal. Once the gas was out of the pipes, it would be necessary to see that every gas cock was closed before it would be safe to turn the gas into the mains again. Naturally, it is to the interest of the gas company, therefore, to keep the gas on, even if it is only at a very low pressure. Hence their frantic appeals to the public to conserve gas.

The third issue is as to why the gas service should be so inadequate in winter when it is greatly needed, while in summer it is more than sufficient. The investigating housewife discovered that the average of some eight million cubic feet of gas used in summer increases to in the neighborhood of twenty million cubic feet in the worst winter weather. Much of this surplus is, of course, due to the fact that it takes more heat to cook with in winter than in summer, and also that people in the winter eat heavier foods which require more cooking. But the principal cause of this surplus is the use of gas for heating purposes. The gas company begs off and pleads lack of capacity when consumers ask three times as much gas in winter as in summer. Unquestionably the gas company is not equipped to give Indianapolis all the gas that consumers want in cold weather, and with all the coal to be desired, it would not be possible to supply gas for all purposes in the winter without an increased capacity. Regardless of where the fault for this condition lies, it is obvious that Indianapolis must go on short rations of gas this winter, and it is for the consumer to decide for what purpose the available gas shall be used.

After listening to the polite but determined recital of their woes by public utility officials, the righteously indignant matron was considerably calmed down, and she was ready to go home and advise Mr. Householder not to wait for any Pocahontas coal, but get in what he could of any kind. Also, she resolved to use gas this winter for cooking purposes only.

Her chief hope for a sufficient supply of gas for cooking in the winter months now lies in the plan of the Public Service Commission, which is considering a schedule of rates for gas which will put a higher price on all gas used over a certain limit. For instance, two thousand feet may be allowed as a minimum for cooking purposes in a small household. The rate for this first two thousand would remain sixty cents, and for every additional thousand the rate would be say seventy-five cents or a dollar. It is not certain that this method would curb the use of gas for heating purposes, but the hope is that the family that is combatting the H. C. L. will consider seriously before they use ninety-cent or a dollar gas for heating purposes, when it would be possible to fire up the furnace for heat.

Although the lady of the investigation failed to show up any panacea for all gas troubles, she was willing to admit that the worried utility officials had impressed her with one thing—the necessity of co-operating with the gas company in order to obtain adequate supplies of gas for cooking this winter's meals.

Motion Pictures

Plot is the most elastic factor in the make-up of a motion picture. The motion picture producer has thrown away all remnants of the unities of time, place, and action, and his plot for a scenario may ramble all over the face of the earth, through the ages from Adam up to date, and the speed of its action may vary from the melodramatic jumble of a Western thriller, where so many things are happening at once that you're bound to miss something, to the calm of a scenic travelogue where the only thing that moves is the camera.

The range of what may be seen and done on the screen is almost unlimited, and so the field of the motion picture drama is in many respects much larger than that of the spoken drama. But all good things may be overdone, and the infernal ingenuity used in putting the motion picture camera through its paces of seeing all and knowing all is the cause of muddling and mystifying many a long-suffering movie audience.

To take the worst offender first, there's the comedy film. The Mack Sennets and Snub Pollards and Roscoe Arbuckles tear through scene after

(Continued on Page 17)

COVER DECORATION

The cover picture this week is of Stephen Charles Trowbridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson C. Trowbridge, born May 29, 1919. The picture was taken May 29, 1920, at exactly one year of age.

Governor Goodrich has issued an appeal for coal saving. Fine, if we all had the coal to save.

Notes of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Lafayette Page and Miss Ruth Page are expected to return from Europe about the middle of the month.

Mrs. Hugh M. Templeton and daughter, Peggy, have returned from a three weeks' visit at Lake Wawassee.

Mrs. S. E. Perkins has recently returned from Chautauqua, N. Y., where she spent the summer.

Mrs. Aquilla A. Jones is visiting friends at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb S. Denny have returned from Eaglesmere, Pa., where they have been spending the past seven weeks.

Mrs. John H. Talbott has left for a visit in Brooklyn, N. Y., with her son, Arnold M. Talbott, and Mrs. Talbott. She will visit in Canandaigua, N. Y., before returning home.

Mrs. Kurt Vonnegut and her son and daughter have returned from a two months' stay at Chatham, Cape Cod.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Gasaway and daughter, Sara Elizabeth, have returned from a short visit in Michigan.

Mrs. Owen M. Mothershead has recently returned from the Great Lakes, where she has been spending the summer.

The Rev. Lewis Brown has returned from a trip to the Muskoka lakes. He also visited in Ottawa, Canada, where he was entertained at the home of Mrs. George F. Aird, formerly of Indianapolis.

Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Bigger, of Woodruff Place, are taking a motor trip through Canada and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bates Flanner have returned from a vacation in Tampa, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pickens have returned from a stay of several weeks in Forest Beach, Mich.

Mrs. Linton A. Cox has just returned from a visit in Chicago.

Dr. Charles E. Cottingham has returned from a fishing trip in northern Canada.

Mrs. Cottingham and daughter, Lorinda, and Mrs. E. V. Clark and daughter, Lois, have returned from a trip on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Laflin, of Chicago, have been guests of Mrs. D. M. Parry at Golden Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Weidely have returned from a motor trip through New York and Canada.

Miss Virginia Duckwall and Miss Louise Sherman have returned from Aloha Camp in Vermont.

Mrs. Ernest Bross has returned from a two months' stay in the East, where she visited with her daughter, Mrs. Harold J. Eckley.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Grover have returned from a month's trip in the East.

Mrs. Ellen Grover is expected to return soon from Chautauqua, N. Y., where she has been summering. She will spend the winter in Florida.

Mrs. Fred Anderson has returned to her home in New York from her visit to Mrs. Fred Cheyne, of Woodruff Place.

Mrs. John Sloan Kittle has returned home from Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. Martha Wright and daughter, Miss Leona Wright, have returned from a summer in California.

Recent visitors from Indianapolis to Ramona Park, Michigan, include Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Morris, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Forry, Miss Caroline Forry and Mr. Macy W. Malott.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett Gates have returned from Hot Springs, Va., where they have been spending the past few weeks. Mr. Gates will make an automobile tour of Canada, and the family will spend the winter in the Hotel Miami, Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Mary Kappes has been the guest of Mrs. Harry M. Milligan at Burt Lake, Mich.

Mrs. Eli Lilly and Mrs. Finley Pugh, of Los Angeles, Calif., have arrived for a visit of several months in the city and also in Ohio and Kentucky.

Recent guests from Indianapolis at the various hotels of Charlevoix include Mrs. John C. New, Mr. and Mrs. Bernays Kennedy and Mr. Herman P. Lieber.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Elam have been visiting Dr. and Mrs Layman, of Burt Lake.

William Hume, son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hume, has returned from Burt Lake.

Indianapolis visitors to Bay View, Mich., recently include Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cothrell, Mr. and Mrs. James B Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kothe and Miss Henrietta Kothe.

Mrs. Chapin Foster has returned to the city from Burt Lake, where she spent the summer with her sister, Mrs. Charles Martindale.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

Many of the women's clubs in Indianapolis that have suspended activities during the summer are preparing to resume their regular meetings in the near future. September means the closing of summer cottages, returning to town, and incidentally, taking up club work where it was left off last spring.

The Little Theatre Society will hold its next meeting on the first Tuesday in October in the auditorium of the Public Library.

The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will meet on September 28 at the home of Mrs. P. E. Powell, Apartment No. 1, 3466 Carrollton Ave.

On September 9th, Mrs. J. A. Hundley will entertain for the Round Table Club with a theatre party.

The Magazine Club will meet on October 9th.

Indianapolis Little Theatre Society

Announcement has recently been made that George Somnes will again direct the activities of the Indianapolis Little Theatre Society for their 1920-21 seasons. The feeling is quite general among members of the society and outsiders as well that the society has accomplished more under Mr. Somnes' leadership than ever before in its history, and the news that he is to head the society during the coming year will be most welcome to friends of the Indianapolis Little Theatre.

Mr. Somnes has had a long and varied experience in theatrical work. For three years he was with Faversham's company in their productions of Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, and Othello. He has played with Constance Collier, Julie Opp, Cecelia Loftus, Frank Keenan and Tyrone Power, Ben Greet and Tom Wise, and he was the understudy of John Barrymore in Peter Ibbotson. He was a member of the original repertory company at the Royal Victoria Theatre in London.

Winter before last Mr. Somnes was with the Stuart Walker Company during their season at the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York. Last June he was active in the production of the Indianapolis Centennial Pageant. During this summer's season with the Walker Players, he has played a wide range of parts, from the adoring lover of Peg O' My Heart to the Italian count in the boarding house at 39 East. His work has been consistently satisfactory, one of the best bits being his portrayal of the genially tipsy gentleman who brought his wife to Pantzer's Dance Pavilion on the same night that the Very Good Young Man selected to break out in that festal hall.

After the close of this summer season, Mr. Somnes left for a few weeks' vacation in Atlantic City. Upon his return he will begin active work with the Little Theatre Society. Their regular season will open October 21, 22 and 23 with a bill of three one act plays, which will be given for members of the State Teachers' Association, whose yearly meetings will be held at that time. During the winter six regular subscription performances will be given and two special performances.



GEORGE SOMNES
Director of the Indianapolis Little Theatre Society

The Methodist Hospital Alumnae Association will meet on the second Wednesday in September at the Nurses' Home.

On October 4th the Monday Afternoon Reading Club will meet at the home of Mrs. J. F. Boesinger at 3036 Central avenue.

The first fall meeting of the Monday

(Continued on Page 16)

Editorial

INDIANAPOLIS SPIRIT

Somebody has suggested that the motto of Indianapolis is "manana"—tomorrow. It comes almost being true. This city has a tendency to "put off"—not because we do not want to do the task, but because we lack that "do it now" fervor.

No other city of 300,000 people in the country has a better spirit than the capital of Hoosierdom. Not a task that the city has ever set itself to do has been left undone—but we take our own sweet time to do it.

In the various Liberty Loan campaigns, with a mounting quota each time, the loans were put over, but only after tremendous persuasion and actual driving.

The same condition confronts the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic as regards rooms for visitors. Instead of coming forward and filling the quota for rooms within three days—ample time—the committee in charge was forced to go into the newspapers with paid advertising and appeal to the people to provide housing accommodations.

Of course, Indianapolis meant all the time to provide the rooms, but she put off doing it. We are forced to advertise to the other cities of the country that our citizens have to be spurred on to do a job that should have been done without the flourish of box-car type in all the newspapers of the city.

Such advertisement of our lack of the "do it now" spirit is not good for the city and the people within it. Why not change our attitude in this regard and hereafter do all civic tasks promptly? "Do it Now" is the proper motto.

POLITICAL ASHES

An incident, small in itself but of interest to a certain coterie of politicians in Indiana, is the return of Dr. Rollin H. Bunch, of Muncie, from the Federal prison at Atlanta on parole.

Returning as he does in the heat of the campaign, one naturally wonders what interest Dr. Bunch will take in the Muncie campaign—if any.

To a casual observer it would seem that after his disastrous political experience in Delaware county, Dr. Bunch would be decidedly shy of politics. Perhaps he is. Perhaps he has had sufficient politics to last him the rest of his days.

Here was a man with a lucrative practice of medicine—making much more money than he ever made in politics—yet giving it up to dabble in politics of the peanut brand. One wonders what sort of a quirk such a person must have in his brain to sacrifice honor, family, friends and living to gain a little so-called political power and what little money, comparatively speaking, went with it.

But it is done every day. A dyed-in-the-wool politician is a "goner." He can't think of anything but politics and the power that goes with it. He will sacrifice anything—even to his honor—in attaining his end.

There is a difference between an interest in governmental affairs—from the smallest unit to the Federal—and "politics" as it is generally accepted. One is unselfish and the other selfish. One has the interest of the whole at heart, the other of the individual. Man can't live for himself alone and when he attempts it he usually comes to grief.

Unselfish devotion to any work or principle usually brings its own reward—at least, it carries no stings nor bitter memories. No doubt Dr. Rollin Bunch thought the apples of his success were as pleasant to the taste as they were to look upon, but when he tasted them, he found them ashes.

But, of course, politicians of the Bunch stripe will never learn the lesson—until they "taste the ashes" to be convinced. It is, therefore, with some question that one beholds the return of this Muncie citizen to his former haunts. Will he eschew politics or will he risk another plunge into the muddied stream? Being a doctor, he ought to know what bitter medicine tastes like.

ARE PARENTS SELFISH?

Love laughs at locksmiths, but mamma doesn't. She is jealous of her children's plunge into matrimony even when under the most propitious circumstances. But when Cupid tampers with the parental lock and releases its victims there are usually tears and bitter thoughts.

Chicago and Indianapolis newspapers have carried stories of the marriage of an "elderly" man to a twenty-year-old girl, which was hastened by the whipping of the prospective groom by the irate mother-in-law.

There apparently was nothing against the morals and character of the groom, save that he was "too old" for the bride—in the opinion of the bride's mother. This discrepancy so angered the mother that she lashed her son-in-law with a whip. Cupid fared roughly, but may outlive his experience.

This leads to moralizing on the question of how far can parents go in shaping the destiny of their children; that is, how far should they go?

Are not parents innately selfish when it comes to their children, even to the hurt of the children? Undoubtedly this is true. A mother, to have her preconceived social program for a daughter thwarted by marriage which the mother does not approve is a bitter pill to swallow. But hasn't the daughter her own life to live and her destiny to work out regardless of the mother? It would seem so. It is proper and necessary for a mother to guide her daughter or son to the best advantages in life, but she assumes a grave responsibility when she attempts to meddle with the affairs of the heart.

In the Oriental countries, and in some parts of Europe, it is customary for the parents to choose the daughter's husband and the son's wife. But in America, there is too much independence for such custom and many a washed out family has been rejuvenated by a so-called mesalliance.

All this is said apart from the text at the beginning of this article, but the moral is pointed. Youth will not listen to dictation in affairs of the heart. No matter what the consequences may be, youth will have its way in this regard. Probably it is well that it should. It teaches that parents, in most cases, have applied the wrong method and that parents propose, love disposes.

Children have a right to work out their own salvation and happiness when their course is in keeping with honor and respect. They will not forego even fancied happiness at the whim of a mother or father.

However, there are cases where the children are not properly guided in their adolescent days. That accounts for the recent runaway marriage in which a girl fourteen years old was wedded to a carnival follower. No doubt this girl lacked a certain training and impressions she should have had from the home. The parents are to blame for her matrimonial misstep.

All of this teaches that parents do have a great responsibility, but that responsibility must be administered wisely and with thought to build a force of character that will withstand flighty inclinations. Parents must do the best for their children and not for themselves.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

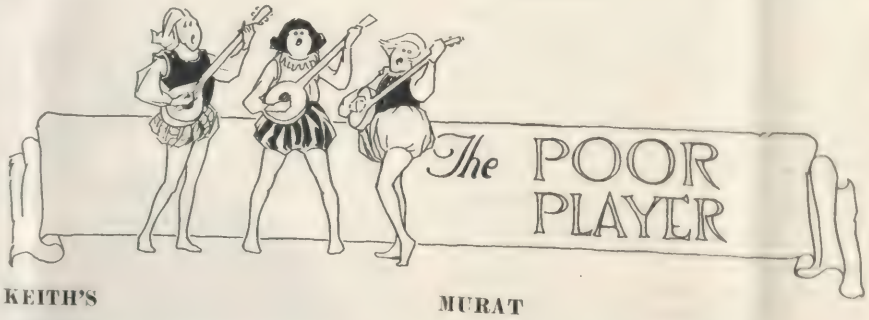
Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher
STANLEY GARRISON, Editor-in-Chief ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director
OLIVER M. SAYLER, New York Correspondent

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382



KEITH'S

After being closed for the past eight weeks, B. F. Keith's Theatre opens the regular winter season Monday, September 13, with metropolitan vaudeville, changing the bills weekly, beginning each Monday.

Important changes have been made in the seating arrangement through the removal of the boxes on the main floor.

The decorative scheme remains very much as before, except that the house has been entirely decorated anew. The stage has been rebuilt and hardwood installed in the "apron" so that dancing acts may use the regular stage floor without dancing pads.

A revival of the "green room" of the legitimate stage is to be seen in the remodeling of a room for the artists which will be called "The N. V. A. Room," in honor of the National Vaudeville Artists.

MURAT

Irene Franklin, with Ralph Herz and a New York cast as coadjutors, will invite attention to the engagement of "Always You," which, direct from Broadway, will appear at the Murat Theatre on Monday, September 13, remaining all week. In addition to the numbers in "Always You," provided by Herbert Stothart's lilting score, Miss Franklin will bring two of her own special numbers to the entertainment, in which she will be assisted by her husband, Burton Green, on the grand piano. As an adjunct to her performance in the light comedy role of Joan Summers in the piece, Miss Franklin will sing "Hayward's Harlem, Hellions" and "Passing Through", which are two of her latest songs, the words by Miss Franklin, the music by Mr. Green. The first song will present Miss

(Continued on Page 18)



On Saving Banks

Financing the country with the savings of hundreds of thousands of people in this country is not a new suggestion. One Eugene Meyer, Jr., offers what he calls a solution of the money problem of the country by having the Government establish postal savings banks that would pay 4 or 4½ per cent interest on savings of the people and finance the country on these savings.

Of course, the first thing would be to get the people to put their money into the postoffice savings banks. It is pointed out, however, that there are thousands and thousands of people who hide their money rather than trust it to the banks—especially the private banks in states with inadequate banking laws. These people, it is declared, could be shown that Uncle Sam is trustworthy and that a Government savings bank would appeal to them. By this method it is said that at least $500,000,000 would be restored to circulation if postoffice banks were properly developed.

It is also asserted that foreigners that now send their money abroad as fast as they earn it, would deposit it in the Government savings banks and secure a fair rate of interest, which they do not now get.

The plan sounds well on paper and its success, at a casual glance, would apparently hinge on the proper organization of Government savings banks and their administration—provided, of course, the people patronized them. In many states, where good banking laws are the rule, the regular savings institutions would be sharp competitors to the Government banks, and it is doubtful if the Federal banks would be popular. Savings by the people in any bank is largely the result of intelligent advertising and education by the banks and the larger savings institutions have done much along this line.

Attorneys Find Tangle

An interesting situation has arisen touching the new Johnson "home rule amendment" to the state tax law, in which there is some question regarding the validity of bonds issued under it.

The Indianapolis Park Board brought up the question of issuing bonds to make many improvements in park property. It was pointed out by Clyde Hoffman, attorney for the board, that the bond market had been made cautious because of the lack of understanding regarding the law.

Section four of the Johnson measure repeals in its entirety Section 203 of the state tax law passed in 1919. Section 203, it is pointed out, is that in which boards of tax commissioners received the power to pass on bond issues of local governmental units. Now that this has been repealed and the power returned to the local units after January 1, 1921, it is the opinion of several attorneys that no governmental unit has the power to make a bond issue until after January 1. Previous to that time there is no governmental body with the legal right to pass on any sort of a bond issue. For that reason bond buyers are not falling over themselves to take new bond issues until the matter has been definitely settled.

A Standard Oil Suggestion

The official organ of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in a recent issue, discusses the necessity for a revolution in the motor car industry in order to conserve fuel.

This revolution would take the form of acquiring more efficiency from motor cars as to the use of gasoline. The publication asserts that motorists do not get the mileage from gasoline they should have if supplies of petroleum are to be conserved.

It is suggested that a higher gear ratio and more frequent shift of gears be made as one of the means of conserving fuel. It is even urged that cars be equipped with a fourth speed for use along level stretches of country. It is pointed out that this would eliminate the car which can start from a given point and run over hilly roads without changing gears.

The oil publication declares that a car should be designed to get from 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline. This, it is admitted, would do away with the high power heavy cars and mean some sacrifice in comfort. In other words, it is said that car owners should abandon their desires for excessive power for only occasional uses, as this means low mileage in gasoline and the consequent exhaustion of the supply.

In the old days there was some reason for heavy, excess-powered motors, owing to poor roads and heavy grades. Now much of those conditions have passed, and the oil people take the position that as the United States is the only country demanding excessive power machines, it can well do without them, too.

The oil journal declares that the problem of the future supply of gasoline is absolutely up to the car owners, that the motor car makers give the buyers what they want and therefore if car owners demand a light weight, low-powered car they will be gladly manufactured.

The article goes on to say that if transformation from heavy, high-powered cars could be made within the life of the newest car, there would be no gasoline problem for years to come.

A Much-Needed Postoffice

The postoffice committee of the Chamber of Commerce is getting busy on a plan for a postoffice terminal at the Union Station—if the American Railway Express can be kept from grabbing all the available space under the elevation.

The committee recently held a meeting with Postmaster Robert Springsteen and formulated a telegram of protest to John Clark, superintendent of the fifth division, railway mail service. The message asked that the matter be given prompt and earnest consideration by postoffice officials.

The Chamber of Commerce has been working a long time to obtain a postoffice terminal at the Union Station. It is pointed out that such a terminal would obviate the necessity of hauling tons of mail to the central postoffice and then hauling it back again to the station for distribution in the retail district. There is no doubt but what such a station would not only speed up parcel post deliveries, but would help downtown traffic and at the same time prevent loss and damage to parcel post packages by fewer handlings. Let's have the terminal postoffice.

Hogs and Happiness

The relationship between blooded hogs and automobiles may not be apparent at first glance, but there is an economic kinship that is of considerable interest just now.

Recently the writer attended a sale of blooded hogs and the small drove sold brought more than $15,000. This particular farmer has a real farm and everything that goes with it. He owns a high grade passenger car and a couple of trucks. Fewer than six years ago he did not own either. He is frank in saying that blooded hogs "put him on his feet."

It is all interesting, this change in agricultural conditions, because it connotes a new social life—and what is good for the farmer—the base of all prosperity—is good for us all. May he buy many more motors.

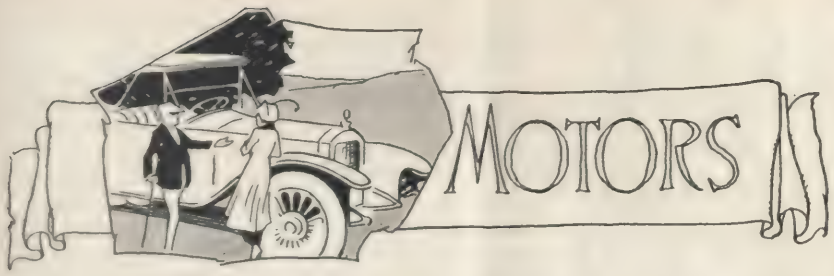
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

Hi, Mr. Motorist!

Come across with your automobile again. Yes, we know you have been a good fellow. You have been mighty fine about undergoing the perils of travel on our local street cars and turning over your car for the use of orphans, church workers, Liberty Loan drives, Shriners, Y. M. C. A. campaigns, canteen service and visiting firemen, and we know that on November 2 your campaign committee is going to use the machine to help our new feminine voters exercise their right of suffrage. We know, too, that in some instances in the past your good nature has been imposed upon grievously by organized joy riders camouflaged under a thin veneer of welfare work.

But this time your automobile is wanted for a cause that no one but a Hun could call unworthy. The automobile committee for the G. A. R. encampment, to be held in Indianapolis, September 19-25, needs 1,000 cars to take care of the old veterans who make up all that is left of that wonderful army that marched down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington in 1865 after it had fought and won the great War of the Rebellion.

Back in those four grim years from 1861 to 1865 these same veterans, then husky, tireless American youngsters, tramped and fought over hundreds, yes, thousands of miles of territory. They marched under full equipment, on their backs the heavy knapsacks of Civil War days, on their broad, young shoulders the weighty Springfield muskets. They made that long, hard grind down in the Peninsula in 1862 to within sight of Richmond only to be hurled back through no fault of theirs when the Confederate capital was almost within their grasp. They took part in the march to Gettysburg and repulsed the famous charge of Pickett's Virginians in a struggle that saved the Union. They marched across half of Indiana and all of Ohio in the long chase that ended only when Morgan's hard riding band of raiders was run to earth and pinned down against the Ohio river. And they took part in that greatest march of the Civil War, when they battered their way through Joe Johnson's gray clad fighters to the gates of Atlanta and, swinging along behind Sherman, marched through Georgia from Atlanta to the Sea.

But that was almost sixty years ago. The Boys of '61 are boys no longer. Our Indianapolis pavements are hard and our blocks are long. To these veterans the distance from the Monument to Sixteenth street is longer than was the long red road from Sumter to Appomattox in the days that are gone. And they need your motor car. You know very well you wouldn't be driving it today but for these heroes who are nearing the end of the long, long trail.

Less than two years ago your own boy was in khaki, perhaps in the big St. Mihiel drive that started in September, 1918, or perhaps he was smashing his way through the machine gun infested hell of the Argonne. And you know how much you think of that boy.

Well, fifty years and more from now he will not be the same active, athletic youngster he is today, and when he goes to his American Legion reunion it will be mighty unpatriotic if enough automobiles, airplanes or whatever means of transportation is in common use then are not forthcoming to make his visit a pleasant one and to make him feel that his wonderful work in 1917-18 has not been forgotten by his country.

So, Mr. Motorist, call up John Orman, chairman of the G. A. R. automobile committee, Main 2449, and tell him on what days during the encampment you will donate your car for the comfort and convenience of our old soldiers.

* * *

A new metal alloy which resists corrosion by acids and alkaline solutions has been discovered and perfected by the metallurgical laboratory of the Midwest Engine Company. The new alloy has been named "Meco" and Midwest officials declare that it will resist all acids except nitrate and almost all alkalis. They say it can be cast, rolled, welded or brazed without offering difficulties common to other acid-resisting metals.

"Meco" when burnished is of nickel color and it takes a high silverlike polish, which it retains. The Midwest Company expects the new alloy to be generally used on automobiles, as it will withstand the effects of weather and retains its polish.

The metal recently was given a severe test in a mine pump at Bicknell, Ind. For five months it stood daily use without deterioration, whereas pumps in this particular mine formerly needed repairs every few days and were replaced at frequent intervals on account of the strong corrosive action of the sulphurous water in the mine.

* * *

That certainly is a versatile Overland the Gibson Company has as a demonstrator here in Indianapolis. Early in March it made a run of 4,452 miles over Indiana roads in seven days. It then went into prosaic road work as a demonstrator for road salesmen and added 6,500 miles more. Then to top off its already fine record it cut loose on the Indianapolis Speedway recently and turned in 1,000 miles in less than twenty-four hours. Four drivers relayed each other and the car was guided around the track by two spotlights.

* * *

General conditions in the automobile industry in Indianapolis have improved perceptibly in the past few weeks.

George M. Dickson, general manager of the National, says that prospects are brighter today than at any time in the past month. More men were put back to work on August 16; this number was further increased on the 23rd and by Labor Day large scale production was under way again.

Marmon officials say they now have on their payrolls 4,624 employes as against 4,900 January 1.

Premier has sufficient orders ahead to keep factory going one year at full production and only thing needed is sufficient supply of bodies. Officials say that demand is especially urgent for enclosed bodies.

John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, says that his investigations have shown that the demand for enclosed bodies has increased 70 per cent in the past year.

* * *

Three roads have been added to the state highway system by the State Highway Commission. The "Adeway," as one will be known, will run from Kentland, home of George Ade, to Hammond, where it will connect with the main highway into Chicago. The second is that part of the Jackson Highway from Walcott to Montmorenci, and the third the Brookville road from Indianapolis to Brookville via Rushville. Two bridge contracts, one for a steel span bridge, to cost almost $13,000, over the Mississinewa river on the Winchester road, and the other for a small cement bridge to cost $2,573 on the Lafayette-Kokomo road, were awarded.

* * *

A warning against what is termed "sporadic automobile associations" has been issued in a circular by the Hoosier State Automobile Association. "These associations," the circular says, "relieve the motoring public of thousands of dollars for which they get no good. The associations referred to—organized for profit and for securing fees on promise of discount arrangements that are neither good ethics nor good business to begin with—are trying to injure the work of civic organizations long established, by promise of replacing their work and by belittling the work already done. There is no reason why such schemes should secure public support to the profit of the promoters, nor will they if the people know what is being done to them."

* * *

Construction of two factories of the National Lamp Works of the General Electric Company for the manufacture of incandescent lamps will begin shortly. The company proposes to erect a finishing plant of three stories and a glass works of two stories, at a cost of more than $1,750,000. Miniature incandescent and automobile lamps will be manufactured at the Indianapolis plant, which will have a capacity of 160,000,000 lamps a year. The factories will be located on a site at East Washington and Gray streets recently purchased from Crawford Fairbanks. It is understood that the consideration was more than $50,000. The factory site has a frontage of 275 feet on Washington street and extends south to the Pennsylvania railroad, a distance of 800 feet.

Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS

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Our Location, 1720-26 East Tenth Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

What the Motor Club Does for You

Mr. Automobile Driver, are you a member of the Hoosier Motor Club?

Perhaps not. If not, you ought to be.

This can be taken as a "free ad" for the club, if any one so desires, but there is no question but what the Hoosier Motor Club is doing a great work for car owners.

Just glance over some of the things the club has done and see if it is not worthy of your support and co-operation.

Prevented a war tax of 2 cents a gallon on gasoline.

Prevented a federal license tax on cars of $5 to $50 a car, according to its power.

Prevented a 5 per cent higher tax on new cars.

Prevented an increase in passenger car license fees.

Helped to secure the highway commission for better roads.

Helped to secure the enactment of the dimmer law.

Obtained a law making vehicle taking a felony instead of a misdemeanor.

A road posting law providing for uniform direction and danger signs.

Organized and marked thirty cross-state highways in Indiana and provided for marking poles along the same as a guide to motorists.

Keeps a polepainting service truck on the road all time marking new routes.

Provides authentic and correct touring information for all members free of charge.

Marked the "Dandy Trail" around Indianapolis to allow motorists to see everything worth seeing around the city.

Here are some of the things the club is now working for. How does it strike you:

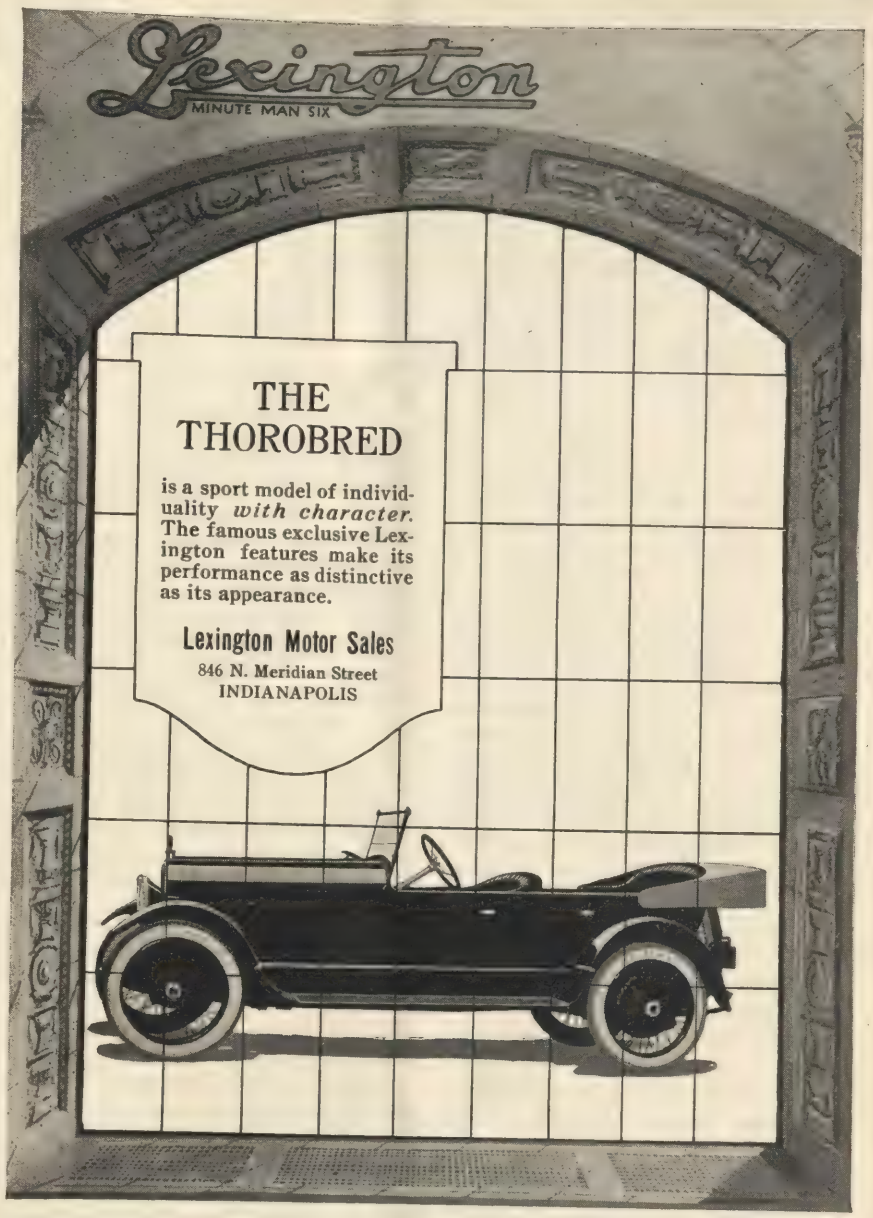
That a four mill levy for the State Highway Commission shall be secured under the new valuations and that any additional funds available shall be set aside for use by the State Highway Commission, and that means a thirty million dollar program.

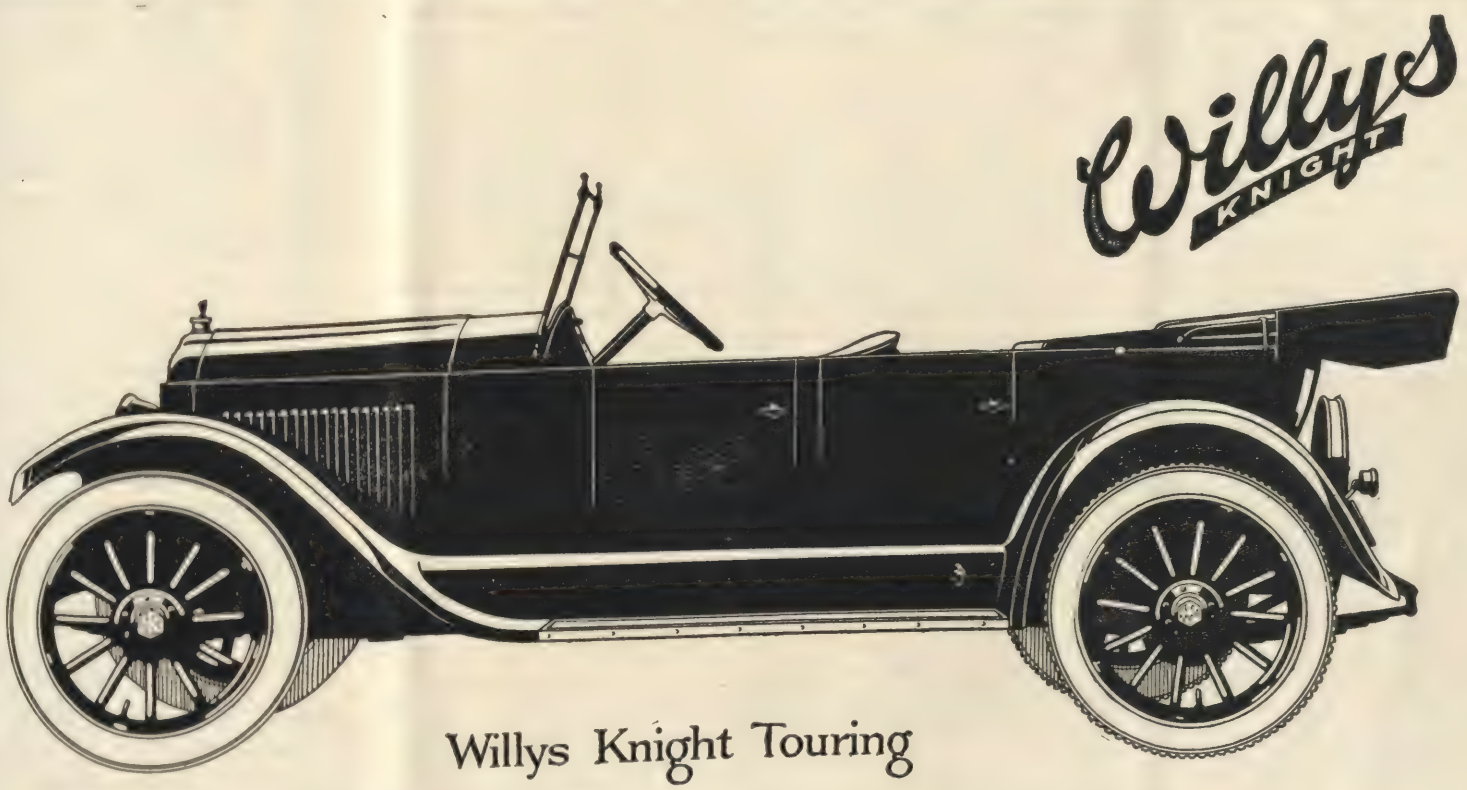
That the officers of the association shall use their efforts to see that the present county unit road law is pushed through the courts in time for use during 1920; and that this law shall be defended at the next meeting of the legislature and also that it shall have some amendments.

That there is plenty of room for improvement in the maintenance of county and township roads of which there are 60,000 miles; 30,000 miles are under the supervision of 1,016 trustees—each of whom is a law unto himself! Another 30,000 miles is under the supervision of approximately seventy-eight county road superintendents; that the influence of the Hoosier State Auto Association should be exerted to bring about some practical improvement in maintenance!

That our present "mutilated number" law should be amended to be of more practical use to police officials in recovering and capturing the thieves.

(Continued on Page 18)





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An Adventure in "Americanization"

How Americanizing Work Was Fostered in Indianapolis by Patriotic Women as Early as 1882.

Forty-three Free Kindergartens Are Now Established in City, Which Many Foreign Children Attend.

By Sara J. Greenstreet

Long before "Americanization" became the popular word that post-war days have made it, long before the public school began to call itself "the melting pot" and to organize a definite program of concrete help for our foreigners in its day and night schools, and its various educational and social features, a splendid work had for years been going on quietly and effectively in Indianapolis through the medium of the Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society.

Real Americanization work it was, too, though no one thought of applying such a formidable name to the very natural and obvious things that were being done. To the simple mind there is something rather terrifying in that very modern seven-syllable word, "A-mer-i-can-i-za-tion," suggesting a mechanical process of some kind to which one submits himself, and from which, after sundry subtractions of supposedly objectional traits and habits, and divers additions of presumably desirable qualities, one emerges automatically, a fully equipped American—made while you wait. The thing is, of course, an affair of the spirit—a growth—a getting acquainted with one's new neighbors. Because of the recognition of this fact, the work of the Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society has from the first been a signal success.

The society grew spontaneously to meet a very real need, and from small beginnings it has steadily extended its scope until it has become one of the city's most potent social and civic forces. It began back in 1882, when a group of women interested in child welfare founded the first free kindergarten at Public School No. 12, at the corner of West and McCarty streets. Mrs. Stanton J. Peelle was the first president of the organization. The work was at that time supported entirely by private contributions.

In 1884 the present organization was effected, with a board of twenty women as trustees. Mrs. John H. Holliday is president, Mrs. Evans Woollen, treasurer, and Mrs. Eliza A. Blaker, superintendent.

While private contributions are still solicited for the social and relief work of the society, since 1901 the educational work has been supported by public tax granted by the legislature. Teachers' salaries and school equipment are paid from this public fund. There are now forty-three of these free kindergartens scattered about the city in the foreign settlements, in the colored districts, or wherever the need demands. Through them twenty-one different nationalities are reached and a real community service rendered.

Behind every successful work there is always a person. The person in this case is Mrs. Eliza A. Blaker, who came to Indianapolis from Philadelphia in 1882, in response to an invitation from the new society to take charge of the kindergarten work. She has been the animating soul of the organization ever since—thirty-nine years.

It was with something of the spirit and enthusiasm of the pioneer that Mrs. Blaker entered upon the new work, a young, vigorous woman in a new educational field; a woman of vision and forward-reaching thoughts, with executive talent, and the ability to inspire others. Though she claims to be "just a teacher," she is truly a pioneer in community and social service work in Indianapolis.

It was in 1889 that Jane Addams began her famous Hull House experiment in Chicago and thus introduced "Settlement Work" and the "Neighborhood House" to America. And it was not until 1898 that the settlement idea took root in Indianapolis in the Flanner House for colored folk. Yet it is these very methods, now so familiar to us, that Mrs. Blaker began to apply in her work away back in 1882. It is a significant thing to note in passing that in nearly every instance the "Neighborhood House" has grown around the nucleus of a little mission or kindergarten.

The story of the Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society is the story of Mrs. Blaker's vision realized through the loyalty and the intelligent co-operation of the women of the society, and of the teachers whom she has trained. For she is also the founder and head of a very flourishing training school for teachers, now just closing its thirty-ninth year. This school has always been known for its progressive and broad ideals. Since 1883 it has maintained a course in playground work, and was one of the very first schools in Indiana to offer a course in domestic science (established in 1887). The free kindergartens of the city have been the laboratory in which the students of the training school have worked out the theories taught in the classroom, and have learned many things not down in the curriculum, not the least of which is a working definition of American citizenship.

"And He took a child and set him in the midst of them." Thus, in Mrs. Blaker's scheme of things the work begins with the "child in the midst." Into a kindergarten school are gathered the children of some needy district—Jew, Greek, Slav, Italian, Irish, Roumanian, Negro, "poor white"—with fine democratic disregard of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. But the school is the merest beginning; "for," says Mrs. Blaker, "the home is ever the dominating influence in the child's life, and the home must be made a fit place for the child to live in." So, hand in hand with the education of the child in the school, goes on the home, social and community education of the parents.

One of the most direct avenues to the home is through the "Friendly Visitor," a trained worker who visits the homes in the school neighborhood, and learns through sympathetic conversation the needs of the household. Sometimes it is the grim realities—sickness, hunger, want—that are thus discovered. Then medical aid, food and clothing are supplied from the relief fund. Sometimes it is the difficulties of living in a strange land, with strange customs, and an unfamiliar tongue. Sometimes it is just plain homesickness and discouragement, which the interest and kindliness of the visitor can often dispel. The records of the society show 5,000 of these friendly visits for the month of May, 1920. This is one of the most important branches of the work, and calls for a high degree of tact, and a real love and understanding. The visitor invites the mothers and older girls to attend the mothers' clubs and socials, and if they are unable to attend, gives advice and instruction to them in their homes.

The parent-teachers' meetings are now an important feature of the public school work. In this feature, too, Mrs. Blaker was a pioneer. From the first she had "Mothers' Clubs," which met weekly in the kindergarten house for instruction in sewing, cooking, home nursing, fruit canning, marketing, shopping, and almost anything. Twice a month there is a Central Club, which meets at the Teachers' College, the society's headquarters, for help and exchange of experiences and instruction. It is an inspiring thing to see these mothers, and to watch their development into self-reliant, independent individuals.

For the young girls there are the Girls' Friendly Clubs, and the Little Neighbors' Clubs for girls of twelve years, in which the idea of helpful service is made concrete. Each "little neighbor" assumes the care and entertainment of five smaller children. This before the day of the day nurseries and playgrounds.

Once a month in the kindergarten house a social is given, to which the fathers, mothers, and all the family are invited, when games, folk dancing, singing, etc., are indulged in. Sometimes the foreigners provide the whole program. These socials have always proved a great success.

In every district the effort is made to inculcate a spirit of self-reliance. When relief is needed, it is given, but as soon as the need is past, those who have received help are, in turn, encouraged to help others. In every school is a little glass bank which stands in a conspicuous place. The patrons are urged to contribute as they are able to do so. Some months the sum is pitifully small; again, the little bank will yield as high as five dollars. One record month the contribution was $83.00. All of these mites go to swell the relief fund and stimulate a feeling of pride and self-respect. That the spirit of independence has been promoted is strikingly shown by a peep at the society's records. Where, in the early days of the work, with only a few schools, over two hundred garments were solicited and given for the year, last year only twenty garments were needed in the forty-three schools, because the mothers and older girls have learned to sew and make their own clothing, and keep it in repair.

One young woman, who has for years been in charge of a "child garden" in a foreign district, tells humorously of the varied demands that are made upon her in the course of the year. She seems to occupy a pinnacle on an equality with the blessed saints or the Virgin, and is consulted on all sorts of important matters from the proper care of infants to the dressing of a corpse for burial. She is the confidante of the big boys, most of whom she has seen grow up, and a model of dress and deportment for the older girls. Wives and mothers call upon her in all kinds of emergencies, and husbands hold her in wholesome respect. She is called in many a domestic crisis. If "the man" attempts, as he sometimes does, to establish his authority with force, "teacher" is summoned to admonish him that American men do not beat their wives.

When America entered the war, many of the boys whom the "teacher" had taught in her kindergarten, came to tell her good-bye; they were going to fight in the American ranks, proud that it was under the American flag, and not that of the mother country; they were Americans, they said.

That was the real Americanization, and such work is being duplicated in many free kindergartens of the city. There are hundreds of good, worthy citizens in Indianapolis today who acknowledge a great debt to the wise and timely help of the society. Many families have "found" themselves, and moving into other neighborhoods, have spread the helpful spirit.

Shop Tours

The woman who disapproves of smoking will be tempted to resign her post on the board of directors of the Anti-Tobacco Society and order a package of Fatimas when she investigates the array of intriguing cigarette cases to be found at one of the local specialty shops. They are the last word in smartness and chic, a delight to the heart of the feminine smoker and a temptation to the soul of the woman who has never before felt the slightest desire to light up.

There are a number of different styles in this assortment of vanities which have just arrived from New York, some very innocent and conventional in appearance, and others that are mannish looking and obviously designed for the wicked purpose of holding cigarettes. One of the smartest and simplest is a case of plain, fine-grained black leather—the stiff, oblong shape of the ordinary cigar case, only a bit smaller. It is fitted with a flat, narrow leather strap at the middle of the top for a handle, has dull silver fittings, and a small oval silver plate for initials.

There are several charming cases in black silk with gold fittings. They are small, only about four inches by six, softly padded, with gold edgings at the corners, and name plate in the center of one side, mounted on a moire ribbon that extends the length of the case. The handle is a slim black silk cord. Inside, one-half is fitted with a square mirror and a tiny envelope coin purse. The other half has the familiar prong-like metal tongue to hold the cigarettes in place. This same style is to be found in the new leathers of mottled colors in variegated designs.

Then there's the hypocritical little case which looks exactly like a vanity for powder puff and small change, a gold oval-shaped, finely engraved, with a flexible ribbon of chain for a handle, and a little slide set with an amethyst. But in spite of its innocent appearance it is really and truly for cigarettes, for inside it has a little forked protector to hold the cigarettes in place when the case is sprung open.

Another style is of the size and design of an ordinary envelope, fashioned of black silk, with a stiff, shallow box revealed when it is opened. It is lined in dark silk, and a narrow black elastic spans it.

The fortunate young woman who is paid to preside over the plush-topped counter where these cigarette cases for feminine smokers are sold, will encourage the timorous shopper by informing her that they may be used for other purposes than as cigarette containers. Of course, the little mirror and the silk-lined pocket for puff or for small change justify the carrying of these lovely little cases, and the cigarette compartment can be used for bills, if the lady prefers.

In New York, some of the shops which have the most unusual and artistic styles in women's wear are to be found just a little way round the corner from the avenue on the cross streets up-town. In Indianapolis, you will also find some of the most interesting shops not on the main-traveled streets, but instead of going round the corner, you must go upstairs. In a little hole of a shop several stories up in one of the older office buildings, there is a small assortment of fall hats that are just as stylish and more unusual than many that are being shown in Washington street windows. They are the work of a milliner who adores making hats, and who never makes two of a kind.

The umbrella of today is a far more interesting article than it used to be ten years ago. Today's umbrella must be of silk, of a color to match its owner's costume, with a stick, stubby ferrule of light wood, tipped with ivory or tortoise shell, and with a fancy handle by which it slips easily onto the arm. But the latest development of the umbrella question appears in the shape of an umbrella purse—or to be exact—a purse designed particularly to be carried with the umbrella. Of course, it is small, flat and compact, and has a loop of cord for a handle that slips conveniently over the arm or down over the umbrella handle, and naturally, it must match the color of the umbrella exactly. No sunshade, parasol, or umbrella is complete without one.

Great Gotham

(Continued from Page 7)

with pretender, is expressed through the person of Fyodor Masimoff, a Russian crook of gentle manner, who repents his crookery and disillusions the girl he loves after a lugubrious courtship. Masimoff comes nearer to living before us than any of the other human checkers he pushes across the board, but he, too, is a bundle of words rather than a living figure.

Jose Ruben plays Masimoff, and his work is the single bright spot in the play or the performance. Taking unpromising and unsympathetic material, this expert young actor, who came to our stage from abroad through the Washington Square Players, holds the attention throughout the three acts by his admirable poise, his warm personal charm and his keen perception of those few Russian traits which the authors vouchsafed him to enact.

* * *

Another play as artificial as "The Checkerboard," but not so well acted, is "The Charm School," a hopeless travesty on both life and the theatre—hopeless, because it wasn't intended as a travesty, or at least it wasn't intended to be considered so. Made from a novel by Alice Duer Miller, it belongs to that silly, sentimental genre of which "Pollyanna" was the most popular example and "Daddy Long Legs" the most self-respecting. It lacks the merits of both, though, in that it is devoid of any really plausible motive. A handsome young man (I'd hardly say handsome, though, as played by Sam Hardy!), a supposedly handsome young man, shall we call him, falls heir to a girls' school which he proceeds to revolutionize with the intention of teaching the pupils how to be charming. All his pals in poverty are worked into the faculty on one pretext or another, and the result can be imagined—love affairs developed while you wait and discipline gone—although the entire result is difficult to anticipate, for dignity and charm, the ostensible ends of the new regime, are farther away than ever.

Neil Martin and Morgan Farley, once of Stuart Walker's entourage, play the parts of two preposterous young idlers. They might both of them be doing better work or nothing at all.

* * *

A Lullaby

Rest, my little one, rest,
And the moon will send down its beams
To take you afloat in a silver boat
Off to the land of dreams.
White fairies garlands will bring
To weave in your hair while you dream
And watch o'er your sleep while you rest
That no harm may enter your rest.

So, hush, my litle one, hush,
And rest on your mother's breast
Your drowsy head 'neath her sheltering wing
Will lull you to sleep and while you dream,
The angels will sing a slumber song
And draw your cradle boat along
'Neath stars of golden sheen.
So hush, my litle one, hush,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

—M. D. C.

TO buy merchandise primarily because it is low priced is the poorest sort of economy. To get the best merchandise at the most reasonable price—that is the practice of economy. When Tucker's hold a sale it means a sacrifice in favor of the customer but it serves to impress the motto:

"Distinction At Small Cost"

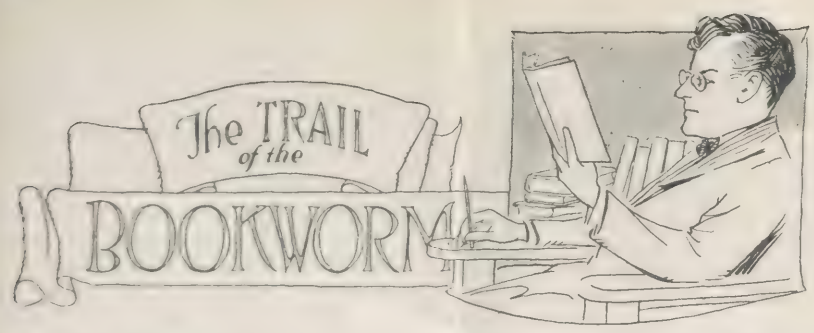
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The Power of a Lie

By Johan Bojer

Translated from the Norwegian by Jesse Muir, with an introduction by Hall Caine. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

A lie has peculiar possibilities in the way of fiction. A favorite and well-worn theme that many a novelist has fondled is the ethics of lying—a discussion of whether an occasion can ever arise when a lie not only is not wrong, but is actually right, commendable, and brave. But it isn't this aspect of untruth that Johan Bojer discusses in his book, "The Power of a Lie." Knut Norby, as soon as ever he starts his lie on its way, realizes vaguely that he is loosing an untruth into the world, but he hasn't the moral stamina to brave the inconvenience that would result were he to refute the false impression he has caused. So Norby has no delusion in the beginning as to whether or not the lie is justifiable. The theme of Johan Bojer's book is the analysis of the effect of the lie on the man who fathered it, and on the man it injures, and on all of the people whose lives touch those of the two principals.

When Norby first puts the stigma of forgery on an innocent man, he does it merely to crawfish out of a quarrel with his strong-minded wife who has warned him not to stand surety for any of their neighbors. He firmly intends righting the matter when his backbone feels a little stronger and he isn't too tired to endure the disapproval of the good wife. But the lie, once started, assumes startling proportions with snowball-like rapidity, and instead of gathering courage to stop it, he very humanly knuckles under. To save his standing in his parish, he must needs bolster up the lie with one false statement after another, and each additional falsehood makes going back more impossible. The psychologically interesting phase of his attitude is that he stiffens up his self-respect by dwelling on the actual but irrelevant sins of his neighbor; and blotting out of his mind the vital matter in which the man is innocent. He digs up dead and buried faults and unconsciously invents new ones for the injured man, who naturally assumes the guise of his enemy. Norby fairly expands in the struggle against innocent Wangen, and the actual issue drops from the foreground of his mind in his zeal of persecution against Wangen's minor sins. His eyes are so blinded to what he does not want to see that he ends by not being able to see it. Himself he regards as a persecuted man, whose efforts against his enemies God has crowned with success.

The effect of Wangen's knowledge of his innocence, instead of being a prop to his virtues, acts instead as an excuse for all his other faults, and in undeserved adversity his moral character grows flabby and weak. Wangen's wife, Norby's son and daughter all have their own problem in their attitude toward the false accusation, and the reaction of each is admirably portrayed. The story of the cumulative effects of the lie is told in a plain, restrained style.

Whether or not you are willing to agree that a lie could have such effects as Bojer has attributed to it, it must be conceded that the story is an absorbing one, exquisitely plausible, and excellently told.

Mary Minds Her Business

A story of modern industrialism that is done with a touch so light that it makes no demand on the gray matter of the reader is "Mary Minds Her Business," by George Weston. It is the history of Mary Spencer's management of the bearing factory which has been in her family for seven generations, and Mary manages remarkably well. As her friend and adviser, Judge Cutler, says, "Mary is an exceptional girl." In fact, she is quite the typical 1920-model exceptional girl. She refuses to be smothered in a polite New England finishing school for young ladies, she insists on racing across the continent to a school in California where, as she informs her staid relatives, "there's a good one"; and instead of complacently marrying the wealthy young Apollo who falls at her feet in conventional adoration the night of her social debut, she goes in for industry and insists on personally minding her business.

Mary makes the astounding discovery that in most lines of industry women can work as well as men, and frequently better, and she uses this secret to save her business from going to ruin at the hands of an unscrupulous uncle and to fight off defeat when the strike epidemic reaches her factory. When the business is safely on its feet, Mary finds that she can take a little time off for romance, and she finds at last a worthy candidate for the role of Mary's husband. The book modestly closes just before the final clinch and fadeout.

There's no doubt that the story is intended to be educational on the subject of women in industry, but the sugar coating of romance is laid on so thick that there's nothing revoltingly educative about it, and the reader of summer fiction will find "Mary Minds Her Business" quite in order.

Club Calendar

(Continued from Page 9)

Club will be held on October 11th at the Propylaeum.

The New Century Club will meet on October 27th at the home of Mrs. Curtis A. Hodges, 20 Audubon Court.

Mrs. J. M. Little of 915 Broadway will entertain the New Era Club on the first Monday in October.

On October 11th the Parlor Club will give a luncheon in celebration of President's Day.

The Welfare Club will meet the second Monday in October at the Department Club.

The next meeting of the Women's City Club will be held September 24th at the club rooms at 216½ North Meridian street.

The Zetathea Club will meet the fourth Wednesday in September.

The next meeting of the Aftermath Club will take place on the first Thursday in October.

The American War Mothers will hold their next meeting the second Thursday in September at the Public Library.

The Clio Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Frank B. Wade, 1039 West Twenty-seventh street, October 8th.

The Council of Jewish Women will meet again the first Monday in October.

The Culture Club will hold its next meeting October 5th.

Mrs. Frances Halliday will entertain the Daughters of the American Revolution at her home at 1562 Ashland avenue, October 19th.

The next meeting of the Day Nursery Association will be held on the second Wednesday in September at the Nursery Home, 530 West Vermont street.

The Emergency Club will meet some time during the first week in October at the home of Mrs. David A. House, 2160 North Alabama street.

The Fortnightly Study Club will meet the first week in October.

On October 8th the Friday Afternoon Reading Club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. J. Barnes, 2330 North New Jersey street.

The Home Economics Club will meet with Mrs. W. C. Smith, 2910 College avenue, on September 22d.

The Indiana Keramic Club will meet the second Monday in October at the Women's City Club.

On September 22d the Inter Nos Club will meet at the home of Mrs. R. W. Showalter, 3869 North Delaware street.

The Irvington Coterie will meet on September 27th at the home of Mrs. Donald Fitzgerald, 36 Layman avenue.

On the second Friday in October the Irvington Fortnightly Club will meet with Mrs. C. L. Stubbs at her home at 22 North Bolton avenue.

The Irvington Tuesday Club will meet at the home of Mrs. B. H. Moore, 270 Downey avenue, on October 12th.

The Irvington Women's Club will meet on October 4th at the home of Mrs. Bertram Day, 18 Campbell avenue.

The next meeting of the Heyl Study Club will be held the first Tuesday in October at the Y. W. C. A.

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Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 8)

scene of muscular farce, and suddenly, for no apparent reason except that the camera man has perhaps run out of film—the show stops. The audience catches its breath, straightens up in its seat, and realizes that the comedy is ended. This is so much the regular procedure that the sudden cutting off of the play in mid-career after the first jolt, causes no surprise. Motion picture audiences are used to it. Nobody expects a consecutive or coherent plot in a comedy any more. And there's no reason why the fact that a picture is funny should prevent it from having at least a slender thread of consecutive action on which to hang its comedy. It has been done—some of the Harold Lloyd comedies have achieved the combination of funniness, and plot of proportions that make it visible to the naked eye, and it seems unfortunate that more screen comedians can not manage to instill a little method in their madness.

Most people have accepted the backboneless plot as an essential feature of the comedy film, but the invertebrate plot seems to be coming into favor in the field of five reel feature pictures as well. Motion picture producers formerly rejected a story for picturization which did not have action enough to warrant the motion in "motion picture play," but nowadays the more or less serious and pretentious photoplay seems to be going the primrose path that leads to the inconsequential, incoherent jumble of the comedy pattern of plot. One of the commonest methods of neatly confusing an audience is to weave two stories into the picture and then flip the action suddenly from the palatial home of the poor little rich girl to the iron-bed-and-coal-oil-lamp environment of the child of the tenements. A judicious mixture of these two settings will so confuse an audience that by the time the film is ended, nobody will be able to decide whether the tenement girl married the millionaire and the heiress the prize fighter, or vice versa. Norma Talmadge's "Yes and No" was a picture that verged on this condition of muddled action.

Another type of cinema that leaves its audience without a toe on the ground is the play that stops before it has wound up to any sort of a definite finish. Mary Pickford's latest picture, "Suds," was in this class. Admiring audiences marveled at Mary's marvelous ability to make herself into a downright homely little laundry slavey in one scene and a delectably lovely princess in the next; they adored her childish grimaces and her heroic efforts to build a romance on a shirt; but when the picture was ended, they were all at sea as to what the scenario writer had decided was to happen to Mary's romance. The final scene left her happy on an afternoon's vacation in the country, but Mary's intimate friends in the audience were not satisfied with an afternoon off for Mary, and most of them went away wondering what became of her when the afternoon was over.

The movies are entitled to all the gymnastics and contortions of plot that the powers of the camera allow, but certainly the plot should manage to get to the end of the film with its feet on the ground.

It is seldom that we have the fortune or misfortune—as you like—to see ourselves as others see us. Occasionally, however, it is possible to see what other nations think of some of us—our prominent political leaders, our millionaires, our criminals, our social lights, our theatrical stars. Nuevo Mundo, the Spanish magazine, publishes a full page illustration of the lovely Billie Burke with the following caption:

"Billie Burke is one of the most popular motion picture stars in North America. Her melancholy beauty is exactly suited to the creation of those sentimental roles that wring tears from the eyes of the romantic flappers in the darkened auditoriums of the cinema houses. 'Billie, the Pensive,' as the Americans call her, has at present a fortune estimated at several million dollars."

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

L. S. Ayres

So Long, Oo Long, introducing "Jean"—fox trot.

Lovely Summertime—waltz.

Who Can Tell? from "Apple Blossoms"—Fritz Kreisler.

Brunswick Shop

When Shadows Fall I Hear You Calling, California—fox trot.

Wait'll You See—one step.

Tell Me, Little Gypsy—fox trot.

Lone Star—fox trot.

Carlin Music Co.

Peggie—one step.

Some Day Down in Caroline—fox trot.

Chile Bean—fox trot.

Bells of Monterey—fox trot.

Edison Shop

Bluin' the Blues—fox trot.

Rose of Washington Square—fox trot.

A Rose, a Kiss, and You.

Red Rose, from "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Indianapolis Talking Machine Co.

Hold Me—fox trot.

Wond'ring—fox trot.

Who Can Tell? from "Apple Blossoms"—Fritz Kreisler.

Pathe Shop

Ten Little Bottles.

I'm On Strike.

There's a Typical Tipperary Over Here.

I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time.

Pearson Piano Co.

Jean.

Just Like a Gypsy.

Who Can Tell? from "Apple Blossoms"—Fritz Kreisler.

Starr Piano Co.

I'd Love to Fall Asleep (And Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms).

I've Got the Blues for My Kentucky Home.

Silver Moon.

Emmet's Cuckoo Song.

Unusual Growth of Music in U. S.

(Continued from Page 5)

thirty years ago for the foundation of an orchestra destined to play, to use his own words, "the best music in the best way," the patience and bravery with which he overcame what seemed almost insurmountable difficulties, and the liberality with which he bore the annual considerable deficits, and all the attending troubles of recent years, finally handing over the support of the Boston Orchestra to a committee of Boston citizens, proved his sepulchre when it should have been a memorial.

This but further proves my assertion that the idealistic activities of an individual will not carry to ultimate success a great musical institution such as a symphony orchestra association of the first importance must be, but rather that it must have the concerted effort of a community filled with abundant civic enthusiasm and pride, and a willingness to raise the necessary funds, which will amount to between $150,000 and $200,000, such as I feel confident can be created in our city with the establishing of a "Home for Music," which now seems about to become a reality. Then Indianapolis, too, can be numbered with the other cities maintaining a great orchestra with a great conductor, and my really great dream, throughout the twenty years of effort for the musical development of Indianapolis and Indiana, will have come true.

America will again have the privilege and honor of extending her hospitality to one of Europe's greatest musical organizations during the coming season, when the La Scala Italian Orchestra, under the superb leadership of Toscanini, will make a tour of this country. Ugo Ara, formerly of the Flonzaley Quartette, has recently returned to America, having succeeded in accomplishing what is known to all persons involved as a most important work, his success being proved by bringing with him a contract signed by Toscanini.

The artistic standard of Arturo Toscanini is well known in this country, where he has made a place for himself by the perfection of his art, which represents his entire life-aim. He is enthusiastic over the prospect of an American tour, and eager to return here, where he can realize a long cherished dream of devoting himself exclusively to symphonic work for an extended period and under the most ideal conditions.

The American tour will be preceded by a tour of Italy, which has aroused the greatest enthusiasm, for a tour of this kind by Toscanini is quite as rare in Italy as it is here, because he has given himself to one city rather than travel; he would never undertake a tour there any more than he would here unless he had the conditions just right.

Toscanini, as is well known, began his career along with Gatti-Casazza, and together these young men in a small lyric theatre of Italy worked out problems and undertook immense musical events. Their conjoined labors were so successful that both were summoned to wider fields in their own country, and when "Gatti" came to New York he brought Arturo with him. In America the conductor repeated his marvels of Europe and was recognized as the greatest genius of conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. At the outbreak of the war, despite all persuasions, he returned to Italy as a soldier.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of September 12

Circle—Fred Turner and Florence Vidor in "The Jack Knife Man".

Colonial—Jack London's "The Mutiny of the Elsinore".

Alhambra—Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?"; Tom Mix in "A Broadway Cowboy".

Ohio—Fanny Hurst's "Humoresque".

Mister Smith's—Annette Kellerman in "What Women Love".

Crystal—Constance Binney in "39 East".

Isis—Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth"; The White Circle.

Regent—William Farnum in "The Orphan".

Lyric—Vaudeville.

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Indiana's Unrivaled Sand Dunes

By Mrs. Frank J. Sheehan
Chairman Dunes Park Committee, Indiana Federation of Clubs

In the consideration of any park project, there are three distinct requisites: Scenic beauty, recreational facilities and accessibility. In passing upon the Indiana sand dunes as a park project, it has been agreed that this area possesses all three features in such a marked degree that it must be ranked with those of the first order. It is one of the most inspiring playgrounds, one of the best equipped nature schools in the world and one very accessible to millions of people.

Sand dunes are of two very distinct and opposite types—the traveling, wandering or living dune being the most common and peculiar to many countries. It is a menace to agriculture, because it is constantly encroaching on the land behind; as our own state geologist, Mr. Blatchley, was wont to say, "It is here today, there tomorrow and gone the day after."

The other type of sand dune is the permanent or dead dune. This is possessed of the same white sand, but is held in check by a mass of vegetation covering it. These mounds of sand have stood practically the same for thousands of years. We find upon their summits, trees, vines, shrubs and flowers of every type.

This type of sand dune is very rare and scientists have agreed that Indiana possesses the finest range of the permanent sand dune in the world. Dr. Hubert Skinner, our own beloved Hoosier, has declared that although "other lakes possess ranges of sand hills, none possesses a range like ours." Scientific men of Europe rank them in interest and scenic beauty with our Yellowstone Park, with the Yosemite Valley and the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and travel to the United States to make a study of their formation and their wonderful vegetation, with its mingling of North and South, of East and West.

To convince you of the recreational facilities of the dune country, I need only call attention to its location on beautiful Lake Michigan, one of the most wonderful inland lakes in the world, which offers boating, fishing, and, for bathers and swimmers, one of the finest fresh water bathing beaches found anywhere. I need only to try to picture for you the walks over the old Indian trails, leading at last to the summits, which offer a view such as can not be had elsewhere within a thousand miles. "Stretching off westwardly is smoke-dotted Gary and the Chicago haze, eastwardly is Michigan City; the purring surf lulls the ear, while the eye is lost in the limitless expanse of blue to the north, while landward is an indescribable panorama of form and color."

I must also call to your attention the fact that this area offers as many possibilities for winter as for summer sport. Each winter finds a great number of enthusiasts enjoying the skiing, coasting and skating.

As to accessibility, I have heard Porter county, in which the most beautiful dunes are located, spoken of as one of the greatest arteries of travel in the world, being in a direct path between the East and West across the continent. Eleven trunk lines of railroads pass through its confines; hundreds of automobiles course its roadways hourly. It is practically in the center of population of the United States; more than one-fifth of all the people of our land live within five hundred miles of it, and five million people live within the reach of a dollar ticket from it.

What will the people of Indiana do to save this marvel of beauty and inspiration? Show your interest in its preservation by writing to Mr. Richard Lieber, director of conservation, at Indianapolis, who believes this project one of the most vital of his department. Write also to our legislators who are going to be asked at the next session of the legislature to preserve this park as a great outing place for the public, a place of recreation to all the people for all the generations that are to come. The National Dunes Park Association of Gary, Indiana, has worked unceasingly for the past several years, and with the result that the "dunes" is one of the most widely known park projects in the United States today, and with the result also that they have secured from influential men pledges aggregating a million dollars, with the proviso that the State of Indiana shall appropriate an equal sum and thus assure the establishment of a park of sufficient size for the millions who would have easy access to it. There would be almost no expense involved in improving or maintaining it.

"Here we have the work of one hundred times one thousand years by such artists as the glaciers, water wind and sun, until we find them a park, perfect, beautiful; a fairy land; a land of dreams; a land of remoteness; a land of solitudes; a land on whose frail shores strong waves beat at times with thunderous roar; a land so fair and fine that no city park could be made to equal it with the expenditure of countless millions."

What the Motor Club Does For You

(Concluded from Page 13)

That an abstract of title should be required in the sale of automobiles and that a bill covering a plan for same shall soon be prepared.

That a plan should be formulated for closer co-operation and co-ordination between counties in following up auto thefts; this may necessitate a state constabulary; also that this bill shall provide a penalty for taking stolen machines from one county to another. The new federal law is proving its worth in this as it provides a penalty of $5,000 and five years' imprisonment for taking stolen machines from one state to another!

That injustice heaped upon the motoring public through the practice of constables and justices of the peace, particularly in the larger centers, should be eliminated by law—if a bill can be prepared to properly meet the requirements.

Our present state dimmer law should be amended to provide that all trucks shall have a mirror so placed that the driver of said truck can see vehicles approaching from the rear and so yield the right of way. Also that the present requirements concerning the use of headlights shall be amended to be more practical, both from the standpoint of the motorist and that of the law.

That parties dropping or throwing glass in the streets, alleys, or public highways, shall be required by law to remove same and that it shall be a misdemeanor for anyone found guilty of not complying with this law.

So if the constable with an itching palm grabs you, don't kick—if you are not a member of the club. The club has been fighting your battles a long time. If you think it is worth while, get in your membership. Be a sport right.

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 10)

Franklin for the first time in her career in negro dialect, giving an impression of a pickaninny in musical raptures over the exploits of the colored fighting men in the A. E. F. The other song presents Miss Franklin in one of her famous conceptions of a chorus-girl type. In song, she tells a persistent admirer to go on his way—that he is merely "passing through."

Possessing a most magnetic speaking voice, Miss Franklin is said to sparkle in the role of Joan Summers. The cast surrounding Miss Franklin includes Ralph Herz, Maggie Touhey, Don Burroughs, Marie Fanchonetti, J. Harold Murray, Nancy Vaughn, Geo. Bingham, Jerry Trevor, Bernard Gorcey, Elinore Robinson, Boyle and Brooks, and an ensemble of girls who have won fame in New York as "a chorus that outstrips all."

In the plot provided by Oscar Hammerstein 2d, "Joan" (Miss Franklin) has come across the water and is on the north coast of France, the war having ended. In the same town is Bruce Nash, an American, who has taken part in the conflict and is now revisiting the scenes of his former struggles. He has previously met Toinette, a little French girl, but the year in America has dimmed his memory and he is engaged to Joan. Meeting Toinette, the old love returns, and to extricate himself from his dilemma, he calls upon his friend, Charlie Langford, to meet the situation. Charlie agrees to win over Joan and thus the groundwork is laid for a cheery, fast-moving, laughable plot.

ENGLISH'S

"The Flowers That Bloom in Spring," "Three Little Maids From School Are We", "The Sun Whose Rays", "A Wandering Minstrel Am I" —all well known song hits in the prettiest of all comic operas, "The Mikado", were whistled and hummed by your fathers and mothers, in the nineties. And now you are going to hum and whistle them because Raymond Dunbar of Chicago has revived "The Mikado" and will bring his big production to English's theatre September 16, 17 and 18.

Heading the cast is Ed Andrews, the "grand old man" of opera, who is singing his old role of "KoKo". The great "KoKo" is Andrews—a comedian from the top of his head to his stumpy feet. Miss Patricia Baker is singing "Yum-Yum" and Miss Ann McCash is a decidedly pretty and magnetic "Pitti Sing."

As for the chorus, Mr. Dunbar selected each member personally. Unlike other producers he contends that the chorus is really the foundation of an opera. He builds from the chorus to the principals and that his contention is good is attested by the quality of the production he has out this season.

Nothing about this offering of "The Mikado" has been neglected. Careful attention has been paid to detail. Costumes and scenery are correct and new and pretty. Thousands of dollars have been expended on the production. "The Mikado" is the feature opera of the present season. It bears the Dunbar stamp.

KEITH'S

After eight weeks of being "dark," Keith's opens Monday, September 13th, with the first winter vaudeville bill which includes eight regulation vaudeville features and as a special attraction the first film showing "Babe" Ruth, famous home run king of baseball. This film includes the "slow speed" picture of the famous player, together with Carl Mays, illustrating the style of baseball twirler's pitches, which proved fatal to Chapman of the Cleveland team. The vaudeville includes the Seven Honey Boys in their minstrel specialty; De Marest and Collette in a musical revue; McGrath and Deeds in a comedy skit; La Bernicia, European dancer; Kharum, Persian pianist; Matthews and Ayres, in a comedy "Hard Boiled"; the Billy Hoo Trio and Worden Brothers, novelty fun jugglers. The usual Kinogram news weekly and the Literary Digest Topics will be shown. The weekly bill begins Monday with two performances daily throughout the week.

CONTRIBUTED BY M. D. C.

The poem on page 15 signed M. D. C. translated, is by Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, who has succumbed to the Hoosier habit of writing. Mrs. Campbell enjoys verse making and rhymes for the pleasure of it. She has written a number of dainty love lyrics and tender lullabies.

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and
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Wanzer and Palmer
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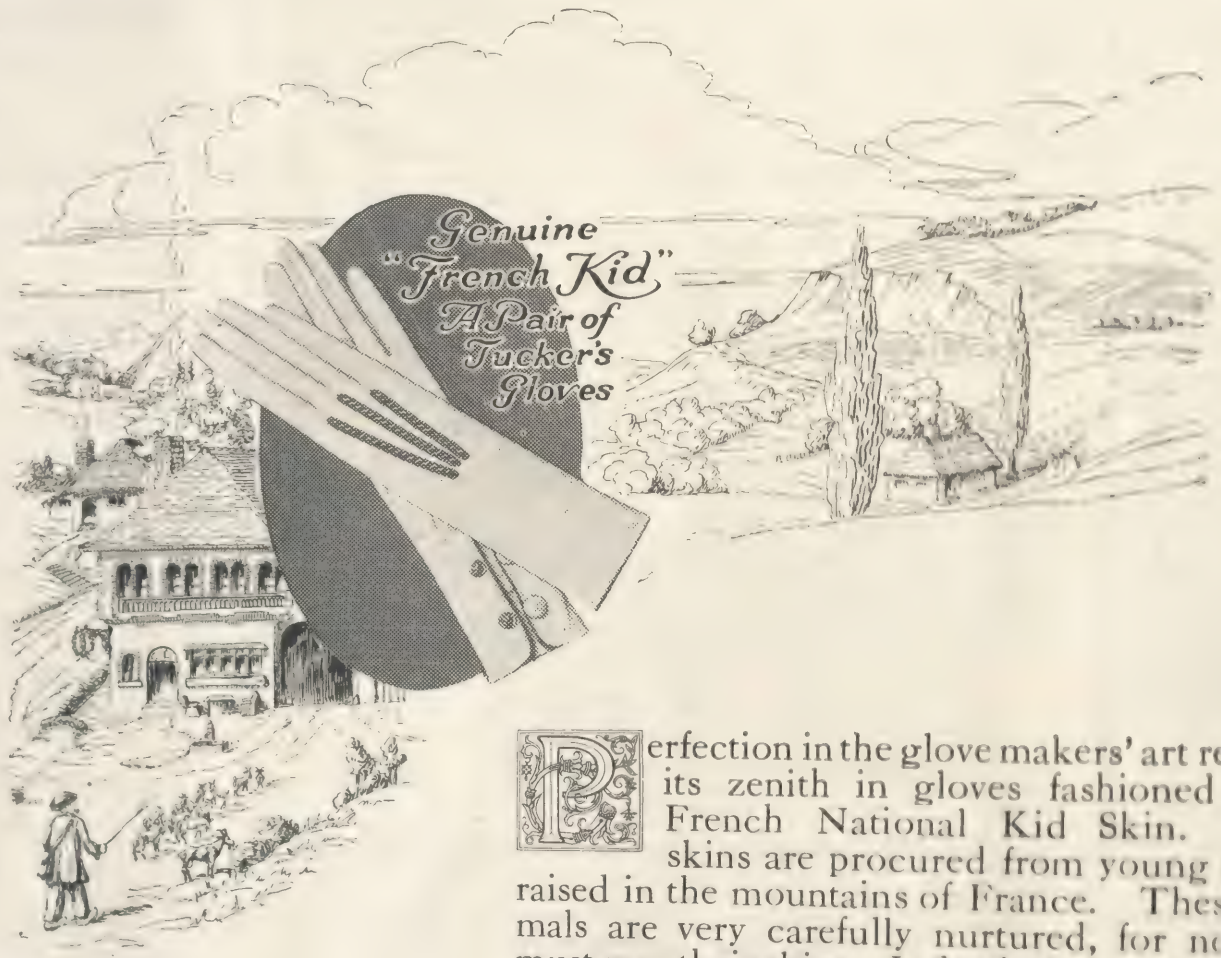
Four Singing Ushers
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1920 — NUMBER 14

What's Wrong With Our Tennis?

Petty Spirit of Jealousy Tends to Retard Indianapolis' Place in the Tennis Tournaments. More Co-operative Effort Needed.

Failure of City to Send Winners of State Tourney to Forest Hill Leaves Sport in Bad Fix. Lack of Funds a Big Handicap.

By Thomas A. Hendricks

It was a great chance for Indiana—and we "blew" it. In July the junior and boys state tennis tournament brought out the largest, finest and most enthusiastic bunch of players in the history of these events. One hundred youngsters entered and, despite unfavorable weather conditions, eighty-eight actually played. These youngsters were keyed to the highest pitch by a universal belief that the winners would be sent to Forest Hills last month to represent this section in the national junior and boys' championships.

The local titles were won by Henry Ankenbrock in the junior class and Guy Dixon in the boys', two as promising young players as ever swung rackets in this state. And then after all their efforts, such tennis patriots as Hence Orme, Dud Pratt, George Denny and Neal Campbell found it impossible to arouse sufficient interest in either of the two private clubs, the park players or among so-called public spirited citizens to raise the funds necessary to send the boys to Forest Hills.



GEORGE DENNY, JR.
Tech High School Player



GEORGE DIXON
Indiana Boys' Champion

This situation almost kept Johnny Hennessey from playing in the national tournament. At the very last minute his trip to Forest Hills was made possible by the personal efforts of a few of his friends. As a result of that trip Johnny made the best showing ever made by an Indiana player in any tournament of any national significance. He won two matches and captured a set from Roland Roberts, who ranked number seven in the tennis ranking for 1919.

There is no dodging the issue or trying to alibi it, there is something wrong with Indianapolis tennis. The main trouble seems to be that there is no vision, no thought of the future in the way our tennis affairs are conducted at present. Clubs are looking for their own petty interest, old players resent the inevitability of being shoved into the background by a new generation that will play better tennis than they ever dreamed of. The big things are lost sight of in the muddle over matters of only temporary consequence

There is an old, wholly unnecessary jealousy existing between Hawthorn and the Indianapolis Tennis Association. No one can give an intelligent account of the origin of the feud, but the important thing is that it exists. The park players are a bit antagonistic towards the clubs and the clubs a trifle up-stage in their attitude toward the park players.

And what is the result? Our youngsters turn out in swarms for the state kids' tournaments, they find that the winners are not sent to Forest Hills, and figuring that there is little use of fighting for a sectional title that does not carry with it the privilege of meeting other sectional winners in the national tournament, they lose interest.

Unless definite steps are taken to assure the younger players of the city that the winners of the 1921 events will be sent to Forest Hills, without any nullifying reservations, it is a dead certainty that the entry list for the tournaments next year will fall far short of the record 100 mark established this year.

The whole situation is reflected adversely in our state tournaments. It is an open secret that despite strenuous efforts on the part of Dr. Charles D. Humes, Indiana's representative in the national tennis body, it is almost impossible to get top notchers to come to the Indiana state tournament. One club gives it, only the members of one club are personally and vitally interested. Hawthorn, Woodstock and park players make no particular efforts to get outside entries, and this is perfectly natural. The result is that to a large degree our state tennis tournament has degenerated into a bush league affair of little more than purely local interest.

There is just one solution of the problem—one big, municipal tennis club, a club which will embrace every tennis player in Indianapolis, park and private club, young and old, kid and veteran, a club which will give all the big tournaments and have behind it the united efforts of the players of Indianapolis. With this club replacing the scattered tennis organizations of today our youngsters will know that when they win tournaments they will be backed to the finish.

One club will mean a complete and sweeping revision of tennis organizations. It will mean that tennis politicians will be superseded by men whose personal ambitions are wholly secondary to their desire to see Indianapolis tennis take a high rank in the great and growing game.



HENRY ANKENBROCK
Brookside Park Player



HENCE ORME, JR.
Son of Hence Sr., the "Daddy" of Indiana Tennis.



Walter B. Stern, city building commissioner, thinks Indianapolis is on the mend. At least the building permits for August this year exceed those of last year, according to his report just made public.

Charles Orbison, on his return from Hancock county, escorted sixty gallons of bonded whiskey which had been captured in raids in that county, to the Federal building in this city. As the liquor was stored many mouths watered in the vicinity of the post-office.

Jesse Eschbach and his coal commission are getting ready to fix the price of coal that the householder will buy. One guess as to how many will be satisfied.

James Alexander, son of Mrs. J. D. Alexander, has arrived in New York from a trip to West Indies, Egypt and Central American points. He is traveling in the interest of the American merchant marine.

Automobile dealers and makers are saving up their congratulations for Ed Steinhart, who was recently married in Cincinnati, until he is "at home" some time next month. It is officially denied that Joe Kelley is engineering a "shiveree" for the occasion.

The food and fuel commission will have to get along without the assistance of Prof. D. A. Rothrock, of Indiana University, who had been tendered the position of director of the commission by Governor Goodrich.

The Kiwanis Club has been assured that J. Mercer Barnett, Birmingham, Ala., international president of Kiwanis Clubs, will attend the Indiana district Kiwanis convention to be held here September 29 and 30. Alex Scott, general chairman of local committees, can be depended on to live up to his reputation in providing an interesting social program.

The Benevolent Protective Order of Elks loses a real booster through the death of their state treasurer, Frank E. Bougher, at Fort Wayne.

Leo Emmelman has been receiving the congratulations of his many friends over the arrival of a boy at his home, of the usual weight and lung power, as the rural reporter describes such events. It is reported that Leo is getting on as well as could be expected with his new happiness.

George A. Lucas, who knows Indianapolis real estate about as well as anybody, has cut loose from all alliances and opened up an office for himself. He is a member of the Indianapolis Real Estate Board and a good fellow to boot. Here's hoping!

Some one has told this story on Dr. Carlton McCulloch—probably one of his political friends: It is said that while Doc was on a recent campaigning expedition he stopped at a down-state hotel in a town where a medical society was having a convention. Dr. McCulloch asked a negro porter, who was brushing out the hotel lobby:

"Who are all those people with badges on?"

The porter looked up at the bulletin board for the meeting and saw:

"Luncheon of the Society of Gynecologists, Obstetricans and Anesthetists."

Turning to Dr. McCulloch, he said: "Them?" as he gave the brush a wide sweep, "them is jes' some foreigners heah foh a li'l bite to eat."

The Indiana Daily Times surprised its readers the other day by having a boosting editorial. It boosted the work of Walter Jarvis, playground director—and it was deserving, too.

Senator Watson apparently has tied up the colored vote. The other day he made an address to the national convention of colored Baptists at Tomlinson Hall. The cruel part of it is that not all the Senator's hearers vote in Indiana. Harry Yockey represented Mayor Jewett in the speechmaking—inasmuch as the mayor is not a candidate just now.

John P. Frenzel told the Board of Public Works that while the expenses of conducting his business as president of the Indiana Trust Company has increased but 2 per cent over the figures of pre-war days, yet taxes for last year were $14,000 more than he expected. Taxes of other persons have been more than they expected, also.

One of the attractions at the State Fair was a chicken—not the fluffy ruffles kind, but a real hen, a white Leghorn, which has laid 610 eggs in less than three years. This hen comes from Purdue University, where she has been educated in efficiency in egg laying and holds a D. D. (daily delivery) degree. The moral of this tale is that this is the kind of a chicken to tie up with.

Judge Frank Lahr has decided to use a rat trap in his court. Not to catch law breakers, but skittish rats which overturn the dignity of the court occasionally.

Bert Wasson, who has been eating fried chicken over Bluffton way for a few days, is back in Indianapolis.

An airplane at the State Fair, carrying a Harding banner and doing fancy stunts, led Bert Hendren to say that Mr. Harding ought to be familiar with looping the loop, mentally at least, as he has been practicing much here of late.

Dr. Carleton McCulloch says he wouldn't mind campaigning in such a frenzied manner if he were only given a little more time for rusticating in the rural districts.

Annis Burk's troubles are just beginning, now that the hotel season is opening up in earnest. He is now worrying over how to take care of the Grand Army crowd expected during encampment week.

The state conservation department had one of the most interesting exhibits at the State Fair, especially that of the fish and game. Richard Lieber took a great pride in this exhibit and it was enjoyed by almost every sportsman who visited the fair.

John Schumann, Bloomington and Indianapolis, wanted a day off to visit the fair. Instead he spent it with his dentist.

Bob Tucker ought to be supremely happy. The Cincinnati Enquirer is taking a straw vote.

Judge Felt says that one of the difficulties in campaigning at the State Fair is the crowd.

The Brookville road, a favorite of automobilists, is to be repaired in various places between Indianapolis and Rushville and beyond.

One of the oldest "first voters" who has registered in the state is Mrs. Susan Tingley, of Rushville, who admits her age is ninety-six and says she will vote as she pleases. Both Ed Wasmuth and Burt New are wondering if she is going all the way on their respective tickets.

Fred Schortemeier thinks the State Fair is great—it brings so many Harding men to town.

When Henry Burton read how Abe Martin was being received out in the state he went out and invested in another soda water.

If you want an opinion on all sorts of tax laws, just ask Charley Sommers. Instead of taking week-end vacations he spends the time trying to figure out how much he owes the government.

Ed Hunter now has a job as business agent, or some such title, with the Indianapolis Advertisers' Club. Whatever it is, Ed will deliver the goods.

Judge Solon Carter saved a lot of alimony and bruised hearts the other day while he hunted the county commissioners and the commissioners hunted the head janitor and the head janitor hunted an ordinary underling, so that the said underling could take off a layer or two of dust from Room 3, superior court, over which Judge Carter presides. So much black dust covering everything aroused his ire and he refused to hold court until the room was cleaned. However, no one has ever heard of a janitor dying from excessive work.

Perhaps the reason that Judge Bash entered no complaint about a dusty court room was that he was not wearing white flannels.

Charlie Rush, city librarian, is doing his part to make the Grand Army encampment a success: the city library is planning an exhibit of relics of the Civil War, particularly of Camp Morton, now known as Military Park.

Gen. Enoch Crowder, who had the selective draft service in charge during the war will be the speaker at the meeting of the Indiana Selective Draft Association meeting here Saturday next. Of course Adjutant General Harry B. Smith will wear his best bib and tucker.

Probably the scarcity of crude oil is due in a measure to the amount spread on the Brookside boulevard. Motorists complain that they "pick up" a few gallons every time they drive over this route.

If anybody wants the City Hall by telephonic communication one minute before 5 p. m., they had better set up their timepiece, for the City Hall operator is noted for promptness in leaving on the fifty-fifth second.

Hugh McGibeny is nothing if not resourceful. A new street light on his residence corner illuminated his bedroom like a movie studio, so he tried painting the light globe—but it didn't help much, so intead of using a porous plaster on his back he pasted it on the globe. The plaster has drawn all the glare out of his bedroom and he sleeps well.

Albert Stump is one of the Marion county Democratic campaign speakers and he surely can make a Stump speech as well as argue a point of law.

The O'Del Realty Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of $50,000. J. Edward Morris, Frank C. Williams and Scott R. Brewer are the interested persons.

Earl J. Askren is preparing to do business in Indianapolis as agent for the American Metals Corporation which has qualified to do business in Indiana.

The Marmon Company is making a test drive of the 1921 model motor car. The drive started from St. Louis and after touring the West will end in Indianapolis. Fred Boltin is one of the three drivers of the test cars.

Nature---Mother of Music

Various Instruments of To-day Developed From Primitive Forms, Such as Stones, Strings and Hollow Trees.

Marimba, Used by African Natives, Has Been Called the Origin of the Modern Grand Piano.

By Ona B. Talbot

Whatever origin may be attached to music—whether imitation of bird-calls, differences in cries of attack and defense, or a natural expression of the feelings—there can be no doubt that musical instruments in their primitive forms were derived directly from nature. According to the definition of Fetis, music is simply the art of moving the emotions by combinations of sounds, and while these combinations are the result of human efforts, the methods of producing single tones were plainly suggested by the inanimate world. The whistling of the wind in bamboo rods, the creaking of branches when rubbed together, or the rumbling of a hollow tree when struck, are but a few of the many causes that led our savage ancestors into the paths of art. The twang of the bowstring may well have suggested a rudimentary harp. In Egyptian mythology we find the invention of the lyre ascribed to Thoth (Hermes), who found, while wandering by the edge of the receding Nile, the concave shell of a tortoise, with tendons stretched across it which gave out a musical sound when struck accidentally by his foot.

In the multitude of instruments that have given pleasure to mankind, from the time of the cave-dwellers to the present era, there are but three real methods of causing sounds. In the symphonies of today, precisely as in the services of ancient Egypt and primeval China, musical tones result from the vibration of strings, and the vibrations of columns of air or substances set in motion by air-currents.

According to the records, the most ancient instrument is the flute or whistle, based upon the flute principle. A rudely fashioned bone of an Irish elk, found near Desmond Castle, a whistle of reindeer bone discovered among relics in the Dordogne valley, a bone pierced with several holes that was unearthed with old flint implements at Gourdan, and a stag-horn flute found near Poitiers, show us that if the cave-dwellers were not provided with orchestras, they at least possessed solo instruments. Of a later date than the stone age are the bronze tubes found in Belgium and Schleswig. But the most wonderful examples of this period are old Egyptian flutes, which give a complete diatonic scale.



GREEK CONCERT



ADA SASSOLI

Conceded to be one of the most renowned harpists of the day and chosen to assist Geraldine Farrar on her fall tour.

Undoubtedly the wide dissemination and extreme antiquity of the flute is due to its simplicity of construction. The raw materials were at hand wherever bones were found, wherever reeds or bamboos could grow. The Greeks had a proverb which said of the reed that it helped to subjugate nations by furnishing arrows, to soften men's manners by the charm of music, and to educate them by affording a means for tracing letters. While the earliest flutes seem to have been an instrument of war rather than peace, the widespread use of the reed is a noteworthy fact.

Instruments of the horn and trumpet family, in which the lips of the player vibrate against the mouthpiece of a long tube, have been widely known from the earliest times. The great length of the tube needed to produce a deep tone was very soon found to be awkward. While the Europeans succeeded in bending their tube artistically, the Karagwes of Africa adopted an ingenious arrangement by which the trumpet could be drawn in and out like a telescope.

The Indians on the upper Rio Negro made and used huge tubes resembling bassoons, of which eight different sizes were employed in their so-called devil's music.

Another instrument much used by savage races was the gong. Here again raw material was plentiful. Stone, wood, iron, brass and copper have all been employed. Bells, too, were frequently used, the original African form being derived from rattles.

Drums were until recently considered the earliest instruments, but the discovery of primitive flutes has upset this belief. Drums are found of all shapes and sizes, from the skin-covered water-bowls of the Hottentots to the entire tree-trunks of the Ashantis.

Another instrument much favored by African tribes was the marimba, a series of flat wooden sticks on gourds of various sizes. The difference in the sizes of the gourds produced a difference in the tones when the sticks were struck. Some writers have called it the original of our piano, though it can hardly claim any greater honor than the rather doubtful one of having given rise to the xylophone.

Among examples of plucked-string

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DJIVAN SHAH PLAYING VINA

Farrar, Schumann-Heink and Rachmaninoff Coming

The announcement that Geraldine Farrar, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, would be heard in recital on Sunday afternoon, October 17th, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, idol of the American public, Sunday afternoon, October 28th, and Sergei Rachmaninoff, great Russian composer-pianist, Sunday afternoon, January 30th, created an instant and unprecedented demand for seats not only from patrons of music in Indianapolis, but from the music lovers throughout the state, who have always been loyal patrons of these concerts. All of the concerts will be given at the Murat Theatre, and will be individual concerts, the seats selling singly, but many are taking for the three concerts, thereby insuring them choice of seats and the same seat for each concert. All orders for seats must be mailed to the Ona B. Talbot office, 916 Hume-Mansur building.

The Geraldine Farrar of today is above all the dramatic singers, now in the prime of her powers. In recent

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It is surprising how much more news value there is in a highly colored word like "probe" than there is in a modest "merit." That abstraction, the press, seems to be very human in that it finds the sins of the community far more worthy of attention than their virtues. To paraphrase the biblical quotation—There is more rejoicing in press circles over one citizen whose conduct justifies a sensational probe than there is over 100,000 citizens whose eyes never stray from the straight and narrow path. And if any echo of the familiar patter about probes, examinations and alleged irregularities is set afloat, there are always individuals, organizations and newspapers that are ready to take up the cry of scandal, advertise the decadence of the times and lift up their hands in holy horror, before ever taking thought as to the facts of the matter. They find a crooked bias on affairs far more entertaining than a straight outlook, so why be hampered by dull facts?

The Board of School Commissioners of Indianapolis has recently been the center of attention for a large dose of this brand of somewhat distorted publicity. The time seemed to be ripe for another probe-and-investigation explosion, and nothing else offering, the sedate and respectable report of the State Board of Accounts on the business management of the school city had to serve as the hook on which to hang a sensational tale. The whole story of the investigation of the affairs of the school city by the State Board of Accounts is, as a matter of fact, rather prosaic and commonplace, and far from thrilling.

Some months ago the board decided that certain methods of doing business should be changed, that more efficient and exact methods should be installed, and as the board wished to have its judgment confirmed, the State Board of Accounts was called in, and in the course of time handed in their report. The most important recommendations made in the report as to changes in business procedure had already been effected prior to completion of the report, on the initiative of the board itself. Other recommendations which received somewhat exaggerated publicity were really rather trivial matters.

For instance, take the matter of the practice of the school city's paying the coal bills of its janitors and then deducting the amount of the payment from the employes' pay. While this practice may not be entirely business-like in every sense of the word, it is certainly common sense. If the School Board did not have sufficient funds to pay large salaries to its janitors, certainly it seems reasonable that they should have made the small salaries go as far as possible by securing for their employes the lower rate on coal granted the School Board.

Then there is the matter of money expended for pens, pencils, books and supplies for public school pupils. Pens and pencils are supplied only to pupils in the lower grades, and their cost, therefore, is comparatively very small indeed. In regard to books, last year some sixteen thousand dollars were spent for books, but these were to be used as a reference library, and these same books will last for many years as a part of the reference library equipment of the schools. Practically all the pupil's text books he buys for himself. Therefore a charge of extravagance on this point seems uncalled for.

The report then was not startling or alarming to the board itself. It verified the findings of the board on important matters, and as stated before, its chief recommendations had already been carried out before it was handed to the board.

The unpleasant aspect of the situation is that unwarranted stress on the fact that an investigation was made, and lack of emphasis on the fact that the report was made at the request of the board itself gives the average citizen a distorted and unsound view of the action of the School Board. If there is reason for criticising the board, by all means let criticism be made, but let it be honest criticism and not empty muckraking. Honest, straightforward criticism is beneficial to any organization, but destructive, pointless knocking is pernicious and to be condemned. Loyal and sincere backing for the men and women elected to the Board of School Commissioners will do far more for the improvement of the Indianapolis school system than all the muckraking and sensationalism in the world. School board, school teachers, pupils, and all other Indianapolis citizens, working together, can do far more by sanely pulling in one direction than any one element in the city can do by chasing after phantoms of unnecessary reforms.

The schools and the School Board are not involved in politics, and should not be. Any political party or organization that attempts to make capital by attacking the school system is resorting to unseemly methods of campaigning, and it is greatly to be doubted if anything can be gained by such tactics. In spite of any dissatisfaction that there may be within the ranks of the school system, as a whole, it is pretty solid, and its loyalty as a mass is unquestionable.

The record of the present Board of School Commissioners, which consists of Mr. C. E. Crippin, Mrs. Julia B. Tutewiler, Mr. Charles L. Barry, Mr. Bert Gadd, and Mr. William D. Allison, shows remarkable accomplishments in the improvement of conditions in the Indianapolis schools. Some ten or fifteen years ago, Indianapolis' position in school affairs was very near the head of the list of cities in the United States, but since that time there has been a disgraceful slump, and the present board has made unprecedented achievements in the way of getting the school system back on a sound basis.

To summarize briefly the history of the present board's accomplishments: For years Indianapolis was notoriously low in payment of teachers' salaries, rating nineteenth in a list of twenty-five cities nearest it in population. A few years ago so many of the best teachers had found it necessary to leave the schools for more remunerative occupations that those faithful souls who remained began to look askance at each other, and wonder if there was something wrong with them that they still stayed on. The present board has adopted and put into effect a salary schedule which puts Indianapolis in the front rank. The total teachers' payroll two years ago was $1,300,000.00; the pres-

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Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fieber and son Howard have returned from their summer home on Walloon Lake, Michigan, and are occupying their new home at 36 Hampton Drive.

Miss Helen Beck has recently returned from a short visit in Chicago.

Recent visitors at Bay View, Michigan, include Mrs. Merle Sidener, Mrs. J. B. Sidener, Miss Evelyn Sidener, Miss Eleanor Ryker, Mrs. M. O. Ryker, Mrs. Edward F. White, Mr. E. A. Bradshaw, and Mrs. H. P. Lieber and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Holtzman have returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Randle Dean left Boston on the fourteenth, and will stop in New York for a few days before returning to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Murdock will return next month from their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens Beck have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Helen Susannah, to Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hosmer Morse, of Chicago. The wedding will take place September 23, at the First Baptist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Critchlow and Mrs. W. W. Wentz have returned from a summer in Harbor Point, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Sommers and family have returned from Mackinac, Mich., where they spent the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. William F. Clevenger have returned from a vacation of several weeks in Alaska.

Mrs. W. H. Coleman and Mrs. William A. Atkins have departed from Atlantic City, where they spent several weeks, and are returning home this week after a short stay in New York.

Henry Severin of Golden Hill and his guest, Henry Slaughter of Chicago, have been visiting in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Caroline Thompson has returned from a summer's visit at Lake Marie, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ermston have returned from a vacation of several weeks in Michigan.

Mrs. Jack Harding and daughter Jane have returned to the city after several weeks spent in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey Birge have returned from their summer home at Lake Waccabuc, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pettis have announced the engagement of their daughter Dorothy to John H. Bookwalter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bookwalter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Murdock have left for a month's trip in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rink announce the engagement of their daughter, Marie Rufina to John Joseph Madden, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Madden.

Mrs. Wymond J. Beckett and daughter Florence have returned from a summer at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Berner and family have returned from Lake Tippecanoe, where they spent the summer.

Miss Mabelle Hendleman has returned home after spending the summer in Wilton, N. H., where she studied music with Pasquale Tallarico. Miss Hendleman visited Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the widow of the American composer, at her home at Peterboro, N. H.

Miss Lois Stone is entering Northwestern University this fall.

Dr. and Mrs. William G. Culloden and children have returned from a trip in the East.

Mrs. Russel M. Seeds and daughters and their guest, Dorothy Dietz, have returned from Lake Wawassee.

Miss Mae Berry has returned from New York.

Mrs. Sol Meyer and children have returned from a visit at Charlevoix, Mich.

Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown and son Phil and Miss Ruth Early have returned from spending the summer abroad. Miss Early returns to Western College, Oxford, Ohio, with the opening of the fall term.

The League of Women Voters will give a tea October 1. Mrs. William Allen Moore will have charge of arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eckler have announced the engagement of their daughter, Adele, to William Arthur Nugent, of Chicago.

Mrs. W. B. Stoner, 2423 Park avenue, is moving to 53 E. Northwood avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Butler College Continues to Expand

Evolution From an Unpretentious School to a Complete University on the English Plan Represents Solid Growth.

Plans for Enlargement of College Calls for Increased Building Capacity, and a New Campus is Under Consideration.

MEMBERS OF BUTLER COLLEGE FACULTY



ALBERT E. WOODRUFF



ALICE TOWNSEND BIDWELL

The evolution of a school from an unpretentious small-town college to a complete university on the English plan, comprised of various affiliated colleges, is a long process. But it is a course that Butler College, almost in spite of itself, is taking.

Some sixty years ago the institution was first chartered by the State of Indiana under the name of the Northwestern Christian College. It began life in a modest way as a college of liberal arts, and its sole aim was to give its students a broad, academic education. Since those days, the school, which later came to be known as Butler College, has held pretty closely to that same aim, and has limited its program to the doing of those things which it has been able to do well, and has expanded only as it could do so solidly. But the local field for college work of diversified lines, not limited to a classical curriculum only, has practically forced the institution toward the university plan of work. The logic of the situation has demanded that Butler fulfill the demands made upon it for a wider range, and Butler has responded by a steady growth, almost unconsciously tending toward specialization in various co-ordinated colleges.

From the days of its humble beginnings in the original buildings which used to stand on College avenue at Thirteenth street, the school has increased until last year the total enrollment for the year, including summer students and extension workers, was over a thousand. The greatest growth has been during the last ten years, and within the last five the enrollment of students has more than doubled. For the coming semester, which will open on September 14, it is anticipated that the enrollment will tax the school to its capacity. Last year the total number of students during the regular school year was six hundred and forty, and numbers of freshman applications had to be rejected because of lack of facilities for accommodating more than that number of students. This year it will be possible to accept more students than last year, but even so, it is certain that Butler will have a capacity enrollment this year.

Plans for the enlargement of the college call for increased building capacity, and several sites for the new campus are under consideration, although it has not as yet been definitely decided that the school will be moved. It is hoped that the plans for the enlargement of the school will be completed shortly, for the expectation now is that the new buildings will be ready for use by the beginning of the year 1923.

As Butler has grown, the division into specific schools has become more marked, although the school is still technically Butler College—a college of liberal arts. Within Butler College proper are the departments of education and of ministerial education, which, as a matter of fact, are practically colleges in themselves.

Beginning with the fall semester, Butler will have a school of business. Last year the only business course was one in accounting, but the program for this fall includes detailed work along the lines of applied economics and business administration, which has been designed especially to meet the needs of the student who is looking forward to a business rather than a professional career.

Another innovation tending toward the university idea is the affiliation of the Indiana Law School with Butler College. Class in the law school were formerly held in Castle Hall, and headquarters were maintained in the Law Building. The executive offices in the Law Building will still be retained, but all classes will be held in the Butler buildings during the afternoons. This affiliation of the law school with Butler will enable the law students to take some work at the college and will also give them a contact with college life, while on the other hand, Butler students will be in touch with the activities of a professional school.

Another phase of Butler's work with which few Indianapolis people are familiar is under the direction of its extension department. This work has been organized particularly for the benefit of city school teachers and others employed during the day who wish to pursue college work along with their regular vocations. Nearly three hundred city teachers were enrolled in these classes last year. There will be more courses offered this year along professional and educational lines than heretofore. Otherwise, the work will be of about the same character and cover the same ground as in former years.

Butler will also have an expansion along athletic lines due to the activities of Mr. H. O. Page, who is well known here from his connection with Chicago University as the chief assistant of A. A. Stagg in the direction of athletics at Chicago. More attention will be given to scientific and developmental physical training than heretofore. Athletics will be not only a matter of college teams and college contests but a process of building up the physical life of the student body. This will be Mr. Page's first year as athletic director at Butler.

There will be a number of other new members on the Butler faculty this fall. Dr. Guy H. Shadinger, who taught at Butler for a year during Professor Moore's absence some ten or twelve years ago, will head the chemistry department; Mr. Albert E. Woodruff will teach physics; Dr. G. A. Ratti, French; Mr. Jordan Cavan, education; Miss Alice Townsend Bidwell, English, and Mr. John H. Moffat, who is an Indianapolis man and a Butler alumnus, will have charge of the debating work. Mr. Moffat supervised the debating at Butler a year ago last spring. There will also be a new faculty member in the economics department, but the appointment has not been made as yet.

Butler has for a long time cooperated with the College of Missions in Irvington, students of both schools being privileged to elect work at either Butler or the College of Missions. Many Butler students have taken their work in sociology at the neighboring school, but this year Butler will have its own department of sociology, headed by Dr. Howard E. Jensen, who will come to Butler beginning with the fall term.

No definite decision has been reached as to the appointment of a successor to President T. C. Howe, whose resignation was recently announced. Temporary provision has been made, however, so that the college work will go on uninterrupted until his successor is chosen. In the meantime, Professor J. W. Putnam is acting president.

Motion Pictures

With Indiana a desert of arid prohibition, relieved by an occasional oasis of "white mule" or a disappointing mirage of near-beer, it is encouraging to see that the motion picture houses in town are doing their part toward irrigating this dry region. Not that they are offering anything substantial in the line of drinks—oh, dear me, no. For while one does speak of "stills" in connection with the movies, they are not the illegal kind. What the kind-hearted movie managers have done is simply to book pictures that feature wetness—water in all quantities from a barrelful to a sea full. If there was any one in town last week whose soul was athirst, the variety and profusion of water pictures shown at local playhouses must have been welcome, at least as a vicarious satisfaction of his yearnings.

The most outstanding of these aquatic entertainments was the picture, "What Women Love," featuring Annette Kellerman, the woman who made the bathing suit famous, or vice versa. Miss Kellerman masquerades as Annabel Cotton, a regular Lady Douglas Fairbanks, and the daughter of a reform-mad father, whose pious existence is anything but a bed of roses because of his daughter's pranks. There is a love story in which Miss Annabel's namby-pamby lover is metamorphosed into a modern cave-man, but the real object of the picture is, of

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Editorial

WHY BLOCK THE TRAFFIC?

An injunction suit has been filed to prevent a bond sale for the improvement of Rinne road, extending from Sunset avenue to Sixty-second street, along the canal. The plaintiffs not only seek to prevent the sale of the bonds now, but permanently. It is alleged that the county has no right to take over roads for improvements that are within the city limits or incorporated towns—part of the road to be improved is in the town of Broad Ripple.

As to the legal side of the matter, we leave that to the lawyers, but it does seem that it is high time for citizens of Indianapolis to quit "suing out injunctions" and doing other things to prevent the improvements of streets and roads in the city and county.

Indianapolis sadly needs better streets and the county more good roads. Good streets and highways are the arteries that carry the life blood of business—trite as the phrase is—and the only way to have them is to build them. Little street and road construction was done during the four years of the war and it is badly needed now. People complain of the high cost of living and point to the fact that lack of distribution is largely the cause, yet they set up a big howl when it is proposed to make roads and streets that will stand the wear and tear of truck travel.

Trucking has progressed by leaps and bounds since the war. For short hauls, overland trucking is quicker and cheaper than by steam or electric freight, but trucking on roads that are not prepared for the business is poor economy, not only for the taxpayer, but for the owner of the motive power and the shipper of the goods—and last, but not least, the consumer.

Why can not Indianapolis have a sensible feeling about road and street improvement—not an orgy of building of slipshod, makeshift roads and streets, nor building them all in one season, but an efficient, business-like street and road improvement that will be of lasting benefit to every person in the county?

FLIRTING WITH DEATH

It is not unusual to pick up a daily newspaper and find that another "stunt flyer" has paid the penalty for his foolhardiness.

Just the other day, Myron Tinney, a former army aviator, while essaying a hair-raising stunt at the state fair grounds in Michigan—grabbing a rope ladder hanging from one plane as he passed under it on another—plunged to his death.

Not so long ago "Daredevil" Locklear went to his death while doing "stunts" for a movie concern. A day or so ago the cables carried an item about a French army aviator who fell in his plane while performing some daredeviltry, and killed five children.

All this leads to the question: Does war cultivate this desire for "thrillers," or is the desire innate and the war only accentuated it? Perhaps a little of both. Some men are born without the sense of fear or with the sense of foolhardiness. The performance of certain "aces" during the World War was enough to fire the imagination of any of these embryo fliers and at the first opportunity they start to "cash in" on it under the impression that what men have done, men can do.

Then there is the financial consideration, also. For men who do these stunts the remuneration is always excellent. It is called "easy" money by those who partake. In addition there is the opportunity always present—for airplanes are not hard to get and cost no more than a first-class automobile. There is much danger in driving an auto at breakneck speed, but no such danger confronts the air man. The air lanes are plentiful and free, and after tasting the power and freedom of flying it is only a short step to "stunt flying"—and eventual disaster.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

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PUTTING IT OVER

Dr. Osler gained more prominence from the remark—made in jest—that all men over sixty years old ought to be chloroformed—than he did as a scientist. It was an accepted theory for a long time that men over sixty years old were no good to society as far as services and production were concerned. Dr. Osler's joking remark may have more deeply confirmed this theory in the minds of employers of labor. At any rate it was there. Now, however, the theory has gone into the discard. It is not believed because it is not true and is denied by living evidence every day in the year.

As a matter of fact, it is no unusual thing for a man to begin his life all over again in his fifties and make good with a bang.

Edmund G. Buckner, of Owensboro, Ky., and well-known to many Hoosiers, who died a short time ago, is a case in point. Up until he was past fifty years old Buckner was a cashier, at a salary of $2,000 a year, in an Owensboro bank. Many men would have thought of getting ready to retire from active business at that age not so many years ago, but Buckner didn't. His reputation as a banker and his wide acquaintance and standing were worth money to him and he cashed in on them. He was chosen as president of a local cellulose company, and by his efforts obtained recognition from the du Pont powder interests, became their general sales manager and alone negotiated a $100,000,000 contract with the Allies. He did other "wizardy" things that only the younger man is supposed to do successfully and at his death left a fortune of $1,500,000, made long after he passed fifty.



Leerie

At first blush, "Leerie" seems the ideal type of fiction to recommend to the convalescent in a hospital; for it is the story of a nurse whose winning and magnetic personality made her a lamplighter in the gloom of a sanitarium. As a matter of fact, however, the patient in a hospital is too close up to hospital realities to discern the romance and the glamour which, for the physically sound, hangs about a hospital with its long, bare halls, its immaculate cots, mysterious operating room, and its busy nurses and doctors. So, after all, it's for the well and strong that nurse Leerie should have the biggest appeal.

Then, too, reading "Leerie" might make the patient dissatisfied with his own nurse, for how many are so fortunate as to have a nurse of Leerie's calibre? With all due respect to the nursing profession, not many, surely. For while Leerie wasn't beautiful, she was luminous, and if you are too fastidious as to details of style and finish, you can see her shine in Ruth Sawyer's chronicle of her lamp-lighting career.

Sheila O'Leary, to give the young woman her real name, was so full of

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WOMEN BOSSES

An Indianapolis business man who employs considerable female help—especially stenographers and typists—was lamenting the fact that his labor turnover was exceedingly high. He couldn't keep girls in his office, although it was a very desirable place to work and good wages were paid.

When he was asked what kind of an office manager he had he said he had a very capable person—Miss Blank. "That's the answer," said a friend to whom he was talking. "Women don't like a woman boss as a rule."

A well-known eastern efficiency expert (he's an expert because he knows human nature) recently said that feminine bosses have a lot to learn about how properly to treat employes of their own sex.

During the war, when thousands of women were called back into office work, there was a decided aversion shown by a majority of them to working for a firm that employed a woman boss. They inquired if there was a man or woman boss, and if the latter they promptly turned down the job.

Nor is the reason for this far to seek according to this man. He said a woman boss confidentially told him that it was largely due to "our catty dispositions"—and perhaps she was right. The average woman boss lacks that spirit of understanding that a man has with his employes. She does not co-operate with her help. The average woman employer or boss has a passion for supervising. She refuses to trust her subordinates with the slightest detail that is not explained. On the other hand, a man will tell some fluffy-haired doll to do something in the fewest words possible and leave all the detail to her. But the woman boss will not leave the slightest initiative to the capable employe. She will pick a million flaws in a letter—while a man will glance over it and sign his name—and make a mental note to tell Miss Jones that she will have to whip up on her punctuation.

A man has some confidence in the people under him, while a woman has none—or very little. Some may call it conscientiousness, but those under her call it by a harsher term.



Unattractive Bond Issues

The "deadly parallel" reveals an interesting situation in the bond market. Up in South Bend the school building program has been temporarily suspended because of the failure of the school board to sell $500,000 of five-year school bonds. Bond men said the time was too short for the purchase at par. Bids were asked of Indianapolis, Chicago and New York bond houses, but none were submitted. Even South Bend banks did not participate.

The other day J. P. Morgan & Co., through various agencies, opened the books for a subscription of a big bond issue of the French Government. The issue was subscribed within an hour. Apparently there is something the matter with local methods in floating bond issues, as the South Bend case shows. South Bend school bonds are as safe as French Government bonds and probably just as desirable—interest rates being equal. The law of Indiana provides that such bonds must be sold at par. It is apparent that the short term of the issue and the par requirement do not jibe. In other words, if Indiana issuers want to sell their bonds, they must make them as attractive as other offerings.

Name Company Officials

Stockholders in the Ft. Wayne & Northern Interurban Railway will be interested in the election of officers of the company which was held last week at Kendallville. C. J. Munton, Kendallville, president; William L. Taylor, Indianapolis, first vice-president; James H. Rose, Ft. Wayne, second vice-president, and V. R. Shick, Kendallville, secretary and treasurer. Directors were elected as follows: C. J. Munton, James H. Rose and Elmer E. Leonard, Ft. Wayne; William L. Taylor, Indianapolis, and Ray H. Smith, of New York City.

Make Up the Bonus

A par bid has been received on the bonds offered by Stony Creek township, Henry county, petitioned for a few months ago. The bonds bear 4½ per cent interest but attracted no attention until persons vitally interested in the roads which the money from the bonds is going to build made up the bonus.

Trust Company Gets Loan

The Union Trust was the only bidder for a loan of $595,000 asked for by Robert S. Bryson, controller of the city of Indianapolis. The money is to be used for current expenses until revenues are received from taxation next year. The bid was awarded the company at a rate of 6½ per cent. The loan is payable in two installments, $300,000 on July 1, 1921, and $245,000 on December 10, 1921. The loan was recently authorized by the city council.

Realty Stock Offered

The Dorchester Realty Company is erecting an apartment building on Pennsylvania street, near Thirty-eighth street boulevard. Stock in this concern is being offered through Breed, Elliott & Harrison. It draws 7½ per cent and is tax exempt. The offering consists of $290,000 preferred and is priced at par and accrued dividend. The property has a valuation of about $425,000, with net earnings figure at $47,000. The building will be fireproof and contains fifty-four complete apartments.

Dividend Is Declared

Indianapolis investors are interested in the announcement from South Bend that the International India Rubber Corporation has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3½ per cent, payable September 15. The International is one of the newer rubber manufactories whose growth has been rapid. The company has paid all regular and cumulative dividends. It expects to change its corporate name to the Odell Rubber Co., as being simpler.

Short Term Notes

Short term notes are being offered local investors by representatives of the Harris Trust & Savings Co., Chicago, of an issue of Omaha, Neb., school district issue of $1,000,000, drawing 6 per cent interest. The notes are due September 1, 1921. At the present price the yield is better than 6½ per cent.

A New Industry Coming

The Rub-Tex Products Company, one of our newest automotive industries, has purchased the factory equipment of the Everwear Rubber Company of Milwaukee, and is shipping it to Indianapolis to be installed in the factory of the Rub-Tex Company at West and Fourteenth streets. It is understood that about $100,000 was involved in the transaction. The company will manufacture a general line of mechanical rubber goods, such as automobile floor and running board mats, stair treads, rubber heels, fan belts, etc.

Plenty of "Gas"

The Federal Trade Commission in a recent report explodes the gasoline "famine" rumors, and calls it a psychological "panic" and without foundation.

The failure of certain oil fields upset the oil men and made an immediate shortage seem possible. However, the latest authentic reports state that gasoline supplies are increasing rapidly and that the reserve stocks on hand totaled over 626,000,000 gallons last March. The United States Geological Survey states that there are still 7,629,000,000 barrels of oil in the United States fields, or enough for twenty years at the present rate of consumption. The world's deposits amount to 60,000,000,000 barrels—enough for 168 years.

A great many other factors point to increased gasoline production. Refiners can get twice the amount of gasoline from oil by using the new "cracking" processes. The big mid-west companies using the modern methods are getting a 35 per cent yield from crude oil. Refineries elsewhere are getting only 12 to 22 per cent. When these new processes are adopted everywhere, it will mean an increase of 60 per cent over our present supply.

Mexico is another source of future supply which has been almost doubling its shipments to the American market every year.

Rotary Club Nominations

Nominations for officers of the Rotary Club of Indianapolis for the ensuing year have been made as follows: Frank E. Floyd, president; Almus G. Ruddell, vice-president and director for two years; Ralph H. Edgerton, secretary and director for two years; Roy Sahm, treasurer; Ferd L. Murr, Carl N. Angst, Arch V. Grossman, Arthur R. Heiskell, Alfred Kauffman, Henry J. McCoy and Guy A. Wainwright, sergeant-at-arms. The election of officers will be held October 6.

A New Hotel

Indianapolis has another hotel under contemplation. The Roosevelt Hotel Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of $25,000 and the following directors: John A. George, Ernest S. Horne, R. C. Shaneberger. Nothing has been given out regarding the location of the proposed hotel.

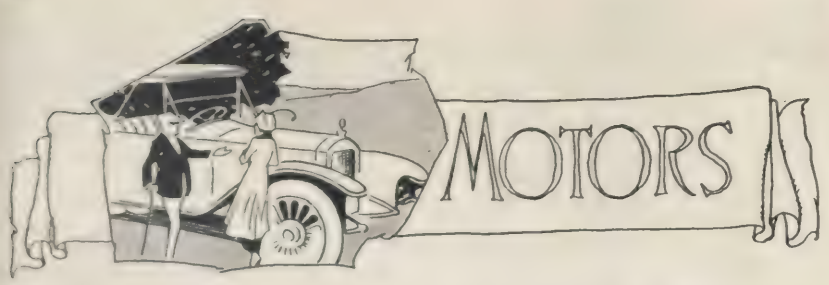
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

With the tightening of the money market, automobile dealers and manufacturers again face the necessity of employing real salesmanship in disposing of their products. With the passing of the order taker and the return of the salesman the automobile show has become more of a necessity than ever as a merchandising medium.

That this fact is generally recognized in the automobile industry, here in Indiana, is shown by the fact that when the doors closed on the fall show of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association last Saturday, September 11th, the biggest fall event in the history of the association, John Orman, manager, announced that already he had received sufficient advance applications for the big annual spring show in March, 1921, to fill the Manufacturers' building at the State Fair grounds, where the show will be held.

Exhibitors at the show which has just closed are practically unanimous in their opinion that the display was of tremendous benefit to them, but owing to the peculiar character of the whole affair it is as yet impossible to reduce these benefits to actual, demonstrable figures. In the first place, more persons attended the automobile exhibits than ever before, it being estimated that during the week not less than 250,000 persons visited the Manfacturers' building. This, of course, was largely due to the fact that the show was given in connection with the Indiana State Fair and no separate admission was charged. As a result the automobile show attendance was almost that of the total admissions at the gate, for it seemed as if every one who came to the fair headed straight for the auto show building, which was located just inside the main entrance.

The attendance was composed of an overwhelming percentage of persons from the rural districts, as the State Fair is their own particular institution. For the greater part of the city people go to the spring show, although the show was kept open Friday night for Indianapolis citizens, and a big crowd turned out.

Naturally, under conditions like these, it was impossible definitely to distinguish between the mere window shopper and sightseer and the prospective purchaser. However, exhibitors were pleasantly surprised to find that the public at large in Indiana is pretty thoroughly "motor broke," and there was, apparently, only a small percentage of spectators who were in no way interested.

The composite opinion of the exhibitors was expressed in a few words by George Hunt, manager of the Losey-Lafayette Company, local distributors of the new Lafayette car when he said: "There is no question but that all of us got our products, in a most advantageous way, before a large number of persons whom we never would have reached in any other way. Months from now sales will be made that are directly traceable to the State Fair show."

One thing was definitely demonstrated, much to the surprise of many of the dealers, and that was an almost overwhelming demand for closed body cars.

The largest individual sale recorded was that of the Oakland Motor Car Company, which sold twenty Oaklands to the U-Drive Auto Company of Indianapolis.

The Oldsmobile people seemed to sense this demand for closed bodies quicker than many other exhibitors and they capitalized their knowledge in their sales talks to the farmer. George Wildhack, local distributor, used this line of argument in talking to a prospect:

"In winter the farmer spends the greater part of his time indoors, in a comfortable, warm house. In the evening he takes his family and runs into the nearest town to a warm, comfortable movie. If he drives an open car, he and his family run the risk of colds, pneumonia, etc. If he has a closed car, the five or ten-mile ride to town means no break at all between the warm, comfortable house and the warm, comfortable movie. Then, of course, a closed car can be used under almost any weather conditions, which means a great deal more to those living in the country than it does to the city owner."

John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, was in charge of the show, his twenty-first, and it was as perfectly conducted as anyone could wish.

He strictly enforced the rule against the showing of any "wild-cat" or stock jobbing exhibits, and assured a square deal to the exhibitors by making all decorations and name placards uniform in size. Space is assigned by lot, this doing away with any charges of favoritism.

One hundred and sixteen exhibits made up the show, divided as follows: Pleasure car exhibitors, 43; trucks, 18; accessories, 55. In addition to this twenty-two tractors were shown in a different section of the grounds, where they were given sufficient space to conduct demonstrations.



LaFayette Touring Car Being Driven From Factory Enroute to Tulsa, Oklahoma



A Section of the Automobile Show in the Manufacturers Building.

A short course in automobile carburation with Mr. R. C. Heskett as head instructor was the aim of the Van Briggle Motor Device Company's display. The new model "C" Van Briggle shock absorber, upon which the top arm and base both pivot in an eyelet of the car spring so that any motion of the car is transmitted in the shock absorber, is the latest offering in Van Briggle products.

What the Germans did to Belgium was mild in comparison to what the kids did to the auto show on their special day. They went over the top en masse early in the morning, carried every objective on the first rush and mopping-up parties followed in continuous waves until six o'clock in the evening. They sat in the big soft cushioned limousines, and in the snappy speedsters; they honked every honkable horn, switched on and off the lights until the hall looked like a fire-fly division out night signalling, grabbed off all kinds of toy balloons and noise-makers and drowned out the big orchestra, including two high explosive, long-range saxophones.

The youngsters were aided and abetted by the Lexington Motor Sales Company. C. L. Irvin distributed thousands of firearms among them in the form of cardboard revolvers with terrifying popper attachments. As soon as these went into action there was nothing for exhibitors to do but climb into fox holes and wait for the barrage to lift, which it never did.

Don Trone, formerly of Indianapolis, was at the show with an attractive display of Davis cars, made in Richmond. Don is Central States representative and is here to find an Indianapolis representative for his line.

A. D. Williamson, of the Coffield Tire Protector Company, was in charge of the display of a device that takes away the terrors of punctures.

Bill Krauss held a privately-conducted auto show all his own in the interest of the Hassler shock absorber. He distributed large quantities of pretty blue circulars and explained how the Hassler removed all the waste space between the passengers and the seats of the Ford.

A modest little Pierce Arrow touring car about a block long with a modest little $7,600 price tag attached was on display, and was certainly a good looking machine.

It was a week of unrest for Eddie Updyke. His McFarlans and Daniels in their brilliant colors drew the kids in droves all week long and many were the wonderful tales of the big machines in Eddie's exhibit told at the dinner tables throughout the fair week.

The aerial feature of kids' day was supplied by the Coffin-Brown Company, which distributed multi-colored high-flying balloons.

Oren A. Chillson, of the Conduitt Auto Company, speechified on the superior, not to say supreme, qualifications of the Peerless and Chalmers cars.

D. M. House, of Cleveland, is the newest recruit to the Hoosier automotive industry. He is now in charge of the retail department of the local branch of the Oakland Motor Car Co.

Irvin Cobb is not the only widely-known product of Paducah, Kentucky. The other is the Multidisc Wheel. F. S. Lack, secretary-treasurer of the company, explained the multidisc principal with regular blue grass accents in language the average motorist could understand.

You can plan all sorts of campaigns, tours, and parties on the maps of the National Map Company and then take a sponge and wipe all off and start over again. These maps are made especially for use in routing salesmen, laying out sales districts, etc. E. S. Larrison had charge of the exhibit.

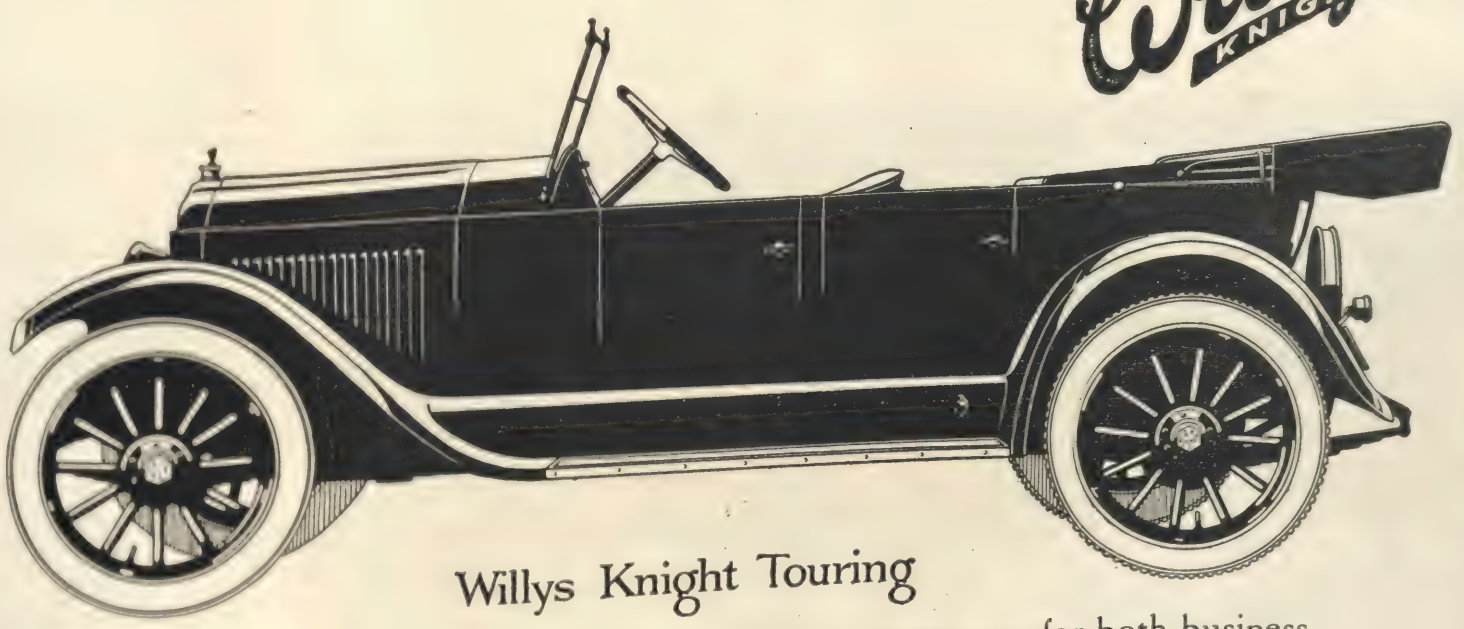
Fifty thousand miles look easy to a set of Chopa piston rings, according to representatives of the Chopa Piston Ring Company, and the company backs up its assertion with a guarantee.

Bi-Flex bumpers that absorb the other fellow's shocks when he tries to hurdle you and Velvet Recoil Deadeners that absorb your own jolts, were featured by Hackathorn and Lightstone. Other accessories were shown. B. L. Lightstone was the man behind the exhibit.

Five prizes a day were given away by the Guarantee Tire and Rubber Company. Walter Kuhn was in charge. A full line of tires and accessories were shown and a demonstration of Seal-Fast repair outfits was the feature exhibit.

Autowa bodies, disguisers of Henerys and Lizzies, in attractive styles and colors are being handled by L. C. Swisshelm of this city.





Willys Knight Touring

Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

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Distributers
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Sees Bright Business Outlook

Chas. B. Sommers, Indianapolis Business Man, Gives Views on Present Situation.

"I am an optimist when it comes to business conditions in this country," said Charles B. Sommers, of D. Sommers & Co., who is also interested in a number of other Indianapolis enterprises.

"I believe that business will not only be good this fall and winter, but that it will be even better next spring," he continued.

"I can't see any other way for it to be. The demand for all products is steadily growing and it is up to America to supply this demand."

Mr. Sommers said that the one engrossing question among business men is the tax situation; not local and state taxes as much as Federal taxes.

"The present Federal tax situation, in my opinion, is at the bottom of the present tightness in the money market to a large degree," Mr. Sommers said. "The tax problem must be simplified. Personally, I am in favor of the sales tax plan or something similar, as an answer to the problem. It would greatly simplify the present complex system that takes two or three days a month and the assistance of experts to work out taxes for each company. People want to pay their taxes, and as a rule they are not inordinate kickers on rates—if the money is needed, but they do believe that rates could be lowered and that the system could be simplified so that taxes could be paid without the waste of so much time."

Mr. Sommers ascribed much of the business impatience and lack of normality to the shortage of freight cars.

"The situation has been bad with the railroads for some time," Mr. Sommers said. "It has not improved much since the railroads were returned to their owners and is still bad. I believe that much of the recent let-up in business was due to the lack of freight cars and motive power—distribution was interfered with and without distribution the business of the country is helpless.

"With better transportation facilities there will be a spurt in business. I know from my own experience of shipments being held in New York terminals for sixty days simply because of the lack of cars or motive power to haul them.

"This freight situation and the tax situation are keeping back full business growth. With better shipping facilities and an improved tax situation there will be a marked change for the better."

Mr. Sommers spoke encouragingly of the export situation, concerns in which he is interested doing considerable export business.

"The export situation is much like the freight car situation—there is a lack of bottoms and other shipping facilities adequately to take care of the country's export business, just as there is a lack of freight cars and terminals.

"With proper ocean freightage you will see a tremendous increase in tonnage to foreign countries.

"The enormous agricultural crops have given us a basis of business with foreign countries unprecedented in history.

"It is an interesting proposition to compare the agricultural crops and the automobile crops. The automobile business runs parallel with the crops of the farm. If there are large crops it follows that there will be a heavy demand for automobiles, inasmuch as 60 per cent of the automobiles made are bought for the farm or in agricultural communities.

"Right here in Indianapolis the automobile possibilities look favorable. This city has a reputation for producing quality cars and the industry here is bigger and stronger than ever and showing a continuous healthy increase.

"There is no wonder that the bulk of the motor cars are sold to the agricultural classes when you know the circumstances that govern these sales and compare how much wheat it takes now to buy an average car and what it took a few years ago.

"These figures are based on Babson's averages.

"In 1903 the retail price average of all motor cars was $1,438. It took 1,775 bushels of wheat to buy such a car.

"In 1910 the retail price average of all automobiles was $1,471 and it took 1,290 bushels of wheat to buy this car.

"In 1920 the retail price average of all cars was $1,103 and it takes 441 bushels of wheat to buy such a car.

"Just notice that the average retail price of all cars has been slowly dropping, while the number of bushels of wheat it takes to buy a car has dropped in greater proportion, which means, of course, that the price of wheat has greatly risen. This is an object lesson of real interest to the business of the country and pertains to other products as well as motor cars."

Mr. Sommers said he based much of his optimism on the fact that there was a growing demand for good investment securities, especially in Indianapolis.

"The thrift campaigns begun during the war were of untold good to the people and taught the wisdom of saving and making sound investments. This procedure makes for the basic wealth of the nation.

"From what I learn there is a substantial demand and increasing inquiry for securities in Indianapolis. Not the speculative kind, but the investment kind. The spending orgy for unnecessaries appears to be at an end and the people are buying securities for a safe income.

"On the whole, I think the business indications are bright. After all, it is pretty hard to throw the average thinking American off his feet, and if he does wobble occasionally he quickly comes back to the level position he usually maintains. He thinks for himself. The mere fact that people disagree on various subjects is a healthy sign of progress and indicates that they think for themselves. When they do that the country is safe from any sort of radical propaganda and isms."

Mr. Sommers said that the campaign and election doubtless has something to do with retarding the return of business, but he said this particular phase would in November be cleared up to the advantage of every one.

Predicts Prosperity for Coming Fall and Winter and Next Spring.

She Speaks Right Out

(Concluded from Page 8.)

ent school year it amounts to $2,825,000.00. The teachers themselves deserve a great deal of credit for getting this increase, but surely all of their efforts could not have accomplished such an improvement in salary conditions had not the board been for and with them.

The greatest expansion campaign the schools have ever known has been inaugurated by the board. For the past ten years there have been no new buildings. In the last five years the census report shows that the population of Indianapolis has increased from 233,000 to 315,000. The need for new buildings and additions to old buildings has been imperative, but it takes money for building. No one has cared to bear the opprobrium of responsibility for higher taxes, but they have finally come, and the present board has demanded them, because it has required greater tax returns to permit of expanding the schools to adequate capacity for the city's requirements.

A new academic building is now in course of construction at the Arsenal Technical High School which will cost approximately $700,000.00. Plans have been completed and the board is now advertising for bids (October 1st) for a new shop building and power house at Technical which will cost nearly $1,250,000.00. Both of these buildings will be part of the general scheme designed by Mr. H. Van Buren Magonigle of New York for the campus at the Arsenal grounds which, when completed, will make Technical High School the largest and most completely equipped secondary school in the country. Though it will take perhaps twenty to twenty-five years to carry out the plan, the board has pledged its support and will follow it out as school finances permit.

Condemnation suit has been brought for the acquisition of a site 600 by 400 feet at Meridian, Thirty-fourth and Pennsylvania streets for a new northside high school.

The plans for expansion of building facilities include the grade schools also. School No. 26, at Martindale avenue and Sixteenth street, is in course of construction at a cost of about $550,000.00. A $350,000.00 building, School No. 22, is being built at Illinois, Kansas and Wisconsin streets. Additions are in course of construction at School No. 58, New York and Linwood streets ($85,000.00), and at School No. 43, at Capitol avenue and Fortieth street ($75,000.00.)

Bids were received on September 11 for additions to Schools No. 21 and No. 54. Bids will be received on September 24 for an addition to School No. 44.

Architects are preparing plans for a new building on the site of School No. 5 in the Ghetto district, at Washington and California streets, where additional ground has been purchased; and for a new school building in Brightwood at Thirtieth and School streets.

With the approval of the board, Mr. Murray Dolman, director of the Department of Reference and Research, has worked out a new system for recording the attendance of all pupils. Each pupil when he first enters school will have a card made out, containing all the information that was formerly supplied anew each year on the "Nativity Blank." This one card will record his career throughout his course in the grade schools, and will save the repeated task of setting down the same data each year in a different register of attendance, and as there will be a duplicate card at the school office for every one of the forty-four thousand children, there is no chance of any one's record being lost. The attendance department will follow up every card, and only a strictly legitimate excuse will prevent the Johnnies and Marys of school age from attendance at some one of the city schools.

Even a partial recital, such as this, of the work inaugurated by the present School Board would seem to warrant the loyalty of pupils, teachers, and public to the board's progressive program, and it is unfortunate that any campaign of sensationalism or politics should cast suspicions, no matter how unfounded, on the soundness of policy of the Indianapolis School Board.



Not so many years ago Indianapolis used to be considered a one and two-nights' "stand" for the big legitimate dramatic and musical comedy attractions, and a show that booked a full week here was, to no small extent, a rarity. Frankly speaking, our "No Mean City" wasn't considered a good show town for the high priced attractions. And, what's more, it wasn't!

During the last two or three years, however, conditions have changed and Indianapolis is beginning to be regarded as a pretty good "week stand" by the theatrical moguls. Henry K. Burton, who conducted English's theatre during the summer months, says that it is even better than that.

Mr. Burton advocates the presentation of good pictures and first-class stage shows for two or three weeks—or just as long as they will draw satisfactory box office returns—in Indianapolis, and during the summer season just closed at English's he demonstrated that his theory is practical. He ran "Why Change Your Wife?" four weeks, "On With the Dance" two weeks and "The Prince Chap" two weeks to splendid returns.

Then he presented the stage production of "Abe Martin" for two weeks, and he maintains that it could have been kept on for two more weeks at a profit.

"Here is a city of 300,000 people with a drawing population of almost a million because of the interurban lines. A worth-while picture or stage production can't possibly scratch the surface of this population in a week's time," says Mr. Burton. "It takes a week for the word to spread about that the attraction is worth seeing—and it's word of mouth advertising that brings money into the box office every time."

* * *

The success of the Stuart Walker Players at the Murat during the summer months raises considerable talk of the probability of a good stock company being established here during the winter months. The only thing that stands in the way at this time is the lack of a theatre to house the company. Undoubtedly a first-class stock company would pay here, but thus far no financier has come forward to build one. With every house in town tied up under long term leases there is no outlook of a theatre being available for stock in the near future.

* * *

Just what effect the opening of the new Loew theatre on Pennsylvania street will have in local theatricals is somewhat speculative. It is understood that the Loew house will present vaudeville on the order of that given at the Lyric, augmented by feature photo-plays. This is the Loew policy in other cities. Whether the town will support two theatres presenting the continuous form of vaudeville entertainment, or not, remains to be seen. The Lyric is well established, and has the best of it in point of location. B. F. Keith's theatre will hardly be affected so long as it sticks to the "two-day policy," and there is no reason to assume that the Keith management will ever abandon it.

* * *

The musical comedy version of "Roger Bean," based on Chic Jackson's cartoons in The Star, will open its second season on the road September 16. Roger was first produced on the stage last season by Henry K. Burton. It was a success from the start. Mr. Burton sold the stage rights, which he had procured from Chic Jackson, to Walter Ross. This season's company numbers twenty people and includes all the familiar Bean family characters.

MURAT

The Greenwich Village Follies, described as a "revusical" comedy of life in New York's Quartier Latin, will open an engagement of one week at the Murat Theatre on Monday evening, September 20. Born in the Greenwich Village Theatre in the heart of New York's far-famed Bohemia, this production comes to Indianapolis with a record run of seven months in New York followed by a summer engagement of twenty weeks in Chicago.

The Greenwich Village Follies digresses from the typical revue in its costuming, in its coloring, in its scenic investiture and its processes. It is said to be bizarre, daring and out-of-the-ordinary. The book and lyrics are by John Murray Anderson and Philip Bartholomae and the music by A. Baldwin Sloan. The piece was staged under the supervision of Mr. Anderson.

The story of the advent and progress of the Greenwich Village Follies in the metropolis is an unusual one. It had its premier in the little quaint Greenwich Village Theatre in the dead heat of summer a year ago last July. Its success with the distinctly village following was immediate. Then the visitor to New York and the summer resorter began to flock to it, and it became the reigning vogue. A larger theatre in the uptown district became necessary immediately. But the actors' strike intervened and the move was postponed. The show has the distinction of being the only one playing in New York whose run was not interrupted by the actors' strike. The strike concluded, the revue moved at once to the Nora Bayes Theatre, where it continued to flourish.

While the general structure of the piece follows the typical revue, the treatment, accompaniment and scenery are anything but conventional. There is a prologue, two acts and fourteen scenes. While the prologue is a travesty on New York's subway troubles, it is not so local as not to be enjoyed. There is a delightful burlesque on the modern bedroom farce and a scene in Webster Hall, the famous dance rendezvous of the past generation of gentle folk of the village. A colorful batik costume ensemble, framing a striking dance, is one of the highlights in the piece.

ENGLISH'S

With a production said to strike a new note in minstrelsy, the Neil O'Brien Minstrels will appear at English's, September 24 and 25, on their ninth annual tour.

In line with the policy of this organization, this year's entertainment will be entirely new. The acts have been written by Neil O'Brien and the performance is under his personal supervision.

Lew Wilson, the "Variety Boy," has been engaged as the principal comedian. While Mr. Wilson is a new recruit in minstrelsy, he has made a reputation in big vaudeville and should prove a welcome novelty to lovers of minstrelsy.

Davis Gaffney, who has been identified with the organization the past two seasons, will appear in a new act written for him by Mr. O'Brien; he will also have new material for the first part.

B. F. KEITH'S

Eva Shirley, assisted by Fid Gordon's musical boys and Al Roth, noted "jazz dancer", will be one of the top-line features of the Keith program for the week opening Monday, September 20th. Miss Shirley divides headline honors with Herman Timberg's musical novelty, "The Viol—Inn", in which Billy Abbott is featured with his five violin girls in a clever musical production. Other acts include Arthur Wanzer and Maybelle Palmer in a comedy skit, "She's Hard to Get Along With". Jane Dillon, lightning change artist, offers her newest one-act protean play, "The Frame Up". The scene is a court room with the judge and prosecuting attorney. All of the other characters are portrayed by Miss Dillon by a series of quick costume changes. James Burke and Eleanor Durkin have a musical and conversational novelty, "A Tete-a-tete in Song". The "Four Singing Ushers" is the billing used by one of the newest comedy quartettes and their harmony singing is said to be of unusual quality. Ollie Young, assisted by Miss April, presents an original novelty in which the soap bubble of childhood days plays an important part. The Kinogram news weekly and the Digest Topics will be shown at each of the two daily performances.



Cameo Number in "Greenwich Village Follies," Murat, Week September 20.

Touching the Hand of Romance

Impressions Retained After Conversation With the Manager of Tucker's Glove Shop

By J. Victor Richardson

Our erudite friend Webster defines a glove as "a covering for the hand, or for the hand and wrist, with a separate sheath for each finger."

How prosaic! How utilitarian! How thoroughly devoid of romance or imagination! Pity the poor lexicographer, who must confine his definitions to the very simplest in order to get as many words and terms as possible into his pages.

Far from being the lackluster, common or garden "covering for the hand" that we are asked to believe it is, the glove is an article of apparel with a story which offers many delectable bits to the seeker after historic romance. Why! The story of the glove is one of pomp and glory, of royal ceremony and knightly combat, of intrigue in the affairs of nations and of hearts, or—if the seeker choose the morbid phase—of slavery and serfdom, of toil and torture, of gluttony and ravage!

Hear the scoffer laugh at this! He does not know that the sinister side of the story of the glove began when Rebekah made a hairy covering for the hands and wrists of Esau, thereby intriguing Father Abraham into giving that impostor the blessing intended for Jacob. Let him look further. He will find that in the Chaldean Bible the glove was given, in Israel, as a token to bind all contracts in the sale and purchase of lands and sheep or cattle—a token of good faith—the representative of the honour of a man.

The glove of Biblical times was necessarily a crude forerunner of later glory. It was not in general use, by any means. The priests and the chiefs and nobles, only, were sufficiently interested in the adornment of their hands to make any use of the glove. Women were entirely unfamiliar with its use. Even through to the great days of Grecian and Roman culture, the use of gloves was confined largely to the clergy and the men of the robe and the scepter. The Spartans used heavy, thick leather gloves for protection in combat, and 'twas said that a famous Grecian glutton wore gloves while eating, the better to handle the meat while it was yet hot.

It remained, however, for the imagination of the Middle Ages to bring the use of gloves to the dignity of a cult. While the layman still kept his hands warm by pulling over them the loose sleeves of his tunic, the bishops and the priests, and the lords and their knights became extravagant in their demands for finely made and embroidered gloves for ceremonial occasions. Sacrament was never administered in the church unless the priest wore gloves of white linen. This was to signify his infallible purity. Challenge to combat was never formal unless the mailed glove was thrown at the feet of the adversary-to-be, and no fight took place unless the challenged man condescended to pick it up. Gloves of various leathers, embroidered with gold and precious stones, were used at coronations and at the making of treaties.

Just before the Renaissance, the use of gloves became quite general throughout all Europe. The French, of course, excelled in the making of beautiful gloves, the art being carried on at this early time in the monasteries. Monks were given the sole right to hunt certain kinds of animals on the estates of the nobility, in return for which privilege they supplied gloves for their patrons before selling them elsewhere.

The court dandies and their ladies affected perfumed and wonderfully embroidered gloves for all occasions of state. Who knows but that the arrest of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette was caused by the dropping of a perfumed glove from one of the trunks she insisted on taking along on her attempted escape as a peasant? The sons of the French revolution had small respect for perfumed gloves—or their owners.

The revolution almost stamped out the glove industry in France, but the spark lived to break into still more glorious light in later years.

The fame of the small city of Grenoble was carried through the world as the greatest manufacturing center of beautiful gloves. To this day the name of Grenoble, the factory town, and that of Annonay, the tannery town, are synonymous with the idea of gloves for adornment as well as for utility.

Who wishes more splendor? Look to the coronation ceremony of the kings of England! There the glove is used as the highest mark of the new sovereign's faith, honour and integrity—the symbol that proves him worthy to head the ideals and the government of the millions of people who make up one of the greatest nations in the world.

A covering for the hand, indeed!—a thumb and four fingers!—a thing to guard the hand from cold! Say, rather, an inheritance bathed in the glamour of romantic tradition, a pledge of honour and fealty, a hand adornment that has a character and a glorious ancestry.

The Book Worm

(Concluded from Page 10.)

energy and ability to help other people that her days and nights were long enough for the doing of all her work—that set by the hospital authorities and that which she set herself. She rescued a lorn young man from the bugbears of his youth which haunted him so that he couldn't sleep; she escorted a merrily wicked old gentleman over the line into eternity in a cheery, festive way that made a carnival of his last days, but which shocked the patients and nurses and chaplains almost beyond recovery; she saved an unhappy little atom of South American humanity from the ignorance of its young mother, and later restored it to health and happiness and its bereaved parents; and then she cured a soldier patient who brought the war home to her in such a way that she did just what you would expect of such a radiant and energetic young woman.

She was so occupied in her business of lamp-lighting for others that she scarcely had time for a romance of her own, but after recklessly throwing away romance by the handfuls to others, and deliberately and repeatedly sacrificing herself, she succumbed to a happy ending.

* * *

The Moreton Mystery

If ever there was a mystery story written that didn't have a staircase of one kind or another, it surely has not been published. A circular staircase, a secret flight of stairs, a creaking, ghost-ridden stairway, or a subterranean passageway—some kind of a stairway is necessary to the successful mystery story. "The Moreton Mystery," by Elizabeth Dejeans, is equipped with a boxed stairway at the end of the passageway that leads from the room where Mathew Moreton, the successful financier, had died, to the upper floor of Moreton House. The night of his death, the persons who promenade this stairway include Nixola, the adopted daughter of the house; Holt, the tall, broadshouldered chauffeur, and Jowett, the private detective.

The problem to be unraveled is whether Moreton's death is a suicide or a murder. The finding of a bottle of poison on his table and the same poison on his lips leads to the obvious conclusion that he committed suicide. But there is more than one person in the house who refuses to accept this theory, and each goes about solving the mystery in his own way. The first trend of suspicion is toward Nixola, whom Moreton loved intensely, and who for that reason was the object of Mrs. Moreton's unreasoning hate and jealousy. The butler's unexpected action just after his master's death throws suspicion on him, and the germ of suspicion spreads until every one who was in the house on the night of Moreton's death feels the doubts of his neighbors. The complications are wound up to a tight point and finally the discussion takes a new turn and the whole affair is plausibly explained.

* * *

"Woman as Decoration" is the intriguing title of a costume book by Emily Burbank. It follows as a sort of sequel to her previous book on "The Art of Interior Decoration." Having prescribed the setting, she proceeds to details of costume for the central figures. Although due respect is paid to costume of historic times, stress is laid on the merit of a costume due to its appropriateness regardless of whether it is ancient or modern, up-to-date or old-fashioned. The moral is pointed with attractive plates showing costumes of women of today—Mrs. Conde Nast, Geraldine Farrar, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Mrs. Vernon Castle.

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Nature—Mother of Music

(Concluded from Page 7.)

instruments may be mentioned the many guitars that have been found among African tribes. Most perfect of these is the "lanku" of the Ashantis, a hollow wooden box perforated with holes and covered with a skin, to which a long neck is attached. Zithers are also known, with strings of twisted rattan threads or bamboo fibres. The harp of the Kaffirs is a simple bow, with a hair string which can be tightened by means of a ring. The development of the harp and lyre from the bow is now generally admitted, though the New Zealanders do not use bows and yet do possess the lyre.

The Arabian rebab, or rebaba, is frequently spoken of as the origin of our present violin. The rebab was an instrument of two strings, which were often plucked like those of a guitar, and only bowed in later times. The rise of the violin is more or less shrouded in mystery. Jean Rousseau, the musician, with naive assertiveness, begins his history of the violin with the creation, and states that, "If Adam had wished to make an instrument, he would have made a violin."

China, which was old before Greece and Rome were thought of, has for centuries possessed its system of music and its instruments. The Japanese possess nearly all the Chinese instruments, with slight modifications.

The chief musical instrument of India is the vina. Although mentioned as a lyre by ancient writers, it belongs rather to the guitar type. It consists of seven long metal strings, tuned at rather large intervals apart. The body of the instrument is of hollow bamboo, with a gourd at each end to increase the resonance. The natives have at all times greatly admired this instrument, and good performers on it have become renowned. Especially famous was Djivan Shah, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and who seems to have been to the vina what Paganini was to the violin.

Greece had few instruments, but made up for this lack by skill in using them. First in importance came the lyre, known in a somewhat smaller form as the kithara. This instrument was too much admired to be described by any one less than a god, and the Homeric myth runs that Hermes, in the form of a young child wandered forth and found a tortoise shell, which he took back with him. From the shell he made an instrument by stretching over it seven strings. But Apollo, enraged at Hermes for having stolen his cattle, approached in anger. The pretended innocence of Hermes did not deceive his pursuer; so the guilty god gave up the lyre in recompense, and Apollo, striking it with a plectrum, invented music.

Almost as popular as the lyre were the Grecian flutes. These were of many kinds, single or double. Flute-playing was considered part of a boy's education, and in the Pythian games prizes were offered for excellence in this accomplishment.

It was not until the rise of the troubadours, trouveres, and minnesingers, at the beginning of the twelfth century, that we find instrument playing an important part in accompaniments. The life of the troubadour formed an interesting picture in the great mediaeval panorama of chivalry. At the first breath of spring, this minstrel knight would sally forth, with his train of jongleurs (accompanists) and pages, and visit some neighboring castle. Here, after a welcome to which the jongleurs responded with music, a banquet would generally be held, after which came more of the troubadour's compositions. But it was the jongleurs who became proficient on the various instruments of the time, for the troubadour confined himself largely to composition. The best jongleur was he who could play the most instruments. "I can play," says the minstrel, in the Bodleian manuscript at Oxford, "the lute, the violin, the bagpipe, the syrinx, the harp, the gigue, the gittern, the symphony, the psaltery, the organistrum, the regals, the tabour, and the rote." Of these instruments the gigue was a small high-pitched violin, the gittern a guitar strung with catgut, the symphony probably some form of bagpipe, the regals a tiny folding organ, and the rote a small square harp. Stranger than these, however, was the organistrum, a species of lute provided with keys and a wheel. The wheel was kept in motion, the strings being pressed against it by means of the keys. All these with the flute, trumpet, flageolet, sackbut (trombone), shalm (clarinet), rebeck (a bowed mandolin derived from the rebab) and marine trumpet (not a trumpet, but a large monchord giving a scale from a single string), certainly made a formidable array of instruments.

But there seems to have been no idea of a definite orchestra until the end of the sixteenth century. In the description of the first performance of Balthassarini's "Ballet Comique de la Reine" (France, 1581), mention is made of hautboys, flutes, cornets, trombones, viol da gamba (large viols tuned in fourths or thirds), lutes, harps, a flageolet and ten violins. But the musicians were separated into groups and while one set played, the rest were silent. In Rome at one of Cavaliere's oratorios, performed in 1600, was an elementary orchestra, consisting of a viol da gamba, a harpsichord, a double guitar, and two flutes, with a violin to play in unison with the soprano voice. In the same year Peri's "Euridice," the first opera extant, was produced at Florence, with the accompaniment of a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol da gamba, and a theorbo, or large lute.



A TROUBADOUR

Farrar Coming

(Concluded from Page 7.)

years her voice has gained in richness, in warmth, in the expressive quality that has long been its signal and characteristic distinction. Rare as Miss Farrar's appearances in the concert hall necessarily are, she brings into it qualities that have made her a vivid and distinguished figure in the opera houses of Europe and America. In preparing her concert programs Miss Farrar summons her best powers; keeps to her most exacting standards. In her sense of artistic honor, there should be but one Farrar, whether she is singing on the familiar stage to the familiar public of the Metropolitan Opera House or to a new audience, a thousand or two miles away, and, perhaps, for a first and last time. Such audiences, she knows, wish to hear her in numbers from her celebrated parts like "Butterfly" or "Carmen." So far as she may without the aid and trappings of a theatre she gives them the same illusion, emotion and pleasure that she imparts from the stage. Miss Farrar is as equally exacting in the artists who assist her on her programs, and for her short fall tour she has chosen Ada Sassoli, the most renowned harpist of the day; many who attended the Melba concert some years ago will pleasantly remember this gifted young artist of the harp, and be glad to hear her again. Edgar Schofield, an American baritone of the first rank, will add interest to the concert.

It needs only an announcement that our beloved Schumann-Heink will give a recital, for under this wonder woman's transfiguring power of soul and potent gift of song, the occasion is always one to be remembered, and her hundreds of ardent admirers will again give her a royal welcome in Indianapolis.

One of the sensations of the Sunday afternoon concerts inaugurated and during the last two years brought to the degree of popularity they now enjoy through the efforts of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association, was the piano recital given last season by the great Russian composer-pianist, Sergei Rachmaninoff. If the many urgent requests for an immediate return engagement could have been gratified at that time, a capacity audience would have greeted him; this, however, was not possible, and the contract for his appearance on January 30, 1921, was the earliest date available. One prominent musician of Indiana, upon receipt of the announcement, placed an order for forty seats, and another patron of these concerts, who heard Rachmaninoff last year, purchased an entire row across the house, so that all his friends might have what to him was one of his greatest pleasures.

An Indianapolis Dancer

This weary young damsel who is enjoying a few moments' rest on the cold gray stones maintains that she has a right to a little rest. She is Miss Loretta Van Meter, of Indianapolis, one of the eight principal dancers in the cast of "Aphrodite", which opened at the Auditorium in Chicago on September 11. They have been rehearsing in New York for several weeks prior to the 1920 opening, and as Miss Van Meter is the only one of the eight



LORETTA VAN METER

principal dancers new to the company this season, rehearsals have been strenuous affairs. But blisters on bare feet can be doped up with iodine so that they do not cause a limp in tripping the light fantastic.

Miss Van Meter studied dancing for some time in Indianapolis under teachers at the Independent Athletic Club. Later she went to New York, where she was a pupil of M. De Kurylo, a Russian ballet master, and last winter in Chicago she studied with Pavley and Oukrainsky. This fall she went to New York to try for a part in "Aphrodite".

As all writers of fiction have informed us, a tryout for a part in a show is one of the most terrifying ordeals that can be imagined, and, according to Miss Van Meter, fiction writers have not been mistaken as to the facts of the matter. When the time came for her to dance for Fokine, who selected and trained the dancers for "Aphrodite", poor little Miss Loretta's heart sank, her teeth chattered and she trembled all over, but she began to dance. Evidently her fright transformed her classic Greek dance into something resembling the modern shimmy, for Fokine frowned and growled, "Not that way, little girl." This reproof was a life saver, for the dancer found herself, the dance was satisfactory and Miss Van Meter's berth with "Aphrodite" was secure after one tryout. This was quite an honor, for out of the one hundred and fifty girls who applied, only sixty were selected, and of these sixty only eight were chosen for the glory and the work of doing most of the dancing.

Shop Tours

Does fourteen dollars seem an exorbitant sum for a pair of pumps or oxfords made by an expert boot-maker who takes measurements as accurately as a tailor, makes an effort to find out exactly what the customer wants, does not try to persuade her that her ideas are not at all a la mode, and in a reasonable time produces the shoes precisely as desired? No, is the ecstatic answer of a young woman who has found the paragon boot-maker. As a matter of common experience, ordinary ready-made shoes are seldom much under that sum, and are frequently above it, and the better grades are uniformly higher.

The young woman who is the heroine of this story is by no means a special case in being disappointed in ready-made shoes, and her experience is passed on for the benefit of those who are in the unhappy state of the wearer of shoes that don't fit or don't suit.

There must be any number of girls and women, say from fourteen to thirty years of age, who have either always worn flat-heeled shoes or have grown accustomed to them and do not want to give them up. It is for these back-to-nature feet and their proud possessors that this tale is told.

Our heroine is a free spirit who has never worn corsets, high heels, tight shoes, or any other of the uncomfortable pieces of feminine apparel considered necessary to a tidy appearance and heart-smashing intentions. She went in for walking shoes, or rather oxfords, and the height of her heels never exceeded one inch. Her feet never hurt, though she walked, ran, and danced miles. Calf oxfords, and she wore the round-toed kind, something after the last of the round-toed French shoe, were sufficient for her needs for a long time, but the day came when she set out in search of some dainty slippers for afternoon and evening wear, built along the same lines. Then her troubles began. Obliging salesmen could give her satin, bronze or patent leather pumps in beautiful high-heeled models, but high heels were a pest to her. She would have none of them, no matter how perfectly they fitted her graceful foot. In low heels she found a number of pumps, but they were almost all in calf, and all had welt soles. Not a single pair could she find that had the round toe; not a single pair was made with the light turned sole that labels a shoe for dress wear. Very few low-heeled shoes of any description could she find in her size, six triple A.

So she gave up, after one disastrous experience in ordering a glace kid oxford which came in looking like an old lady's house shoe. One day, gazing into a shoe shop window, she observed a pair of round-toed, flat-heeled children's oxfords, patent leather, made with turned soles. "If only they came in a six triple A," was her thought. And on the impulse of the thought, she walked in and inquired if they could not be made "precisely like that," pointing, "in six triple A."

It was the paragon who replied, though our heroine was not aware of his identity at that moment. He measured her foot, and found that she should wear a combination last, made with a triple A heel and double A ball. He invited detailed description of the dress shoes in flat heels of which she had dreamed, but heretofore in vain. He took orders for light dancing pumps in bronze and in white satin, made with an instep strap that did not gap, for a tape measure, slipped around the arch, told to a fraction just how long the strap should be. He took orders for oxfords cut to fit at the top, made up in black satin, brown suede and tobacco brown kid, as soft as a glove. And the young woman departed, hoping against hope that the shoes would come as ordered.

Nine weeks later five pairs of shoes arrived. They looked like slippers to be worn by a young princess, big enough but not old enough to be grown up. Each pair was beautifully made, according to specifications, and as light as a feather. Each pair was a perfect fit. And in price they averaged fourteen dollars a pair.

Topics knows this to be a true story, and the name of the shoe man will be divulged on request.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

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When My Baby Smiles At Me—Fox Trot.

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The Want of You—Thos. Chalmers.
In An Old-Fashioned Town.

Indianapolis Talking Machine Co.

Gems from "Listen Lester."
Comrades of the Legion.

Pathe Shop

The Love Nest.
Tell Me, Little Gypsy.
Honolulu Bay.
Mahaina Malamalama.

Pearson Piano Company

Louisiana—Waltz.
Wondering—Fox Trot.

Starr Piano Company

The Love Nest.
In Sweet September.
Pretty Little Cinderella.
Pretty Kitty Kelly.

Motion Pictures

(Concluded from Page 9.)

course, the exploitation of Miss Kellerman's prowess as a swimmer.

There is apparently no water stunt which she can not do. She dives from a high overhanging rock into turbulent ocean surf, and it is a joy to watch her clean-cut flight. An interesting feature of these dives is the underwater view as she slips into the water in a burst of bubbles. Her perfect poise in the water and out might well be the envy of a flying fish. Her particularly remarkable performances in this picture include a submarine joke on an old fisherman, Miss Kellerman in the role of a wicked water fairy teasing and mystifying the old man by stealing his bait, putting his own boot on his hook, and finally completely bewildering him by turning his sedate row-boat into a water merry-go-round. Then she takes a spectacular drop from the topmost point of a sail and has an underwater fight with a burly but half-drunken sailor, in which she comes out ahead. Miss Kellerman is a sure-enough mermaid, minus the golden locks and finny tail.

Water in smaller doses was served at the showing of "What Happened to Jones." Jones himself started out on his journey with several bottles of the real stuff to relieve the thirst of a suffering brother, but by the time he arrived at his destination his precious bottles had been lifted, and when they were retrieved contained a considerable percentage of water. In this same picture an unhappy mortal with a consuming thirst paid eight hundred dollars a barrel for three barrels of water, not because he was dying of thirst in a desert region, but just because one of the barrels had a small compartment of something stronger than water at the top which could be reached by an investigating straw.

Even the news reels featured water scenes. Texas troopers forded and swam their horses through a river of it. A Western tornado scene was quite in character, for it featured a mixture of wind and water. A canoe-sail-boat at Thousand Islands went through lively gymnastics under the expert direction of an agile sailor. The Japanese participated in the water carnival with an exhibition of how to shoot the rapids in a mountain stream, using a long, flexible raft of logs.

Charles Ray, who has been seen in various local theatres in George M. Cohan's "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," has a new picture out, "Peaceful Valley," a title which suggests a return to rustic life for Mr. Ray. He is now working on a picture to be called "Nineteen and Phyllis," from a story by Fred Stowers.

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

The charming miss on the front cover is Eva Shirley, whose irresistibility of youth, combined with the glory of a perfect voice, have made her one of vaudeville's popular prima donnas. Hardly more than a slip of a girl, the charming young lady may safely lay claim to being the youngest prima donna in vaudeville. Her voice, however, has a mellowness one would expect to find only in a person of many more years. Her cleverness of tone, her perfect enunciation and her wide range, together with the care which she has displayed in selecting her repertoire, has caused Miss Shirley to attain her present enviable position. Her appearance the week of September 20 at Keith's serves to introduce "Songs of the Moment" and a "jazz" band of six clever boys.

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of September 19

Circle—Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman."
Colonial—Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption."
Alhambra—The Law of the Yukon; Enid Bennett in "Hair Pins."
Crystal—Bessie Barriscale in "The Notorious Mrs. Sands."
Ohio—Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque."
Mister Smith's—For the Freedom of Ireland.
Isis—Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?"; The Law of the Yukon.
Regent—Buck Jones in "Firebrand Trevison."
Lyric—Vaudeville.

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is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

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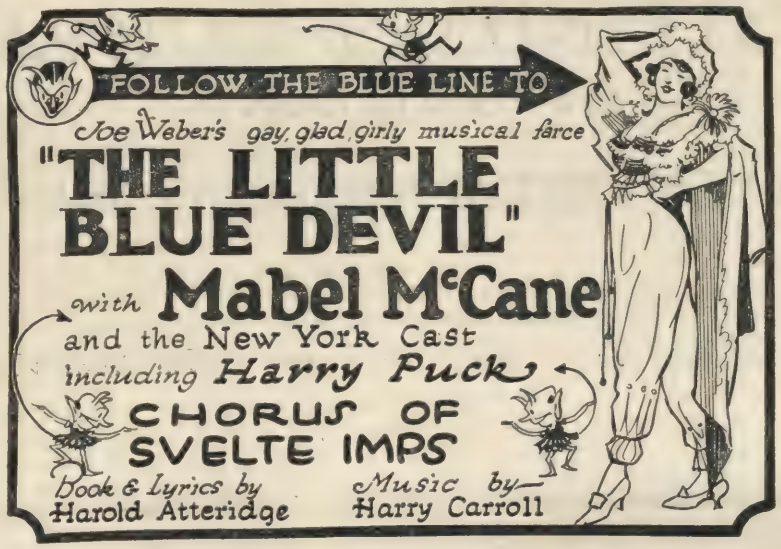
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1920 — NUMBER 15

A Close-Up of Cousin J. Bull

British Cousins Are So Different—They Might Well Be, Instead, Second Cousins Once Removed.

In the Matter of Trousers, for Instance, and Their Upkeep, John Bull Is No Relation Whatever.

By Floyd MacGriff

When any boy from any American city visits his country cousin he generally discovers that his cousin lives and moves in a different world than himself. The case is analogous as regards an American and his British cousins.

Yet one finds that out only gradually. Mistaken Anglo-American propaganda would have one believe the American and the British citizen are as alike as two peas. A sincere and truthful analysis of the kinship would show a wide divergence that needs explanation to reach a proper understanding.

The impression the average American gets from a hasty visit through England is:

"How very much alike we Americans and British are! I feel perfectly at home here."

But after six months or a year or more of residence in the British Isles and mingling with British folk of all classes, from the village milkman to titled nobility, the average corn-fed American generally concludes:

"How very different we are—we scarcely speak the same language!"

The broad-minded Englishman reechoes the sentiment, and each rather regrets the disparity. Yet nothing is being done about it, except the creation of a smoke screen of parrot-like phrases, emitted by persons who know better, befuddling the uninformed. The result is the American expects the English to react like the "folks back home" and is aggrieved when they don't; the Englishman is liable to mistake open American frankness for freshness. And each side drops a peg in the other's opinion.

Until the American learns to regard the British as different and distinct as the French or the Italians, and not a far-off edition of himself, he will be chasing rainbows. The war, it is true, has brought the British and the Americans closer together, but that has been in spite of preconceived notions each had of the other and which were brushed away on intermingling.

The war has given every American who has been fortunate enough to stay for any time in England a different concept of America not to mention his British cousin. The experience has been mutually illuminating. The American has found that his British cousin lives and moves in a different world than himself, that he has different mental and personal habits, is influenced by a different environment, has different conditions to meet or overcome and has a different outlook in life.

The fact that the American and his English cousin try to speak the same tongue certainly has been a stumbling block to quicker understanding. Each has a different accent, and each his own provincialisms and slang. But the similarity of language often leads each to expect further similarities in the other. Very often these are wholly lacking.

Americans, generally speaking, are blunt and lack finesse. The British are circumlocutious, being past-masters in the back-handed approach. When an American gets "mad" he raves and storms and bystanders expect him to throw bricks or whatever is handy. If a Briton gets angry he doesn't let you know it, if you are on equal social plane, but he will never forget and seldom forgive the incident. He's more cool and calculating, but some day he'll make you pay, if he can.

Americans are inclined to be more idealistic than the British. In personal dealings, the British are more practical, more economical, and tighter "penny squeezers." That the American is more straightforward in both business and personal dealings is an accepted fact. Perhaps a sketchy account of some of the British customs and habits, as they have impressed me, might be interesting.

For instance, women never smile when they have their pictures taken. The mouth is a line, the chin firm. Note any of the English illustrated magazines. The stiffness is decorum; is reflected in their dress, which as a rule, is severely plain. The Englishman is never hilarious. Sporting events are formal affairs. Milady never yells. Her voice is soft and if you are six feet away you can not hear what she may be saying. Suppression is the keynote to all well-bred English folk. British social affairs impress an American as being stilted and lacking in spontaneity. The English do not unbend easily. But they painfully manage to have the equivalent of a good time.

Upholstered first-class train compartments, about the size of three piano boxes, are built to seat eight—four on a side. The two squads sit bolt upright facing one another. They never lounge. Though in suburban service these eight may ride time and again in the same carriage, they never converse with one another. They read their papers or look into space with cold abandon. To each of the eight the others are not present. Snobbery with the English is instinctive; with the Americans it's an acquired trait.

But if you know the Englishmen in private you'll find he's as human as yourself.

His education has been different. If of middle class or well-to-do family, he's privately schooled. Boys of this class are largely removed from parental worry or guidance from the eighth year. Only the poorest go to the publicly-supported school and live at home until they start working The upper class, by training and instinct, soon comes to regard itself as a privileged and "elect" class, socially and otherwise. Obeisance from the less fortunate folk is expected as a right. Yet the lower classes are losing much of their former humility. They do not overstep the gulf which they have come to know, since babyhood separates them from the "elect" persons of blood, position or money. There exists an arbitrary line of class distinctions. Needless to say, there's no chumminess between them.

There's an intense nationalism and patriotism. In addition there's a clannishness which almost passes comprehension. The English stay inbred and are a type physically, their flaxen hair, blue eyes and angularity being outward characteristics. The Scotch generally wed Scotch and maintain a raw poned, rugged type of hardihood. The Welsh keep Celtic attributes. All know how the Irish hang together. One might think brick walls, which surround most British homes and gardens, likewise keeps each type to its own compartment. There's no British melting pot. The reverse is true.

Falling into British habits sometimes requires an effort. For instance, tea and a cookie in bed at seven a. m. rather annoys an American. He'd rather sleep. Women puffing away at a cigarette drop several degrees in most mid-west American's estimation. Yet women of all classes smoke. Englishmen don't mind. In fact, the men have wider privileges than Yanks, for here there's unrestricted smoking in subway trains, all vaudeville houses, street cars, ladies' reception rooms and elevators. But no Englishman would think of chewing tobacco. Cuspidors are an almost unknown utensil.

Despite "women's rights" and various campaigns to give women equal standing with men, there is in reality for the vast majority of women no possibility of equality with men. A woman shopper isn't accorded half the courtesy a man will receive in any store. Generally speaking, women have no business standing, and everything important must be done by the "head of the house"—the man.

New ideas have a rough time. The way a thing has been done is regarded as the right way to do it. And most Britons prefer to die rather than change their methods. Take the pressing of clothes. You send your suit. It's nicely pressed and then done up into the smallest bundle into which it possibly could be crammed and then delivered—full of wrinkles—as if it had just come from the bottom of a tightly packed trunk.

Nothing is funnier to an American than a pair of British pants. They don't stop at the waist. Their ambitions are higher. At the waist they curve in like a corset and then amble upward toward the arm-pits, and braces (the English word for suspenders) make them behave. Hence an Englishman, who has a far keener sense of humor than most Americans imagine, never takes off his coat, except to fight.

Conveniences and labor-saving devices aren't popular. In the past that's

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W. K. Eldridge, engineer and architect, has a suggestion that is worth listening to. He declared in an address recently made before the American Association of Engineers that a scientific rerouting of street cars would save the street railway company $100,000 a year. But does the company want to save that much?

Ellis Searles, editor of the Mine Workers' Journal, has taken to smoking a pipe, which is one of the signs that he has something to do with coal.

Dr. Frank E. Hutchins, who was a lieutenant colonel in the medical service, has been appointed head of the new psychiatric institution at Marion which will be made from the old National Military Home. Disabled soldiers of the world war will be the patients.

Thomas Taggart has returned to Indiana from his summer home in Massachusetts. He told the newspaper men that he had picked out his seat in the United States senate which had been "lent" to Jim Watson. Let us hope he picks well.

It keeps Charles Rush busy promoting assistant librarians at the Irvington Library branch. Miss Vera Morgan has been transferred to the central library, and succeeded by Miss Esther Baus, formerly assistant at the Haughville branch.

It will hardly seem like old times to see the W. C. T. U. women dishing out food and drink across the old Denison bar, but it will start an old-time thirst in many parched throats that patronized this "fountain" in the other days.

The Advertising Club has opened its fall and winter season. Jesse M. Joseph, who spoke here at one of the departmental sessions of the national convention, was the first speaker of the season. Ed Hunter will now shuck his coat and get busy.

Ralph Orr, president of the retail grocers, is conducting a little campaign to see that all grocers keep closed on Sunday. Who remembers when we used to worry about the saloons being open on Sunday?

The colored population of Indianapolis is hard to beat when it comes to progressiveness and up-to-the-minute style. The convention of colored brethren of the Baptist denomination had no sooner opened their sessions in Indianapolis than there appeared in an Indiana Avenue shop window a most novel display—a delegation of chocolate colored Kewpie dolls with rolling black eyes and the characteristically dazzling white eyeballs. They are perfectly darling, made-to-order, pickaninny Kewpie dolls.

The question now is—How will they be received by the colored trade? Will they meet the scorn and ignominy that was heaped on the Bibles illustrated with pictures of dark-skinned angels? Or will their Kewpié smiles prove irresistible?

The lowering of the service flag of Marion Lodge No. 36, Free and Accepted Masons at the Masonic temple was a solemn occasion. The service flag carried 236 stars representing members who were in the service of their country. George P. Storm was the only member killed.

After this when you attend the criminal, circuit or superior courts and hear the bailiff start his "O Yez," it is time to arise to your feet. Judge Moll has announced that all the courts will be opened with the proper dignity hereafter. Why not?

Clarence Gaumer is the new industrial secretary of the Marion County Tuberculosis Association. Charles J. Ritchey has resigned.

Milo H. Stuart, principal of "Tech" high school, A. M. Glossbrenner, T. G. McGrew and George Finley journeyed to St. Louis last week and made speeches at the meeting of the United Typothetae of America. They were all good speeches, too.

Junior business men had an opportunity to hear F. E. Moskovics make a speech recently before the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The verdict was "It'll do."

Tony Montani, who is in the military service, has been ordered to Texas among the cowboys and coyotes, where he will serve as musical director for the army at Ft. Sam Houston. Tony was musical director of the Indianapolis public schools for five years.

Andrew Keller has been down Madison way for a few days visiting scenes of his boyhood days. According to reports he had some time.

Somebody's telling a story credited to Mayor Charley Jewett, in which the mayor was a spectator at a ball game between two colored clubs. It seems that a colored preacher was acting as umpire. The pitcher, a "wild nervous thing," had filled the bases on passed balls. The fourth man came up to the plate. The pitcher heaved one over.

"Ball one," yelled his umps.

Another attempt.

"Ball two," was the verdict.

Once more the hurler hurled.

"Ball three", said the umps.

The fourth ball was thrown with extra effort—but to no avail.

"Ball four," yelled the umpire, "an' you is out."

"How come I'se out?" howled the batter.

"I'se repelled to put y'all out, niggah, 'cause dey ain't nowah' else to put you," said the umps loftily.

Bob Bryson has been elected again. This time he is president of the newly organized Indiana Billiard Association. Bob can do everything with a billiard table except sleep on it and with a billiard ball except get it in his mouth.

Mrs. Alice French, head of the National American War Mothers, has granted a charter to the first American Indian War Mothers. The chapter is at Fort Yates, N. D. The officers of this chapter are: War mother, Mrs. Bear Ghost; secretary, Mrs. Basil Two Bears; treasurer, Mrs. Fast Gorse. One would imagine they would make real honest-to-goodness War Mothers, too.

Well, if Senator Watson is not a Methodist he will not feel so badly about being denied the privilege of speaking to the Methodist gathering at Vincennes.

Harry Stormont says if his gas bill runs up to $15 a month he's going to turn bolshevist. We're not scared, though, for Harry would never grow blonde whiskers.

Which leads to the newspaper item from Evansville to the effect that Iva Beard has been granted a divorce from Emory Beard, although it was a close shave, according to the testimony.

John Carey, traffic policeman, is all swelled up because he recently found two pints of whiskey in a trash barrel in a downtown alley. All of which proves that John is on the water wagon, because the booze now reposes at the police station.

Ralph K. Smith is receiving congratulations of friends since having been elected cashier and vice-president of the Fletcher American Bank.

Wonder what Carl Fisher thinks about the motor boat, Miss America, which broke all speed records from five to thirty miles by making the phenomenal time of better than seventy miles an hour.

President Schmidt of the city council is kicking because some of the street repairs last only three weeks. Well, street repairs can't last forever!

Anybody wanting to hear the latest campaign yarns, call on "Mayor" Jim Fatout; he knews.

Bob Tyler, who has been luring the finny tribe on Lake Wawasee during the summer, is now back in Indianapolis with his smile. Bob is delving into Columbia Club history preparatory to writing a book about the size of Webster's unabridged.

Secretary of Labor Wilson is to make some political speeches in Indiana, but he will not likely appear in Indianapolis, according to John Holtzman's bureau at Democratic state headquarters.

George Lemaux of the Board of Works is insisting that the gas company supply the citizens with enough gas to cook meals. He is reported as stating that he believed it looked like coke was the main product and gas the by-product.

It doesn't matter whether the "regulars" or the "real" Optimist ticket wins in the annual election of officers of that w. k. club—the Irish'll have it. Everett is on one ticket and Clarence on the other. A close corporation, we call it.

And speaking of optimists: E. J. Gausepohl is one. He was a candidate on the regular ticket, but did not want to make the race. He had, however, a change of heart and recently sent out a notice to all members to that effect. Now, he is optimistic enough to believe he'll be elected.

Paul Parker has been arrested for speeding, which he says is an outcome of a grudge on the part of the police. A hunk of a suggestion to Paul is change—why not change the color of your car and thus disguise your rolling stock?

J. M. Schmid is a living example in contradicting the old adage that a newspaper man never garners anough of the worth-while to encourage even a chicken thief. Burglars entered his house recently and helped themselves to various and sundry articles of no mean value. Congratulations, J. M., even though prosperity has its drawbacks.

Is my Lady Nicotine to follow J. Barleycorn into the great maw of oblivion? According to orders issued by the judges of Marion county courts there will be no more smoking in the court rooms during sessions. Lawyers will either have to park or swallow their cigars before entering the portals. Possibly a good suggestion, to judge by the quality of some of the cheroots smoked by the attorneys.

C. Lee Garrison, who used to call Indianapolis his home, is back to the Hoosier capital on a visit from San Diego, Calif., after an absence of eight years. While he does considerable boosting for the "glorious climate of Californy," he has to admit that the present brand of Indiana weather is just about perfect.

Do You Listen to Good Music?

Do Banging Doors, Squeaky Pedals or Ill-Mannered Whispering Distract Your Attention, or Are You Oblivious to Everything.

Many Miss the Real Joys of Life Through the False Idea that Listening to Good Music Might Be Thought Affectation.

By Ona B. Talbot

Primarily, one goes to a concert to listen to the music performed. Secondarily, one may hear a number of other things, and their nature depends very much upon that of the listener. One person will notice only the interruptions—the bang of the door—the squeak of a pedal—the fall of an umbrella—the whisperings of persons standing at the back of the house—(the latter, of course, is unpardonable)—while another will have his imagination stirred till he hears not only the present music, but that

"Of everything that lives and loves
And upward, ever upward moves
From lowly to sublime."

For even as one note sounded as a fundamental carries within it many harmonies, so great music carries with it memories from the past, visions of the future. Some people find these things for themselves; others have not begun to look for them. This bring us to the importance of giving youth a love of music. To listen joyfully—with keen ears, and with free and open minds ready to receive the beautiful impressions, which will implant an enduring feeling for beauty, not alone for music, but for all the finer things of life.

That Americans as a nation, if well guided, would have a real appreciation of good music, is beyond question, but it must be conceded that there can be no real appreciation of music in its higher forms without understanding.

"If the arts have any value at all, it is by interpreting the problems of life in terms which appeal to man's deeper consciousness." This is a platitude which by much repetition has become almost threadbare, yet in order not to lose sight of its fundamental truth must again and again be asserted.

Music has power over all classes of men at some time and in some form; yet in but a few instances its power is not being made of practical avail for the enormous majority of people. My deductions upon constant and close observation for many years is that a great deal of the seeming lack of interest in the "higher forms of music" is in reality resentfulness at lack of opportunity. To a considerable extent there is the realization that music in itself is desirable, but the deprivation of the chance to learn anything about it in youth makes one hesitate in maturity to take advantage of opportunities afforded, in many cases with the erroneous idea that it might be thought an affectation; and because of this missing many of the real joys of life. When the false idea of "not understanding music" has been conquered, we will be well on the way of becoming a sincerely musical nation, and as one musical authority has aptly expressed it, "we shall have helped a bit to strangle the vile god, Materialism, who for a long time has menaced the very soul of our land."



AT THE PIANO

Whistler's first important composition, entitled "At the Piano," painted during a visit to England and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860. He has described the picture with reference to his influence as follows:

"In a softly lighted interior a woman, seated at the left of the canvas, is playing the piano; at the right stands a little girl, leaning on the piano and listening in an attentive attitude. These are his (Whistler's) sister, and his niece, Annie. The mother is wholly in profile, in a black dress; the little girl is all in white with blonde hair falling on her shoulders. Under the piano, violin and violoncello cases repeat the black note of the dress. On the floor is a covering of plain red which corresponds to the red covering of a round table behind Mrs. Haden, on which is placed a Chinese cup decorated in blue and gold. The background, very light and soft, is of grayish white with bands of water-green and gold."

The interest aroused in Color-Music seems to have become widespread. Many there are who know something of the art of Mobile Color, its past history, its hopes and its aims; and others who have never even heard of the subject. A color-music art seems full of promise, and Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, a noted psychologist, has written the following interesting article regarding the analogy of music to color: "So far as I know, no attempt has been made before to bring the analogy of music to color within the scope of physical demonstration; therein lies the great value of Mr Wallace Rimington's pioneer work in this fascinating field of thought. Although he calls his chief instrument, for the present, a 'color-organ,' he does not propose to prove by means of it that certain waves of light have their exact parallel in certain waves of sound. He uses the musical keyboard merely as a convenience, and has, for the same purpose, split up the spectrum-band in accordance with the musical octave, but he does not necessarily base his general contentions upon any such division."

"One of the instruments with a musical keyboard, which the author has designed, and by means of which he projects his color on to a screen, can be either mute, or made to produce musical sounds simultaneously with the color."

"It has been denied by some that color suggests musical sounds, and that musical sounds suggest color. But it is safe to say that a psychological affinity is felt by artists and musicians between sound and color, hence the common use of the terms of expression between them. The painter speaks of a note in painting and a musician of a tone picture! This is particularly true of such painters as Whistler and others, in which in the production of pictures color is the chief factor, and their appreciation of musical analogies, have gone as far as to call their pictorial works 'harmonies' and 'symphonies.' We find in the catalogue of Whistler's paintings such titles as 'Harmony in Green and Rose,' 'The White Symphony,' 'Symphony in Green and Violet,' 'Variations in Flesh Color and Green,' 'Harmony in Red,' 'Nocturne in Blue and Silver,' 'Nocturne,' 'A Note in Green,' 'A Violet Note,' 'Bravura in Brown' and so on throughout the entire volume.

"Amongst other claims put forward by the author," proceeds Von Herkomer, "is that of providing a new source of pleasure—a new art appealing to the mind and the senses—by means of color alone, without form. But I see something besides all this in it—I see in it something 'medicinal' for the painter, a 'tonic' for the color-sense of the artist, suggester, a corrector, and a purifier."

"Most painters in their career pass through several color phases in their work that are difficult to account for. If there is such a thing as habits of thought (and we know there is), one may declare that there is such a thing as habits of color in the painter. I can, therefore, see clearly that an invaluable tonic could be given to the painter's color-sense by means of Mr. Rimington's instrument for the production of mobile color, even without necessarily laying stress on the affinity to music. To sit at this instrument and improvise for half an hour whilst watching the ever-varying combinations of color on the screen

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Pavlowa, Galli-Curci and Gabrilowitch Coming

Six of the most sensational stars and organizations in the musical world have been engaged for the Indianapolis musical season of 1920 and 1921. Farrar, Schumann-Heink and Rachmaninoff for the Sunday afternoon concerts already announced, and more of equal importance will be added as the season progresses. The renewal of the evening subscribed concerts which have made up the major portion of the musical life of this community for many years has been received with enthusiasm, and in all these years no greater season has been planned than Pavlowa, Galli-Curci and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with Ossip Gabrilowitch not only the conductor of this splendid organization, but with the added charm of having one of the greatest pianists of the day, as he is justly acclaimed, playing a concerto for piano, with the men who play so magnificently under his leadership.

It has been five years too long since Pavlowa the inimitable has been

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The servant problem in Indianapolis has begun to look like a near relative of that conundrum, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" which the March hare propounded to Alice. Certainly the two questions are alike to this extent—when you throw up your hands and give up and ask what's the answer, the reply is sure to be just what the March hare told Alice, "I don't know."

Only the fatuously optimistic or the extraordinarily daring have ventured to hazard a proposal for the solution of the servant problem. Oliver Madox Hueffer in Vanity Fair suggests a sensational remedy for domestic troubles in the servant line. The theme of his article is a proposal to settle the Irish question by evacuating Ireland and bringing all the Irish over to settle a New Ireland in America, and as a mere side issue to this daring proposal he throws off the sparkling suggestion that the clearing up of the Irish question would likewise serve as a solution to the American servant problem, for it would take us back to the good old days when Irish help could be picked fresh from the old sod and trained in the way that it should go in American kitchens.

But this blissful solution of the difficulty smacks too strongly of the millennium to arouse much hope for the immediate future, and those who have returned from summer vacations to find that old Cynthie has decided to get married again, to have a home of her own, and that young Mayme insists on getting a factory job, are at their wits' end. The only remedy seems to be to turn to professional assistance and advice, and tell the sad story to an employment bureau.

There is one woman who has had an employment bureau for domestic help in Indianapolis since 1892, and her twenty-eight years of experience have given her wisdom in the way of a maid with a mistress. To many a frantic matron of Indianapolis this woman, seasoned in the task of coralling the unwilling worker, has seemed to provide a hope of salvation from the worries and troubles of getting a new maid or cook or housekeeper. For many years appeals sent in her direction were not in vain. For "her families" she nobly struggled against increasing odds in the way of high wages, pleasant working conditions, and short hours in factories and offices and lured the reluctant culinary artists back to the kitchens of our best homes.

But appeal to this gallant recruiter of maids today, and her answer is voluble despair. "Domestic help! There isn't any! There hasn't been a girl looking for work here today—or yesterday—or the day before. They just won't go into service.

"Only last week I had a girl apply for a position, a grand gurrul, intelligent and neat looking, but would she take the place I offered her? Not for a minute. Twelve dollars a week, only two in the family, washing and ironing and heavy cleaning by outside help, two afternoons off every week. But she wouldn't have it. And why not? Oh, it was too far out, and too lonely, and not enough money. And so off she goes for a factory job.

"Say, I get so disgusted with them. Fifteen and eighteen dollars a week you offer them, all their board and room free, and light work, but you can't get them. I'm an old woman in the business, and I've seen the time when my offices were full of girls, anxious and waiting to go wherever I'd send them, thirty and forty in a day, but that's all over.

"And the reason? Too many things to mention in one day, but the worst of it is the long hours, I guess. From six in the morning till nine at night—fifteen long hours, and no time off except their one afternoon. Then if they go to work in an office or a factory, the hours are shorter and the pay is high, and the men in the family are making big money and don't want their women in service, and everything altogether, there just is no help to be got.

"And another thing. If the home life in a family is unpleasant, it's hard on the girls. And you know as well as I do that the family life in a lot of homes is just one long quarrel. The missus gets all fussed up about something, and then she goes out to the kitchen and talks to the maid, and even if she doesn't mean it, she's cross and unreasonable, and that makes it hard for the help.

"If I had a chance I'd sell my stand in a minute. I'm not doing any business. None at all, I call it, 'longside of what I used to do. Just no help at all. And getting worse all the time. The only help would be to get some of those furriners in again, and I kinda hate to see them take the country. I don't know what people are coming to."

That's the best you can hope for from professional employment bureaus. There simply is no domestic help on the market. Therefore, the logical solution now—just as in the days during the war when sugar or potatoes or wool were not to be had—is to find a substitute. And if you can't find a substitute that will do everything that a general house worker will do, get substitutes for as many of her tasks as possible and do the rest yourself.

One of the most unpleasant and frequent duties in the never-ending round of housework is the washing of dishes. But an electric dishwasher can be bought that is said to wash dishes day after day without ever complaining. The first electric dishwasher in town was only a snare and a delusion for the searcher of labor-saving devices—it was sold by an Indianapolis company five times, for it was as temperamental as a prima donna or a cook. Finally, it found its niche, however, and is now said to be giving excellent service. There is now another washer on the market which has a satisfactory record. Plates, cups and saucers are placed on racks or hooks, and a paddle wheel splashes and washes them with soapy water. Then the clear, hot water is turned on, the dishes are allowed to remain in the machine until the clear water drains off, the heat rapidly dries them, and they are ready for use. A machine of this sort does a great deal to lighten the drudgery of housework.

Then there is the patent furnace-firing contrivance, the electric washer, the electric grill, the fireless cooker and the iceless refrigerator, the electric iron and the electric ironing machine, and vacuum cleaners of all kinds and descriptions. The manager of any shop that handles electric appliances will go into ecstacies over the labor-saving devices for the home which he can supply in such variety as to make the kitchen deserving of that well worn title, the playground of America.

If you can't get a servant girl, let electricity do your work. Secure all the up-to-date appliances, and arrange for a woman for a few hours every day to take care of part of the work. This may be possible, for a woman working by the hour has no complaint to make about a long working day, which is the chief objection to domestic work. With a few hours' outside help and the ever-willing service of electrical servant-girl substitutes, any Indianapolis woman who has a home to manage may declare her independence of servant-girl tyranny, manage her home herself, and still have time for shopping, visiting, and club work.

As for the housewife who is not willing to adopt some such program as this—it begins to appear that she will be a victim of the revival of that old saw of John Smith's, "She who will not work shall not eat."

Motion Pictures

"Humoresque," which is being shown for the second week at the Ohio Theatre, is still attracting large audiences, and many an interested spectator is returning home and urging the rest of the family to go and see it—and even, perhaps, personally conducting the family's visit to the show. This has been the case all over the country wherever "Humoresque" has been shown. The basis for the wide appeal of the picture is the passionate love of a mother for her musician son; and Vera Gordon, as the mother of the Kantor family, and particularly as the mother of Leon Kantor, the wonder-violinist, is the center of the play, overshadowing the genius himself, and the charming Gina Ginsberg, whom he loves.

The little Jewish mother had prayed that one of her children might be a great musician, and as each of the children grew up and disappointed her, she fixed her hopes on the next younger. First there was Mannie, the poor, helpless hulk with a baby's mind, born while his parents fled from oppression in Russia; then Rudolph and Esther, just ordinary little Jewish children, picking up American ways; then Isadore, who showed signs of fulfilling his mother's hopes when he ran off with an organ-grinder, but who brought disappointment to his mother's heart when she found that it was the monkey, not the music, that had lured him. When Leon on his seventh birthday wept because his father would not buy him an expensive four-dollar violin, his mother in ecstacy decided that her prayers were answered and Leon was to be the musician. The mother lived for the success of her boy, and she triumphed in the glory of his genius.

At the height of his career, Leon enlisted in the army to fight as a common soldier against the autocracy that ruined his brother Mannie and drove his mother and father from Europe. The last things he played before he left were the "Humoresque" and the music which he had set to Alan Seeger's poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

From this point on story and photoplay no longer hold together. In the story, the playing of the last piece is a literal foreshadowing of the fate of the young musician. In the picture, the rendezvous is interpreted as an engagement to return in the spring to love and Gina, and even though the young soldier returns with his precious right arm wounded, he is able to keep that rendezvous and achieve a happy ending.

Nowadays, debate is fast and furious over the question of whether or not a happy ending is a necessity for a successful play. Producer and author almost come to blows over the decision as to whether or not Tarkington's Poldekin shall die, and Poldekin survives. In other plays—"John Ferguson" on the stage and "Broken Blossoms" on the screen, for example—the story ends in unmitigated gloom. It would be interesting to know what the fate of "Humoresque" would have been if the scenario writer had been faithful to Fanny Hurst's story all the way through, and left Leon's fate a matter for speculation. Such an ending would have added to the artistic completeness of the play, but as it is, "Humor-

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Introducing Young Miss Kewpie Doll

Indianapolis the Home of Twinkle-toes and Pinkies, as Developed by a Statuary Company on South Side.

Happy-go-lucky Italians Manufacture Thousands of Dolls Which Are Sent to All Parts of the World.

By Beatrice Sherman

"This way to get your Kewpie doll! Throw this ring over this cane and win this great b!g Kewpie doll! Too bad, mister, but try your luck again! Faint heart never won fair Kewpie! O————h! This way to get your Kewpie doll! Throw this ring, etc.—" till the lights go out all over the fair and the last weary fair spectator drags himself, and his balloons, and whips, and booklets, and Kewpie dolls to the street car and home.

All over Indiana that blatant and hardy perennial, the fair, is blossoming again—the state fair, the county fair, the street fair, the church fair, they are all here once more, and as a consequence the rush in the Kewpie business has set in. For not a fair is complete without its delegation of Kewpie folks—the tiny Kewpie that accompanies the box of candy, the huge, heroic Kewpie that is "raffled off" and is worth seven times its weight in dimes, and the Kewpies of all sizes and styles that grace the wheels of fortune, and the Chinese gambling booths. No sooner does a fair start up in business until the exploiter of the Kewpie doll appears upon the scene with his flock of enticing Kewpie children.

But here's some Kewpie scandal. Those naughty dolls were practically barred from the Indiana State Fair this year. Not for being naughty, not for lack of clothes, not for making eyes—but because they were terribly involved in the gambling business. No game of chance was complete without its generous quota of Kewpies, and so when State Fair authorities decided that no concession would be granted to anyone promoting gambling of any sort, the ban shut out hundreds of Kewpie kids from participation in the biggest fair in Indiana. There were a few lonely members of the tribe to be seen in booths where they were respectably offered for sale, but there's no thrill to buying a Kewpie. In fact, some people are ashamed to do it. But to win a Kewpie by a lucky throw or a happy chance is a quite different and far pleasanter affair.

But though Kewpies languished in loneliness at our fair, from all reports the immodest dollies are still finding favor at every other kind of a fair in the state. They are the patron saints of Broad Ripple and Riverside, and everybody has one. The question is—where do they all come from?



Painting Eyes and Tinting the Cheeks

The answer, or part of it, is—The Indianapolis Statuary Company, a Kewpie factory on the corner of South Illinois and McCarty streets. The firm is made up of four Italians, Dante Gaspari, Enrico Vittori, Olinto Mariana, and Vincenzo Guerrini. Mr. Gaspari, who acts as manager for the company, says, in explanation of the firm name, that it was impossible to include all four names in the sign for their factory, and "as we all want to be free and equal, we didn't choose any one name, but just called ourselves 'The Indianapolis Statuary Company.'"

Their business has had an interesting history. They have been in their present new building since last February and before that in a shop on Madison avenue for a number of years. Some fifteen years ago the business covered a wider field than at present. "That was so long ago," said Mr. Gaspari, "that I can hardly remember what all we did do. But we used to make images for churches—virgins and saints—but we didn't have many different pieces, so most churches would order from the big houses in Chicago, and our business wasn't good. You have to have a wide line to get the church people.

"No, we haven't any of our old pieces left. We did have a few holy images stored in the shed, but they're not there any more. The boys, I guess, got them. But, anyway, that kind of goods you got to keep polishing up and dusting all the time, or it's no good.

"Then we used to make a lot of busts and casts for schools. But they don't want them any more. Guess they don't use them. Nowadays we specialize—that's the American way—on Kewpie dolls."

All of the different things that were formerly made—virgins and saints, Caesars and Dantes, Indian heads and dancing girls—every one has given way before the fatal popularity of the Kewpie doll. And all four of the partners, aided and abetted by eight or ten workmen, devote their time and energy to supplying the demand for Kewpies.

Seven different brands of Kewpies are put out. There are three different sizes of just plain naked Kewpies. Then there is a stylish young Kewpie person dressed in the sleeveless belted sweater that is so good this season. She wears a ribbon around her head to match her sweater and it is surmounted by an effulgent plaster paris red rose in the middle of her forehead. The costume idea is carried out still further in three other members of the family who wear abbreviated bathing suits. All except one of the seven different types was modeled by Vittori, and all of them have the bulgingly well-fed middle and oddly pointed head that distinguishes the Kewpie clan.

The whole process of making the doll, from plaster paris to finished Kewpie, is worked out in the little south side shop. In a basement room, powdered thick with white dust, the plaster casts are made. Two well-greased gelatine molds that look like halves of a large rubber doll are fitted together and filled with the plaster of paris solution. One of the workers passes down the long bench pouring the plaster in and then he makes a second trip back and pours it all out. This looks like a beautiful game of time-killing, but it gets results. Part of the plaster sticks to the mold, and the extra portion is poured out. Four times the molds are filled through the opening left in the pedestal at the bottom, and each time a layer of the plaster sticks. After the final filling, the pedestal is made solid, the Kewpies dry for an hour, and then they are taken out of the molds and scraped down till they show an unblemished complexion.

The men who work in this part of the shop are mostly Italians. They lead a happy-go-lucky life, and work when they feel like it and quit when the spirit moves them.

"We don't care when they work," said Mr. Gaspari. "We don't pay no attention to them. They work by piece work, and if they want to, they can make a lot, but if they don't want to work, it don't matter. That boy there is a good worker, but you can't ever tell when he'll stop. The other day he stopped work in the middle of the morning and went off to Evansville for pretty near a week. But he worked fine when he got back."

There is no talk of union hours among these men. Four hours or fourteen is the length of their day, just as they happen to decide. And the four partners never bother them, unless at some time when the stock gets low, and then they urge the carefree Kewpie makers to stick to their jobs and speed up.

After the finished dolls have dried about twenty-four hours, they are dipped in a pink enamel, and given another day to dry. The arms are made separately and the sight of a long line of pink dimpled arms, neatly hung on a long rope to dry seems like a sort of distorted Christmas eve picture.

The last thing to be done is the painting. As soon as the dolls are dry they are given that soft red glow of health that shows itself in the ruddy color of feet, dimpled knees and cheeks. This aura of pinky health is given by means of a most up-to-date contrivance—an air brush—which uses compressed air to blow the paint on in a tiny spray. As the little nozzle of the blow-pipe arrangement is focussed on each doll, she flushes pinker and pinker, and when the proper intensity

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Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

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WHAT IS A GOOD CITIZEN?

Probably no two persons would define good citizenship alike. There are many definitions that would apply. All will agree, however, on the fundamentals that go to make up a good citizen. He doesn't have to belong to my club or your church or to the other fellow's political party; he doesn't have to be a good golf player or against penny ante to be a good citizen. He does, however, have to be a forward looking man; he has to show kindliness, a willingness to shuck his coat and help push; he believes in his community first and last and all the time; his doctrine is, what helps my neighbor helps me. He does not have to be a "native son" of Indianapolis or even of Indiana, but he has to be cosmopolitan in thought, broad-minded and what men term a "good fellow."

Any city appreciates such citizens and is not backward in showing its appreciation. This was illustrated a few days ago at the opening of Keith's theatre. An "act" that was not on the program was the appearance of the Murat Shrine chanters. While this "performance" entertained the audience, it carried a great deal more significance than appeared on the surface.

The little interlude was a perfect example of appreciation and good will that a bunch of business men have for a fellow worker—Roltaire Eggleston, manager of Keith's.

The chanters had not been "invited" as first nighters, but as was explained at the beginning of the "act" the chanters felt that they should be there—and had no other apologies to offer.

Now, Roltaire Eggleston is not a "native son." He came to Indianapolis unheralded and unsung, as a friend said, but he did not long remain a stranger. Like the new settler on the western frontier, he sought to know his neighbors and to be of what help he could to the community. The community recognized this spirit and met the stranger half way. Kindliness begets kindliness, with the result that Mr. Eggleston made a niche for himself in the interests of Indianapolis.

Mr. Eggleston may not like to be held up as an "example," but in this case he can not help himself. His spirit indicates what any man may do for his community; that it is genuine, is attested by the fine compliment paid him by his "chanting" friends who know him so well.

The manifestation of a similar spirit to do by all citizens of our no mean city is the best advertising that can go out from us. It makes for a better city and displays that quality of neighborliness that Riley was so fond of exploiting.

The chanters did well at Keith's opening night, for they chanted more than a song—they chanted a surprising lot of good will. Good citizenship is easily acquired and it really pays—and you don't have to be big in the public eye to get the appreciation of others.

WOMAN'S SECRET

The country is breathlessly awaiting a test case brought in Maine—does a woman have to tell her age in order to register to vote?

Mrs. E. Ernest Holman, of Portland, Me., thinks she has a perfect right to the secret of her age. When she went to register, she promptly and flatly refused to tell her age. She was consequently refused the right to register. Now the courts will decide whether she has a right to her secret.

Thus women—some of them—will begin to realize that all is not sweet when it comes to suffrage. Perhaps she will steel herself to the bitter and accept it as a part of the sacrifice she has to make in order to vote. Perhaps not. If a majority is like Mrs. Holman, one of the first things that will be done when the women get into the legislatures will be to amend the law making it unnecessary to reveal ages in the registration booths.

After all, what difference does it make how old a woman is—if she is past her majority—when it comes to voting? The only reason the age question was put in the registration law was to prevent "repeating" by male voters—and inasmuch as it does not prevent it, it could be stricken out without much loss to anybody and at the same time make the fair ones feel better.

"SCIENTIFIC" KISSING

Some scientist with ice water in his veins has written learnedly on "Just when is the safest time to kiss." He says that experiments show that afternoon or evening is the safest time—safest, physiologically speaking, as if one ever spoke of kisses in that way!

He goes on to show that custom has done well in establishing evening as the time to do courting because the lips of the maid are more sanitary then than at any other time. Morning kissing is especially bad, while kissing at noon, according to experiments made, is not free from bacilli.

When is the safest time to kiss? Pish, tush! As if any time was dangerous. That is, dangerous in the scientific way.

What is a kiss? Cyrano de Bergerac defined it as "an oath of allegiance taken in close proximity; a promise more precise; a seal on a confession, a red-rose dot upon the letter "i" in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with the flower of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!"

Then, after that definition, to talk about how long it will take the "red-rose dot on the letter 'i' in loving" to rid itself of bacilli!

At a "banquet of love," a scientist who writes so cold-bloodedly of kissing would be a Lazarus, taking the crumbs that fall—and insisting they had been sterilized thoroughly before they fell. So the college students believe—and rightly.

No, kissing when "youth is young" will not be doled out afternoons and evenings. It is good any hour of the twenty-four, especially if the feminine pair of lips is well backed by face and form.

Scientists can frighten us all now and then; but when it comes to kissing—well, unless arteriosclerosis has set in, we will merely smile and put "a seal on confession."

A FARMER'S "PETS"

J. Hooker Wilson is a farmer near Knightstown. He raises good crops by kindness. Kindness, by the way, is a fertilizer that will raise crops on soil as bare as a billiard ball. In other words, J. Hooker Wilson knows in dollars and cents—not to mention any other way—just how much kindness pays.

This Hoosier farmer is an ardent lover of fowls and birds, as well as all domestic animals. For the last few years he has been raising Muscovy ducks and has a drove of 225. He also has seventy-five prairie chickens, seven pheasants, twenty mallard ducks and two big coveys of quail that make it a practice to come to his barnlot for food.

Wilson doesn't permit any hunting on his farm and says the reason the "wild" birds on his place are so tame is because they have never heard a gun.

It must be pleasant to get on intimate terms with the wild fowls of nature. Wilson thinks so, anyway, and he gets a lot of enjoyment in just watching his pets, who know that they have a haven on his farm. Besides, he says, the amount of bugs they destroy keeps just that many pests from eating his crops.

We venture to say that Wilson's hired men like to work for him.



Harriet and the Piper

The heritage of the governess-and-companion complex has fallen to Kathleen Norris. Charlotte Bronte had her Jane Eyre, Augusta J. Evans her Edna of "St. Elmo" fame, and now Miss Norris has her Harriet. There is apparently no time limit to the appeal of the story of the poor girl living in a wealthy family and walking on the thin ice between the solid status of a member of the family and the inferior rank of a paid employe.

But the Norris version of this theme has its own complications, involving the Piper. When Harriet was very young and innocent of the ways of the world, she fell in love with a much older man, and convinced by his plausible reasoning and suave manner, she consented to a pagan marriage service and ran away from the little home of her sensible, saintly and poverty-stricken sister. Ten years later when Harriet is established in the confidence and affection of the Carter family at Crownlands, the companion of the young daughter of the house and the trusted assistant of its mistress, she can look back from the serene height of her twenty-

(Continued on Page 19.)



The Investment Situation

By A. S. ARNOLD

"When are bond prices going up?" Frankly, we do not know. Neither do we know of any King Solomon wise enough to forecast the future of the investment securities market under the ever-changing conditions of the day which are bound to affect prices.

Liberty bonds have partially regained the losses they suffered on the market during the summer months. In May these bonds registered new low selling prices. The second converted 4¼ per cent bonds went down to $81.10, the third 4¼'s to $85.80 and the fourth 4¼'s to $82.00. The highest selling prices this year on these issues are $92.86, $95.00 and $93.00, whereas the present selling prices are $85.30, $88.80 and $85.50, respectively. So it will be seen that Liberty Bonds are still very cheap, although not as cheap as they have been.

It is at first a little difficult to understand why the prices on these bonds should stay so low, if it is true that the law of supply and demand governs prices. There is, undoubtedly, a heavy demand for these bonds. The savings banks of the East are buying large amounts of them and some private investors still show a preference for them over other high grade tax exempt securities. It seems as though, with this steady transition of the bonds into permanent investment channels, the floating supply should be greatly decreased. However, there is still considerable liquidation of the bonds going on and in our opinion there will continue to be plenty of Liberty Bonds to supply the demand for some time to come. We must always remember that there were some twenty billions of these bonds distributed among almost as many millions of people, many of whom had never before bought a bond or made an investment of any kind. The disposition on the part of such people to let go of their Liberty Bonds, very often to get money for luxurious purposes, and the liquidations on the part of industrial concerns, forced on account of tight money and other adverse business conditions is really the answer to low prices and will be until conditions change.

In the meantime, the fellow with money to invest is gaining what those who sell their Liberty bonds are losing and the high income yields produced by these bonds at present selling prices is keeping other high grade tax exempt bonds down at comparatively low price levels.

The situation has really become acute in the Indiana municipal bond market, and was not at all relieved by the failure of the last legislature in special session to remedy it by taking legal steps so that highway improvement bonds could be issued at a higher rate than the four and one-half per cent now legal.

Gravel road bonds are still being offered on a six per cent income yielding basis and the same is true of township school bonds. There seems to be little lowering of the income rate on straight county and city obligations, however, especially for the long time bonds.

J. F. Wild & Co. holds the distinction, so far as I know, of being the only investment banking firm to ever offer an issue of straight county bonds in the state of Indiana to yield six per cent. This was done several weeks ago when they brought out and sold at prices to yield six per cent an issue of $282,600.00 5 per cent Fountain county tax exempt bridge bonds running from one to fifteen years.

At that time, tax exempt municipal bonds of equal high grade were not being offered by other houses in this state at a better income rate than five and seven-eighths per cent. They were able to buy the above named issue in its entirety at a price so that it could be offered to their customers to yield six per cent and make a small margin of profit. So, following the usual policy of the house, this was done. Since that time they have been unable to buy any straight county bonds at a price that would allow them to be offered on better than a five and seven-eighths per cent income basis. The prevailing price on city and county bonds just now seems to be a five and one-half to a five and three-quarters per cent income basis.

There continues to be a large and steady demand for Indiana gravel road and municipal bonds, especially from private investors. Individual buyers for the most part seem to prefer the tax exempt bonds of their own state rather than the Government Liberty Bonds, as indeed there is reason they should. Indiana municipal and road bonds are equally as safe investments as Liberty Bonds. Besides, they pay better interest, are obtainable in either short or long maturities and are wholly exempt from all forms of taxation, including the much-despised surtaxes.

The only thing that might possibly improve the price of Indiana road and municipal bonds would be an undersupply for the demand, which, I believe, is going to be extraordinarily heavy this fall, when institutions begin to vie with private investors for the choice bargains.

The cost of operating the Federal Government during the past twelve months was $7,000,000,000.

Believe Turn Is Here

The New York financial interests are reported to be optimistic concerning the financial situation throughout the country. It is pointed out that stocks have been going up the last few days and that the money market has shown a tendency to "ease up" and that "sentiment" is also improving.

Those "wise to the market" say it is yet to be determined whether this improved feeling will be communicated to the outside with sufficient force to attract the public into market on a heavier buying scale.

In some parts of the country the situation shows marked improvement. Indianapolis conditions are slowly growing better, according to financiers who keep a finger on local conditions. It is pointed out that industrial conditions here are in fine shape. The automobile industry is getting back to a sound basis and while a few men have been laid off since the summer dullness set in, they were of a class, as a general thing, on which the industry is not dependent in normal times.

Bankers are not making indiscriminate loans, yet the business man who needs money to keep his business going is having no trouble in getting all the money he wants for legitimate purposes. The orgy of speculation which has been in the air since the war is not so apparent, now that the financial institutions have closed down on speculative lending.

It is being borne in mind by local banks that the peak of the crop movement has not yet appeared, and when it does, money will be considerably tighter because the bulk of it will be used in financing this movement.

Indianapolis bank clearings show some contractions have taken place, but not enough to cause any particular stringency. As a matter of fact, some of the more optimistic bankers believe that the "turn in the road" has been reached as far as stringent money is concerned and that from now on the money market will be considerably easier. At any rate, Indianapolis is "sitting pretty" with regard to financial and industrial conditions.

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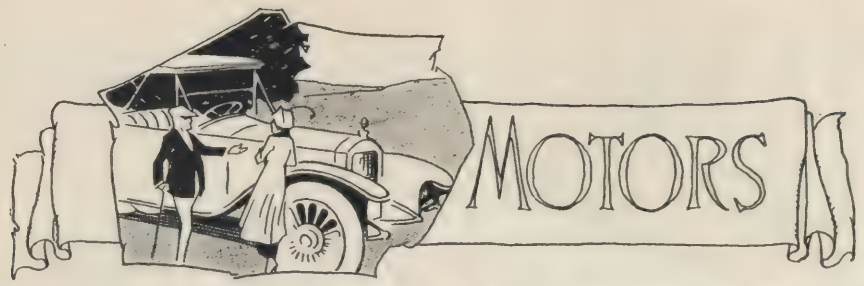
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

This is a motor-wise generation. The day has long since passed when an alleged automobile manufacturer could hire a really clever designer to turn out a snappy looking body, spend $300 for fancy upholstery and some unusual color scheme of painting, and then put $50 worth of scrap iron under an atrocious Turkish red hood and sell the whole scrambled mess for $3,000 in real money.

Nowadays a flashy looking car will command plenty of attention, but after a first glance at body design and color effect your sophisticated motorist will spring the inevitable question:

"What is under the hood?"

And what is more, he will understand what he sees when he takes a look for himself.

This does not mean that our Hoosier automobile drivers and owners are qualified automotive engineers, but it it true, nevertheless, that while not mechanical experts, they have an intelligent, common-sense knowledge of the rudiments of automobile design. They understand the basic differences between four, six, eight and twelve cylinder motors. They know the advantages and drawbacks, economies and extravagances of each type. They understand in a general way the transmission, rear axle system and "innards" of their cars and they are not slow to spot any fundamental weakness of design when they take the trouble to look a machine over carefully.

Dealers have been quick to recognize this growing mechanical knowledge on the part of the automobile public and now spend far more time in their sales talks appealing to the reason than to the eyes of the prospective customer.

With this increase in mechanical information has come a mastery of the rules of the road and a better understanding of the code of courtesy and sportsmanship that should govern the conduct of every driver. But unfortunately, in too many instances car drivers refuse to abide by the rules of the game.

In the early days of automobiling, failure to obey this code might be due to ignorance of its provisions. But long ago the automobile ceased to be a toy, a plaything or even a luxury, but has taken its place in the everyday life of the community to such an extent that any individual of ordinary intelligence understands thoroughly the code of automobile ethics, and violation of it becomes simply a matter of sheer carelessness, which is criminal or unadulterated selfishness, which is worse.

Any number of examples might be cited. There is the road hog with the brilliant, glaring headlights, who would far rather be "shined" himself than to extend the courtesy of dimming his lights while passing another machine. This is one of the most dangerous habits a selfish driver can form, for sooner or later some blinded motorist will plunge straight into him, in obedience to that undisputed and unexplained law of nature that makes a blinded driver swerve toward the light that is blinding him.

Less vicious morally, but equally dangerous is the poor, deluded "dub" who has fallen for some clever sales talk and fondly believes, just because he has yellow glass in his lamps, that the flood of light he turns loose on the road and all surrounding territory is not at all dangerous, but really a delightful, soothing boon to anything in his pathway.

Then we have the driver who plunges serenely and blunderingly on his way, oblivious of the fact that in Indiana there are more than 200,000 other automobiles "raring to go" and that their drivers are not human ouija boards and have no way of reading his mind. He will make a sharp turn without deigning to signal his intention, and then howls to high heaven when he gets rammed good and hard and plenty from behind.

There is the brainless pest who goes wandering out on the public highways wholly contented to ease along at fifteen miles an hour until some tourist doing thirty comes bowling along and asks for the road. Instantly our hero becomes imbued with the idea that he is the Crown Prince back in 1918 trying to keep ahead of the front the doughboys are rushing up to him. He gets the idea that in comparison with his own winged self, Gaston Chevrolet is a mud turtle, and engages in an utterly purposeless race with a perfectly innocent motorist who merely wanted to go on his way undisturbed.

Then there is the selfish driver, too often, alas, feminine, who stops her car in a busy downtown safety zone for a little friendly gossip with a passing friend. She blocks traffic for two blocks behind her, gets a mild call down from a nerve-racked traffic cop, rushes home in tears and unloads on poor hubby a heartrending tale of ruffianly conduct on the part of the officer and threatens to go back to



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—To—

Anticipating the demands for a downtown store carrying a complete line of automobile tires and accessories, we have opened a store at 246-248 Massachusetts Ave.

A convenient location for the motoring public and edging the outside of the high rent zone, permits us to sell at prices consistent with our reduced overhead expense.

All standard makes of tires carrying the usual guarantees are stocked and our line of accessories is complete and up-to-date.

We especially invite the patronage of the lady motorist and assure her courteous attention and thoughtful consideration of her needs.

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mother if he does not get Charlie Jewett to fire the brute right away.

And so on down the list. We all know the numerous aggravating and bothersome violations of a simple and sensible code. Selfishness and carelessness will, of course, remain in the world just as long as the old sphere continues to function, but there is as little excuse for it in the automobile world as can possibly be imagined. The automobile does a big work. It is a tremendous factor in getting people away from crowded cities and out into the sunlight. It takes folks away from the narrow environment of their everyday lives. It broadens and develops a man. And perhaps it is not too Utopian to hope that some day, some time, the spirit of sportsmanship, which is only another word for unselfishness, will penetrate the armor-plated hides of the genuinely hated minority that does so much to bring discredit upon the entire automobile-driving population.

There's nothing like faith for accomplishing results. If you believe in anything strongly enough it's bound to happen. Witness the scoop of the Lexington advertising department. Everybody in the Lexington organization said he was sure that the Lexington cars could win the free-for-all Pike's Peak climbing contest, but Emery Huston, vice-president and head of the advertising department, was so confident that the car could grab first place that he was willing to risk his reputation on it. Before the cars had ever reached the top, advertising plates, telling the story of how the Lexington had won the contest, were prepared and shipped to newspapers of every great city in the country. The day after the Lexington triumph, not only the news story, but Lexington advertisements making capital of the victory, appeared in papers all over the country. It was a big risk, but faith made the risk a sure thing.

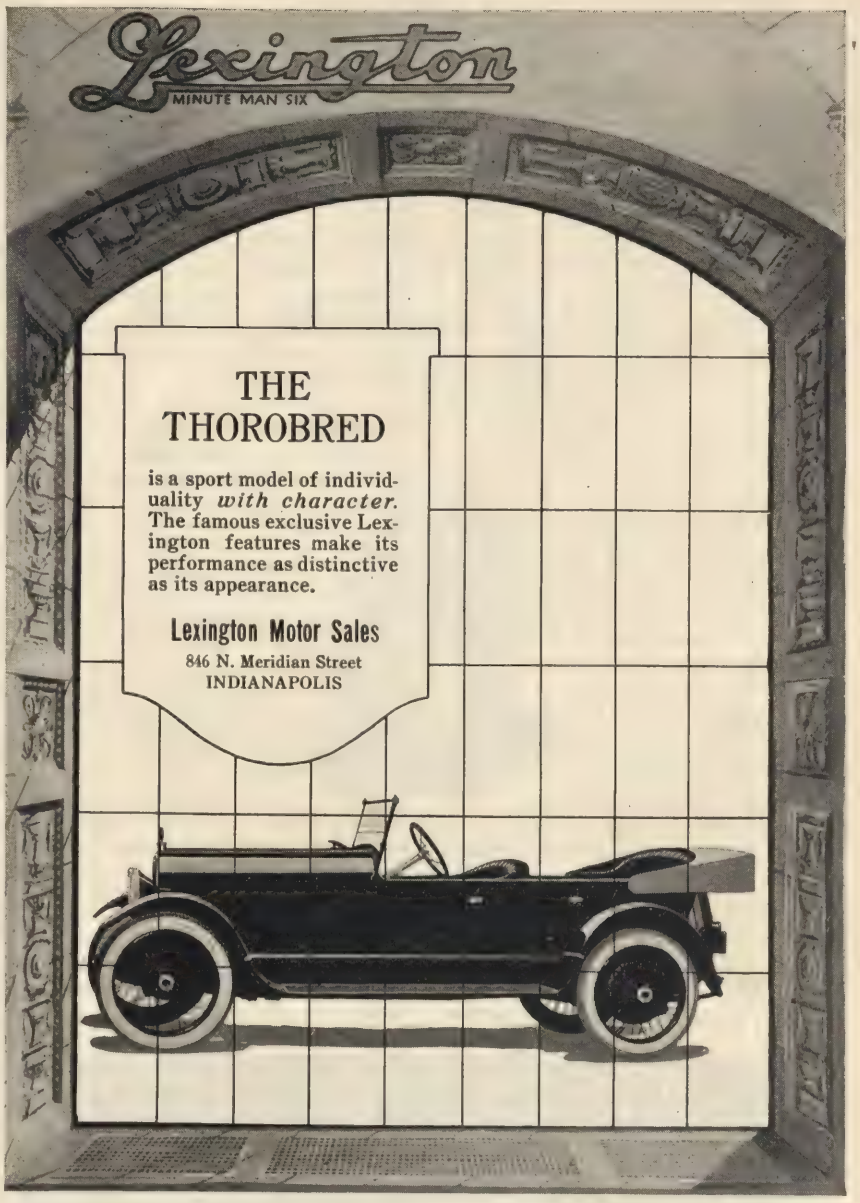
Glen and Will Diddel are making "unsprung weight" in their Franklin talks, and they make it sound mighty convincing, too.

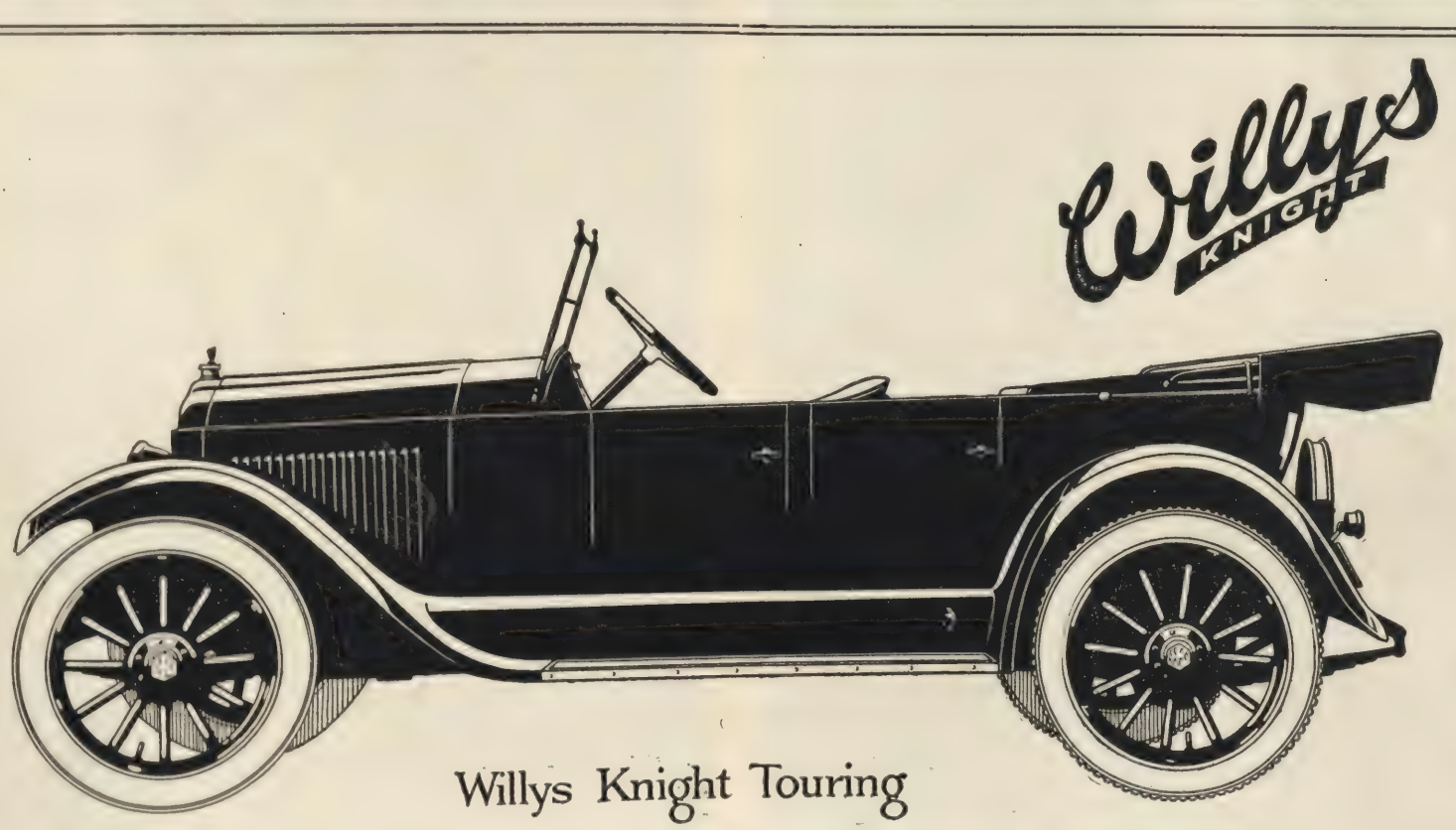
Something new under the sun has been found by H. E. Robinson. He has organized a service that does special driving of automobiles from factory to distributors by his own select band of experienced road drivers. His transport corps brought many special cars to the motor show state fair week.

B. H. Brown, formerly known as "Brownie" of the U. S. Marines, is now in the service of old cave-man giant of Exide battery fame.

If Indiana miners will consent to get the coal out of the mines, the special coal dump Autocar, being displayed by the Buck Company, will guarantee to deliver it neatly and quickly.

Giant Noble trucks, big Miami trailers for heavy duty and sturdy Foley traction rims made up the new fall window display at the Whitaker-Kime Sales Company.





Willys Knight Touring

Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

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Notes of Society

Mrs. Elias Jacoby and daughter, Helen, have returned from their summer cottage at South Haven, Mich.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson W. Chaille have returned from Forest Beach and Leland, Mich.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Taylor MacKenzie, of Halifax, N. S., has been visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Taylor.

* * *

Dr. Lafayette Page has recently returned from a European trip. Miss Ruth Page, who has been dancing with Adolph Bohm in London, and studying with Cachetti, is expected to return to Indianapolis with Mrs. Page in October.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lennox have gone on a six weeks' hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Hacker has gone with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hacker, to Los Angeles, Cal., where she will study dancing under Ruth St. Denis.

* * *

Miss Julia Blakeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Blakeman, has returned to Chicago for vocal study with Charles W. Clark.

* * *

Mrs. Fred Gardner and daughter, Miss Margaret, have returned from Walloon Lake. Miss Mary Elizabeth Gardner has returned from Saratoga, N. Y., where she visited Mrs. Charles Brackett.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Reagan, daughter, Berenice, and son, Silas, have returned from a tour of Scotland, England and Europe.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Dickson and son, George, Jr., have returned from their summer's vacation at Lake Maxinkuckee.

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Barnhill and daughter, Ruth, have returned from a visit at Lake Tippecanoe.

* * *

Mrs. Walter Murray Bieling, of Columbus, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Lockwood, of North Pennsylvania street.

* * *

Miss Mary Catherine Coulter has left to attend school in New York City.

Mr. Otto D. Lefler and family have returned from California.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Randle Dean have returned from their wedding trip in the East.

* * *

Miss Harriet Brown has gone to Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill.

* * *

Mrs. John N. Carey will return the first part of October from a visit in Maine.

* * *

Miss Martha Carey has returned from the East and is with her sister, Mrs. E. I. Lewis, of Hampton Court.

* * *

Mrs. Henry W. Bennett, of this city, and her daughter, Mrs. Albert C. Lord, of East Orange, N. J., have returned to Indianapolis from the East.

* * *

Mrs. R. O. McAlexander and daughter, Josephine, have gone to visit friends in Louisville, Ky., with whom they are to motor through Kentucky.

* * *

Mrs. John F. Kurfiss and son, John F., Jr., have gone to the East, where John will enter Cornell University.

* * *

Among the late visitors from Indianapolis at Bay View are Mrs. James B. Nelson and Miss Margaret Day.

Mrs. J. B. Wilson has returned from Petoskey, Mich.

* * *

Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, who have been spending the summer at Petoskey, Mich., have gone to Chicago, where Mr. Marshall will begin his campaign of speechmaking for the national Democratic candidates.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Bieler, 3146 North Delaware street, have returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard Marmon at their summer home in the mountains of North Carolina. They were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Charles Alford Jones, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., who is their guest.

* * *

Mrs. William H. Coleman and her daughter, Mrs. William Avery Atkins, have returned from spending the summer at Atlantic City and other Eastern points.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Taggart have left for a ten days' visit to New York and Atlantic City.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Appel, of Brookline, Mass., has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Moore of Golden Hill. Her mother, Mrs. Fred Appel, who has been visiting Mrs. John Appel, has returned home.



Mrs. Edward W. Steinhart is a charming young woman in the bouquet of September brides. Mrs. Steinhart was formerly Miss Ruby Marie Bain, and she is the daughter of Mrs. Martha Bain. Mr. and Mrs. Steinhart are now on a wedding trip in North Carolina and Virginia, and they will return from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in October. The at-home announcement is for the Spink Arms Apartment after October 15.



Mrs. John H. Bookwalter, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Pettis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pettis, is one of the most attractive young brides of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Bookwalter are now in the East on their wedding trip and will return to Indianapolis on October 25. After that date they will be at home in the Northwood Apartments.

Shop Tours

Cool breezes, falling leaves, crisp temperatures, smoky hazes and all of the rest of the standard props for a successful fall season are arriving on schedule time this year, so that it behooves the woman who rides to take thought as to what she will wear for riding when the scene is set for fall instead of summer. The smart, scarlet, flannel coat of sleeveless cut with trig white breeches may look fetching all the year round, but the heavier weight materials are more comfortable and more practical for wear in colder weather.

Buyers from several of the local stores who have departments featuring riding clothes are just returning from New York. Some of the new habits are in, and many more are on the way from the East and will arrive soon, the fates and the railroad men permitting. One neat model is of a dark grey silvertone, the coat cut severely plain with mannish reveres rather shorter than those on street suits. A narrow belt crosses in front and fastens at each side. The breeches are not extremely full at the sides, and fit in neatly over the knee, where they are reinforced with suede of the same color as the woolen cloth, the patches of leather being piped with a narrow line of reddish brown verging on burnt orange. This tiny streak of color gives an air of military smartness. With a black and white silk shirt and narrow black string tie, soft black felt hat, black gauntlets and boots, this suit would be complete and ready to enhance the charms of the woman who takes her exercise on horseback.

The most popular material for fall wear will probably be a tweed, and several suits of this cloth have already arrived. The new fall riding habits that will be bought this year would have a far more attractive background than any riding school could offer if that plan to open up the tow path as a bridle path could be carried out by those Indianapolis folk who have long cherished this scheme.

A susceptible shopper who can not resist the appeal of pretty, dainty things, no matter how impractical or expensive they may be, was lured into a Meridian Street shop by the display of gorgeous gloves in the window. Gorgeous is literally the right word, for they were made of white kid adorned with gilt and jewels. One pair had an elaborate gold vine climbing from wrist to elbow, and a shorter pair were bedizened with a design of gold thread and beads and sizable turquoises. At first sight the susceptible shopper decided that they would never do for street wear, but for evening—quickly she ran her mind's eye over the category of evening clothes in her wardrobe—yes, they would be lovely with the blue velvet. But dreams of an entirely new gown, modeled to suit the quaint, old world fashion of the gloves, flashed through her mind, and she entered the shop, ready to buy. Her vision of a new gown rapidly faded away when the clerk told her in regretful but businesslike tones that the gloves were simply for advertising purposes, not for sale, for nobody in Indianapolis would consider wearing such theatrical and expensive gloves.

But for consolation, there were attractive new styles, just as dainty, but not so bizarre as those on display. These new gloves were made of white French kid, gauntlet style with strap wrist, and stitched on the back with heavy embroidery, jewelled—so the clerk explained—with burnished or gilt beads. The cuff of the glove, which was intended to be turned back over the wrist, was lined with a delicate pink or champagne kid.

The last word in vanity cases is a double-barreled variety. It is a short cylindrical shape, covered with old rose, silk-embroidered tapestry, loaded at one end with powder and at the other with rouge. A narrow piece of rose braid encircles the case and leaves a narrow loop by which to dangle it from one finger.

An unusual and somewhat old-fashioned gift that one Indianapolis girl who is going away to school will receive is a silver thimble. Instead of the stereotyped scrolls and curlykews of engraving that ornament most of the silver thimbles, this particular pattern has a border of fat-faced cherubs leaning their elbows on the edge of the thimble and watching to see that the lady who sews doesn't prick her finger.

Feathers are said to be very much the vogue in Paris for hats, bags, and dresses. A local shop which seems to be quite in line with French feather fantasies is displaying pumps with feather ornamentation, a swirl of smooth feathers taking the place of the conventional flap or tongue in a Colonial style slipper.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Tell Me, Little Gypsy—fox trot.

That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone—tenor solo.

Columbia

In Sweet September—fox trot.

Early in the Morning Down On the Farm—tenor solo.

Edison

Jean—fox trot.

By the Waters of Minnetonka—lullaby.

Gennett

Heart's Ease—contralto solo.

Why Cry Blues—fox trot.

Pathe

Humoresque—accordion duet.

Humoresque—violin solo.

Victor

Who Can Tell, from "Apple Blossoms"—Fritz Kreisler.

Meditation—Jascha Heifitz.

EARLE J. MARSH
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ANNOUNCE

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Tuesday, The La Veeda Fox-Trot

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Saturday, The Marsh Waltz.



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"The Fadeaway."

"The Chinese Trot."

"The Brush Step."

"The New York Promenade."

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Introducing Miss Kewpie Doll

(Continued from Page 9.)

has been reached, she is set aside, and the next sister is pinked up.

Mariani or Vittori then paints a red heart on each sentimental dolly, blues her eyes, gives her a lovelock of brown hair, a pair of cherry lips, and last of all paints in the black pupils of her eyes, coquettish, innocent, or blankly surprised. If she wears any garments, they are duly colored, and she is then finished up by receiving a pair of arms.

Huge families of Kewpies, from twenty-five to fifty, are packed into barrels, padded with paper, and started on their travels all over the country. The South Illinois street shop sends its Kewpie children to all parts of Indiana, to all the states in the Mississippi Valley, and some even as far as California. From twelve to fifteen hundred must be made every day to supply the calls for Kewpies.

Mr. Gaspari and his fellow-workers have done other kinds of work in the past, work of a more exacting nature. Mr. Gaspari helped in the casting of the sculptured work in the Circle Theatre, and assisted in the execution of the eagle over the proscenium arch designed by Sangernebo. He has often worked with Myra Richards, and enjoys telling of her careful direction of the work on the fountain at the Fletcher estate. He went into the Kewpie business for purely commercial reasons; there was money in Kewpies, but now there is a good deal of competition—with an expressive shoulder-shrug—it's dull always making the same thing, and who knows—perhaps he will not spend all his life making Kewpie dolls. They are good—but it is fine to change one's life work.

Women and the Library

That Indianapolis women are awake to their responsibilities as voters is reflected in the make-up of many of the club programs for the coming year, which have lately been received by the Indianapolis Public Library.

Scarcely a club has failed to include civic subjects, and many of them have made this the basis of their study for the winter. Several clubs are studying Indiana literature, such as the Irvington Coterie. The Clio continues its literary bent, making a particular study of the works of modern writers. The Parlor Club will take up the study of women in different walks of life—in literature, education, suffrage, social reform, and in art. The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will devote the year to travel, interspersed with Round Tables on Active Citizenship. The Thursday Lyceum Club will study Japan exclusively. The programs of the Woman's Research Club, the Catharine Merrill Club, the Indianapolis Woman's Club, The Fortnightly, New Century and the Irvington Tuesday Club are of a miscellaneous nature and show promise of many pleasant and profitable afternoons.



Theatre Calendar

Week of September 27

English's—Twin Beds.
Murat—The Little Blue Devil.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

Without doubt the most popular feature in connection with any of the local theatres is the ball room of the Lyric. It is crowded with dancers both afternoon and evening, who take a whirl or two around the waxed floor, either before or after witnessing the vaudeville show. The ball room is located in the basement of the theatre. Music is furnished by a splendid jazz orchestra. This department of the Lyric is watchfully supervised by a floor manager and a matron.

Phil Brown, for many years connected with various Indianapolis theatres as a publicity man and manager, has been appointed manager "back stage" of B. F. Keith's theatre. Mr. Brown's duties consist of supervising the running of the vaudeville bill, and loking after the comfort of the acts playing the house. The position is a new one that has been created in all the Keith theatres throughout the country.

Harry A. Porter, the well-known character delineator, entertainer and stage director, is reported as being seriously ill at his home here. Mr. Porter has been in poor health for a year or more. His many friends wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Charlie Kuhn is the new stage manager at English's this season. For many years Mr. Kuhn was in charge of the stage at Keith's. How many people recall when Charlie acted as sparring partner for James J. Jeffries during one of the latter's visits here when he was the world's champion pugilist?

Jeffries was appearing at the Park theatre in a melodrama. In one scene he engaged in a boxing match with his brother Jack. During the opening performance of the week Jack Jeffries met with a slight injury which necessitated his laying off. The boxing match was a very important part of the performance, and as Jeffries had no substitute sparring partner in his retinue, he pressed Charlie Kuhn, who was then employed on the stage at the Park, into service. Charlie filled the job so well that big "Jeff" wanted him to become a professional boxer, but Kuhn couldn't see it that way.

In point of sartorial elegance Nelse Trowbridge, the hustling and affable manager of the Murat, is easily the Beau Brummel of the local managers. Nelse always looks as if he had just stepped out of the proverbial band box.

ENGLISH'S—"Twin Beds," Margaret Mayo and Salisbury Field's laugh festival, will make its annual visit at the English Opera House week beginning Monday, September 27, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, to renew the highly satisfactory impression of its last visit to this city.

Theatrical records attest that "Twin Beds" is one of the emphatic standing comedy successes. It is a healthy, amusing piece of hilarity which earned and held its long public endorsement by its incessantly dramatic, swift-moving action and its carefully, skillfully drawn characters.

The story is built around the difficulties of three married couples living in a big fashionable apartment house, with all the neighbors, desirable and undesirable, always under foot, first achieve neighborliness and then have it thrust upon them and finally move to escape it, without any remarkable success.

The comedy contingent will be headed by the charming farceuse Zaina Curzon, who will again have her own role of the little bride with an irresistible tendency to tell white fibs which make no end of comic trouble for her. Undoubtedly a cordial welcome awaits the young actress with her artless ways and ingenuous personality. Others of the special cast will include, R. M. D'Angelo, Antoinette Rochte, Joseph Crehan, Bess Stafford, Bennett Finn and Callie Van Vliet.

KEITH'S—Trixie Friganza, appearing at B. F. Keith's this week, is one of America's finest comediennes. She has done much in making British audiences believe in American humor. Two score musical comedies are indebted to Miss Friganza for much of their success and producing managers recognized the fact that the balance is on the right side of the ledger merely because of Miss Friganza's power to please. Some of the productions in which she enjoyed particular distinction were "Town Topics," "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," "The American Idea," and "A Trip to Chinatown." Vaudeville is her playground. She loves vaudeville and the major part of her time is spent in making people laugh. This season she is offering a travesty called "The Surprise Party."

MURAT—Mabel McCane and a chorus that is said to remind one of bamboo sprouts and willow trees will decorate the stage at the Shubert-Murat Theatre the week of September 27, in Joe Weber's "The Little Blue Devil," a musical comedy that is en route to Chicago for the winter.



Harry Puck and Some of the Imps in "The Little Blue Devil," Murat Week of September 27

This musical play enjoyed a successful run at the Central Theatre, New York, and comes to Indianapolis with but few changes in the original company. Besides Miss McCane such notable players as Harry Puck, Wilbur Cox, Merle Stevens, Julia Barnett, Edward Wakefield, Alma Youlin, Frank Dawson and George Phelps are included in the company. The chorus is spoken of as a collection of "svelte imps."

The story is told in three acts with a lavish display of lingerie and gorgeous gowns. The plot deals with an ambitious railroad secretary who seeks promotion by involving the president of the road with the affairs of an actress known as "the little blue devil." The treatment of this idea is said to be handled in a distinctly new and mischievous fashion. During the unfolding of the story there are twenty musical numbers, which include "I'm So Sympathetic," "Peter Pan," "Dancing Shoes" and "If I Had Known."

Miss McCane is giving the jaded theatregoer a treat in her blue gown of barbaric brilliance, which is studded with hundreds of chip diamonds. By request Miss McCane will give her burlesque of a woman whose disappointment in love has thrown her into a hysterical "Mad Lucia," which has always been one of her best things. She has been given a good measure of songs and, with Harry Puck, is doing several novelty singing specialties.

Harry Puck and twelve of the chorus will give Indianapolis a novelty surprise by proving that chorus girls—some of them—can play the piano as well as merely look pretty upon the stage.

(Continued on Page 22)



Antoinette Rochte, in Twin Beds, English's, Week of September 27

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 8.)

esque" stands as one of the biggest and most appealing pictures of the year.

Constance Binney is almost as charming and every bit as lively on the screen as she is on the stage. In "39 East," which was shown at the Crystal Theatre last week, Miss Binney was all that a Penelope Penn should be. The story is that of a small town girl who brings her voice and her savings to New York where she plans to build up fame and a fortune. Neither the narrow views of the genteel boarders at 39 East, nor the broad jokes of the chorus girls can overwhelm the lovely Penelope, for her absolute and astounding innocence is her protection.

This summer the stage version of "39 East" was produced by the Stuart Walker Players with Miss Beatrice Maude in the leading role. Although Miss Maude was charming in the part, Constance Binney carries off the honors for creating an appealingly pretty, terribly innocent young thing alone in New York.

In the picture version there have been a number of changes, none of which alters the story fundamentally, but all tend to speed up the action. The episode of Penelope's midnight practice of the song and dance which she understudies is an addition to the play that is plausible and most amusing, for the young man next door takes up the blame and the burden of her song, and saves Penelope from the awful consequences of disturbing the peace of 39 East. The picture is a worthy and artistic version of the stage success.

Among the first to start the fashion of leaving the Follies for the films was Miss Olive Thomas, whose sudden death has caused a sensation in the motion picture world. While she was in France with her husband, Jack Pickford, she was to have started work on a new picture with a French setting, in which Owen Moore was to have had a part. Although this picture will never be completed, there is one finished play starring Miss Thomas which has not yet been released. The plays which established her reputation and insured her position as a motion picture star were the following: "Prudence on Broadway," in which she had a pretty, dainty part; "The Follies Girl," in which the cinema story corresponded almost exactly to the story of Miss Thomas' life; "Toton," a picture with a French setting; and "The Love Prisoner."

Early in 1919 Louis J. Selznick signed up Olive Thomas to take the place of the Talmadge sisters, and while with Selznick she appeared in a number of pictures—the first being "Upstairs and Down." Among her more recent plays were "Footlights and Shadows," "Youthful Folly," "Darling Mine," and "The Flapper," the last of which was particularly popular with Indianapolis movie fans of the younger generation, for in this play Miss Thomas had a gay and youthful role and an opportunity to wear all kinds of attractive flapper clothes. Olive Thomas' pictures have been booked exclusively at the Colonial Theatre, where her last picture, "Somebody's Sweetheart," will be shown about the middle of October.

(Continued on Page 22)



OLIVE THOMAS

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of September 26

Alhambra—Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Dorothy Dalton in "Guilty of Love".

Circle—Will Rogers in "Cupid the Cowpuncher".

Colonial—Olive Tell and Crauford Kent in "Clothes".

Crystal—William Farnum in "The Joyous Troublemakers".

Isis—Enid Bennett in "Hairpins"; Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter".

Mister Smith's—Sheldon Lewis in "The Silent Barrier".

Ohio—Mae Murray and David Powell in "The Right to Love".

Regent—William Russell in "The Man Who Dared".

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ENGLISH'S

MONDAY NIGHT

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 27th

Matinees Wed. and Sat.

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NIGHTS and SAT. MAT.
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Margaret Mayo's and Salisbury Field's Laugh Festival
with ZAINA CURZON
And Same Special Cast of Fun-Makers

A LAUGH AND A SCREAM EVERY MINUTE

MAKES YOU FORGET YOUR TROUBLES

Do You Listen to Good Music

(Continued from Page 7.)

produced by the playing is not only an unspeakable delight, but of real health-giving effect on the sense of color. How much more valuable as a stimulant is mobile color than the fixed colors of a rug, which the eye gets accustomed to, and which thereby acts no longer as a tonic."

"Perhaps the author has in some measure overstated his case; but much allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the pioneer. It may be questioned, for example, whether the contemplation of formless color will call forth such great pleasure in the majority of people as the author believes; whether the close analogy of color to music will hold good in as many respects as he also claims. In fact, many questions of doubt may arise in the reader's mind. But there is so much in the author's experiments, opening out such vistas of possibilities, that the whole matter should be carefully investigated before judgment is given. But to sum up briefly, Mr. Rimington's mobile color system seems to me a method to enable one to see sound and hear color."

The innovation of making an appeal simultaneously to the eye and the ear is credited to Scriabine, the noted Russian composer, when the color instrument figured in his "Poem of Fire," and it was granted that such an alliance of sound and color would considerably increase the social power of an art-work.

About six years ago Modest Altschuler, the progressive and genial conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, so interested Mr. Edison in the fascinating problem of color-music that he built a machine for him, so that he might give a demonstration of the possibilities of color and music.

Mr. Altschuler then invited the prominent musicians of the country as his guests in Carnegie Hall and presented Scriabine's "Poem of Fire" to illustrate this experiment. It was my good fortune to be among those present, and I was very much impressed, and felt that in course of time a color-language might be evolved that would correspond with the musical language.

My attempt to give some idea of the kinds of effects produced by the color-organ may be of interest. Imagine a darkened concert room, the stage being banked with greenery, and the orchestra entirely hidden. At one end a large screen of white drapery in folds surrounded with black and framed by two bands of pure white light. Upon this surface, for example, there appears the faintest possible flush of rose color, which gradually fades away, to be repeated at three successive intervals each stronger and more prolonged, then follows a lavender color which deepens into violet, and so on through the entire spectrum, a delicate primrose to deep topaz, strange green and peacock blue and so on. As the eye revels in the magnificence of color the orchestra interprets this wonderful composition of Scriabine's. When red and scarlet were thrown on the screen, there was a rapid crescendo, and series of staccato and forte chords of pure crimson, which almost startled one with their force. There were many and varied opinions expressed after this demonstration, for and against—at least it was intensely interesting.

In the realm of Symbolists, the subsection called "Instrumentalists," whose spokesman is Rene Ghil, connect each sound with a definite feeling of color. This idea had its origin in a much-quoted sonnet by Rimbaud, Les Voyelles (Vowels), of which the first line runs A-black, E-white, I-red, U-green and O-blue, and they go still further and specify the color-value, not only of vowels, but of musical instruments—harps, white; violins, blue; brass instruments, red; flutes, yellow, and the organ, all black.

Of course, this is a question of purely individual association, brought about by association of ideas, and it is very probable that every color-hearer ascribes a different color to the same vowel, thereby deriving his individual enjoyment.

Pavlowa, Galli-Curci and Gabrilowitch Coming

(Continued from Page 7.)

in Indianapolis, and with the announcement of her appearance came such a demand to see her that it was deemed advisable, for the out of town patrons particularly, that an extra matinee performance should be arranged, so that two performances will be given on December 21. The evening performance will be included in the season of concerts, and the matinee will be etxra, with an entire change of program, with new ballets and scenery and large symphony orchestra.

For two years the patrons of music have been asking to have Galli-Curci, and it is with keen pleasure that the announcement that she will be heard in recital on January 17 is given.

The Protean Farrar

One of the most interesting phenomena about that most interesting woman, Geraldine Farrar, is that every time she is photographed the result seems almost to be an entirely different person. Miss Farrar has posed before the camera hundreds of times and being an exceptionally beautiful young woman herself, the pictures are always attractive whether they are in character or in "propria persona," but whether they are in character or are taken simply of her own sweet self, each differs from the other in a way that is most puzzling.

A photographic expert has undertaken to explain how it is that each new picture of Miss Farrar presents her with a new personality.

"It is because she does not allow her real self to be photographed," he said. "She is so accustomed to throwing herself into moods and personalities other than her own and for

(Continued on Page 19)

Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association Announcement

Musical Calendar—Season 1920-21

Sunday Afternoon Concerts

Opening Concert—Geraldine Farrar—Sunday Afternoon, October 17.
Assisting Artists—Ada Sassoli, Harpist; Edgar Schofield, Baritone
Song Recital—Ernestine Schumann-Heink—Sunday Afternoon, November 28
Piano Recital—Sergei Rachmaninoff—Sunday Afternoon, January 30

Series of Three Evening Subscribed Concerts

Ballet Russe—ANNA PAVLOWA—Tuesday Evening, December 21
Song Recital—AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, Monday Evening, January 17
Orchestra—DETROIT SYMPHONY—OSSI GABRILOWITCH, *Conductor-Pianist*—March 31



Ad. F. Miller, dean of local theatre managers, is back at his post in charge of English's after a summer spent in an extensive auto tour of the South. Mr. Miller will inaugurate his twenty-first year as manager of English's the first of next January. His is a record of service that very few men in the theatrical business can boast of. There are, doubtless, many men who have been in the managerial harness longer than Mr. Miller, but few of them have been in charge of the same house for so many years.

Mr. Miller is vice-president of the Valentine Company, which controls the Hartman theater in Columbus, Ohio, and English's in this city. He has been in the theatrical business since his boyhood days, and enjoys an exceptional degree of popularity in all circles of the show world.

the time being really living these histrionic creations, that the moment she sits before the camera she throws herself, unconsciously, perhaps, from long habit of trying to realize some prescribed situation, into the appropriate attitude and expression of a person sitting for a picture. In other words, the photographers never, or but rarely, catch the artist off her artist's guard. This is not to say that Miss Farrar consciously poses. It only means that it has become second nature to put herself into the skin and clothes of somebody else; to stand detached from her own personality for the time being."

The sale of seats for the Sunday concerts is now being held at the Ona B. Talbot office in the Hume-Mansur Building, prices being $3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, with 10 per cent extra for war tax.

The orders for season tickets for the three evening concerts are now being received, and for choice of location subscribers should send in their orders now. Prices for season tickets are $9.00, $7.50, $6.00, $4.50 and $3.00. Address all orders to Ona B. Talbot, 916 Hume-Mansur Bldg.

The Bookworm

(Continued from Page 10.)

seven years, almost with incredulity, on the disaster of her childhood. But just when she feels that the past is dead and the present secure, the Blondin of her youth returns. Although it scarcely seems that Harriet's affair with Blondin was a very merry dance, still it appears that she must pay the Piper. At first she tries bargaining with him for her happiness, but when she faces the issue squarely he really demands a very small fee, and Harriet, whose past was not actually black, but only a light gray, finds the charge not too exorbitant and quickly paid and over with.

The plot is complicated enough to make the story interesting on the score of "What happens next?" and Harriet, in spite of her great beauty and sweet disposition, is human enough to deserve sympathy, for she finds it impossible not to prefer the luxury and beauty of Crownlands to the economy and bareness of her sister's New Jersey home. The characters are deftly and convincingly drawn, and aptly named. Royal Blondin is the polished and gay deceiver; Isabelle is the beautiful but selfish wife of Richard Carter, a gentleman staunch and true; Ward is the handsome and likable son; Nina, the shy and spectacled daughter; and Anthony Pope, the passionate young lover. One rather wonders why the Piper trailed Harriet so faithfully for his fee when he seems to have overlooked some other dancers in the story, but then perhaps he's laying for them in a serial.

The Corsair in the War Zone

In his latest book, Ralph D. Paine tells the true and interesting story of the work of the Corsair during the war. In 1917 a number of yachts, which skeptics dubbed "The Suicide Fleet," were volunteered for active service and appointed to convoy and patrol duty in the war zone. One of the largest and fastest of those boats was the Corsair, owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, and it is of her adventures—rescues, narrow escapes, accidents, and successes—that Mr. Paine tells in his chronicle of "The Corsair in the War Zone." His story is authentic in every detail, having been written with the approval and assistance of the naval authorities. Some of the story is told fresh from the diaries of the sailors aboard the yacht—the long days of waiting and coaling and getting on stores, the bright days of liberty in Paris, the thrill of sub attacks and sub scares, and the excitement of Lisbon when she is having a revolution. Part of the record is taken from the log of the ship and official reports, and the rest of it is Mr. Paine's story. The record brings the Corsair back to the New York Yacht Club and the old peace time regime, with two service chevrons on her funnel.

A plan has been suggested for making the public library a still greater instrument of public service. The idea is to make it possible for those who get books from a library in one town to return them, not necessarily to the same library from which they were taken, but from any library. This innovation would work a great advantage for readers who stock up with library books when they go away on vacations, and for traveling men who have to have something to read to while away the long hours on the train, when they aren't successful in securing an audience. There is no doubt but this change would increase the field of service of the public library, but if the library insists on being such an all-sufficient institution, how is anyone ever to be pricked with a desire to own a library of his own?

Almost everybody in town has a bowing acquaintance with the young Prince of Wales because as he traveled about the world he was snapped by the ubiquitous moving picture men and reproduced week by week at the local motion picture houses; always smiling and bowing. Now he is to make his bow in book form in "Westward with the Prince of Wales", written by Douglas Newton, the special correspondent who traveled with him. The book has just recently been published, and Mr. Newton is said to have followed the Prince's advice "to make it funny".

They say that Arthur Schnitzler's new book of short plays, "Hands Around", makes Bocaccio's tales look like selections from the Little Prudie books. The volume has not yet been reviewed in these columns, but an effort will be made to obtain it.

Henry Kitchell Webster's new novel, "Mary Wollaston," is announced for publication this fall. Although Mr. Webster has recently been from Los Angeles to London, he has laid his story in his native town, Chicago.

Apple Pie Week in Hoosierdom

"Apple pie week."

Don't you wish you lived in York state?

The state commissioner of foods and markets of New York is going to designate a certain week this fall to be known as "apple pie" week, to be observed by every man, woman and child in the state.

The object is to acquaint New Yorkers with the quality of the apples grown in that state and to help find a market for the bumper crop now about to be harvested.

Why wouldn't that be a good thing for Indiana?

A prominent apple grower, when asked about the feasibility of such a plan, said that it was a good one, and while the Hoosier apple crop was not as large this year as it has been in other years, yet there would be an enormous harvest of fine fruit this fall.

Of course, the main objection to be encountered will be prices. Notwithstanding the fact that apples are plentiful, retail prices are pretty stiff. Consumers would have to be assured cheap apples if they indulge in "apple week."

If the demand was heavily increased, retailers could afford to buy larger stocks and thus reduce freight rates and at the same time take less profit because of quick turnover.

Right now it seems a difficult thing to make some retailers understand that lower prices mean greater consumption, smaller profits and quicker turnovers, but more gross percentage of profits.

Reports from New York say that the apple crop there will total 40,000 car loads for market purposes. Many other states will have crops approximating this or even larger. Then why shouldn't apples be cheaper? As a matter of fact, apples can be bought in the orchards now for 50 cents a bushel—hand picked, sprayed kind, at that, too. Why should they be selling at two pounds for twenty-five cents at the present time in the city market and in retail stores?

Food commissioners ought to see that the practice of buying up a commercial orchard, taking a few apples and then leaving the rest to rot on the ground, should be stopped, this year, at least.

If that is done every week will be apple pie week in Hoosierdom.

Orange county, Indiana, is noted over the land for the quality of apples grown within its boundaries, while Knox and others of a southern tier of counties likewise produce fine fruits. There is no reason why Hoosiers should not be well supplied with apples.

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Wayside Sketches

The Wayfarer stopped for a moment to see the pens of wild geese and ducks which were a part of the exhibit of the Indiana conservation commission at the State Fair.

There flashed the memory of one of those rare days in November; a sun that shone—crisp, bracing air—a river that sung. A smell of earth—a smell of trees, clean and keen. Below the point at the river's edge swung a gray, weather-beaten, flat-bottomed boat at her moorings.

After a breakfast of fried bacon, bread and coffee, the deliberate donning of hunting attire—coat and boots and corduroy breeches—and the eager walk to the boat. Ramp—and a gay old dog he was—close at our heels ready for his place in the punt.

We were to "jump" the game as we slowly followed the reedy shoreline of the stream. We felt there might be added spice to the day's sport if we "jumped" a jacksnipe or coot as well as ducks or geese.

Such a day! The stream was ideal—not too wide nor too deep. The banks edged with reeds which had felt the first few frosts and were rich with seed. Game was not plentiful, but enough to make hunting worth while. Good old Ramp had enough to do to keep him on the alert—and not a retrieve did he lose! * * *

Then the returning to camp * * * the long row * * * the empty stomach * * * the vision of camp grub—the smell of it—the eating of it! * * *

Sitting back within the glow and warmth of the fire of logs which burned right merrily in the fireplace * * * the smell of burning tobacco and the faint gurgle of the old briar—smoking and "casting away all care." * * * Ramp curled in a knot before the fire—sleeping; and by his nervous twitchings and low sleepy whines, dreaming of other days of sport such as he had just passed through, only to awaken and pull cockle-burrs and weed chaff from his fur, accompanying it with petulant growls, the dog way of swearing at his discomfort. * * *

How it all came back when the Wayfarer viewed those waterfowls at the State Fair!

And it reminded him that another season for shooting waterfowl had rolled around: geese and brant, September 16 to December 31; coot the same limit; jacksnipes, September 1 to November 30, with a bag limit of six!—and all the rest of the law's schedule—dry as a tomb in itself—but presaging wonderful days under an open sky. * * *

That was why that day came back; perhaps those solemn-looking geese had laved their red legs in the Arctic current and perhaps had seen the moon on one of "my" nights as it silvered a lordly tree on a river's edge, as they flapped their way through wood smoke floating from the sick chimney of a hut that sheltered me. * * * Perhaps not. But they must have wondered why they were at the State Fair and not feeding along a sedgy lake, and what a lorgnetted woman meant when she speared her purple parasol at the pen and said: "Oh, aren't they cute?"—The Wayfarer.

A Close-up of Cousin J. Bull

(Continued from Page 5.)

been due mainly to a superabundance of cheap labor and lack of general prosperity through the rank and file, which would permit the junking of less serviceable things for time and labor-saving apparatus. One doesn't have to go far to find this out. Start in any Englishman's home. More than likely there's no telephone, even though the house is in or near a city. In the past there always have been servants to send with messages. Or a letter would arrive in a day or so. Time meant little. And besides, to operate a British telephone one must have that kind of do-or-die patience which results in construction of Panama Canals and the like, things which are done despite all obstacles.

Literature and propaganda have accentuated the Englishman's "bawth." Generally the tub is a primitive affair, while a quick hot-water system is unusual. The compartment idea, which has extended its cubical influence throughout so much of English business and social life, is supreme in the average English house, which is a succession of box-like rooms. This is to enable each room to be heated separately and by the most laborious method imaginable—fireplaces. They are very cosy and keep off the damp but warm nothing, and each fireplace requires a couple hours' attention daily. There's no central heating—hot air, hot water or steam. Baseburner stoves are unknown.

No electric or gas irons, fireless cookers, vacuum cleaners or washing machines to make life easier for the average middle-class housewife. Old fashioned methods, such as prevail in the back settlements of Tennessee or Kentucky, are still popular. In fact, housemaids rather resent the intrusion of these new-fangled inventions which rob them of their indulgences in what is known as "knee work." Instead of a light rubber-roller wringer, the English house has a 300-pound device known as a mangle, which is a cross between a country store coffee grinder and a Washington handpress, to squeeze the water out of clothes. Two young logs, about eight inches in diameter, help devastate the buttons.

The family automobile hasn't arrived in Britain. The auto is popular enough, but they are expensive here, the cheapest car retailing at nearly $2,000. Most people who own cars also have a chauffeur. Some firms are just beginning to address the owner-driver. The family of moderate means takes a spin in a motorcycle side car.

Business moves slowly. There's no push and go, vibrant co-operation and enthusiastic effort such as characterizes American industry. Business ambles along at a comfortable pace, so as not to ruffle unduly the head men who advertise their gentility and satisfied complacency in frock coats, spats and silk hats.

The idea of service has not permeated many lines of business. "Let the buyer beware" is the motto of the average small business man. And especially is that true of the shopkeeper. Business is largely made up of small shopkeepers, many of whom live over their stores. It is often difficult to buy things, owing to indifference of clerks. If a woman is looking for certain dress materials the clerk will carefully unwrap a bolt of goods, show it, and then wrap it up again and put it away before showing a second piece. The impression an American gets is that he is putting the shop-clerk to a whole lot of trouble and inconvenience.

An Alibi for the Tardy One

"The times are out of joint" is a statement that was literally true last week in Indianapolis. Every street clock in the city told a different story. One was stationary at ten minues till three, another reached the sticking point at six, while others that continued running were either fast or slow. Truth evidently deserted the street clocks for the lamp posts. While it was inconvenient to be continually deceived by these lying faces of the various clocks, there was one consolation—no matter when you arrived for an appointment, you could always find one clock to prove that you were exactly on the dot.

Gasoline Consumption Grows

How long will the gasoline supply last when the consumption more than doubles the production? According to the Bureau of Mines report the production of gasoline for the first six months of the year was 13 per cent greater than for the corresponding period of 1919, the consumption increased 32 per cent. Gasoline stocks at the end of June were 89,841,000 gallons, or 15 per cent less than the amount on hand on June 30, 1919. It was also reported that gas and fuel oils showed an increase in both production and stocks for the six months as compared with the first half of 1919. This ought to be good news for the Citizens Gas Company.

In the London theatre in which Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was being performed this conversation was overheard. Said a young woman to her elderly companion: "This is a fine play. Really, I never knew much about Abraham Lincoln before, except that he never told a lie." "I agree, my dear," the other replied, "that it's a very impressive play, but you must admit that the ending is highly improbable."—New York Times.



Miss Helen Darling, prize winner in the Venice, Cal., bathing suit parade, standing in a National Sextet

The Crook and the Calendar

Criminals Have Their "Busy" Season as Well as Other Folks Says Chief of Police Jerry Kinney.

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

The old proverb, that "every dog has his day," and the later popular saying, that "life is just one darned thing after another," are applicable to the dealings of the Indianapolis police with the criminal element of the population, according to Jerry Kinney, chief of police, who has spent more than fifteen busy years in the pursuit of all types of law breakers in Indianapolis.

Mr. Kinney says that the criminals have their dull and busy seasons in the same manner that is characteristic of men in legitimate occupations and that it is necessary for the police to foresee the peaks and depressions of crime and make provisions for the safety of the public during them. Just as the ice man waxes prosperous in the summer season, the coal man in the winter, the clothing store magnate in the spring and fall and the jeweler in the holiday season, so do certain types of law violators flourish in definite periods of the year. Different seasons of the year produce distinct types of criminals whose operations are governed by seasonal considerations.

To combat the activities of the various types, Chief Kinney and his captains and lieutenants find it necessary to give special instructions to the patrolmen on the "beats."

This type of special education is given at the daily roll calls of the three eight-hour shifts of police and in private conferences. The city detectives, who are under Herbert Fletcher, inspector of detectives, meet every day at about 1:30 o'clock for a conference at which a cross-section of the daily changes in the crime story of Indianapolis are presented by Mr. Fletcher, his captains and lieutenants.

The busiest season for the police started about August 1 and it is predicted that it will continue until late in the fall. Conventions and great public gatherings are known to all criminologists as sure breeders of crime. With the State Fair, the National Grand Army of the Republic encampment and the hundreds of political meetings scheduled for the presidential and state campaigns in prospect, in addition to the increased number of persons away from their homes on vacations, Chief Kinney is sure that there will be little respite for the police for some time.

If the public would exercise the most ordinary care in the protection of homes and valuables, Chief Kinney says that it would reduce the number of burglaries and thefts by a substantial percentage. The general trouble, he says, is carelessness, with a capital "C." Doors are left unlocked, windows are not fastened when the family is away from home, garage doors are not closed and locked, money is kept in trunks, on dressing tables, jewels are left helter-skelter about the house, and the result, Kinney says, is an open invitation for crooks to increase their activities.

When a theft occurs the police are often handicapped by a cold trail because the victim sometimes makes a private investigation and does not report his loss until days after the occurrence. The police and detectives make an effort to investigate, but they know that the thief may be in New York or San Francisco in the time that his victim has given him to get away.

When autumn approaches and darkness comes earlier in the afternoon, the pocketbook thieves and porch climbers have their innings. The pocketbook artist operates between 5:30 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon and his victims are usually downtown workers waiting on the corners for street cars and women shoppers hurrying away from department stores. When he makes his "touch" the sneak thief counts on escaping in the darkness. Traffic officers, detectives and district men are on duty at all times in the downtown district, but their activities can not be entirely successful unless people exercise care and keep a close watch on their valuables.

The porch climber's work starts a little later in the day. His plan is to climb up the porch pillars when the members of the family are seated about the dinner table, ransack the upper story and depart before the end of the evening meal. A favorite practice of the porch climber is to trail a woman victim, who has displayed a collection of jewels at a theatre matinee, to her home. When the prospective "client" turns on the lights in the room where she removes her jewelry, the thief marks the location in his mind and commences operations when the woman leaves the room. The obvious precaution for the public to take is to fasten windows securely, turn on the porch light and refrain from promiscuous display of jewelry. However, if the theft occurs in spite of all precautions, it is a wise citizen who calls police headquarters, Main 1750, immediately, for the chief has available a number of motor policemen and the speedy emergency automobile, which make an investigation accessible within a few minutes after the theft.

When the winter season is definitely established and Christmas shopping is in progress, the pocketbook thief continues his blithesome career, assisted by the heavy work of the shoplifter. Both men and women are included in the latter class, whose members ply their trade in the downtown department stores where the large crowds make detection difficult. As a special offensive against them, Chief Kinney uses a number of policewomen, who circulate among the shoppers, make a few purchases and keep an outlook for thieves. Again the remedy is alertness. Although the policewomen have waged effective warfare against crooks of this type, thousands of dollars' worth of goods are stolen each year during the holidays.

At the end of the holiday season, when the weather is so inclement that there is little outdoor activity, the police take a breathing spell for a short time. In spite of the fact that a number of stores are entered, particularly in the downtown district, this is probably the dullest season of the year.

Business at the police station picks up again with the first warm days of spring. It reaches its zenith at housecleaning time, when a new variety of the law breaker makes his debut. He or she, as the case may be, obtains a position as first-mate to Captain Wife on the good ship House Cleaning, studies the location of the family valuables and then departs with them some balmy spring evening. Even though there is a scarcity of household labor, Chief Kinney says that the housewife should be careful when she employs strangers to assist in the work, for oftentimes many cherished pieces of property disappear with them and there is always the chance that the "workers" may be "spotters," who precede the activities of gangs of burglars.

Only Remedy to Reduce Burglaries and Robberies is for Indianapolis Public to be Careful With Their Valuables.

When summer comes, houses are thrown wide open and the burglar wears the smile that won't come off. Hold-up men also have a greater choice of prey in that the number of pedestrians is substantially increased. A thief, known to the police as the "daylight prowler," knocks at doors and if there is no answer, enters the house and "cleans" it. The same crook watches the society columns of the newspapers for items announcing the departure of families for summer resorts, and then proceeds to rob their homes. All doors and windows should be locked and the neighbors should be asked to look over the house occasionally, the chief says, if the owner expects to find his possession in shipshape when he returns.

The automobile thief is a perennial, according to city detectives. He is indefatigable in his work, taking a car whenever he sees a good chance to get away with it. His biggest "hauls" are gleaned during the milder months of the year, but he is on the alert for "business" even in the bitter winter weather. The work of six special automobile detectives has resulted in the recovery of hundreds of automobiles, stolen from owners in Indianapolis and other cities. The operations of this department are carried on in the most systematic manner, with a complete filing system and extensive records of descriptions of stolen machines.

Although Miss Indianapolis knocks on wood when she says it, the fact remains that Indianapolis has been free from the epidemic of pay roll robberies which has troubled Chicago, Detroit and other cities of the Middle West in spite of the large number of industries whose weekly pay rolls run into high figures.

While the police records show a heavy increase in the number of arrests, there is nothing to be alarmed about, Chief Kinney says. Two dominant factors enter into the situation. The fact that Indianapolis is a growing city, whose population is thirty-five per cent greater than it was ten years ago, explains much of the crime gain. In addition, the increase is in accordance with figures from other large cities of the country as a result of the national spirit of restlessness following the World War.

With the return of "normalcy," Chief Kinney believes that there is every indication that the crime wave will subside, provided always that the public makes some effort to co-operate with the police in guarding the safety of Indianapolis.

Gotham Gossip

By Oliver M. Sayler

The indefatigable Al Woods is not content unless he has at least a new play each week. The seven-night prior to that which revealed "The Lady of the Lamp" brought to view the sublimation of the undressed drama, "Ladies' Night." A rumored reformation on the part of Mr. Woods in the form of a renunciation of the bedroom farce seems to have been premature, or else the professional niceties of Charlton Andrews, once a Hoosier and co-author with Avery Hopwood of the new play, may have silenced the Woods misgivings. It is a bit disconcerting, to say the least, to find the able author of "The Drama Today" stooping to such clap-trap. We may now wake up some bright first night and suffer no astonishment to discover that the next undraped indelicacy is the work of Prof. Baker of Harvard or even of good old Brandy Matthews.

The most significant thing about "Ladies Night" is that its ostensible climax in a Turkish bath is neither

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Gotham Gossip

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daring nor uproariously funny and that the real humor of the play arises in the last act out of the time-honored expedients of mistaken identity and wrong people in the wrong rooms with everybody fully appareled. Certain it is that no one can go farther in the negligee process without actually showing on the stage what the characters of the play are supposed to see. If "Ladies' Night" has thus reduced the whole class of farce to which it belongs to an absurdity, it has performed its service well. John Cumberland is amusing, of course, as another of his bashful husbands, but he has been funnier in more discreet surroundings.

* * *

Another summer boarder along Broadway which sat down at table before the old season was done is a romantic comedy by Arthur Richman, "Not So Long Ago." If the title intended to enforce the fact that the course of love was much the same in the early '70's as it is today and as it will probably be in the 1970's, the point is well taken. If, however, the contrast between the two epochs was the aim of the author, he should have seized upon more significant divergencies than costumes and food prices. I can not help feeling that either point would have been more ably served if the period of the Columbian Exposition had been selected instead of the Centennial. The theatre-going age today includes too many to whom the earlier epoch is not a memory but a hearsay almost as distant as the Revolution. Still, the play is an engaging little trifle, modest and mannerly, and it is acted by Eva Le Gallienne in its leading role in a way to insure the perpetuation of the family name after poet-father Richard has passed away.

The Poor Player

(Concluded from Page 16)

LYRIC

The vaudeville bill, week of Sept. 26, at the Lyric will be composed of eight well-balanced variety features, the headline attraction being the Three Ankers, sensational gymnasts, whose work is such as to merit their rise above the ordinary athletic offering; the Thomas Berry trio of snappy dancers, and Jeff Healy and company, in an up-to-date comedy playlet entitled "A Business Proposal". Other acts will be Joe LaVaux, master of the Italian piano accordion; Clayton and Clayton in a melange of songs, pictures and patter; Craig and Catto, comedy conversationalists; Frank and Mack in bits of music and song, and Weber and Elliott, a classy duo of entertainers. The screen portion of the show will consist of a Fox film farce called "Chain Me", the Bray pictograph and the Pathe review.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 17)

ALHAMBRA

Elsie Ferguson will be seen at the Alhambra the first half of the week, starting Sunday in "Lady Rose's Daughter", a drama of English life, adapted from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's widely read novel of the same name. The picture is unique in that Miss Ferguson plays three distinctly different roles, a grandmother, a mother and finally a great granddaughter. A Mutt and Jeff comedy and the Fox news weekly will be added. The mid-week change of program on Thursday will serve to present Dorothy Dalton in "Guilty of Love", a Universal comedy and the Fox news weekly. Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz, "The Singing Three", will introduce a new repertoire of songs throughout the week. This popular trio has become a permanent feature at the Alhambra.



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in
"Little Miss Rebellion"
Fox News Universal Comedy
Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz
"The Singing Three"

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1920 — NUMBER 16

Riley Lives in Hearts of People

His Birthday, Oct. 7, To Be Commemorated By Hoosiers Who Loved Him for the Songs He Sung.

Programs Scheduled Over the State Recall the Tribute Paid Him While Living by the State and Nation.

Indiana will lay a wreath of immortelles on the tomb of James Whitcomb Riley, its beloved poet, on the anniversary of his birth, October 7.

It was many years ago that Jim Riley was born in the town of Greenfield, Ind. But the laughter of his heart still bubbles through his poems, though his voice is silent.

Throughout the state commemoration exercises will be held by schools, clubs and even in the homes. Indianapolis lovers of the poet will gather at the Central Public Library to pay homage to his genius.

This celebration of his birthday recalls the unique event in 1915, when virtually the entire nation followed in the footsteps of Indiana and paid a tribute to the then living poet of the people.

Probably no other poet was so signally honored in his lifetime.

From the time that Riley made his bow to the public under the name of "Benjamin Johnson of Boone," he has been acclaimed the "poet of the people," because his songs were the songs of the heart.

Riley's own story of his youthful ambitions gives in a measure a key to his success as a poet. He did not want to be a poet, but his bubbling songs would not stay down—he simply had to write whether people read his poems or not.

He was born amidst rural surroundings and it was but natural that he should write of the fertile fields and winding streams of his own Indiana. He himself said that his early days as a sign painter put him in close touch with nature because he spent most of his time on the high roads seeking what he might find. He acknowledged that somewhere in his ancestry there must have been gypsy blood, for he admitted his wanderlust. Of his youthful ambitions he once said:

"In a few weeks I had beaten myself into the enviable position of snare drummer. Then I wanted to travel with a circus and dangle my legs before admiring thousands over the back seat of a golden chariot. In the dearth of comic songs for the guitar and banjo I had written two or three myself and the idea took possession of me that I might be a clown, introduced as a character song man and the composer of my own ballads. My father was thinking of something else, however, and one day I found myself with a 'five-ought' paint brush under the eaves of an old frame house that drank paint by the bucketful, learning to be a painter. Finally I graduated as a house, sign and ornamental painter, and for two summers traveled about with a small company of young fellows calling ourselves the 'Graphics,' who covered all the barns and fences of the state with advertisements."



Mr. Riley was fond of being photographed with his particular friends and cronies. This photograph shows a favorite picture of him with Otis Skinner, the actor. Mr. Riley and Mr. Skinner were friends for many years and no one mourned for the poet more sincerely than Mr. Skinner.

Riley became a member of an itinerant medicine company which gave theatrical entertainment along with the medicine it sold. He said of that:

"I rode out of town with that glittering cavalcade without saying goodbye to any one. The company was made up of good straight boys—jolly, chirping vagabonds like myself. Miles and miles of somber landscape were made bright with merry songs and when the sun shone and all the golden summer lay spread out before us, it was glorious just to drift on through it like a wisp of thistledown, careless of how or where or when the wind should anchor us."

It was following this gypsy-like existence that Riley finally entered into newspaper work. Then came essays and poetry, under the name of Benjamin Johnson.

Following this episode he became associated with the late lamented Bill Nye and Eugene Field and other comrades of the pen—a coterie of literary geniuses and vagabonds of the Bohemian world of letters, and traveled over the country giving recitals of his own works and accumulating a vast fund of knowledge of the people whom he afterwards wrote about so entertainingly.

Mr. Riley was exceedingly fond of Edgar Allen Poe and once wrote an imitation Poe poem, "Leonanie," which was supposed to have been a "newly discovered" poem of Poe's and was so published. The hoax fooled the entire literary world and was not discovered until Riley himself made known the fact that he was the author. Riley's reputation soon became national and at his public appearance in Chickering Hall in New York he was introduced to the audience by James Russell Lowell.

With all his fame as a poet—both at home and abroad—no other event in his life called forth greater encomiums than the state-wide celebration of his birthday in 1915. In truth, the celebration was more than a state affair, as has been noted—it was national. Samuel M. Ralston, then governor of the state, issued a proclamation signed by his own hand and carrying the great seal of Indiana, proclaiming that October 7, the birthday of Indiana's poet, is set aside to celebrate the anniversary of his sixty-sixth birthday. This caused the New York Times to indite an editorial on the subject and calling attention to the "appreciation" shown by a people for a living poet. The editorial mentioned that only one other living poet had been so honored

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To Be Fashionable, Be Thin

Indianapolis Women Going in for New Fall Style to Be Thin—Not Skinny, but Svelte, as the French Say.



Gymnastic Class of the Athenaeum

Join Gymnastic Class and Go In For Dancing and Other Forms of Exercise That Make the Corsetless Figure.

By Beatrice Sherman

Poor old autumn is the most abused and slandered of any of the seasons. Everybody's ready with a good word for "Spring, Sweet Spring", and no one has a disagreeable comment to make on the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la, even if they're only dandelions. As for the "good old summer-time", it's supposed to be the peak of the year for enjoyment. And even coalless winters are handed hearty praises as seasons of merriment and holiday festivities. But unfortunate fall has few defenders. The poets themselves give it a black eye by announcing with the arrival of the first autumn days that "the melancholy days have come". If the bards whose business it is to see the best side of everything call these September and October days "the saddest of the year", it's no wonder that the rest of us ordinary mortals have got into the way of accepting fall as a rather weepy, dreary, pessimistic time.

But that view is all wrong. Instead of being the end of everything and a sort of jumping off point for the good times of the year, fall is really the logical beginning of the year. All the summer vacationists are returning home, ready for resuming the regular schedule of affairs; schools and colleges open their year's work in the fall; club and social life, disrupted by summer meanderings, is taken up with new-broom vigor; and the one brand of weather that Indiana has a right to be proud of is brought out by the weatherman for the fall use of Hoosier folks. With all these different kinds of work beginning in the fall, talk about the sadness and gloom of autumn and the dying year is decidedly malapropos, for fall is really the beginning of the year, and a better time for New Year's resolutions than January.



MRS. HERMAN WOLFF

who has been actively identified with the Independent Athletic Club Classes.

Indianapolis people are gradually waking up to the fact that the gloom delusion for fall is false propaganda. With the realization that the crisp, invigorating fall weather is one of the best talking points for the glory of Indiana, Hoosiers are coming to realize how much fun fall really is. Indianapolis women particularly are beginning to understand that fall is the time when you feel finest, when you have an unexpected surge of energy, when you feel capable of undertaking work that you would hate the thought of tackling at any other season of the year, and as a result, a great many women in the city have obeyed that impulse to be up and doing, and have laid out for themselves a program of physical training which will tend to preserve that feeling of physical fitness and that energetic mood which fall engenders for twelve months, instead of two or three months of the year.

Many an enthusiast for regular physical exercise has started out in the fall with a noble program of exercise to be carried out alone. Her Spartan routine involved rising at 6:30—strange how 6:30 sounds hours earlier than 6:45—leaping from bed in the cold, damp air of the young morning, throwing open even the one, lone, last window which was closed during the night to prevent drafts, then briskly going through a round of setting up exercises with only the chilling breezes to witness the display of heroism, and finally getting under an icy shower and finishing up with a brisk rub to be ready for the day's routine. But such a program, launched in a wave of autumn enthusiasm, rarely lasts much longer than the Indian summer days; the promising program is abandoned; and the woman who was resolved to keep fit and strong all winter backslides into bodily laziness.

The best way to make that autumn tide of energy and pep last all winter, even after the inspiration of the fine fall days is gone, is to get into a physical training class and let the momentum of class enthusiasm bear up the flagging energies of the individual. Many Indianapolis women have decided on this method of keeping that fall feeling of fitness throughout the year, and the athletic associations in Indianapolis are showing record-breaking enrollments. The organizations in the city which offer courses in physical training are the Independent Athletic Club, the Athenaeum Gymnasium, and the South Side Turners. Classes for women and girls are held morning, noon, and night at each of the three gymnasiums so that any aspirant for physical perfection may find a class at a convenient time. There are classes for beginners—women who have never before taken any formal physical training—and there are classes for those who have taken gymnasium work all their lives.

At the Independent Athletic Club a great deal of interest is being shown this year in the dancing classes. These classes are under the direction of Mr. Geo. Lippes, who is a graduate of the Normal College of the American Gymnastic Union and who has studied for several years with Chalif and Vesthoff Serova in New York. Russian ballet work, interpretive, aesthetic, and character dancing are included in the program of class work. Some of the members of this year's class who have already enrolled and who are doing good work are Mrs. Don Hawkins, Mrs. Clarence E. Sales, Miss Margaret Faulkner, Mrs. Edward Zimmer, Mrs. J. Clemens, Mrs. Elliott Hadley, Mrs. Fred B. Johnson, Mrs. Howard Binkley, Miss Helen Tyler, Miss Pearl Kiefer, Miss Lily Galley, Miss Dorothy Haines, and Miss Esther Thornton. Mrs. Herman Wolff, who has been in the class in former years and who has done excellent work, is now in Chicago but is expected to return to the city a little later, when she will resume her work in the Independent classes.

The women's classes at the various gymnasiums have been very popular this fall and enrollment is steadily increasing. Fashion has decreed that to be in style this fall, a woman must be thinner than ever before—or to state the converse—the woman who is almost painfully thin will be more fashionable this year than she has ever been before. To cultivate the sylph-like silhouette that is dictated by fashion and to train down to a sound, healthy, slimness which makes a corsetless costume a comfortable possibility, a great many women who have never before taken an interest in physical training are joining forces with women who have learned the benefits of conscientious training, in the classes at the local gymnasiums. Dancing and vigorous exercise with a shower and a dip in the pool afterwards are warranted to take off superfluous weight. A local woman last year reduced forty-six pounds by following a simple but steady routine of physical training. It is interesting to note that the woman who is thin to the point of emaciation is using the same tactics to put on a little weight and develop a silhouette which is pleasantly, instead of painfully, slim.

Some of the women who are now enrolled in the women's class at the Independent Athletic Club are Mrs. F. H. Langsenkamp, Mrs. William Ray Adams, Mrs. Jennie Duckwall, Mrs. Elizabeth McCormack, Mrs. Ira A. Minnick, Mrs. A. W. Early, Mrs. F. W. Miller, Mrs. Charles B. Faulkner, Mrs. Sam R. Hoffman, Mrs. G. W. Davidson, Mrs. Robert E. Springsteen, Mrs. A. M. O'Haver, and Mrs. Albert Harold.

There will be a class in ball-room dancing at the Independent this fall for the first time in several years. During the war this class of work was dropped, and the class this fall will mark a return to the full pre-war program of activities.

At the Athenaeum a new instructor is taking charge. Mr. Fred W. Hall, who is a graduate of the Normal College of the American Gymnastic Union, comes to Indianapolis from the La Crosse State Normal School, and the schedule of work for this year will carry on the same as in former years.

Miss Vera Schulmeier is conceded to be the star of the women students at the Athenaeum, and at a recent women's field meet Miss Schulmeier won first place. Some of the other women who are enthusiastic turners at the Athenaeum are the Misses Lillian, Tillie and Vera Kerz, Miss Elsie Schwartz, Mrs. Carl Habich, and Mrs. Adolphus Hoffman.

The South Side Turners are also showing up in full force for the fall work, and Indianapolis bids fair to have a longer list of women who are interested in systematic physical training than ever before in its history.

Music Season for Indianapolis

Artists of International Renown to Appear in Concerts, Opening With Geraldine Farrar, and Two Assisting Artists.

By Ona B. Talbot

"Music is a moral law.

"It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything.

"It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful of which it is the invisible but dazzling, passionate and eternal form."—Plato.

Our own well beloved Longfellow in "The Singers" says:

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

In the age or period just passed, it appeared that man was made for music. Now we see man becoming strong enough to face music and to declare that music was made for him. In arranging the musical season of concerts under the direction of the Fine Arts Association, considerable thought has been given to try and understand what music may best serve the lovers of music of this community, and from the unprecedented demand for reservations after the first announcement, the feeling of satisfaction that they have been chosen to suit all musical tastes is gratifying.

Geraldine Farrar, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with Ada Sassoli, the Italian harpist, and Edgar Schofield, a splendid American baritone, as assisting artists, will open the musical season on Sunday afternoon, October 17.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, assisted by George Morgan, well-known baritone, and Katherine Hofmann at the piano, will be heard in recital on Sunday afternoon, November 28.

Schumann-Heink Sings at Sea

Captain Blamer, who is in command of the U. S. S. Wyoming, now stationed at San Diego, recently welcomed more than sixty guests at a dinner given in honor of Mme. Schumann-Heink, after which the great contralto gave a concert on the main deck. Her appearance was the signal for cheers and applause by the officers and the ship's crew, who were seated around the small stage. At the close of the concert, as the last notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" died away, the silence of the officers and men standing at attention was broken by three hearty cheers for Mme. Schumann-Heink.

On Sunday afternoon, January 30, Sergei Rachmaninoff, the eminent Russian pianist, will be heard in recital. These Sunday afternoon concerts are sold individually and seats are now selling. The three evening subscribed concerts are but a resumption of the custom of subscribed concerts established nearly twenty years ago, and were suspended only during the period of the great unrest of war times. These concerts, besides being the prime factor in the musical events of our community, have always been part of the important social affairs, many of the boxes being subscribed. This custom has also been revived and many of the boxes have already been subscribed for the coming season.



Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci as Gilda in Rigoletto, in which she made her operatic debut in Milan, Italy. It was in this role that her sensational American debut was made in Chicago, November 18, 1916.

Rachmaninoff, Pavlowa and Her Company from Drury Lane, London, Galli-Curci, and Others to Appear in Programs.

Anna Pavlowa, the incarnation of dancing, with her entire company from Drury Lane, London, with new ballets, scenery, costumes and large symphony orchestra, will open the evening series on December 21. The popularity of this great dancer was evidenced from the first announcement, and the many out of town patrons desiring to attend the performance made the decision for an extra matinee performance on the afternoon of December 21. The evening and afternoon programs will be entirely different.

Monday evening, January 17, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci will be heard in recital and on Thursday evening, March 31, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra will present an orchestral program, with the added charm of Ossip Gabrilowitch, the conductor of the orchestra, appearing as soloist, playing a concerto for piano.

So many and varied stories of the internationally famous song-bird, Galli-Curci, have been told that the story of her success as told by herself to a representative of the Boston Post is of timely interest:

"The turning point in my life occurred when, in my sixteenth year, I decided to sing. The circumstances which led me to this decision were unromantic. I wanted to make money in order to assist my family, which temporarily underwent serious financial reverses. My father went from Naples, my home city, to Buenos Ayres, where he later recouped. I stayed with my mother. We moved from a house into a small apartment on a top floor. I was soon making money.

"I had already received quite a useful musical education, though not in song. I had graduated from the Royal Conservatory at Milan as a pianist, with the gold medal. I had also had some theoretical studies in the science of composition, so that I could read a piece of music fairly in-

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Chicago Opera Association Promises Interesting Program

Plans for the Chicago Opera Association for its coming season promises to be the busiest in the opera association's history.

Herbert M. Johnson, director-general, has just returned from Europe and has announced the artistic personnel, which includes a number of names new to the organization. He also announced the re-engagement of practically all the artists responsible for the popularity of the Chicago company in the past. The bright particular star of the company is, of course, Galli-Curci (who will be heard in recital in Indianapolis on January 17). Yvonne Gall, Florence Macbeth, Margery Maxwell, Rosa Raisa and Maria Santillan, sopranos; Cyrena Van Gordon, Gabriella Besanzoni, Philene Falco and Dorothy Francis, contraltos; Alessandro Bonci, Edward Johnson, Forrest Lamont, Lu-

(Continued on Page 18.)



"Two escaped reformatory prisoners were shot in Muncie. Afterwhile the convicts will learn that it is safer to wait for Jim Goodrich to parole them than to entrust themselves to the tender mercies of a disgusted citizenry."

* * *

A pot-shot at the work of Governor Goodrich and the State Board of Pardons. The sniper—a local newspaper which is continually casting aspersions on the present policy of "granting promiscuous pardons," and which is having great sport shouting "Another one of Jim Goodrich's pardons" whenever a paroled man is arrested for a second offense.

This vociferous dissatisfaction with the granting of pardons as practiced by the Governor and the present board of pardons is really no new thing. For a long time it has been the fashion of a newspaper whose political views do not happen to agree with those of the administration in power to give vent to its dissatisfaction with affairs in general by calling the world to witness that the state is going to the dogs because everybody who has a friend to plead for his pardon gets it. To read the columns of such a paper, one would fancy that every lawbreaker who told a sob story to the Governor or appealed to the Board of Pardons with tears in his eyes and a petition in his hands would be rewarded with an immediate and no-questions-asked pardon. Not so long ago under another administration, it will be remembered, a different paper was playing this same game of censuring a too free and easy policy of pardoning men under jail sentence. And so the reckless individuals who happen to serve as members of the Pardons Board must expect to serve as targets for the volleys of criticism which are sure to be aimed at them, regardless of their policy or politics.

The present Board of Pardons is composed of Judge A. D. Thomas, of Crawfordsville; I. Newt. Brown, of Franklin, and Adolph Seidensticker, of Indianapolis. At the time of going to press, none of these gentlemen—nor the Governor either, for that matter—appears to be suffering from worry over the cruel criticism of their practice of granting pardons or paroles where the facts seem to them to warrant it. In fact, Mr. Brown admits that what is more apt to keep him awake at nights is the case of some sixteen-year-old boy with a ten to twenty year sentence which happens to be brought to the attention of the board.

The Board of Pardons meets every three months for a week's sessions. If in its judgment a petition for a pardon is worthy, the man under sentence is paroled and must make a monthly report to someone appointed by the board. Sometimes the period of probation lasts four or five years—sometimes ten—before the definite pardon is granted. But the Board of Pardons is not the only channel for obtaining a parole. The Governor may parole or pardon acting on his own initiative as well as on the recommendations of the board. Also, when a man has served his minimum sentence and his conduct has been satisfactory, he is automatically paroled. So that a man who is out of jail on parole is not necessarily obligated to the board of pardons for his freedom, and the unfavorable publicity disseminated in this connection against the Governor and the board is not in many cases well-aimed.

There are certain conditions in the administration of justice in this state or any state which make an organization empowered to revoke or mitigate sentences a necessity in the administration of sound justice. Many a prisoner who is, according to the letter of the law, liable to a sentence of ten to twenty years, actually deserves a far milder sentence because of his extreme youth.

Then there are differences in the severity of punishments imposed for the same misdemeanor in different parts of the state. All Federal cases are tried before Judge Anderson, and all such cases are consistently handled, but in the matter of offenses under the state jurisdiction, there are some fifty or sixty circuit and criminal courts where it is impossible for the same brand of justice to be meted out. One judge may be a crank on one subject and one on another, for they are only human. One may believe that it is never expedient to suspend judgment in any case, and another may be just as violently in favor of suspending judgment on every occasion. It is even possible that the judge in a case may be mentally and physically unfit to hand down a just decision, and it is to rectify errors due to such cases of fallibility in the courts of the state that the Board of Pardons should and does work.

Frequently the prosecuting attorney, whose efforts are responsible for the conviction of a prisoner, is a young lawyer who is far more interested in making a record for himself in securing convictions than in securing justice for the accused. Due to the strenuous enthusiasm and energy of such young men out to make a name, it often happens that an extraordinarily severe sentence is passed. An Indiana lawyer, looking back on his youthful record as prosecuting attorney, admitted that he had actually sent three or four innocent men to jail, through an unbridled enthusiasm for establishing a record. It is up to the State Board of Pardons to undo errors or mitigate the severity of punishments due to the efforts of overzealous young prosecuting attorneys.

During the war an unusually large number of pardons were granted. At this time labor was very scarce, and if a farmer came to the board, asking for the parole of a prisoner whom he knew would be a good farm hand, it was the policy of the board to grant such requests whenever the facts in the case would possibly warrant it. But still there were short-sighted people who were ready to criticise this practice.

There are cases without number that call for the intervention of the board. Take the case of the Huntington high school boys, who, as a silly, school-boy prank, broke into a store one evening. Certainly the boys should have been punished; but to give a jail sentence that will set a stigma of disgrace on them for the rest of their lives may have been a literal interpretation of the law of the case, although certainly it was not a wise one. In such a case, when an unnecessarily severe sentence is passed, it is the part of the Pardons Board to temper justice with mercy and common sense.

Then there was the case of an Indianapolis boy who was sent to jail under a long-term sentence because he was implicated in the murder of an old woman on the south side of town. Stated baldly, the facts seemed to warrant a long sentence. Really, the boy was not to be blamed too severely. Out of work for a day, he fell in with three older boys who were ripe for trouble, and planned a hold-up. The plan miscarried; in the confusion and excitement of their adventure, an old woman was killed; and the boy who was with the older gang was slated and sentenced on the same charge as the older fellows. He went to Michigan City, served part of his time, and through the earnest efforts of a former teacher of the boy, his case was presented to the board and a parole granted in September, 1918. The man is now married, has a good position, is eternally grateful to the board, and is in a fair way to becoming a valuable citizen—something that would have been almost impossible if he had been released only after serving a twenty-year term.

Sometimes the miscarriage of justice is so flagrant as to be patent to any intelligent observer, but if justice has miscarried in a legal way, it must go through the regular channels to be legally set right, and the Board of Pardons must bear the responsibility—the credit or blame—for reversing a decision, or mitigating a sentence. For years an Evansville judge presided in his court when suffering from paresis, which surely unfitted him for handling the destinies of others' lives. His mania was to send men to the penitentiary, and each new man on the road to the pen was a feather in his cap. Hundreds of cases were docketed, while he gave his attention only to those that gave him a chance to send a prisoner to the penitentiary.

One ghastly distortion of justice was displayed in the case of an eighteen-year-old boy who had stolen a purse containing some $2.65. The boy, with his chums, had met some girls whom the boys all knew, and as a rather rough and foolish trick, the boy grabbed the purse of one of the girls and made off with it. The next day the purse was returned, but the case was brought into court. To warn the boy and teach him a lesson, it was agreed by the judge and the counsel that some punishment was in order. The judge suggested the severity of sixty days in jail to wake up the wild youth. But when the case came up for trial, the judge, forgetting his previous decision and with the punishment-mania strong upon him, sentenced the boy to two to fourteen years on a charge of highway robbery. Such action was grotesquely unfair, but it was legal, and the boy was in for it. Only the work of the Board of Pardons saved the lad from paying the full penalty of the judge's distorted reasoning.

At last week's session, the case of Isaac Snow, who was indicted twenty-two years ago on a charge of murder, and sentenced for life, was brought up again. His case has not yet been decided, but if this old man of sixty-nine is pardoned after twenty-two years' imprisonment, and several years service as a trusty, there will still be those who will throw up their hands in righteous horror and decry the work of a pardons board that frees ferocious murderers upon an unsuspecting community.

Of course, there are cases where the board's decision to parole a man turns out to be a mistake. One William Pitts, a colored person sent up to Jeffersonville on a charge of burglary, was for years a trusted houseman in the employ of Dr. Walker, at that time assistant superintendent of the institution. Dr. Walker found Pitts reliable and urged that the board pardon him. After he had served five years—half of his term—the parole was granted; but before it was forty-eight hours' old, Pitts had returned to the wicked ways of his pre-pen days and had robbed his benefactor, Dr. Walker, of more than a hundred dollars. But this case is an exception, and a rare one, to the generally fair and sound decisions of the board. Pitts' parole was immediately revoked, he went back to complete his full time, and his chance for clemency was gone.

A queer instance that proves how much the hope of a pardon means to a prisoner occurred some years ago. The following is a fairly accurate account: A Governor of Indiana had gone to Michigan City to make a personal tour of inspection. A life prisoner who was on duty as a trusty in the front office found occasion to make himself most useful to the Governor, brushing his clothes, shining his shoes, and in general playing the considerate and thoughtful flunkey. The Governor, who knew the man's

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Petrova—Personality—Plus

Mme. Olga Petrova, the Distinguished Star of the Legitimate Stage and of the Screen, Now Appearing in Vaudeville.

An Intimate Article About Mme. Petrova, Her Career in American Theatricals, With a Special Message to Women.



Mme. Olga Petrova, Who in Private Life is the Wife of Dr. John M. Stewart, Formerly of Indianapolis

Among the many legitimate stars and dramatic artists that have been announced to appear in local theatres this season none are nearer the hearts of Indianapolis theatergoers than Mme. Olga Petrova, the distinuished actress who returns to the city for a week at B. F. Keith's, starting Monday, October 4th.

Several years ago Mme. Petrova retired from the speaking stage to become a screen star. Her success in film plays was so great that today there are few players acting before the camera who equal her in popularity or excel her as a box office attraction. Her appearance in vaudeville is only for a limited period, until other plays are arranged for her, and managerial sagacity has made it possible to bring Mme. Petrova to the city during that time.

Some years ago certain New York amusement promoters undertook to duplicate in America the famous Paris "Follies Bergere" and Mme. Petrova, then in Paris, was engaged for the premier, but New York would not accept the French style of amusement. In the collapse of the production, the only artist in the cast who remained in America was Mme. Petrova. This remarkable actress, heretofore unheard of in the United States, rose majestically from the shelved "Follies" and instantly became a contender for stellar honors in American theatricals.

When the managers of the ill-fated "Follies Bergere" produced "The Quaker Girl" Mme. Petrova was given a place in the cast, and while the part was a small one her dramatic ability was so marked that the management was compelled to remove her from the play to prevent a serious case of artistic temperament among the advertised stars of the production.

Mme. Petrova's initial appearance in vaudeville is still remembered by the "first nighters" of the varieties, for she appeared without special announcement and the audience did not know who she was. Blase critics and Broadway notables accepted her first appearance without comment but soon awoke to the fact that here was an artist decidedly out of the ordinary, and in an exceedingly short space of time her name was heralded in the electric lights of the various Keith theatres.

Mme. Petrova next became a dramatic star, appearing in emotional roles with a great deal of favorable comment, and finally accepted an attractive engagement as a film star and in all her endeavors is a pronounced success.

Mme. Petrova is one of the most versatile women on the stage. She plays comedy and tragedy with equal facility. She sings and she is a capable imitator. She is a woman of striking appearance and of forceful but exceedingly attractive personality. There is a distinctiveness, a subtlety, a "grip", about her portrayals that leave her characterizations limned eternally upon the minds of an audience. Her art is a revelation—her beauty of face and form an enchantment.

Her accomplishments are as varied as her dramatic ability. She is a clever writer, a gifted poet and a born musician. She has written her own scenarios and arranged scenes and costumes which have shown her marked genius for color and rhythm. In her studio workshop in New York, a fortunate guest may be given a peep into the many-sided life of this unusual woman. If he is extremely favored of the gods, he may even taste delectable dishes prepared by Mme. Petrova herself, for her versatility extends to the culinary art.

Indianapolis has a particular and almost proprietary interest in Mme. Petrova, for in private life she is the wife of Dr. John M. Stewart, formerly of Indianapolis, and it was in Indianapolis that her real romance was staged. While playing an engagement at Keith's Theatre, she was taken ill, and the house physician of the Claypool Hotel, where she was staying, was called in. Mme. Petrova, who had played many a thrilling love story, herself became the heroine of a real love-at-first-sight romance; for the physician who attended her was Dr. John M. Stewart, who is now her husband. The courtship was of short duration, and their marriage was one of Indianapolis's sensations eight years ago. Shortly after their marriage they moved to New York, where Dr. Stewart opened one of the handsomest offices on 59th street, facing Central Park, where he has met with great success.

Mme. Petrova's gowns and costumes have been selected with great care and are her own creations, with a special gown for each role she assumes on the stage. It is upon the matter of dress and fashion that Mme. Petrova addresses herself specially to the women, for, in her opinion, fashion is the autocrat of autocrats, and if the world is to be made safe for Democracy, a tyrant to be done away with is the one called "Vogue", which reigns supreme with womankind. On this point her ideals are unusual and pronounced.

In a recent interview Mme. Petrova stated that

"The thought of wearing something simply because fashion's decree says it should be worn is the height of ridiculousness. Livery in any form is distasteful to me and fashions are merely efforts to put the world in livery.

"Why should many women of different builds, different heights and different shapes, think of wearing the same style?

"What is to become of personality, individuality and distinctiveness if woman is disguised in some sort of apparel which approximates that worn by other millions of women throughout the country?

"Woman's apparel is an art and should be designed by an artist. No artist ever paints the same picture twice, and neither should any two gowns or hats be the same.

"The next thing for a woman to learn (if she would be well dressed) is harmony—the harmony of color—just what colors her own personality will stand. One woman may wear a gown of the most pronounced hue without its appearing to be loud while another with the same color combination would look like a cubist poster. Color combinations should run more to harmonious tones than to an effort to add various colors for bizarre effect.

"The female form is the form divine and if each woman would only study her own contour, her hair, her complexion, weight and particular style—for each woman has a style distinctly her own—there would be fewer frumps and many more attractively gowned women everywhere.

"If a woman would just try to look like herself, at her best, instead of trying to look like the pictures of Lillian Russell or Mary Pickford, the result would be much better.

"Cinderella is said to have had a small foot but if another woman who weighs two hundred tries to wear Cinderella's slippers the appearance is that she is deformed, and yet few women believe this. They prefer to believe that every one admires a woman for her small feet. The well-dressed woman is the woman who understands herself and then takes advantage of her natural charms. The fault in so many cases is with the woman who wants to look like someone else."

Mme. Petrova's advice to women is "know thyself"; this, of course, applied solely and entirely to the question of women's attire.

Editorial TOPICS *Editorial*

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

CLUB SPIRIT

Posted on the wall in a conspicuous place in the lobby of a prominent club of Indianapolis is a long list of "delinquent" members who owe dues and other bills.

It is a "monument" to what has been called one great American characteristic—carelessness.

Careless club members are the despair of managers. Many of the "posted" members in this particular club can easily write checks in five figures and some in six, so it is not financial difficulties that stand in the way of the average club member. He is downright careless—and what is more probable—selfish. The selfish man, of course, does not think what his carelessness does to others or how much it inconveniences them. If called to book he is truly penitent and is surprised that he should so "forget" himself.

Apparently there is no remedy for this condition; if there is, the remedy rests with the man himself. If he has the proper "club spirit" and appreciates what the club does for him—appreciates his friends whom he meets there—he will not usually be found "posted" for delinquency. He realizes that a club can not run on promises and that the manager or board of directors must have money if the club members are to have material comforts. Therefore he keeps paid up. The careless member, however, forgets all about his club when he's away from it and forgets what it does for him unless he should happen to be a guest and a waiter brings him the wrong dish—and then what a noise he makes! That is poor club spirit. Man is a gregarious animal—he wants his "kind" with him in club life, and the way to make it pleasant for all is to show the proper club spirit—stop being careless!

YOUTH BEYOND SIXTY

How much sympathy we waste! How little we learn except by actual experience. Thousands of veterans of the civil war have been the guests of Indianapolis. Scarcely one of them but what had passed the biblical three score and ten. Indianapolis—at least this generation—had never before seen so many oldsters together at one time. Many people seemed to be almost appalled at the weight of years passing before them on the day of the grand review. There was sympathy at every hand for the old soldier—because he was aged! How misplaced all this sympathy!

Some one has described periods of life as "old age beyond forty and the youth beyond sixty." It about represents life and particularly the veterans of the civil war. An old soldier, for example, who has reasonably good health, a few friends and some bodily comforts is just about the happiest man that can be found, all things equal, judging from the exhibition given during the week of the encampment.

To be sure they marched with tottering steps—some of them; to be sure they are on the shady side of life, but that does not mean they are unhappy or are to be pitied. In fact, the sorrows that were expressed at the sight of these once gallant youths in their halting parade were not their sorrows, but our own. We imagined how we would feel when the years take toll of us, not realizing that this "flood of years" is inevitable, and seeing visible forms of it in front of us wasted a lot of sympathy upon a body of fearless, courageous men who were not only not unhappy but as a rule exuberantly happy and enjoyed every minute of their stay.

Whatever it may have been that produced the lump in the throat and the brimming eyes, it was a sorrow of our own and not that of the old boys in blue. They gave us a right merry example in how to grow old gracefully or at least joyously. Should you have asked a man in that straggly blue line that stretched along Meridian street if he was downhearted the answer would have been in the negative.

So we are glad for the "lesson in merriment" the old boys gave us—though we are not ashamed of the unbidden tears that welled as they wended by. We are glad to have entertained them. We are proud of their company and the Indianapolis wish is that they will march in many more grand reviews. And while we wish it all, we'll know that they exult in the "youth beyond sixty."

The Power of Chicken

Last March the merchants and business men of Rushville invited the farmers and their families of Rush county to be the guests of the city's business men. In the language of the rural reporter, "a good time was had by all." The spirit of the business men was commended and everybody in the rural districts were friendly to Rushville.

Last week the farmers of Rush county returned the compliment, with the business men of Rushville and their families as their guests.

The wives of the farmers prepared a "treat" for their friends in the way of 6,000 fried, boiled, and baked chickens. There was the three-story cake made with real butter and fresh eggs and cream; there was the two-story pie—the crisp pickles and other good things, not to mention several hundred gallons of coffee and stacks of home-made bread. The lunch was served cafeteria style and each city guest had all he wanted. Quoting the city reporter, this time "a good time was had by all."

And why not? This community spirit is a new thing and one of the best innovations that has come to spread the gospel of neighborliness.

It used to be that a "city feller" was usually beat up when he went to the country or else regarded as a gosh-durn slicker and told to get out. City merchants were regarded with more or less suspicion by many farmers.

When the farmer came to town he was met with "Hey, rube," and thought to be "easy picking" for the white-collared city chap.

Perhaps nothing has done more to dissipate this antagonistic feeling than the interurban lines and the automobile. The quick transportation has given both sides a better acquaintance. This eventually led to a better understanding between the two. But the cordial relationship that should exist between city and country was missing. At least the possibilities of a real friendship was not recognized until these "community" gatherings began to be fostered by far-seeing individuals and by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Now both rural and city communities realize that one can not exist without the other. Rushville and Rush county are on the right road to a completer fulfillment of their destinies. More power to the fried chicken and the succulent oyster.

Home-Spun Yarns

A LITTLE JOY IN LIFE

Once in a while somebody stops in at the Western Union and tries to take the joy out of life for the girls at the receiving counter. Again, somebody drops in and puts a good deal of joy into the routine of receiving messages with a "Rush it, please."

The other Saturday afternoon, Levi Buttinsky, pudgy and sawed-off, rushed in to the receiving counter. "A message to my New York office," he said. "I'm Levi Buttinsky, stopping over by the Claypool. My name is on the message. It must be at my office by three o'clock."

The receiving girl looked up at the Western Union clock on the wall, corrected hourly from the U. S. Observatory at Washington. The clock said 2:30.

"But we can't get your message through to your office by three," she said. "Look what time it is now."

"Half-past two—thirty minutes to get to my New York office. You can do it!" urged Levi.

"But New York time is two hours faster than Indianapolis time," said the receiving girl, "so it is now 4:30 in New York."

For a minute Levi Buttinsky looked at the girl with unbelieving incredulity spread over his countenance. Then he had a saving thought.

"No it aint," he said. "Everywhere Western Union clocks say the same. Corrected hourly in Washington. They are the same all over New York. I see them every day. Western Union tells the same time everywhere—New York, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco. My tel-ee-gram—rush it to my office by 3 o'clock. I'm Levi Buttinsky. My name is on the tel-ee-gram. You'll see it. I'll wait for the answer over by the Claypool."

"One dollar and seventy cents," said the receiving girl.

And the Western Union tried to beat its own time to New York by two hours.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

Twenty-seven Years Old

In recalling the birth of the automobile The Haynes "Pioneer" says:

"On July 4, the automobile industry celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary. Just twenty-seven years! But in that short interval what a miraculous change has transpired! The infant has grown to sturdy manhood and is now one of the most powerful of the American industries. It has become an essential to the life of the American people. And Elwood Haynes, "the father of the automobile industry," is still hale and hearty, firm of step, and apparently in the prime of life. What a road for him to look back upon—to the day when he hauled his little machine out into the country near Kokomo and drove it on its first successful trial trip. Truly, the impulses of the engine in that car that day were the first heartbeats of the gigantic automobile industry of today.



Securities Market Improves

That the securities buying public is again interested in high-grade investment paper is indicated in many quarters, according to local dealers. Government financing has had a tendency to stop the issuance of private investment securities and the financial element has been experiencing a shortage of this sort of paper. Now, however some of it has begun to appear on the market. More will come when money loosens up a bit.

Otto Haueisen of the firm of Haueisen & Jewett says that conditions are quite optimistic and that he looks for a good revival in all sorts of paper. Corporations and municipalities have been hesitating about issuing high interest rate paper with the money market as stiff as it is. However, a number of goodly-sized municipal offerings are expected to be on the market before long.

Corn Below $1 Mark

Financial interests perked up at the news dispatches from Kansas City the first of the week to the effect that corn had sold below the $1 mark for the first time since 1917. The price quoted was 99 7/8 cents. Maturing crops and the tightness of the money market are given as the causes of the decline.

Attractive Bond Issues

The Fletcher Trust & Savings Company is offering to investors a very attractive security in an issue of $107,000 4¾ per cent bonds of the city of Fort Wayne. The bonds mature in five and ten years and are tax exempt. The legality of the issue has been approved by John C. Thompson, of New York. The bonds are to be sold to provide new fire apparatus for the city.

Indiana Bankers to Meet

Andrew Smith, secretary of the Indiana Bankers' Association, has completed the arrangements for the meeting of the bankers here October 7 and 8. The sessions will be held at the Claypool Hotel. The program promises to be interesting. It is probable that W. P. G. Harding (not the candidate), governor of the Federal Reserve Board, will make the principal address. A feature of the first day's meeting will be a dinner for the council of administration and the ex-presidents of the association.

Volney T. Malott, chairman of the board and president of the Indiana National Bank, will make the welcome address when the association meets for business. John T. Beasley, president of the United States Trust Company, of Terre Haute, will respond. R. W. Akin, president of the association, of Sullivan, will make an address. Other addresses will be "The Banks and the Capital Markets," B. M. Sanderson, Jr., of the Chase National Bank of New York City; "The World's Challenge to America," by Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, New York.

Indianapolis Bank Stocks

Indianapolis bank stocks seem to be a favorite investment with many local investors and the demand for this class of securities is increasing. Since the last bank statement, which showed local banks to be unusually prosperous, security houses and brokers have found many new inquiries for local bank stocks. The showing made by the banks was so good that the market on these stocks was considerably stronger. Several sales have been made at prices higher than quoted on the stock exchange.

In addition, the general securities market has displayed considerably more activity during the week than for any time this fall. There is an especially good demand for gas stocks, municipal securities and Liberty Bonds in Indianapolis.

"Just why people want to spend their money on 'flash' securities when such good offerings can be had right now is beyond me," said a prominent broker and member of the local stock exchange. "The time is coming when the wisdom of buying good investment securities will be amply justified," he continued; "good high-grade paper can be obtained at profitable prices and if held will return good profit. But you can't say as much for the 'flash' stuff that many are buying." It is the opinion of the financial wiseacres, however, that investment buying is steadily growing.

Look Over Your Bills

Indianapolis banks have been warned by the New York Federal Reserve Bank that a counterfeit $20 and $100 Federal reserve note had been discovered in circulation. A description of the counterfeits says:

Twenty dollar Federal reserve note on the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia; check letter "F"; plate number indistinct, looks like 55; W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; portrait of Cleveland.

"One hundred dollar Federal Reserve note on the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; check letter 'B'; plate number 10; W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; portrait of Franklin.

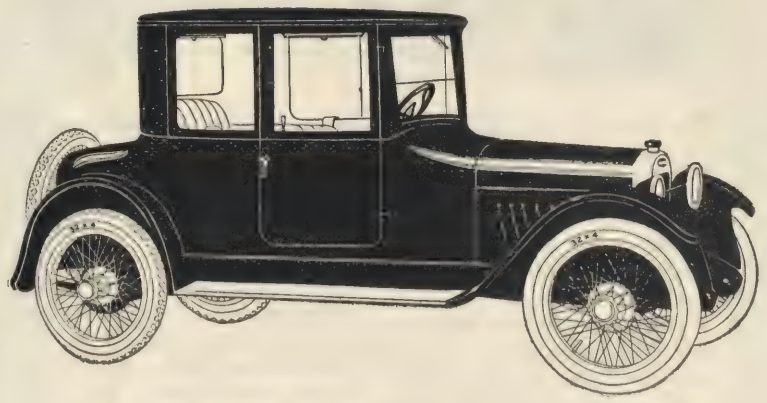
"These counterfeits are printed from poorly executed photomechanical plates, on two pieces of paper, between which a few silk threads have been distributed. The small lettering and lathe work is poorly executed. The portraits of Cleveland and Franklin lack many of the fine lines of the genuine, showing white patches which should readily attract the attention of those to whom these notes are tendered.

"The notes are apparently of the same workmanship, but more care has been exercised in the printing of the 100 than of the 20."

Motor Concern Incorporates

The Duesenberg Automobile and Motors Company, Inc., a $5,000,000 corporation, has been admitted to Indiana as a business concern, the incorporation having been consummated last week. The company will erect a plant for the manufacture of motor cars in Indianapolis, and is classified as a Delaware corporation.

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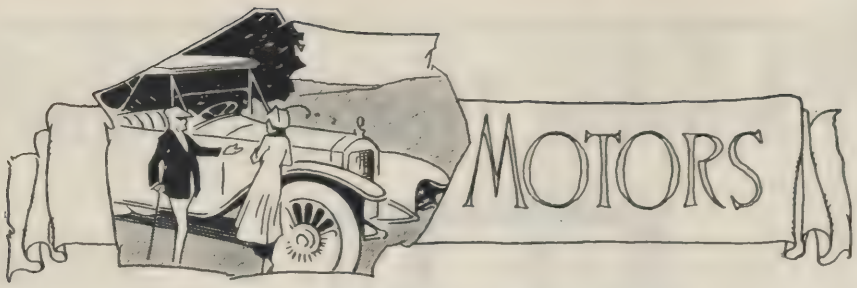
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SECURITY
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INDIANAPOLIS



By Thomas A. Hendricks

The wail of lamentation that went up all over Egypt the morning the ancient Egyptians awakened to find that their old friend Moses had, with Boche efficiency and Hun humanity, bumped off the eldest son of every family in the land, was as nothing in comparison with the howls of anguish that arose to high heaven from every nook and corner of our own land last week when the papers broke the news of the surgical operation Henry Ford had performed on the list price of his little pets.

To hear some persons talk you would have thought that the entire automobile industry was on the brink of a total and irreparable collapse, and that the Ford reduction was the final sleep producing wallop that would put it out of its agony.

This sort of talk is wholly unreasonable and fallacious. The reduction should have occasioned no great surprise for it was just as inevitable as sunrise or sunset, or the telephone company asking for higher rates. Ultimately the laws of nature reassert themselves; they may be sidestepped for awhile, their operation may be postponed by various forces, but sooner or later they will begin to function, and that is all on earth that has happened and is happening now.

A reduction in automobile prices is not going to wreck the industry; on the other hand it may actually stimulate it. It grew from infancy to young manhood in a period when there was no inflation of values or of demand for labor, and it grew mighty rapidly and turned out to be a young giant in strength. It weathered the financial depressions of 1908 and the period just before the war in fine fashion, and everyone knows that in those days the prices of cars were far below what they are today.

Then came the war with all its demands for materials and men. Steel was diverted from automobile manufacturers and went into guns and ammunitions, labor was set to work on making war materials, automobile production was curtailed, and of course prices jumped. It should have taken only a simple process of reasoning to convince any one that with the stoppage of war work and the return to approximately normal conditions, prices eventually would tend towards a pre-war level.

It is probably true that the Ford cut was made considerably sooner than was absolutely necessary. Labor costs have not materially decreased, and materials are still high. Many manufacturing companies have outstanding contracts for materials at the existing high level of prices that have many months to run. This, coupled with the fact that labor is very high, would make it seem as if there was no immediate necessity of a price reduction. But even taking these factors into consideration there is no question but that a fall in car prices just had to come, and Ford and Franklin seem to have taken the view that as long as it was inevitable a few months would not make any difference and they might just as well get it out of their system and have it over with, plus the advantage of the publicity of being the first to make the break.

There is no justification for a feeling of panic on the part of the automobile dealer. A reduction in price will only stimulate a demand and the dealer will have an opportunity to make more sales. No one ever yet heard of the demand for an article of real utility falling off because the price dropped. Exactly the opposite has been the case. The lower the price level the greater the number of persons who find themselves in the prospective customer class.

In the long run a lower price level should have a very healthful effect on the industry as a whole. Ever since the shortage of new cars made itself felt during the war period, second hand buses of all descriptions have enjoyed an orgy of inflated values that was ridiculous. Some old bunch of antiquated junk, too young for the Smithsonian Institute and too old for service, instead of going to the junk pile would bring a price that a few years ago would and a short time hence will purchase a really respectable motor car. With a lower price tendency this evil, together with a flock of others, will disappear from the industry and the automobile business as a whole will be far better off.

Closed car show week, in which all dealers in Indianapolis make a specialty of winter cars, will be designated for some time in November after the people have forgotten the agonies of a political campaign, the world's series and the struggle for football titles.

Ralph Davis, manager of the local branch of the United States Tire Company, in the next few days will dig out his old black jersey with the Princeton 'varsity letter on the front and will act as official in many a gridiron battle throughout the West. On Saturdays in October and November, the old fighting tiger spirit gets the upper hand of Ralph and once more he becomes the old, rambling, charging, diving "Davie" of days gone by. It doesn't take a Walter Camp to see how he helped bring football championships to Princeton and for three glorious years was unanimous choice of the East for All-American end.

A. L. Tuley is now with the Donnelly-Bunch Company selling Roamers. He was formerly with the Indiana Motor Company and the Franklin.

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Others may copy the color but it takes more than green color to make a tube

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Martin Rehfuss, who is an old-time salesman, entertained Benjamin Bolt, an old "pal" from Kansas City, during the G. A. R. encampment. Mr. Bolt was a fellow salesman and both recounted how many times they stayed up all night to catch a 5 o'clock train that did not arrive until noon.

Bill Herschell, who belongs to the ancient and honorable order of sneezers, is back from a vacation in Michigan. After he arrived in Indianapolis he found that he could have stayed another week. Tough luck, Bill.

Some of Othie Hitch's lawyer friends have suggested that he take a course in the manly art of self-defense, but Othie seems to be satisfied with the size punch he is "packing."

Fred Van Nuys has asked the court for an order to confiscate and condemn a stock of "licker" held at the county jail as "evidence." For every gallon poured out a million groans will ascend from the old soaks of yesteryear.

Elmer Gay, Charley Orbison, Frank Laird and Edward D. Moore comprise an Indianapolis quartette that will be honored by the Scottish Rite Masonic jurisdiction in the conferring of the thirty-third degree. If this four does not appear to be interested in the campaign you'll know the reason.

William Ketcham has been named as head of the Grand Army of the Republic—and without opposition.

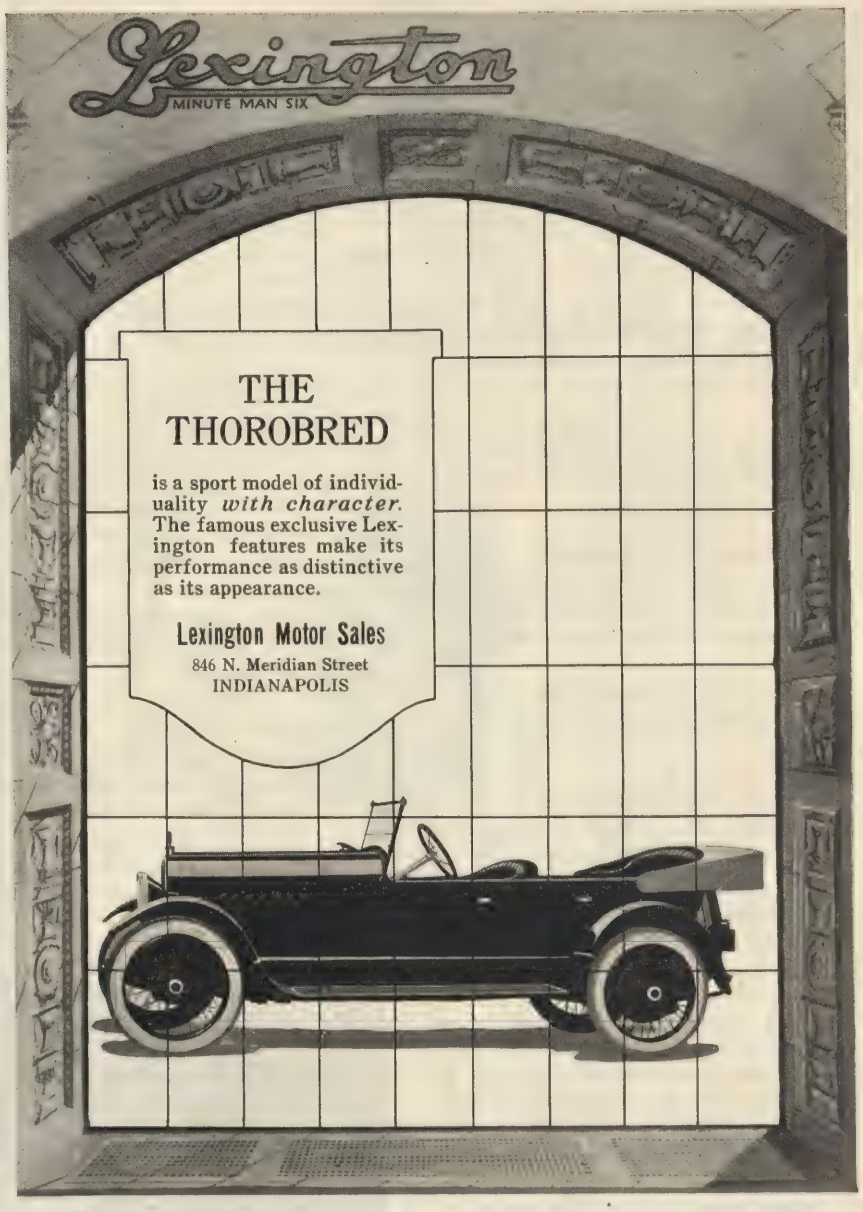
Doc Werner says he can't see why miners should buy coal any cheaper than a druggist or a sky pilot. No, but they do.

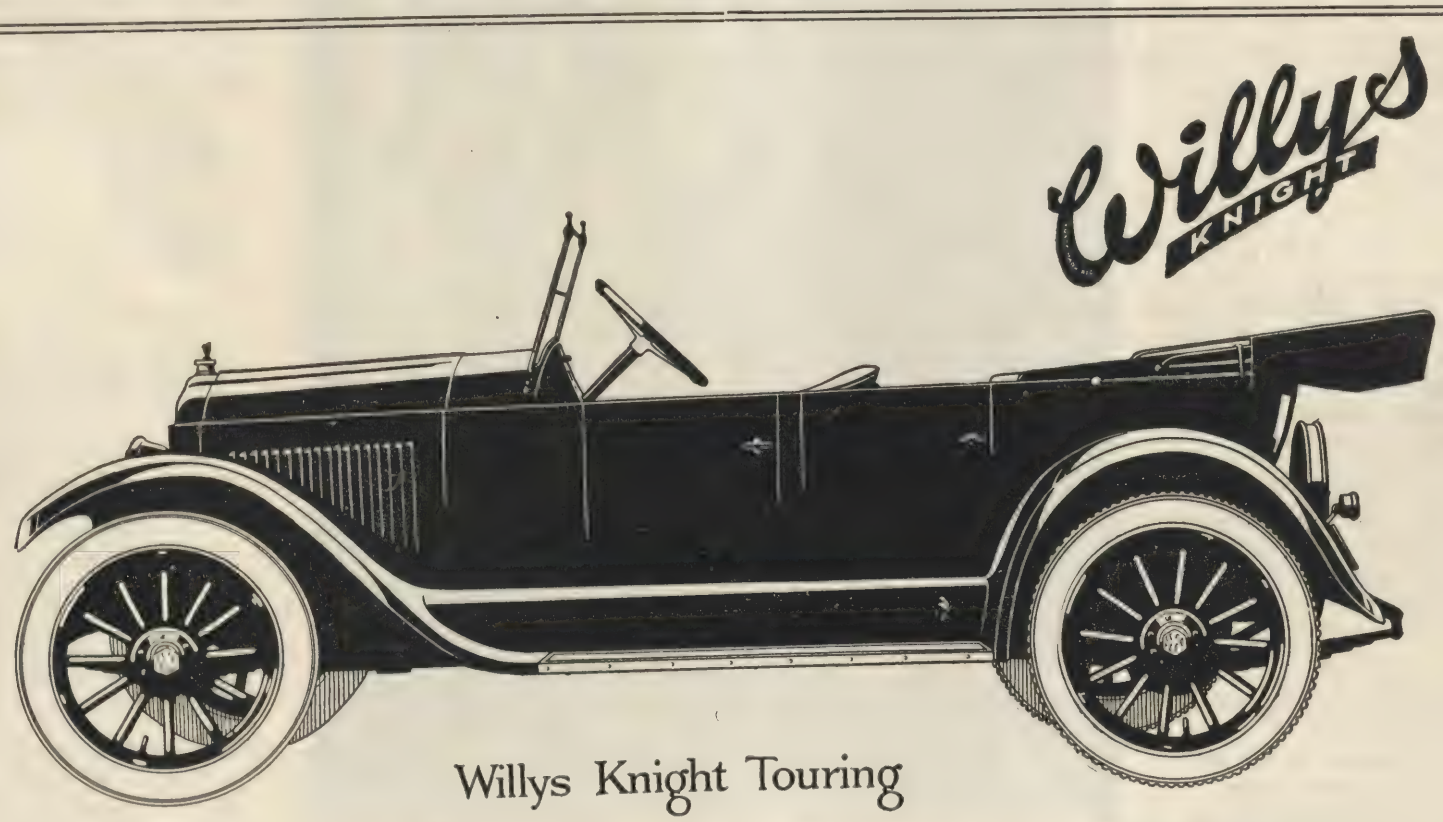
Charley Casad's Severin Hotel has had so much business here of late that Charley hasn't had a chance to write any publicity for it. Here it is, Charley, free gratis for nothing.

Now that Thomas Taggart has made himself clear which side of the wet and dry issue he is on, let the home brewers keep on brewing.

Lieut. Robert Kinney, secretary to Chief of Police Kinney, was married three or four days before his friends found it out. However, good work on

(Continued on Page 21.)





Willys Knight Touring

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Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Nicholson and family have recently returned from spending the summer at Northport Point, Mich.

* * *

Mrs. Ella S. Duncan and Miss Julia and Miss Anna Sharp have just returned from their summer home at Idlewylde, Mich.

* * *

Mrs. S. K. Ruick, of the Chalfant, has returned home from a summer at Pentwater, Mich.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Roemler and the Misses Marjorie and Jane Roemler have recently returned from spending the summer at Charlevoix, Mich.

* * *

Mrs. John M. Judah has returned to her summer home at Lake Maxinkuckee.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Martindale and her sister, Mrs. Morris Ross, are to return soon from Burt Lake, Mich.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Warrum has returned from Asheville, N. C.

* * *

Mrs. George Gordon Tanner has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Katharine, to John Battice Ford, Jr., of Detroit. Because of Miss Tanner's recent illness the wedding, which will take place October 4, will be a simple home wedding.

* * *

Miss Eloise Gall left last week for Summit, N. J., where she will attend the Kent Place school.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ittenbach announce the engagement of their daughter, Esther Marie, and Emil C. Rassmann, Jr. The wedding will take place some time in October.

* * *

Mrs. E. C. Rumpler will go to Union City on October 8 to address the Woman's Club. She will speak before the Marion Department Club at its President's Day meeting on October 12, and she will address the State Women's Christian Temperance Union convention at Hammond on October 9.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Oliver and daughter, Olive, and niece, Miss Martha Louise Thompson, have returned from Nantucket, Mass. Miss Martha Oliver remains in the East to attend Wheaton College.

* * *

The executive board of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the D. A. R. recently held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Wilbur C. Johnson, regent, at which Mrs. Theodore F. Vonnegut was appointed registrar of the chapter in place of Mrs. Mark A. Dawson.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur A. Brayton, of Oak Park, Ill., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brayton.

* * *

The Indianapolis League of Women Voters opened the season with a tea Friday afternoon, October 1, at the Women's Department Club. The program included dancing, an operetta based on a suffrage theme, and other entertainment. Mrs. William Allen Moore was general chairman for the day.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Herschell have returned from several weeks' stay at Albany Island, Mich.

* * *

Robert Stafford has returned to the University of Pennsylvania for the opening of the fall semester.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur Johnson and children have recently returned from a week at French Lick Springs.

* * *

The season of Women's City Club activities will open Friday evening, October 1, with a banquet. Miss Nellie Carlin, former assistant states' attorney of Illinois, will be the speaker of the evening. A program of violin and piano music will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Myers.

Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Schaefer have returned from their summer cottage in northern Michigan.

* * *

On September 24, Mrs. A. J. Clark was the speaker at a meeting of the Janet Ada Club, at which the young women of the club entertained their mothers. Mrs. Clark's subject was the condition of the women and children of the Orient with special reference to pre-war conditions.

* * *

Mrs. Emma Sangernebo is engaged at present in the work of modeling several decorations in relief for the Loews' theatre on Pennsylvania street, which is now in course of construction.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Haven Brown has returned from Provincetown, Mass.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Pfafflin and daughter, Hope, have returned from a month's trip in the Rocky Mountains.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bobbs, who have spent the summer in the East, are now in Canada, where Mr. Bobbs and Irving Batcheller, the writer, are on a fishing trip, and Mrs. Bobbs and Mrs. Batcheller are taking a motor trip through Quebec.



One of the most beautiful weddings that have recently taken place in Indianapolis was that of Miss Helen Susannah Beck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Beck, and Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr., of Chicago, which was celebrated Thursday evening, September 23, at the First Baptist Church, the Rev. Frederick E. Taylor officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Morse have gone on a wedding trip to Bretton Woods, N. H., and other points in the East. They will be at home after November 15 at 3111 North Meridian street, the Buckingham Apartments.

Miss Margaret Donnan has returned from New York where she spent several weeks. Miss Donnan's literature classes will be resumed in the middle of October. The Indianapolis class will meet Thursday mornings in the auditorium of the Public Library.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reichenbach, of New York, announce the marriage of their daughter, Lucie Vaughan, to Oliver Sayler, formerly of Indianapolis, which took place September 18. The at-home announcement is for 68 Perry St., New York City.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Nicholson have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth and Benjamin F. Claypool, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson H. Claypool, which will take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on the evening of October 9. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the Woodstock Club.

* * *

Robert Kerr McConnell, of Northampton, Mass., was a recent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardner.

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Coleman and Mrs. William A. Atkins have returned from a trip in the East.

* * *

Mrs. Oliver Willard Pierce has just returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Willard A. Clarke of San Diego, California.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Evans and daughters Eleanor and Mary, have recently returned from a three months' trip in Europe, where they visited the British Isles, Belgium, France and Switzerland. The Misses Eleanor and Mary have now gone to Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

* * *

Miss Blanche Shaw has returned to Smith College.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Bigger have returned from a motor trip through the East and Canada.

* * *

Miss Helena Sipe has returned to New York to continue her studies in music and she will also take work at Columbia University.

* * *

Mrs. Major Taylor has returned from Atlantic City, where she has been spending the summer months.

* * *

Mrs. Blaine H. Miller and son have returned from a visit of several weeks in Atlantic City and the East. Miss Martha Miller, who has been summering at Aloha Camp, Vt., returned to the city with them.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur Johnson has gone to the East, where she will meet relatives with whom she is to sail to Europe on the Mauretania. Mrs. Johnson will spend most of her European trip in Paris visiting friends.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hubbard announce the engagement of their daughter Ruth to Frederick T. Holliday, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Holliday. The wedding will take place October 16.

Shop Tours

Gorgeous colors are a delight too rarely enjoyed. As civilization has progressed, the clothing of the human race has become constantly more sombre in color, until today the streets are swarming with men in dark gray and women in navy blue.

Flo Ziegfeld and his imitators have done their noble best to give the world a flash of color in the theater. How well the world likes it is demonstrated in the undiminished attendance at ever increasing numbers of revues. As the musical shows have taken a leaf from the book of the naughty farce and have begun to drag a bed into the foreground in musical comedy, the negligee has taken a place as one of the important garments in the show.

Flo Ziegfeld's imitators are not confined to other theatrical producers. The women of Indianapolis are as zealous in subtle flattery of the great man as their more inconspicuous lives will permit, and in the privacy of their homes they indulge the taste for color that has had its cultivation at the theater. A modest tailor-made woman whose blue tricotine suit and Knox sailor are distinguished for their reserve and severity, blossoms like the rose or even the exotic orchid at home. The shops of Indianapolis have learned that their patrons are pining for vivid things for house wear, and two at least have responded with some negligees as gorgeous as anything ever dreamed of by Joseph Urban, or our own Frank Zimmerer.

One of the larger shops is showing a dinner negligee from a French shop which has its abode on Broadway. It is a dignified and simple robe made of a magnificent piece of chiffon velvet in a subtle shade. It is not rose, nor raspberry, nor Burgundy, though it is a color that brings recollections of all three to the senses. It is a pagan color, a hue to be worn by Juno at dinners of nectar and ambrosia on Olympus.

The design of the negligee is in keeping with its color. It suits the statuesque type, and would be perfect on the full-figured woman whose northern ancestry gleams in her blond coloring and firm physique. A double length of the material was used in the simple fashion of the kimono design, with no seams except those long ones which join the back to the front. The whole long straight piece was first lined with sapphire blue georgette, and the front was pulled back and joined to the back with a wing of the back extending out some six or eight inches on either side, so that the figure is wrapped rather closely in front, while the back panel hangs almost straight. A simple Grecian neck line bound with gold, and a flat braided gold cord for a girdle are the only decorative details added.

The shop across the street displayed in one of the windows last week a negligee which tempted the beholder to enter and explore. It was a green silk, a material so soft and closely woven as to resemble a very fine kidskin, and a color artfully dipped from the dye-pot of some Batik studio. At the shoulders the color was deepest, a shade comparable to the blue-green blades of iris leaves, and it faded to the hem, where it almost disappeared.

Investigation of the interior of this shop yielded a number of lace trimmed negligees which twenty years ago would have been called tea gowns but are now put on for a dinner "en famille." Lace is rapidly becoming a highly important part of all sorts of feminine clothing, and it is appropriately used to feminize the prettiest garment a woman can wear, her negligee. The cream laces are most often seen, for they harmonize most agreeably with the vivid colors usually chosen for the main body of the dress. For the woman who designs her clothes, creamy lace is almost a guarantee that no matter how crude the color of her silk or velvet, the negligee will be becoming and feminine.

Geraldine Farrar Has a Passion for Furs

If there is one thing Geraldine Farrar, the famous prima donna soprano, has a passion for outside of her art, it is for furs, which is very feminine and very excusable in the case of a young woman whose earnings run up into the tens of thousands a year and who can thus gratify her fancies.

Miss Farrar has a remarkable collection. Particularly wonderful are her Russian sables, which probably can be matched only by those owned by the imperial and very few princely families of Russia, and by a few of the very rich notables of China. These sables came from China shortly after the campaign of 1900 and quite possibly were a part of the loot of that famous expedition. At any rate they found their way to Paris, where they were held for a huge sum.

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Theatre Calendar

Week of October 4.

English's—Maid To Love.
Murat—The Passing Show of 1919.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

Harry A. Porter, who died last week, will be greatly missed in theatrical circles in Indianapolis. Mr. Porter had attained a pre-eminent position as a stage director and producer of amateur theatricals. He could take raw material and whip it into such shape that the performances he directed would run as smoothly and be as finished as if the players were professionals. His talent in this line was backed by his many years as a professional himself. He was principal comedian for Frank Daniels when that musical comedy star was in his prime, and he played important comedy parts in several of the Hoyt farces. He was a character delineator of exceptional skill and possessed a wide degree of versatility. His cheery good nature and his readiness to give his services to aid others at all times, made him a wide circle of friends, not only in Indianapolis, but throughout the entire state. These mourn his passing as do countless hundreds of people who did not know him personally, but to whom he was a familiar figure through his public appearances as an entertainer.

Little is heard of the legitimate drama nowadays. The taste of the theatre-goer seems to have lapsed entirely to musical comedy and the producing managers are responding accordingly. Thus far not a single dramatic star or production has been announced for appearance at either the Murat or English's with the possible exception of "The Bird of Paradise," which comes to the Murat the week of October 18th. It bids fair to become the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of modern times.

William F. McDermott, dramatic editor of the News, is spending a few weeks in New York getting acquainted with the new shows along Broadway.

Speaking about dramatic editors, Frank C. Payne who was at one time dramatic editor of the Indianapolis Journal, is now in New York embarking upon a career as an independent producer. For several years Mr. Payne was in London as the European representative for Al. H. Woods.

The Theo Hewes ballet has returned to Indianapolis after an extensive tour of Canada, in which Mlle. Hewes and the members of her ballet created a splendid impression. The ballet traveled in a private car and the girls had a wonderful time during the trip.

WHO REMEMBERS WHEN—

Attorney Frank P. Baker played the title role in "Faust"?

Captain William E. English personally managed English's Opera House?

Fred C. Dickson sold tickets at the Park Theatre?

Lew Shank played Noblesville in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

Kin Hubbard played a slip-horn with a traveling repertoire show?

Ed. Sourbier trouped with a dramatic company?

Barclay Walker produced "The Minister Extra-Ordinary"?

"Lon" Adams was a black-face comedian?

Bob Davis was advance agent for "Prall's Shining Stars"?

Harry Williams was a "gosh darn" barnstormer?

Professor Rayno was an actor?



Kyra, Exponent of Exotic Dances, in the Passing Show of 1919, Murat, Week of October 4



Lillian Ring, Appearing in "Maid to Love", English's, Week of October 4

MURAT

Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert will present the Winter Garden's annual revue, "The Passing Show of 1919", at the Shubert Murat Theatre the week beginning Monday, October 4th (matinee Wednesday and Saturday). This will be the eighth "Passing Show" of the series, the first one having been seen at the Winter Garden in 1912.

These Winter Garden annual revues differ from the extravaganzas produced at that playhouse inasmuch as they are made up in large part of skits on topical conditions of the time, and travesties on the more important dramatic successes of the year. As to the latter, it is not necessary that the auditor should have seen the original to enjoy the fun. "The Passing Show of 1919" will be in two acts and twenty scenes. The book and lyrics

(Continued on Page 20.)

Motion Pictures

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of October 3

Alhambra—Lewis Sargent in "The Soul of Youth"; Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion."

Circle—Lionel Barrymore in "The Master Mind."

Colonial—Eugene O'Brien in "The Wonderful Chance."

Crystal—J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Green Flame."

Isis—Dorothy Dalton in "Guilty of Love"; Lewis Sargent in "The Soul of Youth."

Mister Smith's—Herbert Rawlinson in "The Man and His Woman."

Ohio—Clara Kimball Young in "For the Soul of Rafael."

Regent—Tom Mix in "The Untamed."

ALHAMBRA

W. D. Taylor's special production, "The Soul of Youth," heralded as one of the greatest stories of boy life ever shown on the screen, will be the attraction at the Alhambra the first half of the week of October 3. The company is a large one headed by Lewis Sargent, who gained fame over night for his portrayal of "Huck" in "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain's immortal classic, which was shown at English's during the summer season. Lila Lee, Sylvia Ashton, Thomas P. Huntley, Ralph Fillmore and J. Russell Powell have important roles. Mr. Powell is an Indianapolis product, son of George W. Powell, one time chief of police here. Judge Ben Lindsey, the famous juvenile court jurist of Denver, and his wife also appear in several of the big scenes. Other program features will be a Mutt and Jeff comedy, the Fox news weekly and the singing trio, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz. The mid-week change of program on Thursday will bring Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion."

CIRCLE

Lionel Barrymore as Henry Allen in "The Master Mind," which is the feature picture at the Circle theatre the week of October 3, plays the part of a psychologist who plans revenge upon District Attorney Wainwright, the prosecutor of his younger brother, who was executed for murder. Wainwright, injured in an auto accident, is rescued by Maggie Flynt. On his recovery Wainwright tries to find the girl, who has disappeared. His efforts are fruitless, but he manages to buy a portrait of her painted by her father. Wainwright receives small cards from Allen with a warning that when a card comes marked with a cross it means death for him. Allen breaks into Wainwright's home, discovers Maggie's portrait and later finds Maggie herself in a Chicago jail. She is pardoned, brought to New York, and Allen arranges to have her educated abroad, where she is to be known as Lucine Blount. Allen induces Sadie and Hank, counterfeiters, to pose as the girl's father and mother and Diamond Willie as her brother. Wainwright meets the supposed society girl, and he falls in love with her. When he is candidate for governor, to his horror, he receives the threatened card with the cross after wedding Maggie. Allen becomes Wainwright's secretary. He finally exposes Maggie's past to her husband, although admitting that she was innocent. Wainwright is compelled to sign a document which will mean his ruin. But at the last moment Allen yields to Maggie's pleading, gives up his revenge, and leaves husband and wife happy.

A Mack Sennett comedy, "The Quack Doctor," is also on the program, as well as a Circlette of news and an

(Continued on Page 21.)



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AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Music Season for Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 7.)

telligently and understand how it would sound without taking it to the piano. I had some useful connections in Naples, and decided to teach piano lessons. There was only one obstacle—youth! But I did my hair up, and let down my skirts, dressed quite seriously and put on, I should say, five years, before the looking glass. I was now a sufficiently old young lady to apply for teaching engagements, which I secured. In a short time I was earning 400 lira, or about $80 a month, which really was a good income in those days in Italy. One day I walked in on Maestro Morochini, in Milan, and sang to him. I made my debut as Gilda, at the age of twenty.

"I had fair success—enough to show me that I could succeed and also enough to show very plainly that I had to work much harder at singing and at studying the stage. I listened to other singers. And to the nightingale! I am saying this seriously and not as a press agent. Do you know the note of the nightingale? It is what we singers called a "covered" tone. It has a marvelous dark liquid poetic quality. It is full of feeling, this tone, and it seems to have a hundred changing colors. Nearly all of the other birds produce one unvaried tone—an 'open' tone, a tone unmodified by head or heart. That tone of the nightingale meant much to me. Of course, I am not so ridiculous as to say that I tried, directly, to imitate him. It was only in principle that I studied him and listened to him again and again and made the tonal principle he showed me a governing ideal in my work. For I am practically self-taught. I use the adjective 'practically' because, although I have never enrolled myself under this or that teacher, and have worked out my own voice and my own vocal problems, I think that anyone that reflects finds a lesson everywhere. A suggestion here, an impression there—we should be learning as long as we live, and no experience should be so insignificant that it can not be brought to bear on our art.

"I have learned much more about singing by listening than any other way. I sometimes think that a beautiful voice is in large part the result of a sensitive ear. Of course, it is certain that some voices could never be beautiful. But it is hard for me to believe that any one endowed with a reasonably good voice and capable of listening and thinking a beautiful tone could make unmusical sounds. So many young singers come to me: 'Do you think I have a voice?' So many of them have!

"The voice is only point number one, and but half of the question. I ask not only, 'Have you a voice?' I ask you, 'Can you listen and think? Do you know anything about music, aside from trying to make a tone? Do you think your voice will bring you fame if you can not interpret?' An artist must study singing. She must also study art and life.

"This is strange. Wherever I go I hear so much talk about 'bel canto,' about Patti, Grisi, Malibran and heaven knows who else of the great departed. To these singers some people, apparently, and quite unwisely, I think, have compared little me! First of all, I neither pose as an exponent of 'bel canto' or anything else but a musician with a coloratura voice, who loves music of many periods and many schools and performs such music as she is best fitted physically to interpret. I go farther. I often doubt very much indeed if Patti or Malibran were present she would approve in the least of the way I sing—or act either. My acting, in many instances I could mention, is not according to the traditions of the old operas in which I usually appear. The same may be said of my singing—and I do not say this to make excuses or pretense. I try to sing the florid music of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and some of the early Verdi, with as beautiful a tone and as much purity of style as I can summon. But I am frank to say that I often do not adhere to the letter of the law. That is, I feel that I have a right, after a careful study of this old music, to exercise a little personal choice and opinion in its rendering. I cut some 'recitatives.' I try to dwell as light as possible on superficial passages which were rather the fashion of the age than the genius of these composers and to emphasize in all its truth and beauty the exquisite qualities of their art..

"I will admit this, however; I have rather a pique against the modern composers who refuse to see the value of the coloratura soprano in opera. They force us back on nothing but ancient masterpieces. I have found a tale which I think would make a beuatiful opera, and I've a mind to submit it to Pietro Mascagni, in revenge for his negligence of my kind of voice, and see if he can be made to do something with it. It is an old Spanish tale by Tirza di Molina, a tale about a sweet and brave flower-girl who sold her wares to the nobility. I admit that I dream of a real, premiere of a real, well-written opera with an important coloratura soprano role."

Chicago Opera Association

(Continued from Page 7.)

cien Muratore, Jose Mojica, Lodovico Oliviero and Tito Schipa, tenors; Georges Baklanoff, Desire Defrere, Hector Durfranne, Carlo Galeffi, Giacomo Rimini and Titto Ruffo, baritones; Edouard Cotreuil, Virgilio Lazarri, Constantin Nocolay and Vittorio Trevisan, bassos.

Mr. Johnson has made a thorough search of Europe for material, conductors, singers, ballet features, technical directors and scenic artists. The announcement has also been made that "Edipo Re," the latest of Leoncavallo's works, with Titto Ruffo in the title role, would be given at an early date after the opening of the opera season on November 17. Serge Prokofieff's deferred "The Love of Three Oranges" will be given in French, while Marinuzzi's (the conductor genius of the Chicago Opera), "Jacquerie" will be done in Italian, the language in which it was originally written and in which it was produced in South America.

"Aphrodite," which had one production last season in New York and had the distinction of shocking New York by its ballet, is also announced. Revivals will include "Orfeo," 'La Favorita," "Jewels of the Madonna" and "Andrea Chenier," all sung in Italian, and "Tales of Hoffman" in French, and in English will be given a Wagner repertory, "Lohengrin," "The Valkyrie" and "Tristan and Isolde," together with standard favorites.

As there has been so much speculation and discussion in musical circles in regard to Serge Prokofieff's new opera, "L'Amour des Trois Oranges," which will be given its world premier during the coming season of the Chicago Opera Association, a summary of its fantastic story will be of interest.

It is the belief that the opera will prove a sensation; everything possible has been done to make it a success. Boris Anisfeld, fantastic Russian painter, has provided the costumes and scenery.

The opera is in four acts and ten scenes and has a prologue. The words are by Serge Prokofieff, from an old Spanish play by Carlo Gozzi. The French translation is by Mlle. Vera Janacapulos and the author.

In brief, it is a fantastic and picturesque portrayal of an imaginary fairy tale, which takes place in an imaginary kingdom, with the aid of the Magician Tchelio, protector of the king, and Fata Morganna, sorceress and protector of Leandre, the minister of state.

One of the novelties introduced by Prokofieff is one group of tragics and comics and lyrics, who come running on to the stage at critical moments to extol, each in turn, the merits of their respective arts.

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Marion (You'll Soon Be Marryin' Me)—Vocal.
The Love Nest, from "Mary"—Fox trot.

Victor

Humoresque—Violin solo or orchestra.
Slow and Easy—Vocal.



The Heart of Unaga

Unaga is a drear, barren country in the frozen North, and its heart is a seething volcano that shoots up a column of flame which makes a glowing spire, lighting up the snow-covered wilderness. With this strange volcano as a heart for his story, Ridgwell Cullum tells a tale of love, adventure, and mystery that is not lacking in thrills and romance. Steve Allenwood, a young police inspector in the far north, devotes himself ardently to the faithful performance of his duties in order to make good for the sake of his young wife Nina and baby daughter. But Nina finds the rewards of virtue inadequate and Steve's road to success too slow. While Steve is on a two years' trip further north to solve the mystery of the disappearance of two white men, Nina yields to the pleading of a handsome but dissolute lover, and together they leave the north, taking with them Nina's little daughter. Steve, all unconscious of the blow that fate has already handed him, finds his trip full of interest, and he devotes himself to unraveling a strange and almost unbelievable story. A tribe of "Sleeper" Indians who hibernate during the winter months, a powerful drug that has marvelous powers as a poison and also as a healing drug, a quarrel between two men for the love of a woman, and an orphaned child alone in a northern fort except for his Indian nurse—these are some of the ingredients which the author stirs up into entertainment for Steve on his northern trip. When he returns to find his wife and child gone, he takes up the business of avenging himself and this leads him on a long and weary chase.

The story suffers from the manner of the telling, for the conversations which form a large part of the narrative are forced and unnatural. Many a time one of these silent men of the North launches forth on a casual chat only to have his initial remarks drawn out to the proportions of a presidential speech of acceptance. Even the Indian woman, An-ina, who is supposed to be characterized by the taciturnity of her race, finds a half-page paragraph of jerky Indian dialect a very commonplace mouthful. Marcel and Keeko, the younger generation of the story, who have lived practically all of their lives in the North, possess a grasp of the differences between civilization and the crudities of the North which would be worthy of a veteran observer in both spheres. If one can overlook this abnormal conversational method, the adventure and rapid action make the story good entertainment.

Agatha's Aunt

Agatha Kent has an exciting time playing the title role in Harriet Lummis Smith's latest book, "Agatha's Aunt". The ostensible motive for the masquerade is a pecuniary one. Agatha is mistress of an old, ramshackle family mansion that is rapidly falling into decay. She is only nineteen herself and has a younger step brother and a spinster relative of uncertain years to care for. Her sense of family responsibility is strong—she feels that she must send Howard, the sixteen-year-old brother, to college, and she must see that poor old Miss Finch doesn't starve. The only means of increasing their meagre income is to take boarders, and the dilapidated state of the old house scares away all comers except a blind man, Burton Forbes, who labors under the hallucination that the lady who advertised for boarders is Miss Agatha Kent, aged seventy-odd, the deceased aunt of the very much alive Agatha of the present day. Young Miss Kent plays the part of the old lady with marvelous restraint for one who possesses a staggering crop of gorgeous red hair, and in spite of Miss Finch's warning that "No good ever came of deceiving a blind man", the deception works famously until outsiders who are not blind blunder into the peace of Oak Knoll. An attractive young friend of Forbes pays a week-end visit, and several other friends inconveniently insist on visiting Forbes. Each invasion of Oak Knoll causes fresh trouble in Agatha's scheme of consistent masquerade. Her affairs seem hopelessly muddled, but fate and authors, in common with ordinary mortals, are inclined to be kind to beautiful, red-headed girls, and Agatha escapes the punishment merited by a deceiver of the blind.

The chronicle of Agatha's prevarications is told in a pleasantly frothy manner and is plausible enough, granting that the heroine is an extremely versatile young person. Miss Finch's belated love affairs are neatly dealt with, and Agatha's apparently hopeless romance is handled with a properly light touch. The book is a prettily frivolous and up-to-date variation on the mistaken identity theme.

Those who enjoyed "The Diary of a Disappointed Man" will be glad to know that another volume by W. N. P. Barbellion has appeared. "Enjoying Life, and Other Literary Remains" is the name of this second book, which is a collection of stories, essays, and autobiographical fragments.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 8.)

case, and had remarked his attentions, spoke to the man.

"I believe you're Smith?"

"Yes, Governor."

"How long have you been in now?"

"Fifteen years."

"Well, I suppose now that when I get back to Indianapolis you think maybe I'll be seeing about a pardon for you."

"That'd be pretty fine, sir," the man beamed.

"You need expect nothing of the kind, my man. Those who live by the sword must perish by the sword," orated the Governor, who held to the principle that no sentence should ever be shortened.

All hope of the lifer for freedom was extinguished. No chance for him. The Governor had said it. Within a very short time the man broke jail and ran away. He was apprehended and brought back. Fifteen years after this ecapade, a board whose principles on the subject did not involve such strict adherence to the mandate of cold-eyed justice granted the prisoner a parole after thirty years in jail. That man has never abused the confidence placed in him.

Many are the people who say, "Why pardon at all? They've got their sentences from our courts in a legal way. Let them serve their time." There are other persons who simply are not interested in prisons. What have they to do with prisons? But let some relative of the person who is not interested in jails step from the straight and narrow path, and the shoe is on the other foot. Then the board can not be too clement, and all laws are too strict. One of our own state senators managed this about-face when a brother-in-law fell afoul of the law. While no one is counting on disaster or disgrace striking his own household, if one can manage to get a picture of himself in the prisoner's place or in the position of his family, the cry of too much leniency will be decidedly fainter.

As to which policy is preferable—the strict and unswerving adherence to the letter of the sentence, or the administration of justice as a flexible thing, suited to particular cases and needs—the record of the board's work speaks for itself. Ninety-six per cent of the men to whom pardons have been granted have shown themselves worthy, and only 4 per cent have failed to live up to confidence placed in them. On the other hand, of those men who were paroled at the expiration of their minimum sentence after they had served their full time, only 70 per cent made good. The explanation for this may be that the board has made its rulings very wisely and carefully, or it may mean simply that when a man is granted a concession by the Pardons Board, when he is made to feel that his punishment is being cut short, his sense of honor and his gratitude for kindness received makes him more anxious to live up to what is expected of him than if he is simply allowed his freedom after serving the term that earns it for him.

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Modern Ball Room Dancing

By Earl J. Marsh and Viletta T. Doss.

In an address by the poet Jean Richepin before the members of the French Academy, the evolution of the modern dance was traced from the earliest times down through all the changing fashions of Orient and Occident to present-day modes of ball room dancing. In his discussion of modern versions of the dance, M. Richepin protested against the vulgarization of the dancer's art by inartistic and ignorant performers, professional or non-professional. He argued that centers should promptly be established where the grace and beauty and classic rhythm to which the modern dance so naturally lends itself should be developed and emphasized. In this way the heritage of art and beauty which rightfully belongs to the dance will not be lost in hopeless vulgarity and rowdiness.

It is an encouraging sign of the trend toward better conditions in the world of dancing that in different parts of the country dance studios are growing up where the true beauty and grace of the modern dance is exploited. For instance, the one-step, which is horribly mutilated by some dancers, is taught at the Marsh Danse Studios in a fashion that eliminates all awkward hoppings, all contortions of the body, and all flouncing of the elbows, and makes it a graceful and pleasing dance.

Many of the dances which will make their debut on ball room floors this season are designed particularly to combat the tendency toward the uncouth, vulgar shoulder-shruggings and painful contortions which have threatened the legitimate dance. Of these, the La Veeda Fox Trot, one of the best dances of the season, was originated by Miss Byrne of the Chalif School, the largest normal school in New York City. This fox trot revises some of the simpler steps in the old Argentine Tango, which was one of the most artistic dances taught by Vernon Castle.

Alexis Kosloff of the Russian Imperial Ballet has earned a right to recognition in the terpsichorean field as creator of the ballroom dance, "That Cat-Step," which has three simple figures as its basis. The simplicity of the dance will undoubtedly prove one of its greatest claims to popularity.

Some of the other new dances of the season which promise to have a wide popularity are "The Fadeaway," "The Chinese Trot," "The Brush Step," "The New York Promenade," and "The Marsh Waltz," which was originated by Earl J. Marsh.

Dancing should be literally the poetry of motion—to use a rather threadbare expression. The steps should be merely incidental to the expression of an idea through movement. The dancer should be so attuned to the music that he merely expresses the theme of the composer. He is, as it were, a poetical architect who builds with the movements of his body the graceful foundations that delight the eyes and express in motion what the music voices in its harmonies. A beautiful dancer is a beautiful picture, man or woman; he supplies the words suggested by the music. The more subtly dignified the tempo of the music, the greater the opportunity for really artistic and dignified dancing.

There will probably always be a certain element among the younger set who like to romp on a dance floor as if it were a playroom. While there is nothing necessarily vicious in this youthful prancing, ideas in regard to the dance have changed so that people no longer believe that youth and the dancing age are synonymous. The truly dignified and artistic modern dances are just as well suited to the gray-haired matron and the sedate man of affairs as to the younger generation. That in itself proves that dancing has attained a new value, for a dance that offers a pleasure to the old and middle-aged as well as to the young must have an intrinsic merit.



Earle J. Marsh and Viletta T. Doss posing for a step from the "New York Promenade"

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 16.)

are by Harold Atteridge and the music by Jean Schwartz. Of the twenty-six productions made at the Winter Garden, Mr. Atteridge has provided the book and lyrics for twenty-two. This will be the third annual revue for which Mr. Schwartz has provided the music, the first being "The Passing Show of 1913." The new "Passing Show" has been staged by J. C. Huffman and the dancing numbers arranged by Allen K. Foster. Mr. Huffman has been the stage director of the Winter Garden during the past six years, so that the present "Passing Show" is the fifth revue which he has produced. The new revue has been produced under the personal supervision of Mr. J. J. Shubert. The cast provided by the Messrs. Shubert for this new revue comprises a very unusual collection of comedians, singers and dancers.

Among the more important members of the cast will be The Avon Comedy Four, James Barton, Frankie Heath, Four Haley Sisters, Lon Hascall, Eddie Miller, Jack Leslie, Roland Woodruff, Harry Turpin, John Crone, Al Martin, Hazel Cox, Merle Hartwell, Kyra, Tilly Barton, Irene Held, Peggy Merrimont and Sara Carr; and besides an Aurora Borealis of bewildering beauties gowned like goddesses.

ENGLISH'S

"Maid to Love," a new musical comedy which has not yet put its fortunes to the touch on Broadway, but which is reported to have met with overwhelming success in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis, comes to English's Opera House for one week, beginning Monday, October 4th.

Raymond W. Peck wrote the books and lyrics. He will be remembered as the author of Elsie Janis's greatest starring vehicle, "The Vanderbilt Cup." The tuneful score of this already famous musical comedy is by Percy Wenrich.

There is a chorus picked for their exceptional beauty and gracefulness, their ability to sing and dance. Their adeptness in wearing gowns of dazzling splendor has placed these beauteous members in the spotlight of comment shared only with the famous "Floradora Girls" of yesterday.

In the cast are Vinton Freedley, who, after Clifton Crawford's death, succeeded to his part in "Ladies First"; Dolly Connolly, who has played prominent parts in the Winter Garden productions of 1917 and 1918, and also a vaudeville headliner between Winter Garden shows; Robert Woolsey, who also held the main position on the vaudeville program for many seasons; Lillian Ring of last season's cast of "Experience," and Tom Lewis. Mr. Lewis plays the principal comedy role. No other comedian today holds the record of originating so many characters as Mr. Lewis. From the "Unknown" in "Little Johnny Jones" to "Barry Darcy" in "Maid to Love," Mr. Lewis has built up and made famous every role he has played.

An augmented orchestra will occupy the pit, composed of members from the New York Symphony.

LYRIC

"At the Old Turnpike," a quaint rural comedy presented by Peggy Houlton and company, will provide the Lyric with a laughable headline attraction next week. The scene is laid in a country general store and the plot is woven around a championship game of checkers between two rivals who for forty years have been endeavoring to settle the question of supremacy at checkers. Johnson Brothers and Johnson will introduce a song and dance advertisement called "A Few Moments of Minstrelsy," which is, in fact, a miniature minstrel first part in every detail. The Aerial Eddys, sensational trapeze performers; LaRose and Adams, a comedy team in breezy bits from Broadway shows; Elmer Raines and Eunice Avery in a singing and talking absurdity entitled "Some Simp"; Frank Bush, the famous story-telling comedian, who is said to have a repertoire of more than a thousand funny yarns, and the Metropolitan Four, a quartet of singers and instrumentalists, will be among other acts on the bill. The picture portion of the show will consist of a "Hallroom Boys" farce, "Some Champs," the Bray Pictograph, and the Pathe Review.

Who's Hoosier and Where

(Continued from Page 13.)

the part of the detective force brought out the secret. Trailing Cupid is easy, however.

The "regular" and "real" Optimist tickets which will be voted for by that organization on October 8, are attracting some attention, and a lively campaign is on. There has been no charges that a slush fund has been raised. However, it is rumored that Scott Brewer, George Schmid, Stanley Brooks, and Dr. W. F. Kelley have refused to state their attitude as to whether they are wet or dry, it being understood that as they are Saturday bathers they are occasionally wet and later dry, depending on the condition of the Turkish towels.

W. Elwyn Jones, of the College of Music and Fine Arts, has gone to Shelbyville, where he has accepted the position of supervisor of music in the public schools.

Friends of Col. W. T. Durbin have hopes for him, since it has been announced that he will contribute $500 toward the purchase of a parsonage for a Methodist church in Anderson.

Reginald Sullivan has broken into print—at least he is being interviewed for the "Campaign Bulletin" which he is publishing as Democratic county chairman. Old Ed Howe, of Kansas, says that the only way you can say what you want to in a newspaper is to own it yourself—and then you can't.

The guess is that Jesse Moorman wouldn't have felt badly if that reduction plant had all burned instead of one-fourth of it.

Will Hays says that the Democrats may carry the Southern states at the election. Wouldn't it be awful if they didn't.

Chester Jewett was perfectly willing to miss his dinner if Babe Ruth had smashed out a home run at Washington park—but Babe took pity on him—and didn't.

Frank Stalnaker is practicing up for the occasion—helping to entertain the state bankers October 7 and 8. Who remembers some of the entertainments (not Stalnaker's) at the old "German House?" Oh, boy!

Prof. Claude Michelon will teach former service men to "parley voo" at the new classes starting at the Y. M. C. A. Doubtless the nasal gymnastics will seem like old times.

Jack Hendricks will not have any pennants to hang up in Indianapolis this fall, but he has succeeded in throwing a few scares into some other A. A. cities.

Andrew Smith has succeeded in enticing Douglas Malloch, the Chicago humorist, to come to Indianapolis and talk to the state bankers. Douglas is able to serve some nicely browned roasts when the occasion demands.

Evidently Henry Spaan doesn't like "normalcy" from the way he talks about it.

R. W. Adams, 3602 Graceland avenue, is now sitting up nights with a shotgun guarding four fig trees in his yard, which are in full bearing. Of course, he sits under his own fig-tree.

Elmer Gay is some little toastmaster. At least he had the guests at the anniversary dinner of the founding of the Pettis Dry Goods Company up on their toes during the evening.

Dr. Frank Wright, the chiropractor, received a postal card from "somewhere in Europe" a short time ago. The only person he knew in Europe who had money enough to send a postal 3,600 miles was Felix McWhirter. As Doc could not read foreign languages he took the card to the McWhirter bank in an effort to find some one who could read French. A young woman clerk said she would translate it—there were only two words. After sizing up the writing she informed Dr. Wright that the language was plain everyday English and that it was Mr. McWhirter's handwriting.

"What does he say?" inquired the bone setter.

"Nothing," said the translator.

"What's that on the card?" persisted the doctor.

"That's his name," said the girl, and Doc ducked into the street.

Doc Wright told this story at an Optimist gathering in the presence of McWhirter. After the laugh, Mr. McWhirter said:

"I'll be over soon and get an adjustment, Doc."

Will Hays says the press is the main division of the Republican army. That's why so many good old scouts belong to it, says Everett Watkins, of the Star.

It is to be hoped that Mayor Jewett's ambitions have been realized; he broke in on the "silent orator" on top of the "Daylight Corner."

Sam Sharp, of Columbus, is kicking because he paid 25 cents for four thin slices of tomatoes in an Indianapolis restaurant. He said the morning he left for Indianapolis he sold a bushel of tomatoes for 50 cents. Next time he'll remember to bring his own tomatoes when he comes here for lunch.

C. C. Goodrich can tell the advertising boys how to improve their product by the use of pictures. At least he did so at the last meeting of the Ad club.

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Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 17.)

overture by the Circle orchestra.

MISTER SMITH'S

In "Man and His Woman," which comes to Mr. Smith's Theatre the week of October 3, Herbert Rawlinson has the role of a doctor whose discovery of a tuberculosis serum will benefit mankind. When his fiance is untrue to him he loses faith, ambition and health, and becomes a derelict, and the suffering world cries in vain for the relief he can give it. Then comes into his life a woman whose innate goodness and lack of thought of self revives his physical, mental and moral strength. Ambition returns to him, and with the woman whose devotion has proclaimed her his true mate, he carries on his noble work. A splendid cast appears in this production, including May McAvoy, Eulalie Jensen, Charles Kent, Warren Chandler and Louis Dean. A special comedy, "Four Times Foiled," is also on the program

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OHIO

Present-day enthusiasts for spiritualism will find a particular interest in the theme of "For the Soul of Rafael," the feature picture at the Ohio Theatre for the week of October 3, which emphasizes some of the old Mexican tribal beliefs and superstitions. The play, which is adapted from the novel of the same name by Marah Ellis Ryan, has for its setting a little village in southern California. Clara Kimball Young plays the role of Raquel Estevan, who is adopted into the tribe of Hill Indians, and according to tribal ritual, attends the ceremony of the new year. Late at night she is led into the hills to take her part in the elaborate and mysterious celebration. During the ceremonial the Indian sentinels capture two white men discovered on the trail near by, and the chief orders them killed as spies. Raquel, at the suggestion of her old Indian nurse, gives to one of the white men a ring which she has been told will protect its wearer from death. Later she discovers that this act constitutes a formal betrothal according to Indian custom. The problem of the play is how Raquel meets the exigencies of tribal customs.

REGENT

A typical Tom Mix Western story is "The Untamed," which will be shown at the Regent Theatre the week of October 3. The story is adapted from the novel of the same name by Max Brand. As "Whistling Dan," Tom Mix plays the part of a strange, primitive being who is almost a superman in his ability to shoot and ride. His rare abilities along these lines lead him into conflict with a gang of roughs headed by Jim Silent, but his prowess is such that he is pretty well able to handle all comers. Whistling Dan's best friends are a wild-tempered stallion called Satan, and a huge dog, Black Bart, and the companionship of these three is one of the features of the play. A Snub Pollard comedy, "Doing Time," completes the program.

COLONIAL

As an ex-convict who impersonates a British nobleman, Eugene O'Brien goes through a series of unusual and exciting adventures in his latest picture, "The Wonderful Chance," which will be shown at the Colonial Theatre the week of October 3. The story, which is by H. H. Van Loan, is a crook play of the type made popular

(Continued on Page 22.)



Clara Kimball Young in "For the Soul of Rafael", Ohio Theatre, Week of Octobet 3

Riley Lives

(Continued from Page 5.)

—Gabrille D'Annunzio of Italy, and not even he so extensively.

The "Riley Dinner," which was a part of the birthday exercises, was probably the most distinguished dinner ever given in Indiana, and many noted men sat down to it. Charles Warren Fairbanks was chairman of the committee. The acceptances to the invitations poured in and those who could not attend sent congratuville; Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana; literary lights were in attendance and many of the nation's noted men were present. The speaking list included William Allen White of Kansas; John H. Finley, commissioner of education of New York; Young Allison of Louisville; Albert J. Beverage of Indiana; Senator John W. Kern of Indianapolis; Governor Samuel M. Ralston; Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly; Col. George Harvey and many others. George Ade acted as toastmaster.

On the occasion of the dinner tributes were read from William J. Bryan, Chief Justice Holmes of the U. S. Supreme Court, and scores of other noted men.

In addition to this part of the entertainment Ona B. Talbot arranged for a spectacle at the Murat Theatre, which included the celebrated Russian dancers from Pavlowa's company; Ward Stephens, the composer-pianist, and a chorus of twenty-five children who participated in several Riley numbers. The entertainment was attended by notables from over the state and was pronounced one of the most artistic ever given in Indianapolis.

All of this honor almost overwhelmed Mr. Riley, who said he could not convey in words what it meant to him. Elsewhere in the state the celebration was equally appreciated. People, without regard to class or distinction, paid the poet honor.

Although that commemorative event is ancient history it is not forgotten—nor are the poems of Riley:

"Th' Old Swimmin' Hole," for example, has been recited in almost every cross roads school house in America and England. It made the Brandywine creek famous, as did the poem of the same name which described it:

"Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook and line
And a saplin' pole—I swan
I've had more fun to the square
Inch, than ever anywhere!
Heaven to come can't discount mine,
Up and down old Brandywine."

Of course, everybody who has ever read a Riley poem remembers "The Little Town o' Tailholt." Riley once said that the town of Tailholt was Carleton or Reedville, Indiana, as the original of this poem. The poem that put Tailholt on the map is one of the jingling kind—perhaps more so than most any other of his humorous efforts:

"You kin boast about yer cities, and
their stiddy growth and size,
And brag about yer county-seats and
business enterprise,
And railroads and factories, and all
sich foolery—
But the little town o' Tailholt is big
enough fer me.

You kin smile and turn yer nose up,
and joke and hev yer fun,
And laugh and holler 'Tailholts is better holts 'n none!'
Ef the city suits you better, w'y hit's
where you'd better be—
But the little town o' Tailholt's good
enough fer me."

And then who will not remember "Lockerbie Street," the street on which Mr. Riley lived for so many years. He made it famous, not only by his presence, but by the poem by the same name, one verse of which runs:

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled
away
From the noise of the city and the
heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering
trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake
hands with the breeze,
Which in all its wide wanderings
never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie street!"

Riley's old home, which stands in Lockerbie street, where he passed out, was given to his old housekeeper for her lifetime. Later, at her death, the property was taken over by Edmund Eitel, Mr. Riley's nephew, and others, who still own it. There has been some talk of converting the place into a sort of a Riley shrine—but thus far nothing has been done.

But it will not take a shrine to keep Riley enshrined in the hearts of the people. And when October seventh has come and gone the people of Indiana will go on remembering him for the glory he has given.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 21.)

by "Jimmie Valentine," "Kick In," etc.

The picture opens with Eugene O'Brien, alias Barlow, being released from Sing Sing, a reformed character firmly resolved to go straight. To save the life of a pal, he is forced to tackle one more job, and comes through safely, only to have fate push him into another adventure which appears to him to be the wonderful chance—the chance to take the part of a gentleman in society. A gang of crooks kidnap the wealthy Lord Birmingham, who happens to look very much like Barlow. Luck leads Barlow to his lordship's hotel, where the clerk, mistaking the convict for the Earl, hands him the keys to the Englishman's apartment. Barlow accepts the role of Lord Birmingham, and the crooks, who had kidnapped his predecessor, decide to revenge themselves on Barlow, who has stolen their thunder, by robbing the house where he is a guest and throwing suspicion on him. Having fallen in love with Peggy Winton, the daughter of the house, Barlow decides to prevent the robbery even though he must betray his own identity. At the last minute he rescues the real Lord Birmingham and the finale is a grand disentanglement of the badly mixed identities of Barlow and the Earl, with a sure chance for Eugene O'Brien to come out on top, for he plays both parts. Martha Mansfield, who was recently seen as leading lady in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," plays the part of Peggy Winton.

The program will include a comedy, "June Madness," with Beatrice Le Plante, and also a news reel. The American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers will provide a characteristic Colonial program of music.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will celebrate President's Day on October 8th at the home of Mrs. Frank B. Wade, 1039 West Twenty-seventh street.

The Independent Social Club will meet October 5th with the Local Council of Women at the Propylaeum.

The New Era Club will hold its first meeting of the season on October 4th. Mrs. F. H. Wilson, 914 Ashland avenue, will be the hostess.

The Woman's Research Club will have their President's Day celebration at the Canoe Club on October 4th.

* * *

The Independent Social Club gave a luncheon September 30 at the Blacherne.

* * *

The Indianapolis Woman's Club celebrated President's Day on October 1st at the Propylaeum at three o'clock. The social committee consists of Mrs. E. F. Hodges, chairman, Mrs. Stanley and Miss Scoville.

* * *

The Irvington Coterie Club held its first meeting of the season at the home of Mrs. Donald Fitzgerald, 36 Layman Avenue, on September 27th.

* * *

On September 28th the Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club gave a luncheon at the home of Mrs. P. E. Powell, Apartment No. 1, 3466 Carrollton avenue, in celebration of President's Day.

* * *

The Zetathea Club observed President's Day with a luncheon at the Hotel Lincoln, September 29th.

* * *

The Woman's Department Club will begin its activities for the 1920-21 club year Thursday, October 7, with the president's day program, an annual event honoring the club's leader.

* * *

Mrs. E. C. Rumpler went to Kentland on September 28 to address the Woman's Club. She will address the Irvington Fortnightly Club on October 8, the Marion Department Club at its President's Day meeting on October 12, and the State Women's Christian Temperance Union convention at Hammond on October 9.

* * *

The Council of Jewish Women will observe President's Day October 5 with a luncheon and a program, which will probably be held at the Indianapolis Club.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1920 — NUMBER 17

Women Who Do Things

Display Spirit of Co-operation in Work of Women's City Club, Now Past Its Second Summer.

Making Laudable Effort to Centralize Activities of Business and Professional Workers in Indianapolis.



Mamie I. Bass, President



Florence Herz, Vice-President

The Women's City Club, born last January in the midst of the so-called reconstruction period, is still but a lusty infant. She has weathered the first summer of her existence and shows signs of continued development, which presages an ability to survive the critical second summer and to "grow up" successfully.

One of the criticisms that has been made of Indianapolis is that we are not organized as a co-operative group. We have many clubs, many organizations of various kinds, each doing an excellent work in itself. But for many years one organization did not know what the others were doing, and there was a sad lack of co-operation between them. It is only within the last few years that the clubs have begun to pull together.

Organizations of business women are perhaps subject to this criticism to a certain degree also. During the last few years a number of clubs have come into being in a field that was almost unoccupied. There is the Business Women's Section of the Department Club, the Altrusa Club, the Women's Rotary Club, and others. Each of these is doing a valuable work that contributes to the increasing broad-mindedness and public-spiritedness of the business and professional woman, but there is, or rather was, little co-ordination between them.

One of the most important functions of the Women's City Club is to add to this spirit of co-operation, to centralize the activities of business and professional women, that greater benefits may result from their united efforts. Here the business or professional woman may find a mouthpiece for her desire to have a voice in all matters of civic welfare; here she may find an open forum for the study and discussion of problems of national importance. With universal suffrage at hand, the need of a non-partisan organization standing for good government is apparent to all.

Besides this idea of centralizing the activities of business and professional women, it is felt to be equally important for women to have a place where they may become better acquainted. No better opportunity for this can be provided than through the medium of a tea room. The club has opened at its rooms at 216½ North Meridian street an attractive tea room, where luncheon and dinner are served. Every day business and professional women who appreciate the advantage of meeting together daily may be found lunching and neighboring at the club rooms. In order that the public may know of the opportunities offered by the club, the tea room is at present open to all who wish to patronize it.

The club is distinctly an organization of business and professional women and as such it goes without saying that one of its primary purposes is to know and help this class of women. The club proposes to gather information about the status of all women engaged in gainful occupations in this city and throughout the state, and to encourage them to improve their standards of work and to secure recognition for their efforts in proportion to their services.

Although there are many prominent Indianapolis business women and women of forceful personalities enrolled in the membership of between five and six hundred, the policy is to avoid the "one woman" method of club leadership. Women of outstanding ability who have proved their power to put things through are selected to head committees and to carry on the various club activities, but this does not prevent the observance of a democratic policy of admitting any zealous newcomer to her share of service. Any woman with new ideas and the desire to see them carried out will find a place and a welcome in the ranks of the Women's City Club. Any feminine Robert Fultons in the city may feel free to bring their steamboat ideas to the attention of the club, and they may expect to find a cordial and broad-minded attitude prevailing among the club members.

The women who have been selected as officers and directors of the club are representative of the best among Indianapolis business and professional women, and indicate the wide field from which the club membership is drawn. The president, Mamie L. Bass, is office manager with the firm of architects, Bass, Knowlton & Graham; Florence Herz, vice-president, is a special feature writer with the Indianapolis News; Forba McDaniels, treasurer, is assistant secretary of the Indiana Bankers' Association; Alice Anderson, secretary, is the proprietor of the A. A. Letter Shop; and Emma L. Gilliom, auditor, is an accountant with the Fletcher Savings & Trust Co. The board of directors comprises such outstanding women as Merica E. Hoagland, chairman, who is director of mutual service with the Diamond Chain Company; Laura Donnan, teacher; Isabella Somerville, juvenile court worker; Ella M. Groninger, lawyer; Josephine English, auditor; Sara Major Avery, corsetiere, and Elizabeth Rainey, office manager for a firm of attorneys.

Although the club is still very young, it has already put into practice

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Alice Anderson, Secretary



Forba McDaniel, Treasurer

John Herron Art Season

First Fall Exhibition Now on Display, Showing Examples of Classic and Modern Interest, Is Under Auspices of Greek Government.

By Beatrice Sherman

Plans for the 1920-21 season at the John Herron Art Institute are gradually being worked out by the director, Harold Haven Brown, who has recently returned from a vacation in the East. The general outline of exhibitions for the year has been decided upon and details as to exact opening dates of the various exhibitions will be fixed later.

The first fall exhibition is now open to the public, a collection of pictures of classic and modern interest, which is being displayed in this country under the auspices of the Greek government and which is known as the Greek Government Exhibition. These pictures were shown in Paris during the summer of 1919 while the Peace Conference was in session, and later, at the instance of Premier Venizelos, they were sent to America, and have been exhibited in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ann Arbor, and have now come to Indianapolis after a two weeks' stay in Detroit.

The purpose that Premier Venizelos had in mind in urging that the exhibit be sent to America was to acquaint Americans with the glorious past and the promising future of Greece through the international language of pictures. Most people who know Greece only through school books are likely to have a fairly strong conception of Greece as a country of ruins. It is to dissipate this idea that the pictures have been sent to America. While many of them do depict Greece's wealth of sculpture and architecture of ancient times, equal attention is given to modern Greek life. There are pictures of the Acropolis and the Parthenon, but there are also photographs of living Greek women, dancing in the way that their ancestors danced in the days when they believed in Zeus and Pallas Athene. There is a view of the stymphalian Lake, which is linked with the past by ancient myths and legends, but which is vitally a part of the present as well, for it is planned to bring the lake waters down to the modern city of Athens in a new aqueduct. The unique feature of the exhibition is its interpretation and blending of the beautiful in both ancient and modern Greece.

The photography is the work of Frederic Boissonnas, a skilled Swiss artist, who spent years in Greece gathering the material for this collection which consists of some five hundred pictures.

Models of ancient Greek swords and daggers, plaster casts of temples, bas reliefs showing costumes of ancient times, and reproductions of old draperies displayed on lay figures, will be included in the exhibition.

After the Greek pictures are gone —and they will be here only two weeks—there will be a most extensive and beautiful exhibition of old laces, the collection having been gathered together by the Needle and Bobbin Club of New York.

The period from October to January has not been definitely scheduled as yet, but there will probably be exhibitions of paintings by American artists, displays of etchings and prints, and also the decorative arts. Exact dates will be announced later.

In January the big annual exhibition of paintings will be opened, most of them being by American artists. Some time after the new year there will be an exhibit of water colors which will be wide in scope—at least fifty artists will be represented. In March the display of work by Indiana artists will be held, and a little later there will be an exhibition of Canadian paintings, which will be the first exhibit of the kind ever held in this part of the country, and which will give Indiana people a chance to see what is being done by their neighbors to the North.

The Art School is looking forward to a very good year. The school will be opened on October 4th with practically the same courses and instructors as last year. The enrollment will probably equal or surpass last year's enrollment of two hundred—including the day and evening classes and teachers' courses. At the end of the spring term the regular exhibition of selected work of the art students will be held.



A Disabled Soldier Pursuing a Course in Commercial Art

Former Service Men Studying Commercial Art Under the Rehabilitation Plan of the U. S. Government and Are Making Good.

At present the only work going on at the school is that in connection with the work of civil rehabilitation of soldiers. A class of some nine or ten soldiers who saw service in the World War are pursuing a course in Commercial Art under the direction of Mr. J. Earl Schrack. These men work at the school six days a week, and have been following this program for several months. They will probably continue their work for about a year, the government paying all expenses for tuition, materials, etc.

One of the members of the class was very seriously injured in the war, his leg being badly shattered. When he was pronounced sound and safely recovered from his injuries, he obtained employment in a lumber mill, but the work was so strenuous that within a week's time he suffered an attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was ill for six weeks. Having a wife and family to support, he immediately took a position when he was able to be about, but physical labor again proved too much for him. After his third recovery, he began his work at the art school and has been doing splendidly there, for the work at a desk is not too hard for him physically, and he is developing a nice talent. His work in lettering, decorative advertising, and poster design have met with Mr. Brown's encouraging approval. Although the amount which the government allows these returned soldiers is very meagre, if it can be stretched to tide them over a period of apprenticeship in an art or a trade, it will accomplish a very great deal.

Wayside Sketches

Her face was the color of a ripe apple. Perhaps that was what induced me to stop and buy a glass of cider from her. The cider was light amber and it poured thin. I regret to say—it tasted the same way.

I voiced my criticism to the seller, expecting an outburst of denials with the added observation that perhaps my taste had been vitiated by too much near-beer or some of the other "dry" drinks that are on the market.

To my surprise she fully agreed with me. "Yes, it is thin," she said mournfully, "but I didn't make it. The farmer who sold me this 'watered' it slightly. I know good cider when I taste it—but this is not real good. However, it is as good as you find on the market and considerably better than some, for it has not so much water as some of the other on sale."

I drank the glassful and about the only thing the drink did was to recall the old cider days down on the farm. * * *

It was a keen morning in October, with just enough frost in the air to remind one that fall was on hand. We were en route to "Uncle Jimmy's" on a cider making expedition. * * *

Out in the orchard under a weather-beaten shed stood the huge cider mill. An old sled was pressed into service and two barrels of water were hauled to the mill to be used in washing the fruit. All hands proceeded to the apple gathering. A stout limbed hired man climbed the trees and shook down the fall pippins, russets and winesaps. The younger generation helped to fill the big box and accompany it to the mill.

Then the grinding by man power * * * little rivulets of amber juice flowed from the hopper and into the waiting tub * * * now the huge slatted cylinders were filled to overflowing with pulp and the head block adjusted and the lever and screw began working * * * how the liquid

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Money—Poor Symphonic Theme

Damrosch, Just Returned from Europe, Makes Some Pertinent Observations Regarding American Characteristic.

Paderewski Calls Himself "Poor Pole Playing Solo" in Answer to Observation by Great Orchestra Conductor.

By Ona B. Talbot

From announcements being received every day the New York musical season will be even greater than the immensely rich one of last season, when it was reported that in 190 days New York had more than 200 orchestral concerts, to say nothing of the hundreds of recitals; the brilliant season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, the annual visit of the Chicago Opera Company; the fashionable Friday Morning Musicales at the Biltmore; the American Opera Association, and numberless others, but these will serve to show the multitude of musical events that are given during the winter of musical activity in the musical center of America.

In looking over the announcements of the leading orchestras of the country, namely—New York Symphony, Philharmonic, New National Symphony, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Minneapolis, it is extremely interesting to note that the names of Rachmaninoff, Schumann-Heink, Kreisler, Levitzki, Casals, Spalding, Powell, Easton, Grianger and Godowsky appear as soloists not with one orchestra but with all of them—orchestras of New York.

One of the important musical announcements is the American tour of the La Scala Orchestra of Milan, under the leadership of Arturo Toscanini. "The news that Arturo Toscanini will return to New York next winter is comforting," writes James Huneker of the New York World, and he continues, "Where MacGregor sits is the head of the table. Toscanini is unique. He was the first conductor since Seidl to give us an aesthetic thrill in "Tristan and Isolde." Poetry and passion are in Toscanini's eloquent interpretations."

The three New York concerts to be given by the Italian orchestra will be presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, and will be subscription concerts. The first four days after this announcement was made over $5,000 was received for subscription tickets. In Montreal the orchestra will play in an enormous vaudeville house, the concert not beginning until 11:15 p. m. The tour will be limited to ten weeks, and I am glad Indianapolis is again fortunate in being among the cities chosen—Sunday afternoon, February 6th, is the date arranged for this concert at the Murat Theatre.

Nearly every steamer arriving from Europe since the middle of September has a number of persons notable in the musical world on board. Among these were Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Walter Damrosch of the New York Symphony; Gatti-Casazza, director-general of the Metropolitan Opera House; Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and Albert Spalding, American violinist.



Maestro Arturo Toscanini, the greatest Italian conductor, will tour America for the first time with the La Scala Orchestra of Milan under the patronage of the Italian Government, sponsored by a group of New York's public-spirited men, who guaranteed $500,000 to give America the opportunity of hearing this great orchestra and conductor. They will be heard in Indianapolis Sunday afternoon, February 6th.

"Walter Damrosch has come back with two objects in view, one to educate the younger generation, the other to give Americans a richer scale of emotions," writes Katherine Wright in the New York Tribune.

"We have often deplored the attitude of the American youngster toward music While little Gaston and Pietro, Hans and Sasha are absorbed with the thought of one day becoming a great singer, fiddler, pianist, little Johnnie is bent on making a fortune in Wall street. American youth, as a whole, prefers making money to making music. The foreigner sings or plays because he must. The average American begins a career in some branch of music not because he has made up his mind to succeed in this direction. The impulse comes from the head, not the heart."

And then Miss Wright continues: "Of course there is the group of earnest workers dragging out their lives within the walls of conservatories, but the fruit of their labors is too often sterile. It is a case of too many opportunities and not enough talent. The children of wealthy Americans are given music lessons much as they are sent to dancing school. Later on concert-going becomes part of their social life. Here in America a young man who wishes to make a name in music is not even yet entirely free from the reproach of effeminacy. We remember with amusement the case of a son of a great manufacturer in New England whose millionaire father looked upon him with scorn because the young man persistently encouraged a talent for composition instead of turning with enthusiasm to the paternal calling.

"But in Europe they live their music. There are more musical geniuses than financiers. In almost every family there is a musician. Success in music is as welcome as a suddenly acquired fortune would be to an American family.

"Mr. Damrosch," Miss Wright says, "has already accomplished much toward educating young America by his concerts for children and young people, which it is said are to be imitated by orchestras in several cities. But he plans to do more to stimulate a love of music among young people by digging below the thin layer of highly educated soil that is represented by the average grown-up symphony orchestra.

"When the London programs of the New York Symphony Orchestra were announced the critic of the London Telegraph asked why more American symphonic works were not to be played and wondered if there were none. Perhaps it is because we are a practical rather than an emotional people that the supply is so limited. Making money as a theme does not lend itself sympathetically to symphonic treatment.

"Mr. Damrosch himself was afforded rich emotional experiences on his tour. There was indeed a thrill in the fact of an American orchestra playing French music in France, English music in England, Italian music in Italy, Belgian music in Belgium and in the international responsiveness, for Mr. Damrosch rightly considers music an international language.

"Our first thrill of the trip," he said, "came at the Paris concert, after we had played D'Indy's 'Istar.' One of the violinists in the orchestra said, 'D'Indy is sitting over there.' I turned and bowed, and the whole audience, with the wonderful enthusiasm of the French people, rose to pay tribute to the veteran composer.

"In Brussels, at the Theatre de la Monnaie," I had another interesting experience. We had played Guillaume Lekeu's Adagio, and the audience was greatly moved. After the concert, as I was leaving the theatre, a white-haired man came up to me holding out a card which said 'Guillaume Leuke'; it was the composer's father.

"Everywhere I was impressed with the affectionate regard in which Americans were held in Europe. The reports of the conductor's progress from banquet to banquet, of the decorations bestowed upon him, have long been made public. In Italy he saw Toscanini, who endured two nights in a sleeper in order to attend the orchestra's concert at Milan.

"While he talked, Mr. Damrosch's luncheon was cooling and his secre-

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When the mercury takes its first fall plunge and the crispness of the early autumn becomes a matter of goose flesh and shivers, many a problem which has seemed of small importance during the summer time suddenly looms up large and cries aloud for immediate action. Standing on the shady side of the street waiting twenty-five or thirty minutes for a car on a summer day with a temperature of eighty degrees may be tiresome and annoying, but it doesn't entail the acute discomfort that a half-hour's wait on wind-swept street corners causes when October produces one of her occasional raw, cold, rainy days. If the weary watcher for the street car that doesn't come happens to have a thin summer suit, lightweight summer oxfords, and no umbrella, the inadequacy of the present street car system becomes a vital issue and all other interests are dimmed in the glare of the unconscionably unsatisfactory street car service.

On such occasions when Indianapolis citizens have cause to berate the street car system for failing to come up to standard, they are apt to forget that other cities have likewise had transportation difficulties, and to feel that Indianapolis is at the bottom of the scale in point of street car service. Cincinnati, Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago and many other cities have been suffering just as Indianapolis has in this respect. To meet the increased cost of operation they have raised their fares in the hope of providing a sufficient revenue to warrant efficient operation while the Indianapolis nickel fare still stands. Many an Indianapolis citizen, standing first on one rain-soaked foot and then on the other, waiting and watching and hoping for the homeward bound street car, has rashly thought, "Why don't they raise their fares then in Indianapolis and have done with it? Give them enough money to pay for service. Ten-cent or even fifteen-cent fares would be preferable to this agonizing waiting and wasting of time.

But it must be remembered that the purpose of the increased fare would be to increase the revenue, and though you may be perfectly willing to pay a ten-cent fare for the sake of more efficient service, if two other citizens prefer to walk downtown and back rather than pay a higher fare, the desired increase in revenue for the street car company fails to materialize, and you continue to have poor service at the cost of a dime instead of a nickel. Cincinnati, with an eight-cent fare, is having just this experience.

Indianapolis, which ranked very low at the beginning of the war in point of efficiency and financial standing of its street railway company, now ranks much higher up the scale in these respects, even taking into account the cities where the fare has been considerably increased. Indianapolis is one of the few cities of its size which still has a five-cent fare, and as it compares favorably in point of service and financial solidity with companies in cities where the fare has been increased substantially, it would seem that promiscuous increases in fares are not a panacea for all street railway ills. In every town there is a certain point in the scale of fares where further increases so cut down business that they decrease instead of increasing the company's revenue.

What effect an increased fare in Indianapolis would have it is impossible to say exactly. In the past we have had only the jump from the five-cent cash fare and six tickets for a quarter or twenty-five for a dollar, to a straight five-cent fare. This very slight increase can scarcely serve as a criterion for predictions as to what effect further increases would have.

Some time ago there was the expedient of the penny transfer, which to the layman seemed rather a foolish thing, for you paid a penny for your transfer and got your penny back when the conductor took it up. Of course, the company kept the pennies for those transfers that were lost, but the motive in this case was deeper than simply to collect these few extra pennies for the poverty stricken street car company. For a long time, Indianapolis operated a nefarious but efficient barber shop exchange depot for transfers. Many men who went home to lunch on the north side of town, before the penny transfer days, would bring a transfer to a barber shop or hotel lobby and donate it to some man just starting home for lunch on the south, east or west side of town. This policy of helping out a fellow citizen by giving him a free ride was worked out to a system, and the penny transfer, by dragging in a commercial aspect to the habit of donating free rides, broke up the altruistic arrangement, although it did not vastly increase the company revenue. When the exchange habit was broken up, the penny transfer days were over.

As for what plan will be adopted to better present conditions of street car service—which everyone is ready to admit are lamentable—no plan has as yet been definitely accepted. One great difficulty in the way of a satisfactory solution of the matter is that the street railway company seems to be divided against itself, and like Ireland, can not decide on exactly what it wants. This makes it very hard for the Public Service Commission to take any action to alleviate the situation.

Mayor Jewett and Corporation Counsel Ashby worked out a service-at-cost plan for the street car system. They labored with it, changing and improving, and have evolved a plan which is now in the hands of the Public Service Commission and has been for some time. Whether or not the plan would be welcomed by the company remains to be seen, for internal disagreement apparently prevents their voicing their desires in the matter.

The city's service-at-cost plan is a scheme whereby the fare would be established on a basis that would cover the fixed charges of operation of the company. These fixed charges would include labor, cost of keeping up equipment, cost of power, a depreciation fund to cover depreciation of company property through use, interest on the investment of capital, and any other costs legitimately to be included in the costs of operation. Any surplus after these fixed charges were paid would be held in a special fund. When this fund reached a certain point, fares would automatically be reduced and this special fund would be drawn upon for any necessary expenditures not covered by the revenue from fares. On the other hand, if a deficit was shown, fares would automatically be increased. Such a system would provide a fair and flexible means of adjusting fares to the cost of service.

A plan of this sort is now in operation in Cleveland, and several other cities. The plan proposed for Indianapolis is the result of an attempt to glean the best from the various service-at-cost plans in use in other cities, and while such a plan might not work out perfectly, it certainly merits a trial. In practice deficiencies which might show up could be remedied as occasion demanded.

Such a plan, if worked out successfully, would mean that the street railway company would be on a sound financial basis, that its credit would be such that banks would be willing to extend it credit for improvements and additional equipment, and it would not have to depend upon revenue from fares for such improvements and additional equipment. At present the street car situation is deplorable. Poor service at rush hours, lack of adequate extension of lines to meet the growing needs of the city, delay in completion of street improvements which holds back the work to be done by the city—all these much discussed ills are due to a lack of sufficient revenue and a sound financial standing. If more money is needed to put the street car service on a sound basis, and if some increase in fares must come, then the logical remedy seems to be to apply the service-at-cost scheme as worked out by city officials to safeguard the interests of both the company and the public. But just so long as the company remains undecided itself as to what course it would advocate, the prospects for better service seem decidedly hazy.

Men Architects—and Women's Homes

I am a woman, but not an architect, although I have studied architecture as it relates to home building. One of my youthful friends was an architect—a pal of my brother—and is today one of the foremost architects in Indiana. I used to sit by the hour and watch him draw plans, perspectives and elevations—and I also used to "butt in" and make suggestions about the plans he drew. So my interest in home architecture is not of recent date. I have drawn a hundred or so plans for homes and "worked over" at least that many more, and I feel confident that I know in a general way where men architects "fall down" when it comes to the intimate details of home building.

Nine women out of ten will complain of the arrangement of their home, although it may just have been built. You might reply that the home looks beautiful and comfortable—and then comes the usual answer—men don't understand that there must be furniture placed in a house and there must be places for storage.

Why, for example, will the men architects plan house after house with the hot air register behind a door? Perhaps they think they won't "show"—but what a nuisance to the home owner. The heat ruins the varnish on the door and blackens the wall paper—and the door must be kept closed if you wish service in cold weather.

And speaking of doors—why must the cellar door be swung into the house rather than in the cellar way?

Men architects put windows in a house to look good from the outside, when if the inside was the main consideration, the housewives would rise up and call them blessed instead of some of the names they do call them.

Here is a room with a window in the middle of the side wall leaving a space on either side that is too small to be of any earthly use, whereas, if the window had been placed more to one side, the space would be usable. But often when a room has been so designed it will have a closet door or some other door opening against the window. Doors swinging the wrong way is a common error in house designing.

And the kitchen! Supposedly the realm of women—what a joke it sometimes is! The architect who designed it has a place in his office where he has everything at his finger tips to make work easy. But the kitchens that he plans for women are a crime. He puts the sink in the darkest corner to save pipe; he builds great wide shelves that take up twice the amount of room that they should or

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Football in Indianapolis

City High Schools After Years of Hard Fighting Again Hear the Thud of Shoe on Leather.

Many Abuses Noted in Amateur Sport a Few Years Ago Now Eliminated and Game Is Purified.

By Thomas A. Hendricks

"Give 'em the ax, Shortridge!"
"Bully for Training School!"
"Yea, Tech, let's go!"

Football has come back to Indianapolis high schools!

Our boys have won out after twelve years of hard fighting against what at times seemed to be insurmountable odds.

The lads who fought and lost that battle for true American sport in our schools twelve long years ago left their high schools defeated, but many years later, when they were no longer boys, they left their homes, their professions, their jobs, to follow the Stars and Stripes 3,000 miles and in the Argonne, along the Meuse, at Chateau-Thierry and St. Mihiel to win a glorious victory for the same American ideals for which they struggled in their high school days.

For a few years just before 1908, amateur football in the Middle West had become subject to many abuses and the game itself was full of faults and was being criticized severely all over the United States. In the East and in some sections of the West a sincere and successful effort was made to purify the game, correct its faults and make it what it is today—a clean, wonderful, typically American sport.

In certain sections of the Middle West, Indianapolis included, there had grown up a marked spirit of effeminization that had reached threatening proportions. It was the same spirit which later characterized the ultra-pacifists at the outbreak of the World War, a spirit that looked upon the hero of the Rollo Books as the ultimate ideal of boyhood, and regarded a Mark Twain, Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn, or a Booth Tarkington Penrod, or a boy scout as a menace to civilization.

So the cry went up for the abolition of football and over the violent but incoherent protests of the youth of Indianapolis football was abolished and the game between Shortridge and Manual in 1908 was hailed in certain quarters as the end of an era of barbarism.

The old American spirit of imaginative free play went, too. Basketball, baseball, football—competitive sports of all kinds—were tabooed. The high school youth groaned, complained at home to apathetic parents, bore it rebelliously and fought back with all the might of its inborn sport-loving Americanism.

Sometimes the boys won a skirmish, more often they suffered crushing and humiliating defeat, as on that memorable Thanksgiving Day when twenty-two hardy, daring Shortridge and Manual boys defied the powers that were and engaged in the uncultured and uncouth game of football. As a result eleven Shortridgers were summarily suspended, while an equal number of Training School youngsters escaped by the skin of their teeth.

But our boys never quit fighting. The fight, dropped by a graduating Senior class, would be taken up by entering Freshmen and they would carry on. And slowly they made progress. First they were permitted to play intra-school baseball and basketball. Later they wrenched from unwilling authorities the right to have a track team at the state meet. Then the privilege was extended to the basketball team—and that was the sum total of the results of the battle of nine long years waged for American ideals in sport.



Archie Erehart, Coach at Tech.

It looked like an unbreakable deadlock—but so did the situation along the trench lines of northern France before the Americans went into the battle line in 1918. These old high school boys, the boys who had fought the losing fight for American sport from 1908 to 1919, came home from their victories in France and threw their reinforcements behind the high school boys of today. They went to the school board and they demanded the restoration of football in loud, clamorous and peremptory terms. And one day not so very long ago the joyous news came that the present school board had joined forces with the boys and had wholeheartedly capitulated.

Then things began to happen.

An estimate was submitted to the board that the expense of football for each high school would be $2,000, and that this amount would be repaid through gate receipts.

Russell Julius, recently a football star at Indiana University, was put in charge of football at Shortridge.

Archie Erehart, also of Indiana, was placed over the pigskin destinies at Tech.

R. E. Evans, formerly of Morningside University, took up the duties of coaching the squad at Manual Training.

Frank H. Gorton was appointed physical director at Shortridge, being recommended by Princeton University, and Bannon was made assistant to Evans at Manual.

So far, none of the local teams have done anything startling or impressive, which is only natural, for, like Rome or any other burg, football traditions can not be built in a day. But that is a matter of really secondary importance.

The big thing is that after all these years we are back once more to football and rugged, imaginative American sport once more.

"Yea, Tech, let's go!"
"Bully for Training School!"
"Give 'em the ax, Shortridge!"



Russel Julius, Coach at Shortridge.

Gossip of the New York Stage

John Philip Sousa, bandmaster and lieutenant commander in the United States naval reserves, recently gave his twenty-eighth anniversay concert at the Hippodrome. Sousa has written more than one hundred marches and seven comic operas in addition to several novels.

Some of the newest plays that are to be seen in New York at the present time are "Anna Ascends," with Alice Brady as its star, at the Playhouse; "The Guest of Honor," illustrating both the characteristic dramaturgy and acting of William Hodge, at the Broadhurst; and "Marry the Poor Girl," a new farce at the Little Theatre. All these plays arrived during last week and are fairly settled on their stages.

The Selwyns have opened with their new play, "The Mirage," at the Times Square Theatre, with Florence Reed in the leading role. The play is by Edgar Selwyn and the theatre is the Selwyns own.

The heroine role is that of a young girl who comes to New York from a small town in the hope of being of service to those she loves at home. She finds that much of the vision she saw before coming to the city was a mirage, and is forced to suffer many disillusionments before the end of the play. The supporting company includes Alan Dinehart, Florence Nash, Malcolm Williams, Catherine Proctor, Reginald Mason, Alison Bradshaw, William Williams, Mildred Whitney and others.



Burrell Edgar Evans, Manual Training Coach.

Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

AS TO BUSINESS

While the country is face to face with trade reaction, there is a decidedly hopeful view of the situation by business men and financiers. The slowing down in business is taken as a blessing in disguise, and the readjustment process now going on promises a new basis that means stability and less "wildcatting."

In a recent issue of Topics Charles B. Sommers took an optimistic view of conditions in Indianapolis. He predicted prosperity for the coming year and gave his reasons therefor. He called attention to a set of figures based on Babson's averages—and authoritative—as to why the motor car industry, for example, was in for good business the coming year. In 1903, he said, it took 1,775 bushels of wheat to buy a motor car of the average retail price of all motor cars of $1,438. In 1910 the cost of an average car at retail was $1,471 and it took 1,290 bushels of wheat to buy it. In 1920 the retail price of the average car was $1,103 and it takes 441 bushels of wheat to buy it.

The figures show that while the average price of cars has been dropping the price of wheat has risen and the number of bushels necessary to purchase such a car has decreased.

However, it must be borne in mind that in all business—farming as well—it is not the units that we should use as a measure, but the hours of productive effort the units represent.

In bank deposits, for example, the same is true. A deposit of $500 in 1910 and a deposit of $1,000 in 1920 does not altogether represent what the figures indicate. The question is: how many hours of productive effort is represented in the $500 and in the $1,000. It is by this method that we actually measure our prosperity.

If the farmer's efforts in growing enough wheat to buy an average priced automobile in 1910 represents so many hours of effort in excess of what it takes now to buy an average priced car in 1920 he is just that much ahead of the game in profits as represented by his hours of labor. The same thing is true with every business and with every individual. Thus it can be seen whether we are prosperous.

In the readjustments now going on this feature likely will be overlooked by many in taking into consideration whether they have made profits or savings this year as compared with other years.

Without going into a technical economic discussion of the matter the financiers and economists take the position from the figures they have that the man who has put in productive hours of effort has made a gain, all things being equal. It is also shown that with the demand for all sorts of products so great the hours of productive effort in the next year should produce more individual wealth. In other words, that prosperity will remain—and the predictions by Mr. Sommers and others have a foundation of fact. While the campaign has slowed business slightly the election is expected to dissipate the apathy and in fact renew trade to its old-time vim.

QUIXOTIC VIEWS

A New York business man was summoned to serve as a juror in a criminal case in which two young men were involved. He objected to serving because, as he said, "I am utterly opposed to the trial, conviction and punishment of these men. Society itself which tolerates conditions that breed criminals should be tried and punished."

The trial judge asked the prospective juror: "Suppose one of your clerks should steal from you. Would you want him punished?" The juror replied that he would not and declared that society was "the criminal in such cases."

Of course, the views thus expressed by this man are not only illogical and unbalanced, but show him to be supremely ignorant. The court declared that "If I believed you really know what you are talking about I would adjudge you in contempt of court and punish you severely." The man was peremptorily ordered from the court room.

Such men are few and it is well that they are. Just what would happen to society—and that includes these men—if everybody should entertain the same views as does this New Yorker? The world would be in chaos. As a matter of fact, the views of this juror would have some standing if based on a true premise—but they are not. Society doesn't tolerate "criminal conditions." On the other hand, it maintains schools, colleges and churches, police force, courts and all the vast machinery of living as it is today to eradicate evil. If this New York objector to jury duty had the right perspective he would be assisting in the work of making the world better instead of trying to shirk one of the first duties of American citizenship—that of jury duty. In other words, that man who rails so at society is merely contributing to its delinquency by refusing to help do jury duty.

Men do not live to themselves alone—no matter if they do not like what society does. If they would share in the better things of life they must help to contribute to them. But this New Yorker may have wanted an excuse to see Babe Ruth line one over the fence—and he may not be so quixotic as his language indicates.

"CUPID'S CODES"

Once upon a time a New York illustrator and advertising man—Beverly Towles by name—drew up a code of his "Duty to His Wife." It ran something like this:

"My wife comes first before everything and everybody and shall have my salary every week.

"She shall be boss of the house and shall have everything to say about home life, like pleasures and comforts; must have attention, such as outings and theatres when we can afford them.

"No swearing or insults or rude treatment around the home.

"No slobbering or lovemaking to other women around the house, or calling on or corresponding with other women.

"No argument or mentioning anything that has happened in the past which must be forgotten forever.

"You can have your friends and go around with them, but they must be respectable, and you can not go with people I object to. This means women only."

Sounds fair enough, doesn't it?

But it didn't last. Mrs. Towles brought suit for divorce. So has he. Just what it is all about nobody seems to know—with that set of "ethics" before them. Mrs. Towles refused to live in the town in which they were married—Keyport. She said the people of the village were a "bunch of clam diggers" and she wouldn't even be buried there, let alone live there.

But the question is not on details, but on the Towles "code." It only goes to prove that the best laid plans skid on the matrimonial road—no matter how many "skid chains" are used. In other words, while the Towles code was a good one—the "parties to the contract" were human beings. Codes don't get anywhere if there is no heart in them.

Home-Spun Yarns

NOT GOING TO THE WHITE HOUSE

One of the best liked men who comes to Indianapolis year after year is W. C. Pearce, of the International Sunday Schol Association—liked not only because he is a clear thinker and a magnetic speaker, but he is also a good story-teller.

He has been here this week giving the Marion county Sunday school folks a new thought, and one of the stories he has told is why he is discouraged over his prospects of going to the White House at Washington as President. The new thought is that Indianapolis should have a board of religious education akin to the Board of School Commissioners, to take over the supervision of over 210 Protestant Sunday schools, and to employ a capable general superintendent whose relations to the Sunday schools would be similar to the superintendency of the public schools.

Two or three things have indicated to him that he will not become a tenant of the White House. When he was a small boy and lived in Illinois, west of Terre Haute, he was told by his mother that it was possible for any American boy, however humble his origin, to become President of the United States.

He went one night to a political rally at Danville, and while standing on a street watching a parade, some one in line drew him into the parade, placed a flaring torch in his hand, and he not only came near saving his country that night, but as he marched there came a revived hope of going to the White House.

When the Republicans were "milling"" around hotel lobbies and in the convention hall in Chicago last spring, trying to decide on some one to occupy the White House, Mr. Pearce milled with the crowds and gave the Republicans every opportunity to select him as their candidate. But nothing came of it. When the Democrats were milling at San Francisco for a similar purpose, Mr. Pearce was too busy with Sunday school work to go, so the Democrats did not name him as their candidate.

The presidency may be the reward of other American boys, but the one who carried a torch in the Danville parade, away back there when torchlight processions were the method of saving the country, thinks the White House is a forlorn hope for most of the youth of the land. But it does boys no harm to aspire to it.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.



INVESTING YOUR MONEY

Tendency of Business

Reductions in wholesale and retail prices on various commodities, instead of making any demoralization in the market has rather tended to focus attention to the tendency of business.

Hardly a day passes but what there is notice of reductions in the price of motor cars and the theory held by certain manufacturers and others earlier in the season that prices would hold at the then prevailing level or possibly would be higher has proved untrue.

Indianapolis business men are taking the downward tendency philosophically. While there has been a hope that the old levels would be at least maintained, the view of one man who said, "Well, I have profited even more than I expected—it is time prices are coming down, anyway, so let them come," represents opinion in many quarters.

The automobile trade in Indianapolis is getting on a sounder basis than it has ever been. Dealers and manufacturers are trimming their sales according to the present trade wind and when adjustments are completed they expect to find easy sailing and no doubt will not be disappointed.

Business men generally are discussing the tendency toward reductions almost to the exclusion of everything else. It is generally admitted on all sides that the public by steadily refraining from buying more than necessary has brought about the present tendency.

Now that the price movement is clearly defined, financiers declare that it is about the best thing that has happened, inasmuch as it means complete readjustment.

Indianapolis banks were never in a better position, but in accordance with the policy of the Federal Reserve banks they are not lending except where in their judgment the business demands it. This does not mean, however, that business men can not get all the money they need—for they can. In fact, it is said the cutting off of speculative money has had a tendency to give the conservative element a better chance to finance its business.

Local securities are quiet, but there is a growing demand for investment stocks. The demand for Indianapolis bank stocks is still strong and inquiries are made daily for various stocks.

The flotation of the Fort Wayne municipal bond issue, for rehabilitating the fire department of that city, by the Fletcher Savings & Trust Company is meeting with success and the issue is in demand. The interest rate is 4¾ per cent.

Bond dealers say the demand for municipal issues is growing and the market is expected to broaden considerably before snow flies.

Industrial stocks are rather quiet in view of the tendency to slow down operations for the present.

A Noted Financier

The death of Jacob H. Schiff last Sunday in New York has recalled what a power he was in the financial world. When E. H. Harriman of railroad fame began his career, Schiff was known as a rich man. Schiff predicted the panic of 1907. It is said that his fortune will not be as large as that left by Mr. Harriman.

Food Prices to Drop?

Sol Westerfeld, of Chicago, president of the Retail Grocers Association, predicts a steady decline in food prices, with the exception of butter and eggs. He said the high interest on bank loans made price cutting necessary for producers to move their crops. Mr. Westerfeld pointed out that the present pack of canned goods must be lowered to move it and that he looked for cheaper bread on account of the decline in wheat prices. He pointed out also that coffee prices are 10 cents a pound lower. Summing up his opinion, Mr. Westerfeld declared the "whole nation will benefit and a return to normal conditions be speedily effected," something much desired just now.

Morgan Offerings

The J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, are offering a new issue of $25,000,000 twenty-five year 6 per cent bonds of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The bonds are being offered at 95 and interest. This would make a yield of 7.45 per cent to buyers.

An Encouraging Sign

Financial experts who have been watching Liberty bonds say that their steadily maintained strength is the most encouraging sign of any toward the trend in lower prices.

The weakness in Government bonds has been a fundamental factor, it is said, in the depression of the entire money market and has in a direct way prevented the free flow of money into ordinary trade channels.

As long as Government issues were selling at a price that made them yield about 6 per cent it was held a useless task for private concerns to obtain money to float its operations at a rate equal to or below that of the Liberty issues. It is predicted that the Liberty and Victory issues have passed the point of greatest depression and that the trend of prices for these securities will be steadily upward until par and over is reached.

Business Conditions Sound

In its monthly review of finance and business conditions, the National Bank of Commerce of New York says:

"While the downward trend of prices involves current difficulties, it is a movement toward greater rather than less stability in both the credit and the general business situation, since it tends to reduce the pressure on banking facilities and at the same time to stimulate the large potential demand for goods which increasingly high prices had impaired.

Paper manufacture requires the destruction of 9,500 acres of forest daily.



"That which is of superior quality ever quickly seeks its kind."

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"The Class of 54"

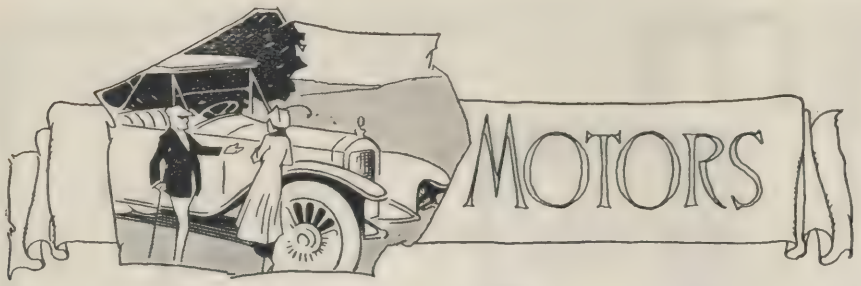
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

"Now is the time for all good motorists to come to the aid of their autos." With the first sharp drop in the mercury along about this time of the year the automobile world undergoes a complete and startling metamorphosis. Owners, manufacturers, dealers, engineering experts and anybody else with a hunch show almost supernatural ingenuity in thinking up things to do the poor defenseless motor under the fond delusion that they are helping it over a hard winter. Show windows of accessory houses blossom forth with a choice collection of robes, manifold heaters guaranteed to start a carburetor full of coal oil on a quarter turn in Arctic weather, floor heaters that pipe the exhaust right up to the drivers' and the passengers' feet and keep on doing it next spring when the weather gets warm and friend motorist is far too busy to disconnect the dingus, skid chains that work fine all fall and then break along about February and keep up a bangety-bang on the fenders and drive many a nervous prostration patient to an early grave, all kinds of anti-freeze solutions guaranteed to protect the radiator in below zero weather without eating up the motor or even as much as damaging a rubber hose water connection, etc., ad infinitum. There is no end to the list of things all intended for the winter comfort and convenience of the motorist that make their appearance about this time of the year.

The motorist himself undergoes a peculiar psychological change. In the cold August weather that descended upon us this year he would go out and joyously ride, without unusual attention to raiment. Perhaps he wore a coat, perhaps he just drove in his shirt sleeves, he may have shivered a little bit, but he didn't worry any about it.

But with the loss of his straw hat went all his cockiness and self-assurance. The first time a cool wind blows down the back of his neck, Mr. Motorist rushes off, gets his carburetor adjustment changed, consults some chart about as clear as the Einstein theory, as to what weight of oil to put in his motor, digs out his side curtains and boxes in his car until, as far as fresh air is concerned, he might just as well hang an Evinrude motor on his house and do all his motoring according to the front porch line of thought. All his daring and initiative is gone.

Along in November, urged by the bite of the football bug, he may summon up courage enough to make the terrible sixty-five mile drive to Lafayette to see the Purdue-Indiana game. The chances are the day will be crisp, snappy and bracing. But he puts on all the clothes he owns and can borrow and bundles himself up until he resembles a whole school of walruses under full sail. But all winter long he will boast to innocent bystanders of the terrors of the trip and will be thoroughly convinced himself that Scott's south pole expedition had nothing on him in the way of perils.

As a matter of fact, fall and winter motoring in Indiana should terrorize none. With ordinary precautions against radiator and battery freezing, and a little more than usual care to see that tires are inflated to the proper pressure, a whole lot of pleasure can be extracted from the next few months by a judicious use of the automobile.

That statement is subject to just one reservation—that the ice ruts of the winter of 1919-1920 do not reappear! The automobile can overcome many obstacles, but the glacial formations of last winter are in a class by themselves, and defy anything short of a whippet tank in the motor line.

"Sales Inventory" was the topic of a conference held recently in Indianapolis by the Oakland Motor Car Company. Oakland dealers from all over Indiana were on hand. In connection with the conference a banquet was given at the Hotel Severin, presided over by L. S. Sharp, state manager of the company. Officers attending the conference were W. H. Masten, assistant general manager, of Pontiac, Mich., and William H. Albee of Detroit, president of the W. H. Albee Company, sales counsel. About thirty dealers attended the conference.

A new idea in the automobile world has been sprung by the Motor Truck Engineering Company, which will open its salesroom at 339 North Capitol avenue within a few weeks. This company will make a specialty of designing and building motor trucks for the individual requirements of the customer. Robert DeSchaum is the manager.

The Indiana Motor Company, distributors of the Columbia and Kissel Six, has been reorganized and the capital stock increased to $250,000. H. I. Heywood, formerly of the Brunswick-Balke Collender Company, is now secretary, treasurer and general manager of the reorganized company, succeeding Charles P. Hornaday.

Motor Makers to Confer

The conference of automobile manufacturers, made up largely of independent manufacturers, in Detriot, regarding the reduction of prices is expected to have considerable bearing on the automobile trade of the country. Interested in the conference are the General Motors Corporation, Dodge Brothers and others. It is said the question of whether to make reduction in prices now or at the end of the year will be considered. However, a number of makers have already announced reductions; these include the Studebaker, Ford and the Stewart Motor Corporation. It has been announced by the National Motor and Vehicle Corporation of Indianapolis that dealers will be protected on any reduction in prices.

Topics

is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

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All the old ideas of how good a tube should be are upset by Falls "Evergreen" tubes.

Others may copy the color but it takes more than green color to make a tube

"EVERGREEN"

Standard Metal Co.
SALESROOMS
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Indianapolis, Ind.

Drop in and let us convince you.



Now that the first "cold spell" has arrived, the coal dealer is wearing a smile—that is, if he has coal to sell, otherwise he is about as grouchy as anybody you'll meet.

John Ruckelshaus is asking his weekly question in more plaintive tones each week: "When is that Columbia Club history to be ready?"

The Egyptians probably took many years to build the pyramids—that is, if they followed the general plan of the contractors who are building the overhead crossing at the Union Station.

Russell Harrison and Merrill Moores were seen lunching at the Columbia Club the other day. Observers are speculating as to whether this a harbinger or a foreboding—probably the election will disclose the truth.

Somebody has asked the question: Why is the Indiana Democratic Club always weakest during a campaign? It seems to have plenty of "jit" when it is not needed and this campaign it has been as quiet as a knitting circle.

John Mellett is thinking some of taking the stump in the interest of the Democratic party. Go to it, John!

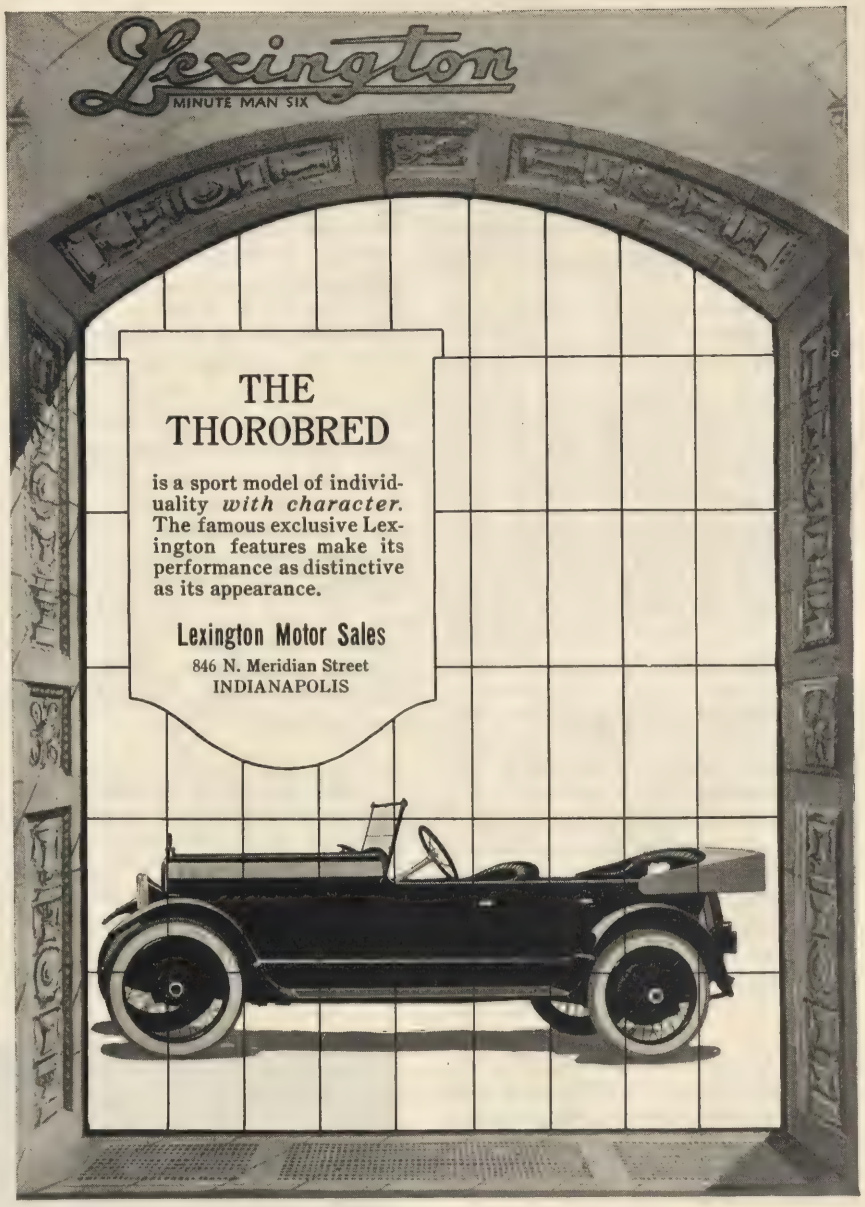
Now that the golf season is drawing to a windup, what will Joe Kelly do?

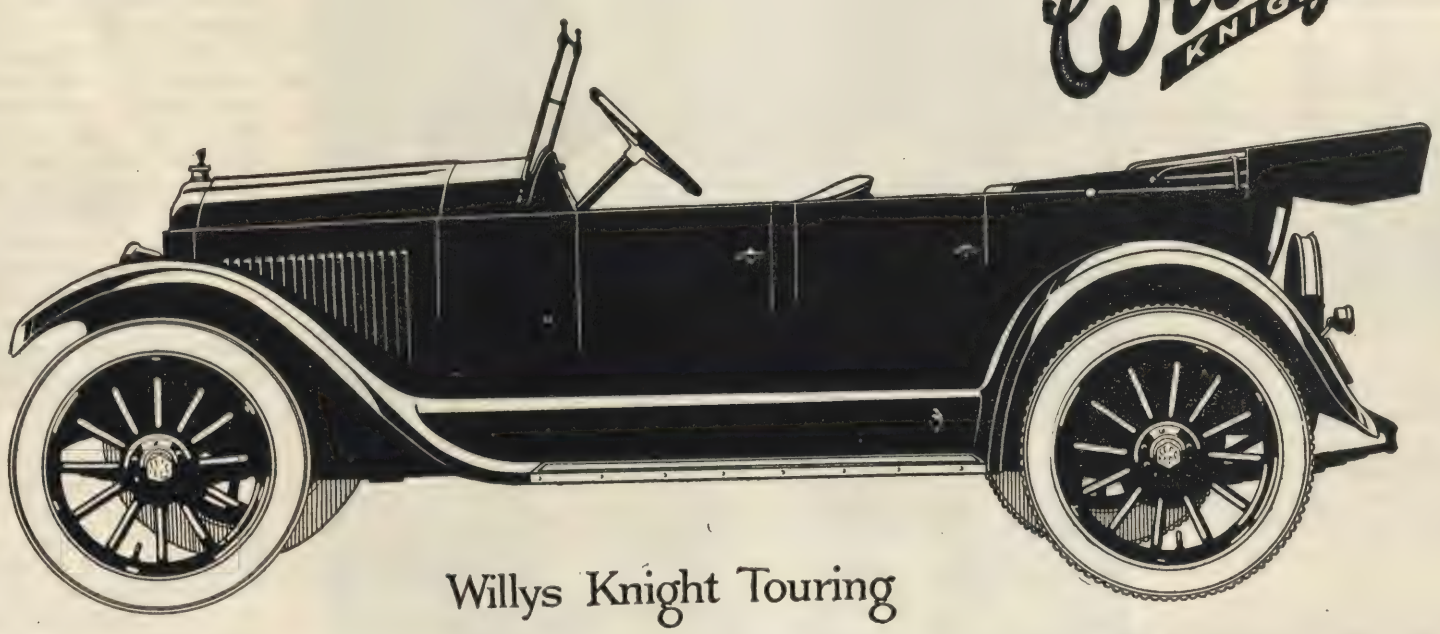
Ernest Cohen is a mightly little cuss, physically speaking, but he can tell the advertisers about what is good form in typographical display. At least he left several valuable pointers with members of the Advertising Club at the noonday meeting last week.

Speaking of burglars—Jack Rohr has got a kick coming. A porch climber or two-story worker entered his apartment the other day and lifted all of Jack's clothing. However, the fact that Jack has his own stock to draw on ought to lighten the blow a little bit.

Gustav Schmidt, president of the city council, has good news for the motorist and others—Ohio street between Delaware and Alabama is to be paved before the snow flies. The rest of it, to East street, will be done later.

(Continued on Page 21)





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Its advantages appeal to the man who wants one car for both business and family use. It is a beautiful car and affords extraordinary comfort.

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Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Murdock have gone to New York City, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Murdock, who are expected to return October 8 from a tour in France.

* * *

Dr. Owen Davies Odell has returned from a visit to friends at Louisville, Kentucky.

* * *

Miss Julia and Miss Anna Sharpe, Mrs. E. S. Duncan and Mrs. Charles Latham have returned from their summer home in Michigan.

* * *

Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson and son, Booth Tarkington Jameson, have returned from a summer's visit in the East. They visited at Bass Rock, Gloucester, Mass., and at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington at Kennebunkport, Me., and then motored through the Berkshires. Booth Tarkington Jameson has entered college at Wabash.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Severin Buschmann have gone to New Haven, Conn., after a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Buschmann. Mr. Buschmann will complete his course in the law school of Yale University next June.

* * *

Miss L. Katherine Keifer, who directed the work of the Junior Drama League in this city last year, has accepted a position as teacher of expression and dramatic art in Virginia College, Roanoke, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas A. Winterrowd has been visiting relatives at Mooresville, Indiana.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Douglas Herron, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. J. Milligan, has returned to her home in Washington.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Kershaw have returned from a visit in Chicago.

* * *

Miss Mary Hogan, of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of Indianapolis, who has been spending the summer with relatives here, has gone to New York, where she will attend the Bennett School at Millbrook.

* * *

Walter N. Carpenter has left the city for a trip to Washington. Mrs. Carpenter and daughters, Miss Elinor and Mrs. Harry C. Hubbard, and Miss Dale and Miss Caroline Heylmann, of Noblesville, Ind., will join Mr. Carpenter a little later, motoring to Washington.

* * *

John R. Brant has returned from a tour of the White Mountains and Canada. Mrs. Brant has been in Detroit visiting her mother, Mrs. A. H. Steinbrecher.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Tarkington Baker and son, Theodoric, who spent the summer in Indianapolis, have gone to New York, and will sail October 15 for Bombay, India, where they will join Mr. Baker.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Raub have recently returned to the city from New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Reed have recently returned from Michigan.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Fortune and family have returned from Norwalk, Conn., where they spent the summer with Mrs. Fortune's sister.

* * *

Mrs. Walter Marmon has gone to the East with her son, Hall, and daughters, Dorothy and Elizabeth. Miss Elizabeth will enter Smith College and Miss Dorothy Ogontz School. Hall will go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hilgenberg and daughter, Marian, have returned from Pittsburgh, Pa., where they attended the marriage of Noble C. Hilgenberg to Miss Norma Louise Kennan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs E. T. Kennan.

* * *

Mrs. J. L. Mothershead and daughter have returned from a year's visit in California and are at home at 1326 North New Jersey street.

* * *

Miss Florence K. Buschmann, of Los Angeles, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. George William Hoffman.

* * *

The Indianapolis League of Women Voters gave its opening tea on the afternoon of October 1 at the Women's Department Club. The program included music and dancing—a musical skit entitled "Celebrating Ratification," a ouija board feature in which Mrs. Fred Bates Johnson had a leading part, a group of dances by the pupils of Marie Climer, a playlet entitled "The Rescue of the Princess Rosamond," and a group of songs by Miss Florence Anne Parkin.

Those who took part in the plays were Miss Esther Thornton, Miss Beatrice Goshe, Miss Katherine Boothby, Miss Mary Jane Walters, Miss Dorothy Reisner, Miss Hilda Walters, Miss Isabelle Matthews, Miss Elizabeth Martz, Miss Dorothy O'Brien, Miss Minna Margaret Lauter, Miss Alice Yount, Miss Dorothy Stoltz, Miss Elizabeth Graff, Miss Marianne Holmes, Miss Elizabeth Downs, Miss Eleanor Mueller, Miss Hazel Meier, Miss Katherine Mullis and Miss Dorothy Davis.

Mrs. William Allen Moore was chairman of the committee in charge, and the guests were received by Miss Alma Sickler, president.

* * *

The Indianapolis Woman's Club opened its season September 30 with the annual luncheon at the Propylaeum, a reception for the retiring president, Mrs. Frank M. Lewis, and the new president, Mrs. William Dudley Pratt, and the presentation of a playlet, "Penelope's Symposium, the Eternal Feminine," which was written for the occasion by Mrs. Pratt. The cast included Mrs. James D. Pierce, Miss Flora Ketcham, Miss Mona Taggart, Mrs. Benjamin D. Hitz, Mrs. Alfred F. Potts, Miss Margaret Shipp, Mrs. Ernest I. Lewis, Mrs. Joseph J. Daniels, Mrs. Donald Jameson and Mrs. O. B. Jameson.

The committee in charge of the luncheon was as follows: Mrs. Edward F. Hodges, chairman; Mrs. James D. Stanley and Miss Genevieve Scoville. New officers of the club are: Mrs. William Dudley Pratt, president; Miss Anna Hendricks, vice-president; Mrs. Paul White, recording secretary; Miss Flora Ketcham, corresponding secretary; Mrs. James Bingham, federation secretary, and Mrs. Almus G. Ruddell, treasurer.

* * *

Mrs. Isaac Born has returned from a tour through France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and England, and is at home at Sixteenth and Pennsylvania streets. Her daughter, Miss Theresa Born, who accompanied her, remained in England for a year to study at Oxford.

* * *

Trustees of Butler College and their wives received members of the faculty the evening of October 2 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown.

* * *

At a meeting of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the D. A. R., September 30 at the Propylaeum, the following delegates to the State D. A. R. convention at Vincennes, October 12, were elected: Mrs. James A. Sutherland, Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Mrs. M. A. Potter, Mrs. Albert Rabb, Mrs. C. E. Kregelo, Mrs. L. O. Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas M. Bosson, Mrs. Merle N. A. Walker, Mrs. Charles A. Edwards and Mrs. T. W. DeHass, with the following alternates: Mrs. C. A. Craven, Mrs. Francis R. Whipple, Mrs. Paul C. Curnick, Mrs. U. G. Baker, Mrs. Anslem Hobbs, Mrs. Earl M. Ogle, Mrs. O. M. Miller, Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Mrs. Elmer E. Nichols and Mrs. Hiram W. Moore. Mrs. Perkins is the chapter's candidate for state regent. An attractive musical program arranged by Mrs. Henry Schurmann was given by Miss Ella Schroeder, Mrs. Hansi Raucher Humphreys, Miss Cyrilla Humes, Mrs. Hazel Steele and Mrs. Hugh McGibeny. After the program, there was a reception for the new members.

* * *

The Irvington Dramatic Club opened its season October 2 with a miscellaneous program at the home of Mrs. Arthur R. Robinson. Mrs. Frank T. Brown is chairman of the program committee.



Photo by Dexheimer

A recent photograph of Robert Parker Geddes—one of the handsomest young chaps in the rising generation of the socially prominent. The young man was named for his father and wears a Junior on his signature, or will when he develops one. Robert is only seven now, and doesn't expect another birthday until next January.

Shop Tours

Last week Indianapolis felt the first breath of winter, and the shop windows accordingly blossomed with the first winter petals. The skies were heavy and gray, the air raw, chill, and uncomfortable, and the investigating breeze carried a hint of snow. Along Washington street the population hunched up shoulders lately sunburned and thrust reddened fingers into pockets or up sleeves. Ladies in hastily sought furs stood before the shop windows and gazed in envy, admiration, even determination, at the filmy frocks displayed therein.

For with the first snow flake and the first slump in the mercury, the thinnest, airiest, most diaphanous clothes worn by women become objects of prime interest. Contrary creatures that they are, they put on chiffons, nets, laces and any other unsubstantial thing they can find when the weather is coldest. Even the transparent organdies of last summer can not compare in lightness with the gossamer garments which ladies wear in cold weather.

A gown designed to clothe with utmost subtlety a slim wearer was shown in solitary splendor in one of the downtown shop windows. It had a high neck, long sleeves, a modest skirt, and a train. But its black net was so sheer and fine that the onlooker must rub his eyes and look again to be sure that the maiden within it had on more than a strapless black satin camisole, a glossy black satin skirt, and a sash. But what a sash! It gushed from a spot just above the left hip. It leaped like a fountain almost to the shoulder, and poured its cascade of tulle in a fluffy splash half way down the skirt. Its colors were those of the rainbow that hides in a sunny spray, and crystal beads sparkling in the folds made the illusion more real.

A Collins model, less startling than the black gown, but more artistic, was all in tones of autumn. The skirt was made of layer upon layer of chiffon, crimson on yellow, brown on saffron, gold on russet, orange on flame, and a rusty, ruddy tulle over all. Of all these petticoats, not one had a seam. Few of them went clear around, but instead flaunted picot edges that sometimes overlapped, but more often failed to meet. The bodice of this rippling skirt was a tiny thing, no higher than required, and anchored to position by a strap of flexible gold that went round the neck in back.

A baby blue frock from the same house had an odd little bodice, like two straight panels caught together at the waist line or a trifle below. This made very deep armholes, which revealed between their ruffled adges a camisole of baby blue satin. The round modest neck was finished with the same delicately pleated ruffling. White beads in long vertical bands weighted the overskirt, and pleated ruffles edged the bead bands. A narrow underskirt of satin showed for a couple of inches. The ruffles and the overdress were all of georgette, carefully matched to the baby blue of the satin.

As exquisite in color, and far more piquant in design, was another gown designed for the young miss or a petite older woman. Petticoats of cascaded lace were visible at the lower half of the skirt, and made a wide panel up the front. Over the lace, two big puffs of bright blue taffeta were gathered in bouffant panniers, and a snug bodice of the taffeta fitted closely in the back, but opened quite wide in front, disclosing a ruffled underbodice of lace. Blue velvet ribbon was used to lace up the bodice in front.

The only safe generalization to make concerning the many new things shown for evening wear for women is that they are uniformly varied.

On the Cover Page

On the cover page of this issue of Topics is presented an excellent likeness of Lorna Doone Jackson, who is singing the name part in the Bizet opera, "Carmen," in English, which Ralph Dunbar, the wizard producer of Chicago, is bringing to English's for three nights, commencing Monday, October 11. Miss Jackson is an Indianapolis girl who has made wonderful progress in the operatic field. She is a former pupil of Edward Nell at the Metropolitan School of Music.

Miss Jackson is the daughter of C. W. Jackson, head of the firm of C. W. Jackson & Sons, food product manufacturers, at Tenth street and the Belt railroad. She spent her girlhood days here and is a graduate of Shortridge.

Her first real engagement on the stage was in Mr. Dunbar's pretty musical act, "The Maryland Singers." Mr. Dunbar recognized her ability and featured her in the organization. Then, suddenly, one day in New York, he took her to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and there she became Mrs. Dunbar.

Last season Miss Jackson sang the role of "Alan-a-Dale" in "Robin Hood," and this year she was selected for "Carmen."

Learn to Vote

Women are directed to inspect and operate the life-size Voting Machine in our lobby. Miss Silver will be pleased to teach you to operate the machine — Banking hours 9 to 3.

Peoples State Bank

FELIX T. McWHIRTER, FOUNDER

Market Street

Between Delaware and Pennsylvania Streets

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Independent Social Club will meet with Mrs. T. J. Behrens on October 12th, at 2:30 p. m.

* * *

The Indianapolis Woman's Club will meet at 3 o'clock at the Propylaeum, October 15th.

* * *

The Irvington Coterie will have "A Day With Riley" at the home of Mrs. S. W. Huls, 351 North Audubon Road, on October 11th.

* * *

The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will be entertained by Mrs. Scott L. Denny, 525 East Forty-ninth street, on October 12th.

* * *

The Monday Club will observe President's Day at the Propylaeum at 2:30 p. m., October 11th.

* * *

The New Century Club will hold their President's Day celebration on October 13th, with Mrs. I. E. Rush as hostess, assisted by Mrs. Laura B. Hancock.

* * *

Mrs. William Holton Dye will give a luncheon for the Parlor Club in celebration of President's Day, October 11th.

* * *

The Writers' Club will have an "Experience Meeting" at 8 o'clock in the public library auditorium on October 12th.

The Zetathea Club will discuss "Clubs" at the home of Mrs. H. E. Robertson, 5050 East New York street, October 13th.

* * *

A luncheon at the Woodstock Club was given by the Woman's Research Club in observation of President's day. Covers were laid for sixty club members at tables adorned with French baskets of dahlias and maidenhair ferns. Mrs. D. S. Menasco, the club president, was the hostess. She was assisted by Mrs. A. B. Conklin, Mrs. E. D. Clark, Mrs. T. N. Shimer, Mrs. Harry R. Garver and Mrs. T. C. Rapp.

One Day Old

The dying light
Of passing day
And coming night,
Is sailing out to western seas * * *
Where it will come as new-born
Radiance.
To us it's old and faded * * * with
Its speeding through
The never-ending space.
To those
Pigmy yellow fellows,
It will come as
New * * *
Even though we used it for one day.

—Will Depperman.

CIVIC MUSIC SERIES

—SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS—

SHUBERT-MURAT THEATRE



Mme. Aida, Oct. 24. Rudolph Ganz, Feb. 20. Mary Garden, Dec. 12.

Three Superb Concerts

Season tickets only now on sale at $7.50, $6.00, $5.00 Plus Tax.

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Old, Main 1797; Auto. 21-797.

No single admission will be sold until season sale closes. A season ticket insuring you of a choice seat for all three attractions, is a substantial saving over single admission prices.

CONCERT DIRECTION BRADFORD MILLS
MERLE ARMITAGE, ASSOCIATE



The Trumpeter Swan

The Trumpeter Swan is the crowning feature of old Judge Bannister's collection of stuffed birds. Caged in a glass case he is a last representative of those swans who flew so high that no eye could see them, yet whose trumpeting calls could be heard on earth as they passed over. His call from the clouds furnishes the theme for "The Trumpeter Swan," by Temple Bailey. The returned soldier whose head has been in the clouds of idealism while the war was on, returns to find everyone at home sinking complacently back into the slough of materialism. The appeal of finer aspirations and idealistic longings is the voice of the Trumpeter Swan calling to him. Randy Pame, son of an old Virginia family, survives the back-to-earth bump of the returned soldier and, beginning by selling cheap automobiles, climbs to the heights of writing his own story of "The Trumpeter Swan;" Major Prime, a sturdy Westerner, conquers the despair that threatens to engulf him when he returns from the war a cripple, and reaches the mountain peak of his heart's desire. Of course, there is a lady bound up with the success that each achieves. Becky Bannister is the charming Southern sweetheart, who almost decides on the wrong man, and Madge, the sophisticated New Yorker, almost makes the same fatal error. But in some way the genius of the old Trumpeter Swan makes everyone true to the best that is in him, or her.

The scene is laid in Virginia, and though most of the old families have suffered fallen fortunes, the horse show and the Merriweather's ball keep up the record of Southern gaiety and hospitality. The story presents the latest angle on the ever-interesting old Virginia romance—another typical Temple Bailey story.

Growing Up

Anyone who has ever observed the antics of boys and girls and fathers and mothers in the process of growing up will vouch for the veracity of Marie Heaton Vorse's version of how it's done. Not that Tom and Alice Marcy and their three children are mere types of American parents and children. They all have their particular foibles and quirks of character which stamp them as individuals. But there is something common to the growing up of all American families in the tale which Mrs. Vorse tells of the experiences of the Marcey family in "Growing Up." Tom and Alice lose sleep and peace of mind debating over the question to spank or not to spank. They vacillate between noble resolves to be modern parents and hasty impulses to "settle" their children in the good old-fashioned way. Tom, in his free criticism of the children's conduct and airy lack of responsibility for their fallen state, is "just like a man"; and Alice, in her attempts to understand the children and her mistrust of Tom's ability to punish them wisely, is "just like a woman." The children are really remarkable and not like anybody else's, just as all children are. At times the parents have that common experience of despair over the depravity of their children; and Tom's wail of "I don't believe there's another household like this in the whole United States," is the most characteristic bit in the whole book.

Robert is the serious and earnest eldest son, who has strange and unexpected moments of grown-upness at the early age of seven; Sara is the lovable and dainty little girl of five, whose honeyed goodness can be more exasperating to her parents than her most frenzied howlings; and Jamie is a practical baby of two and a half. There are times when the children seem so sweet that they aren't real, but this saccharine sweetness is only an illusion. The Marcey's are real children. Take the instance of Jamie and the rosebush. He does a darling, pixie-like dance from the rosebush to a little stone, time after time, with rhythmic regularity. His grandmother thinks he's too dear, but his mother knows that this is no aesthetic dance—that Jamie is merrily slaughtering rose bugs, glutting his innocent lust for murder. The book is a very honest and entertaining chronicle of a short stage in the complicated process of growing up, with the proper proportion of funniness and pathos.

Once more the question of the universe is solved. Irving R. Allen does it for us in his latest book, "You." In pedagogic accents—for the book is talk, rather than writing—he administers the lesson of how to get what you want out of life, and he hammers in his points with schoolmasterly thoroughness. For those who find an irresistible appeal in memory-training courses, aids to concentration, tests for efficiency, surveys, and good resolutions, the book will prove fascinating.

"The Education of Henry Adams" is still attracting general interest. Houghton Mifflin Company announce that they have ordered the twenty-first printing.

Women Who Do Things

(Continued from Page 5)

its policy of doing things. During the primary last spring, the club invited Merrill Moores, Henry M. Spaan and Luke W. Duffey to address its members in order that they might form some idea of the character of the contestants for nomination to Congress from this district.

This fall the club plans to have a voting machine at its rooms where club members and their friends may learn to master the technical side of voting correctly. The club also plans to have talks on citizenship from time to time by persons qualified to speak on the subject.

The organization has also had an opportunity to show its readiness to co-operate with others for the good of all. The members of a class that is taking an American Institute of Banking course under instructors of the Indiana University Extension Division has had some little difficulty in securing a meeting place for sessions three nights a week. The organization of the Junior Chamber of Commerce has made it increasingly difficult to find free space in the Chamber of Commerce building. When this situation came to the attention of the Women's City Club, the rooms on Meridian street were offered, and whether or not the class arranges to use them, the club has at least signified its willingness to co-operate with other organizations for their mutual benefit.

During the summer the club has given several dinners, which were highly successful. In August a dinner at which Elizabeth Patterson and Judith Lowry, of the Stuart Walker Company, were guests of honor, was a most enjoyable affair, and the Chic Jackson dinner was another very pleasant social occasion.

The program committee has issued a program for 1920-21 with a slogan of service, co-operation and sociability. The first great event of the year on the club calendar was a banquet on September 24, at which Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Myers gave a program of violin and piano music. On October 22 there will be a Hallowe'en frolic; on November 9 a musical program will be given by Miss Bertha Schellschmidt and others; on November 26, December 15, and January 28, there will be club dinners, followed by an address. Mrs. Edward Franklin White, attorney, head of the department of legislation of the Women's Federation of Clubs of the United States and president of the Legislative Council of Women, will give the November talk. At the December dinner, Mrs. W. D. Long will give one of her Southern readings, and Mr. Sol Esarey, attorney, will be the speaker for January. The festivities for next year include a valentine party, a St. Patrick's Day dinner and April shower of articles for use in the club rooms, and a May musicale.

The club has made a flourishing start, and its members and friends are enthusiastic in their prognostications for its future.

A HANDBOOK OF AMERICANISM

Guiding Principles for American Voters

By AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON

Mr. Mason puts things clearly before us with the arguments for this side and that on each great issue. He gives his own opinion—straight-from-the-shoulder Americanism every time. Do you want to help America be American? Then you will find this book an inspiration and guide.

Mr. Mason explains clearly the following questions of the day:

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP
WOMEN IN POLITICS
TAXATION
THE SINGLE TAX
OUR FOREIGN POLICY
NOVELTIES IN GOVERNMENT
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSALS
SOCIAL JUSTICE
CORPORATIONS
TRADE UNIONS
MONEY AND CREDIT
INFLATION
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INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The Jew and the Holy Land

Since that day more than two years ago when General Allenby rode into Jerusalem at the head of the Allied forces in Palestine, the problem of what is to be done with the Holy Land now that it has finally been wrested from the Turk has received a large share of the world's interest and attention. The action of Great Britain in accepting Palestine as a mandatory has only half solved the problem of the Holy Land. The attitude of the Jew toward his emancipated Palestine is to provide the real and final solution of the problem.

The spectacular success of the centuries old crusade to rescue the Holy City from the Turk has made a great many people look for the logical sequence of events to reach its consummation in handing the land of Palestine over to the Jews. The popular view has been expressed that now that Jerusalem has been freed from the dominion of the Turks it should be delivered to the Jews as their homeland, and that Jews from all over the world should return to Palestine and make of it a separate Jewish political power, a home for a Jewish nation.

This view of the situation is, according to Rabbi Morris M. Feuerlicht, without foundation in the facts of the case or the feelings of the Jewish people all over the world. In the first place, the principle of self-determination, an issue greatly emphasized at the Peace Conference, would prohibit the establishment of a policy of Jewish nationalism in Palestine, for the reason that the greater proportion of the population of the country is not Jewish, but Arabian. There are in Palestine some five hundred thousand Arabs, and only about a hundred thousand Jews, and a plebiscite would undoubtedly show no disposition on the part of the Arab majority to restore Palestine to the status of a Jewish political power, for they are very jealous of their land.

In the second place, even if the present inhabitants of the Holy Land were unanimously in favor of the restoration of Palestine as a Jewish political power, and should invite the Jews from all parts of the world to return to Palestine, it would be an impossibility for that small land to furnish a home for the vast Jewish world population. Palestine is a very small country, smaller than the state of Indiana, and the number of Jews in the world is fifteen millions. So even if Palestine invited the Jews to return to Jerusalem, and the invitation was accepted, the physical limitations of the land would prevent this solution of the problem.

Rabbi Feuerlicht states that, as a matter of fact, the desire for a return to Jerusalem is not widespread among Jews. Nowadays Palestine is not really the homeland of all Jews. America is the homeland of the American Jew; England is the homeland of the English Jew—Jewry is a religious community, not a nationality, and, for the most part, the Jew has no desire to go to Palestine as his homeland. In certain European countries—for instance, Poland—the Jew is still persecuted as a representative of the Jewish nation, and such Jews would welcome the opportunity to return to Palestine, where they would, as a matter of course, receive full civil and political rights and protection. But the return of these Jews to Jerusalem would not involve a general exodus from countries all over the world—it would mean the return of only a small number, comparatively speaking, which the size and wealth of Palestine could comfortably accommodate. There are really very few Jews, therefore, who would welcome an opportunity to make Palestine literally their homeland.

As for the Jews who would like to see Palestine a Jewish national power—the sole homeland of world Jewry—they are decidedly in the minority. Political or purely nationalistic Zionists, as they are called, represent but a small proportion of the Jews of the world.

The Jew's real interest in the movement for the restoration of Palestine is in the restoration of the country as a center for Jewish learning, Jewish language and Jewish culture. His interest in Palestine is not political or commercial, but rather sentimental. He wishes to see the best of Jewish ideals and traditions preserved in Palestine, and to that end he wishes the country reconstructed throughout as a comfortable and peaceful home for the people of his religion who wish to live there. The economic conditions of the country must be improved, and outside aid enlisted until the country is qualified to become self-supporting. It is an agricultural region, and its farm lands must be developed as the basis of the country's wealth.

Much has already been done. Several agricultural colonies totaling fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants have been organized, high schools have been established, and a school for higher education called the University of Jerusalem has been founded and will be conducted as a Hebrew university. Men of the standing of Henri Bergson, of the Sorbonne, are expected to lecture there, and the school will aim at the very highest standards for the preservation and the development of Jewish culture.

This sentimental interest in the preservation of Jewish lore and the Jewish religion is the basis of the widespread participation of Jews in the movement for the restoration of Palestine. The movement has headquarters in New York under the name of the Palestine Restoration Fund, of which Judge Julian W. Mack is chairman. The local people whose sympathies are with the movement work through the Federated Zion Societies of Indianapolis, of which there are some four or five. Some of the prominent men who are actively interested in the movement, besides Rabbi Morris M. Feuerlicht, are Albert M. Rosenthal, Charles B. Sommers, A. H. Goldstein, S. T. Cohen and Isaac Wolf.

ONA B. TALBOT
FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION
ANNOUNCEMENT

Shubert Murat Theatre

Musical Calendar Season—1920-21

Sunday Afternoon Concerts

Opening Concert, Sunday Afternoon, October 17

GERALDINE FARRAR

Assisting Artists—Ada Sassoli, Harpist; Edgar Schofield, Baritone

Song Recital, Sunday Afternoon, November 28

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Piano Recital, Sunday Afternoon, January 30

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Prices—$3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Ten per cent war tax.

Series of Three Evening Subscribed Concerts

Tuesday Evening, December 21
Ballet Russe—ANNA PAVLOWA

Monday Evening, January 17
Song Recital—AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Thursday Evening, March 31
Orchestra—DETROIT SYMPHONY
OSSIP GABRILOWITCH, Conductor-Pianist

Prices—$9.00, $7.50, $6.00, $4.50, $3.00. Ten per cent war tax.

Address all communications for orders to Ona B. Talbot, 916 Hume-Mansur Bldg., only.

Money—Poor Symphonic Theme

(Continued from Page 7)

tary impatiently waiting for orders. But he detained us long enough to repeat a bon mot of Paderewski's, whom he saw for a moment in Paris.

"It was in the days when he spoke little English," related the conductor. "We were dining together at the house of a friend who had won considerable fame on the polo field. After dinner we were looking at his cups and trophies. 'You see,' I said, 'the difference between yourself and Johnnie, you win your prizes playing solo, and he wins his playing polo.' Quick as a flash came the answer: 'That is not the only difference. I am a poor Pole playing solo, and he is a dear soul playing polo.'

"Mr. Damrosch, who is much interested in the closer affiliation of France and America, brings news of importance to the American music students.

"The Normal Music School of Paris will offer two free scholarships for two advanced American students of music wishing to perfect themselves in their art. The French government will make an official offer of these scholarships through the French ambassador at Washington. For this year the scholarships will be granted to advanced students of the violin, who will receive their instruction from Lucien Capet or Maurice Hayet at their choice.

"The municipality of Fontainebleau will likewise assist American music students in offering a portion of the Royal Palace for a summer school.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Kismet—Fox trot.
Sweet September—Fox trot.

Columbia

Good-Bye, Dixie, Good-Bye—Tenor solo.
La Veeda—Fox trot.

Edison

Alexandria—Fox trot.
Was There Ever a Pal Like You?—Vocal.

Gennett

Chili Bean—Tenor solo.
Tell Me, Little Gypsy.

Pathe

Chili Bean—Tenor solo.
Tell Me, Little Gypsy—Baritone solo.

Victor

Tell Me, Little Gypsy—Vocal..
Largo from "New World Symphony"—Philadelphia Orchestra.



Theatre Calendar

Week of October 11

English's—Carmen, Oct. 11-12-13. The Humming Bird, Oct. 14-15-16.
Murat—Theda Bara in The Blue Flame.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

"Abe Martin" is coming back to English's for a return engagement the week of October 18th.

Boyle Woolfolk's musical comedy production based on Kin Hubbard's famous Brown county character and his neighbors has scored a pronounced hit on the road, where it has been since its previous stay of two weeks here. Critics everywhere have hailed it as one of the most quaint and original shows staged in a long, long time.

The work of G. Carleton Guy as "Abe" has been especially praised. Mr. Guy has achieved a real creation in his delineation of the whimsical "Abe." The book of "Abe Martin" was written by John P. Mulgrew and G. C. Mercer. The musical score provided by Felix Rice is highly pleasing and contains several distinctive hits, of which "Fiddlin' Around" bids fair to become one of the season's hits.

* * *

In observing its eighth anniversary next week the Lyric will present a special festival vaudeville bill in keeping with the occasion. The Lyric is one of the most successful popular vaudeville houses in the country. The hold that it has upon the affections of local theatre-goers is attested by the crowds in attendance at every performance. The Lyric is owned and operated by the Central Amusement Company, of which Charles M. Olson is president and general manager.



Theda Bara appearing in The Blue Flame, Murat, week of October 11.

Considerable local interest naturally attaches itself to the personal appearance of Theda Bara at the Murat next week in "The Blue Flame." Unlike most picture stars, Miss Bara did not have the advantage of stage experience before she became identified with the screen. Nevertheless she achieved great personal success in New York when she made her debut upon the speaking stage in "The Blue Flame." Most everyone, of course, is aware that Miss Bara is a Cincinnati girl, and that her real name was Goodman. It isn't any more, because she had her name legally changed to Bara some time ago.

* * *

Grace Valentine, the Indianapolis girl who is starring in Guy Bolton's new farce, "The Cave Girl," will likely be seen in Indianapolis in that play during the current season. It recently closed a successful engagement at the Longacre theatre in New York, and it is now on tour. Miss Valentine is the daughter of J. H. Snow, who lives in Woodruff Place. She is one of the few really pretty comediennes on the American stage. As a rule beauty and humorous talent do not go hand in hand.

Lots of pretty women are cute. Very few of them are genuinely funny. Miss Valentine demonstrated her laugh-making ability by her performance in "Lombardi, Ltd." The result is that she is probably doomed to play nothing but comedy parts forevermore.

* * *

Horace Mitchell, formerly one of the best known stage directors in New York, is seen around town considerably nowadays. Mr. Mitchell retired from the stage two years ago. He lives in Martinsville and devotes himself entirely to the management of his farm interests, which are extensive. He is a member of the Columbia Club. It will be recalled that Mr. Mitchell staged "The Garden of Allah" and numerous other big productions.

ENGLISH'S

"The largest, best and most costly of the season" is the stamp Ralph Dunbar gives to his new production of Bizet's opera "Carmen," which is to be the attraction at English's for three nights and one matinee starting Monday, October 11th. Dunbar is a producer de luxe. Money and time are secondary considerations with him when it comes to putting out an attraction. It is his ambition to excel all others who cater to theatrical and opera patrons.

His "Carmen" is builded on such extensive lines that only theatres with exceptionally large stages can be used for it. None of the scenery of the local theatre is used, nor any local properties. The company brings everything.

ENGLISH'S Mon. Tues. Wed.—Mat. Wed. OCT. 11-12-13.

May we not utilize the columns of this journal to assure music lovers that Ralph Dunbar's

CARMEN in English

is the last word in operatic production

To any other producer the proposal to present so splendid and elaborate a company and equipment would have been considered entirely and positively impossible, owing to the expense of transportation, the cost of securing artists of international renown who are capable of properly interpreting the difficult roles of Bizet's immortal masterpiece and the general financial burden incidental to such an enterprise. The assurance is convincing that multitudes hereabout, from having enjoyed others of Mr. Dunbar's offerings, are desirous of securing such productions for this city, thus affording them at reasonable cost means for life enrichment which have been rarely available.

Early plans for sittings will surely avoid disappointment. Seats are now on sale, subject to reservations by mail accompanied by check.

Prices—Nights, 75c to $3.00—Mat., 50c to $2.50

SEATS SELLING

ENGLISH'S

3 Nights Com. Next Thurs. Oct. 14

Popular Matinee Saturday

OLIVER MOROSCO



PRESENTS

MAUDE FULTON

Appearing in person, with a cast of eminent artists in her own delicious surprise comedy,

"THE HUMMING BIRD"

SENSIBLE PRICES!

Eves. 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50, $2 **Sat. Mat. 50c to $1.50**

Seats on Sale Monday

The advance sheets to the opera house manager call for a clear stage.

Mr. Dunbar also carries a symphonic orchestra of sixteen players with the famous Valentine as conductor. The members of this orchestra were rehearsed for weeks in Chicago until Mr. Dunbar, himself a cello artist of note, pronounced them perfect in their interpretation of the Bizet orchestration.

The announcement that Maude Fulton is soon to appear at English's in a new play, "The Humming Bird," from her own pen, carries with it no little interest, for anything this magnetic little actress author has ever attempted has been well done. Many playgoers will recall her peculiar charm in her earlier effort, "The Brat", but it is in the role of "Toinette" in "The Humming Bird" that Miss Fulton has created an impression which is apt to be associated with her for many years.

"The Humming Bird" is the name given by the French police to a clever Apache thief who has persistently eluded their clutches. The story of the play concerns a little waif of Montmartre, who, drifted by the winds of war and chance, is found working in a New York modiste's shop, only to find the old life reaching after her through the sudden appearance of her former dancing partner Charlot who endeavors to get her to go back to him and the old life in Paris. This Toinette refuses to do and the manner in which she eludes Charlot while in the midst of enacting their old-time dance (The Apache) brings the second act to a thrilling climax.

Oliver Morosco has provided sumptuous settings for the three acts and has surrounded her with a cast of notable players.

The date announced for the appearance of Miss Fulton in "The Humming Bird" is three days commencing Thursday, October 14th.



Cecilia Rhoda, formerly grand opera star, appearing at Lyric Theatre week of October 10.

MURAT—For the first time the patrons of the Shubert-Murat Theatre will have an opportunity to see and hear, on the speaking stage, the distinguished film star, Theda Bara, who will begin a week's engagement here on Monday, October 11th, in a stirring drama called "The Blue Flame." It was the possession of this spirited American play that induced Mr. A. H. Woods to invite Miss Bara into his official family and return to the spoken drama. Miss Bara's sensational engagements last season demonstrated the wisdom of Mr. Woods, for no attraction produced during the year excited more comment or drew larger crowds to the theatre. Miss Bara's season was sensationally successful—as it was bound to be. Her fame and popularity as a film star guarantees Miss Bara a following that is not equaled, probably, by any other artist of the present day drama. And Miss Bara has amply justified Mr. Woods' faith in her ability to sustain and meet the demands of the artist who speaks her lines. Playgoers will find that Miss Bara has the poise, diction and acting skill so necessary in the delineation of character on the speaking stage. She has youth, beauty and charm. "The Blue Flame" is primarily melodrama—you couldn't quite imagine Miss Bara in tamer surroundings. She is not altogether the familiar "vamp" of the screen, although she "vamps" with a vigor quite unsurpassed by anything produced by the stage of recent years. Mr. Woods has given Miss Bara a supporting company of pronounced ability. "The Blue Flame" is by George V. Hobart and John Williard, and is rewritten from a play by Leta Vance Nicholson. There are four acts and seven scenes.

There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

LYRIC—An elaborate festival bill of big vaudeville novelties will be presented at the Lyric next week in celebration of the eighth anniversary of the popular Illinois street house. Lew Cantor's "Purple Revue," a lavishly staged melange of songs, dances and hilarity, starring Carl Nixon and Juliet Belmont, will share the headline honors with "The Girl in the Basket," a spectacular electrical divertisement that provides a baffling illusion as well as an opportunity for a catchy song cycle. Other attractions will include two stars from grand opera, Cecilia Rhoda and George Crampton, in an original fantasy of melodies; Wells and DeVera, Italian character delineators; Henderson and Holliday, colored comedians, who call themselves "Two Black Spots;" Setson and Huber, comedy entertainers; Curt Galloway, monologist, known as "The Frisco Hobo;" and Charles and Helen Polly, singers and dancers. The screen contributions will be a Fox film farce, "Elephant's Nightmare;" the Pathe review and the Bray pictograph.

(Continued on Page 21)

Motion Pictures

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of October 10.

Alhambra—Dorothy Dalton in "Half an Hour;" Wanda Hawley in "Food for Scandal."

Circle—Constance Talmadge in "Good References."

Colonial—House Peters and Marjorie Daw in "The Great Redeemer."

Crystal—Louise Glaum in "Love Madness."

Isis—Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion;" Dorothy Dalton in "Half an Hour."

Mister Smith's—Blanche Sweet in "Help Wanted: Male."

Ohio—Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes."

Regent—George Walsh in "From Now On."

Alhambra—Sir James Barrie's dramatic story, "Half an Hour," serves Dorothy Dalton as her latest screen vehicle, and her first under the direction of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Heretofore she has been under the management of Thomas H. Ince. "Half an Hour" will be the attraction at the Alhambra the first half of next week. Miss Dalton appears as the daughter of an impoverished British aristocrat, who marries her off to a rich American in hopes of replenishing his finances through the union. The marriage is a loveless one on the part of the girl, though her husband is very fond of her. The wife accepts the attentions of a young Englishman, who persuades her to run off with him. Looking to this end she leaves her home and goes to his apartment. In a half hour she returns, the dramatic and crashing happenings of the thirty minutes that had elapsed having changed her entire perspective of life. Charles Richman heads the supporting cast, which also includes Frank Losee.

For the last half of the week, beginning Thursday, Wanda Hawley will be seen at the Alhambra in "Food for Scandal."

Circle—In "Good References," Constance Talmadge's latest comedy, she plays the part of Mary Wayne, who, lacking references, finds it impossible to get employment. Nell Norcross, hired as secretary to Miss Caroline Marshall, a wealthy old maid, becomes ill and Mary substitutes for her. Miss Marshall's nephew, Bill, arrives, bringing with him his pal, Pete, and enough excess vitality to upset the household. One night's fun ends in his being arrested with a friend, "Kid" Whaley, pugilist. Mary has him bailed out, and knowing his secret, compels him to attend a party given by his aunt. Bill scandalizes the guests by introducing Kid Whaley. While out swimming with Pete, Mary is deserted by the yachting party she is with, Bill having ordered the yacht to sail away. They are obliged to make their way back from Long Island Sound in bathing suits, but finally borrow clothing and arrive safely at their destination. Meanwhile Bill has rented his aunt's house to Kid Whaley. Bill comes home with his aunt, and quarrels with the too festive Kid. Mary admits that she is not Nell Norcross, Miss Marshall forgives the deception, Bill decides that he can not live without Mary, and all ends well.

A Booth Tarkington Edgar comedy, "Edgar's Sunday Courtship," is on the program, also a Circlette of News, an overture by the Circle Orchestra, and songs by the Cowboy Caruso, Bill Pruitt.

Colonial—The thrilling story of

(Continued on Page 20)

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Eight Famous Victor Artists Coming in Person

Musical thrills, of a new kind, are in store next Sunday evening, October 10th, when the Eight Famous Victor Artists will appear, in person, at the English Theatre in a concert both unique and interesting.

As the name of the company would indicate, these artists have established great names for themselves through the medium of their recordings for the Victrola. The seven Indianapolis Victor dealers, who are responsible for the appearance here of the artists, wish it distinctly understood the artists will appear in person, and that no talking machines are used during the evening. It is to give their thousands of admirers an opportunity to see and hear these favorites in person that the concert was arranged.

Henry Burr has a tenor voice of rare quality. He has only one grievance, and that is against those who persuaded him to use the name by which he is so well known. He was told that it would hurt his musical reputation to make records under his own name, which is Harry McClaskey, so he assumed the recording name of Henry Burr, and as Henry Burr he has become famous. He has been making records for more than fifteen years, ever since he gave up his position as tenor soloist of the Church of the Incarnation, New York City.

Billy Murray, one of the laugh provokers of the party, has a bright, breezy Western way about him, and it is only natural, for he was born in Denver, Colo. Murray has a "Million Dollar Smile" and learned early in life that his cheerful disposition was an asset. He is a tenor-comedian of national renown, and, like Burr, has been making records for many years.

Fred VanEps, in spite of himself, can not help telling one of the many wonders of the banjo as a musical instrument. To the average person a banjo is just a stringed instrument, but VanEps has developed it to the point where it is a musical treat. Studying at least two hours each day he has found new string combinations hitherto unknown.

Frank Croxton, the basso, needs no introduction. Until his talking machine work took precedence he was favorably known in the concert and oratorio field, having filled engagements with the leading orchestras and choral societies throughout the country. Prominent among these may be mentioned the Boston and New York Symphonies, the New York Philharmonic and the Chicago and Pittsburgh orchestras.

Go out to the Polo Grounds, in New York, most any day of the week and look in the first row of reserved seats and there you will find a jovial looking, rather stout chap by the name of Silver. In Silver's affections "Cohen" stands first and right after Cohen comes baseball. The "Cohen on the Telephone" records, which are so popular, are made by Monroe Silver.

Frank Banta is a New Yorker by birth. His father for a long time directed a famous dance orchestra and as soon as young Banta could reach the pedals on a piano he took up, in a serious way, the study of the instrument. At the age of sixteen he had advanced sufficiently to secure a paying position with a dance orchestra, but did not permit this success to turn him from his early aim, that of leading in his chosen field.

Others in the party are Albert Campbell, a former minstrel man and a lyric tenor of prominence. John Meyer is a member of the Sterling Trio, the Peerless and American Quartets and has a baritone voice of rare beauty.

The advance sale of seats for this concert promises a large attendance. Some requests have been received from as far away as Illinois and Ohio.

The program is as follows:

Part I.

Opening Chorus (words and music by Ray. Perkins)—Entire Company.

Baritone and Bass Duet, "Not in a Thousand Years"—John Meyer and Frank Croxton.

Cohen Stories and Songs, "Selected" —Monroe Silver.

Sterling Trio, "Oh! My Lady"—Campbell, Burr and Meyer.

Banjo Solo, "Down South"—Fred VanEps.

Tenor Solo, "Blue Diamonds"—Henry Burr.

Tenor Solo, "My Little Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isle"—Billy Murray.

INTERMISSION

Part II.

Piano Solo, "Cubist" (A Futuristic Rag)—Frank Banta.

"In Babyland" (A New Broadway Hit)—Duet with John Meyer.

Tenor Duet, "Feather Your Nest"—Campbell and Burr.

Cohen Stories and Songs, "Selected" —Monroe Silver.

Bass Solo, "Dah's 'Gwinter Be a Lan'slide"—Frank Croxton.

Banjo Solo, "Persiflage"—Fred VanEps.

Peerless Quartet, "Swanee"—Campbell, Burr, Meyer and Croxton.

Tenor Solo, "A-B-C-D Blues"—Billy Murray.

Closing Chorus—Enetire Company.

Frank Banta, Accompanist.

ALDA, GARDEN AND GANZ IN CIVIC MUSIC SERIES CONCERTS

A series of Sunday afternoon concerts under new management will be given in Indianapolis this season. Three concerts will be given at the Shubert Murat Theatre, and are called the Civic Music Series. They open with a recital October 24th by Mme. Frances Alda and assisting artists. Following this, on December 12th, Mary Garden will make her Indianapolis debut in concert, and the series will close February 20th with a piano recital by Rudolph Ganz. Bradford Mills and Merle Armitage, who have been operating concert courses in Louisville, Fort Wayne and other cities, will direct the attractions.



Frances Alda, appearing at Murat Theatre, Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 24.

Mme. Alda is perhaps the best dressed woman on the concert stage, and her place among the front rank artists has been fully established. She is the wife of Gatti-Casazza, impressario of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mary Garden is one of the most interesting personalities on the concert, dramatic or opera stage.

Rudolph Ganz returns to Indianapolis in February direct from abroad, where he is conducting some of the great European orchestras and appearing in concert.

The three concerts are to be sold as a series, single admissions being sold only on the days of the concerts. The three events will be given at the Shubert Murat Theatre. A downtown box office has been opened at the Edison Shop, 122 North Pennsylvania street.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 19)

"The Great Redeemer," the feature attraction at the Colonial Theatre for the week of October 10, is another startling example of the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction. The central theme for the photoplay is founded on an incident which occurred in a prison at San Bernardino, Calif., two years ago. A Mexican, who was serving fifteen years for manslaughter, devoted his time to painting a picture of the Crucifixion on the wall of his cell. The merit of the picture attracted attention all over the state, and as a direct result, the Mexican was granted a pardon by the Governor of the state and is now a professional artist living in Los Angeles. H. H. Van Loan, the author of "The Great Redeemer," got his story direct from the artist, added a strong counterplot and the inevitable love interest, and the result is said to be a tale of unusual interest. House Peters is cast in the role of Dan Malloy, a two-gun bad man, who is regenerated, and Marjorie Daw is the girl whose noble example turns Dan's footsteps from the downward path.

The comedy number will be Snub Pollard in "Fellow Citizens." The usual musical program will be supplied by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Eentertainers.

Mister Smith's—Blanche Sweet is the star at Mister Smith's Theatre in "Help Wanted: Male," with Henry King, the director, featured in the leading male role. This picture is an adaptation of Edwina Levin's magazine story, "Leona Goes Hunting," and it affords the pretty star a fine comedy role as well as an opportunity to wear many beautiful and modish gowns. As Leona Stafford, a telephone operator, she receives a legacy which enables her to invade the haunts of the wealthy in pursuit of a millionaire for a husband. The $1,000 legacy, Leona knows, is not enough to retire on, so she buys some gorgeous clothes, goes to a seaside hotel, poses as a widow and drops hints about a mysterious past. Her masquerade is going on smoothly when she meets a man who once confronted her at the telephone switchboard. She deliberately sets about to capture him and succeeds. Her efforts get her into no end of difficulties, but her determination to ensnare a man finds its reward. She gets what she goes after. Miss Sweet plays her part with the charm and talent which are hers on the screen. Henry King returns to the silver sheet for this part and his acting is on the same par as his directing. Al St. John in "The Window Trimmer" is also on the bill.

Ohio—Many a war bride has discovered to her sorrow that a man who looks like a Beau Brummel in an officer's uniform is quite a different person when he has doffed his O. D. for "cits." The glamour of the uniform and the gracelessness of the ordinary male's costume is the theme of "Civilian Clothes," in which Thomas Meighan will appear at the Ohio Theatre for the week beginning October 10. Mr. Meighan, as an overseas captain, marries a pretty American society girl in France. She is attracted to him chiefly because he is an eye-filling spectacle in his uniform. Later, after she returns to America, she receives news of his death. A former lover has already appeared upon the scene, when Captain Husband, very much alive after all, returns home, wearing civilian clothes of outlandish cut and color. The young bride is disappointed

(Continued on Page 21)

Who's Hoosier and Where

(Continued from Page 13)

This street now resembles the ocean on a nasty day.

Dwight Ritter is getting bids on motor fire apparatus to complete the motorization of the fire department, so hold off your fires until the new trucks come in.

Now that J. Dorsey Forrest has shown what a good gas company we have as far as dividends go, suppose he should supply us with more gas than we could use!

Ben Bosse says he is satisfied with Democratic possibilities in Indiana. Burt New is also—and so is Lew Ellingham—so that about makes it unanimous.

Samuel M. Ralston is going to take the stump for his party—and it'll have to be some hefty stump, too.

According to the Butler sophomores, freshies are going to have hard sledding in dear old Irvington.

The casual citizen would not know there is a Loyal Temperance Union in Indianapolis, but there is, and Mrs. Edith Cowgil has been elected its president.

Some of the World War soldiers who were in France and close enough to Hard Boiled Smith to feel his displeasure, will hear with interest that he is out of durance vile.

The Civil War soldiers who attended the Indianapolis reunion will have another reason to feel good about Indianapolis: John B. Reynolds, general secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, was informed that a big stack of letters and papers were at the local postoffice undelivered for want to postage. John shelled out enough postage to handle the mail and it will not be sent to the dead letter office.

Now that the Chicago White Sox are going to hang out some clean ones on the line, local fans will await the world series without so much trepidation.

This story has been credited to Wallace Lee, but he refuses to say who it's "on." It is said a certain Indianapolis man's better half, who had been reading a technical journal, remarked to friend husband:

"It appears that before long we will get just about everything we want by merely pushing a button."

Whereupon friend husband said: "It will not pay here. You will not be able to get anything that way."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because nothing would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

It is said that Senator Jim Watson, while out campaigning, waited for an hour—then two hours and then three for a train. He grew tired and was making arrangements to be carried to the next town by jitney when the station agent said:

"I wouldn't go to that trouble, sir; that train'll be along pretty soon."

"What makes you think so?" the Senator asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm pretty certain it will. Here comes the conductor's dog down the track."

It is now Lieutenant-Governor John Bromert, of Indianapolis, he having been chosen as one of the three such officers of the Kiwanis organization of Indiana.

Will Dobyns, who has been rusticating in various places up North, is again on the job and his fishing rod is greased and put away until next year. According to Bill's friends, all the big ones got away.

As an expounder of Democratic principles, Fred Van Nuys is above par. He recently told the classic Irvingtonians all about it in a speech in that suburb.

Fred I. Willis told the members of the Juvenile Chamber of Commerce why they should enter politics. We hasten to add there was no riot—as Fred's talk was non-partisan.

The Market Realty Company is a new Indianapolis organization with Edward Morris, Edward Kirk McKinney, Mark V. Rinehart and Scott Brewer as directors. Look out, realtors!

It also might be mentioned that the Indianapolis Wall Paper Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of $25,000. Orlo R. Deahl, John M. Raab and Car A. Ross are mentioned as directors.

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 19)

B. F. KEITH'S

The coming week, starting Monday, October 11th, brings to B. F. Keith's theatre a program of nine vaudeville numbers in addition to the usual films. Marie Nordstrom, who created the lead in "Bought and Paid For", is presenting a play in four scenes, "Tick Tock", written by her sister Frances, author of "The Ruined Lady", which was produced by Grace George.

Harry Breen, known as the "Rapid Fire Song Writer", and comedian, is said to be the best of the extemporaneous song composers.

"The Fall of Eve" is a comedy playlet by Arthur Eckersley, with a plot founded on the Latin Quarter of Greenwich Village. It is being offered by Mabel Cameron, Alan Devitt and C. Carroll Lucas.

Hubert H. Kinney and Corinne are specialty artists of quality and have a brand new dance production which includes a group of five widely different dance creations.

Rena Arnold and Harry Lambert will give their latest comedy concoction, "Pills".

A little French Miss, billed under the title "Barbette", gives a versatile specialty of an artistic nature.



Marie Nordstrom, at Keith's, week of October 11.

Mullen and Corelli sing and dance and also have a routine of comedy gymnastics said to be out of the ordinary.

McCloud and Norman are "Modern Entertainers" and have a pleasing comedy offering.

Sylvia Loyal and Company return with a novelty act in which many pigeons are used as a background for an original novelty.

The Kinogram news weekly and Digest Topics will also be shown.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 20)

and disgusted with his appearance, and snubs him frightfully. The captain then secures a job as butler in his wife's household in order to teach her a lesson in democracy, and as is to be expected, gains his objective in good order. Mr. Meighan's supporting company includes Martha Mansfield, who plays the part of the pretty but snobbish heroine.

The program includes a Hall Room boys comedy, "Clever Cubs;" Screen Snapshots, and Literary Digest Topics.

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in

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Hall Room Boys Comedy—Screen Snapshots
Literary Digest Topics

Playing Phoney Baseball

Since the Chicago baseball expose, fans have been jolted to the realization that players can "throw" games.

The world series games between the White Sox and the Cincinnati Reds, in which the Reds came out victorious because gamblers had "fixed" certain players, has caused fans to dig into the records of the game. They were particularly interested in the part that Pitcher Cicotte played in throwing the games.

The records show that in the first inning of the first game played Cicotte started by hitting Rath, the first Cincinnati batter, in the back. Jake Daubert followed with a single over second base that sent Rath to third and he scored when Groh flied to Jackson, Rath beating Jackson's throw to the plate.

The records also show that Chicago tied this run in the next inning, Kopf putting Jackson on second with a wild throw. "Happy" Felsch sacrificed him to third and Gandil hit a little fly safely in center, scoring Jackson.

It was in the fourth inning that Cicotte was taken off the mound and relieved by Wilkinson. Already the damage had been done. There were two out when Cincinnati scored the runs that ultimately won the game.

The game records show that with Kopf on first, Neale and Wingo singled, and Reuther, the hard-hitting Red pitcher, drove a three-base hit to the center field bleachers. Rath doubled and Daubert singled, the combination resulting in five runs. It was after Daubert's single that Cicotte was taken from the mound.

Cicotte himself admitted, when questioned by the Cook county grand jury, that he was not pitching to win. He said that he "lobbed them up" and that the balls were so slow that one could read the label on the cover. The final score of this game was nine to one in favor of the Reds.

As Cicotte was one of the mainstays of the White Sox in the 1919 world series, he was the one that the gamblers "got to" in fixing the games in which he participated as a pitcher.

His second appearance in the series was in the fourth game, played at Chicago. That this game was deliberately lost in behalf of the gamblers who were "in" on the deal, there is no doubt, as is evidenced by Cicotte's story of this swindle told in the presence of the grand jurors.

Cincinnati won the game by a score of two to nothing. The records show that Ring, pitching for Cincinnati, held the White Sox to three hits. It was in the fifth inning that the Reds made the only two runs of the game. Cincinnati bunched their hits and Cicotte made a wild throw to first, which was followed later by a bad throw to the plate by Jackson, which Cicotte intercepted and muffed.

The Associated Press account of this inning is as follows:

"Roush was out, Schalk to Gandil, the ball rolling half way to the pitcher's box. Duncan was safe when Cicotte threw his drive wide to first, the ball going to the stand and Duncan reaching second. Kopf singled to left and Duncan stopped at third, but scored when Jackson threw wild to the plate. Kopf reached second. Correction: The official scorer gives Cicotte the error for muffing Jackson's throw. Neale sent one over Jackson's head and Kopf scored. Neale reached second. It was a two-base hit. Wingo out, Ed Collins to Gandil, Neale going to third. Ring drove a vicious grounder that Ed Collins got and threw him out at first. Two runs. Two hits. Two errors."

As far as known the rest of the game was played fairly, Cicotte pitching throughout the nine innings.

The next appearance of Cicotte was in the sixth game of the series, Cincinnati having already won four games and lost one, Richard Kerr having shut out the Reds in the third game. Cicotte went through mine innings and held his opponents to seven hits. Chicago won the game four to one.

Claud Williams, who is also classed as one of the traitors to his club, pitched the second, fifth and eighth games, all of which were won by the Reds. In the first two that he pitched he was wild as a March hare. This lack of control was generally ascribed as the cause of his defeat. The newspaper accounts of the second game said, "While Cincinnati obtained only four hits, these came at opportune times when they had been preceded by bases on balls off Williams."

In the fifth game Eller pitched for the Reds. The White Sox only made three hits off of his delivery. In this game Williams was pitching for Chicago and gave Groh a base on balls. Rousch got a three-base hit when he came to the bat with two men out and scored the two runners and later himself, after Duncan flied to Jackson. The final score of this game was 5 to 0.

The history of the series shows that the other members of the conspiracy simply "laid down" in crucial moments of the games, Jackson and Felsch being credited with errors in throwing and fielding in the innings in which Cincinnati made their runs.

Wayside Sketches

(Continued from Page 6)

fairly poured into the tub! The brawny, raggedy man, who not only superintended but also performed the labor of making, was soon spotted by apple pips and juiceless pomice. He seemed to glory in his work. It was not long until all waiting receptacles were filled and the visiting youngsters and adults as well proceeded to acquire a "cargo" and a subsequent case of tummy ache. * * *

But what cider! No water—no thin drink, but an ambrosia for the gods with a perfume of Araby! A golden liquid that smelled of sunshine and apple blossoms on a May morning. It glistened and foamed and sparkled with all the intenseness of the summer suns that made the fruit.

"It is not quite so good as the cider of the old days," I said to the seller, as she thoughtfully washed my glass for the next customer.

"Well," she said, "after all, this is pretty good cider—but you know you have to be 'just right' when you drink cider to really enjoy it. I do. Why, I remember one night back about thirty years ago a crowd of us——"

But another customer appeared and I slipped into the crowd. I knew exactly what she was going to tell. I had just been thinking about it myself. That glass of cider had rubbed Aladdin's lamp and the genii had appeared to both of us. After all it doesn't take 100 proof bottled in bond to make you see things.

Men Architects and Women's Homes

(Continued from Page 8)

puts no shelving in at all. Here is where a woman architect shines. She knows the need of light and air in a kitchen. She knows that steps must be saved. She knows the advantage of fourteen-inch shelves over twenty-five-inch shelves—and a score or more other little details that help her in lightening her work.

No matter what the size of the kitchen, the comfort of the woman who works in it should be considered—the saving of steps—the placing of sinks, the width of shelving, etc.

Then there is the bathroom. How many bathrooms are there that have the toilet right in front of the door! How many there are with the bath tub under the window and the lavatory in the darkest corner! Men planned every one of them.

In the sitting room the grate perhaps is in the corner of the room instead of at the side of the room where it should be, thus preventing the turning back of the corner of the rug and keeping the entire household from gathering in front of the fire—as not much of a family can collect around a corner grate.

And now the cellar or basement. How a woman hates to go into most of them. Crooked stairways or else too steep and difficult to traverse. Few cellars have any shelving built into them and most of them are dark and ofttimes damp. A cellar should be as conveniently arranged as any other part of the house—neat and clean and well ventilated. There should be water and tubs for laundrying—and the tubs not against the wall, but out where work can be done without bumping into the wall.

Not all architects make these mistakes—for some of them have the knack of correct arrangement, but to a woman architect it comes natural. She can see with her imagination the best arrangement of a room for furniture—if she doesn't she has no business being an architect.

If a woman would make the planning of a HOME her business instead of the planning of a house she would be a success from the very start—for she would be fitted to know the needs and conveniences of a home.

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"The Cradle of Courage"

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1920 — NUMBER 18

New Club for Indianapolis

Athletic Organization Designed to Promote Health, Sports and a Cosmopolitan Meeting Ground for Representative Citizens.

Big Business Men Behind Plan—Committee Sure of Obtaining 1,000 Resident Members—Building to be Model of Its Kind.

When some one lamented, at a luncheon meeting of business men one day some three months ago at an Indianapolis cafe, that the city had no athletic club, the question was asked, why can't Indianapolis have such a club? No one could tell why it could not. In fact, it was casually agreed that such an organization would be just about what the Hoosier capital needed in the way of digression from business and from the usual run of other clubs.

From this small seed has grown not only a sentiment for an organization similar to that of other leading cities, but actual effort and plans.

In other words, Indianapolis will have an athletic club second to none.

The luncheon meeting, at which the need of such a club was disclosed, also took into consideration what such a club should be from a physical standpoint. It was agreed that business men and their families would enjoy a club purely from a recreational standpoint. Political clubs, business clubs, church clubs and various other similar organizations were all right as far as they went—but they did not go far enough, was the opinion of guests at that luncheon.

It was decided to meet again and form a working nucleus for the athletic organization. Fifty business men dug down in their pockets and agreed to finance a working plan. A club promoter was hired—and is the only person connected with the organization that draws a salary—and instructed to see what could be done toward an organization. A membership committee was chosen, and Wallace O. Lee, who is always ready to shuck his coat in the defense of any worthy projects, consented to take the chairmanship. The committee was duly organized and since July 30 has held regular weekly meetings to make reports on the progress of organization.

At the outset it was determined to start with 1,000 resident and 500 non-resident members. The plan included the payment of $250, which carried with it one share of common stock valued at $100, for resident members, and a fee of $125 for non-resident members. Up to the last report the committee has received 612 applications for membership. The final meeting of the committee will be held on the evening of November 10, at which the last reports will be made and a dinner will celebrate the completion of the campaign.



Architect's Tentative Conception of the Proposed Club House for the Indianapolis Athletic Association.

It has been announced by the chairman of the committee that more than 1,000 resident applicants will have been received by that time.

The next step will be a meeting of the board to take up the financial plan relative to building. It is understood that a number of Indianapolis business men will assist in this.

The club house will be one of the most modern in the country and will have features that no other similar structure contains. A tentative sketch is reproduced on this page, drawn by Herbert L. Bass.

Mr. Bass's sketch is the result of an extended investigation he made in several cities in the United States which have athletic clubs, and embodies all their best features and some new ones particularly adaptable to Indianapolis.

The location for the building is yet undecided though three sites are under consideration. However, whatever site is chosen will mean a downtown location.

According to the directorate, the building "will be one of the most beautiful in the country" and the club "one of the finest in America." The entire building will be the "last word" in modern construction and will have its full quota of "surprises".

The prospectus says that the dining room will be one of the features of the club. Meals for the business man's health will have a special appeal. The library, also, will have special consideration and will be stocked with all the latest books as well as the standard works of all authors. In addition there will be the daily newspapers and magazines from throughout the world.

The ladies' room will form another important feature of the club and will be elaborately furnished.

It is part of the club plan to provide weekly entertainments every Saturday night in the club auditorium.

Primarily, the object of the club will be the promotion of health, amateur sports, athletic exercise and recreation and entertainment. Social, neighborly intercourse among the members will be provided for by the very fundamentals of the club. Many privileges will be extended to the families of the members, especial attention being given to the welfare of the children.

The club house will have more than 200 luxuriously appointed sleeping rooms with all modern conveniences and will offer attractive accommodations to bachelor and non-resident members.

The membership committee makes it plain that this is not in any sense a "millionaire" club, but sets out that great care will be used in the selection of members, the aim being to bring together the most representative citizens of the city.

That such a club is a good investment is noted in the success that cities like Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Newark, Columbus, Ohio, Minneapolis, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, Los Angeles, have had with similar organizations. The numerous clubs are affiliated and are able to co-operate on various matters of interest to their respective cities.

It is noted that the representative

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Careless Indianapolis Citizens

Lost and Found Departments of Public Utilities and Other Public Places Stand as Monument to Forgetfulness of the Average Person.

Investigation Shows Everything Lost From an Identity to False Teeth—What an Auction at the Street Car Barns Reveals.

By Beatrice Sherman

"It's no surprise to me," said the man at the head of the Lost and Found Department, "to hear about those people who suffer from amnesia. They're not so very different from the rest of the world. Why, in this town folks have lost everything that it's possible to lose, from an umbrella to a fortune; so it's not surprising to learn that somebody has lost his identity. Often enough you hear some one say, 'My, you'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on,' and identities being one of the things that aren't actually 'fastened on,' it's no wonder that people manage to lose them."

A tour through the various stations, stores, theatres and public buildings of Indianapolis confirms the views of the chief of the Lost and Found Department. Everything that is losable is lost by careless individuals at some time or other, and it probably wouldn't surprise the clerk at the window in the least if some one would turn up with a small bundle and say, "Somebody lost his identity on a crowded Illinois car this morning. If the owner doesn't show up, let me know and return it to me, please." For the articles that are lost and later turned in at the various Lost and Found Departments are of every kind and description, from an egg-beater to an ostrich plume.

The street railway company takes up a vast collection every year of things that people leave on the cars. On an average more than two hundred articles a month are turned in—keys, gloves, handkerchiefs, purses, spectacles, books—all of the things that are apt to be carried loose in the hand instead of being safely worn or securely lodged in a pocket. Mixed in with this collection of ordinary plunder are occasional articles of clothing and jewelry, the loss of which it is a little more difficult to explain.

Each year all of these lost articles which have been held sixty days unclaimed are gathered together and sold at public auction. The law requires that notice of the auction be published thirty days in advance of the sale. Few people, however, know of this annual clearing house, for the reason that the neatly itemized posters listing the articles to be sold, the place and the time of the sale, are posted chiefly on the street car company's property—that is, at the various barns and shops. This year's sale was set for October 6 at the Louisiana street barns at 10 o'clock in the morning.

An assorted crowd of junk dealers, second-hand men, negro women, laborers who happened to be in the barns, street car men off duty, and three or four solid citizens whom curiosity or an umbrella-losing family had attracted to the sale, gradually assembled at the north door of the barns. At about half past ten, a flat car loaded with mounds of suit cases, boxes, bundles and baskets hove into sight, towed by a work car. It drew up before the crowd, the auctioneer and his assistants boarded it, the crowd shifted to the other foot, put its hand on its purse, and the sale was on. The auctioneer, a preternaturally affable man in a derby hat, seized a decrepit matting suit case, rapped it on the side with a dangerously vigorous thumb and forefinger and demanded, "Well, gentlemen, how much am I bid for this fine suit case?"

"Five cents—do I hear ten?"

"Ten cents—who'll make it fifteen?"

"Fifteen, fifteen—sold for ten."

The gentleman in the fedora hat grabbed the suit case as a foundation for the pyramidal pile of his auction purchases.

The auctioneer warmed up to his work, and knocked down half a dozen suit cases and satchels to a not too eager crowd. When a suit case is plainly dilapidated and there's no way of guessing what it contains, there is no particular incentive for paying a high price to find out.

Then the umbrellas were brought on, neatly tied up in families of twelve—several crook-handled manly-looking umbrellas, a number with knobs and loops, several little ones for the children, and occasionally a prize of a real silk umbrella. These bundles brought from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars. Several huge boxes half as big as piano boxes were sold—these surely must have been unclaimed freight from the traction lines, for certainly not the most absent-minded individual on earth could negligently leave one of them in his seat on a street car. These brought two and three dollars apiece, being sold "sight unseen." The purchases of boxes, bags and bundles that contain nobody knows what arouse the curiosity of every spectator. It really should be made one of the rules of the game, or at least a matter of auction etiquette, that all packages be opened on the spot. Then if prospective buyers couldn't have the privilege of knowing what they were bidding on, they could at least have the satisfaction of knowing later whether they had lost something of value.

After the opening burst of auction fervor, the sale settled down to a business-like grind. Two hundred and thirty pocketbooks, dished up in small lots of fifteen to twenty, were sold at fifty cents to a dollar for an assortment. Bicycle tires, oil cans, demijohns, player piano music, shopping bags, rings, cameras, one lamp with a gorgeous pink shade, twenty-four pocket mirrors, a knife, a box of furs, a case of unhappy-looking hats, two rolls of asbestos, a mop, eight overcoats, several dozen books, gloves mated and odd, and then more suitcases and umbrellas, were sold. The crowd bid and bought and joked with the auctioneer while the year's accumulation of cinders and dust rose in frequent gusts from the heap of ownerless articles and distributed sneezes and coughs, as the flatcar was gradually emptied.

The proceeds of the sale are donated to the Indianapolis Street Railway Benefit Association.

The theatres probably have the highest class and most valuable assortment of lost articles in the city, for jewels and valuables of various sorts are more apt to be worn to the theatre than on a journey to a department store; and it is at the box office of the local theatres that fraternity pins, earrings, lavalieres, brooches, vanity cases, lip sticks and hat pins are to be found. One temperamental theatregoer went home from a performance leaving his coat and vest in the balcony, utterly unconscious of his loss; but he showed up early the next morning to claim his missing apparel. Another hot-headed enthusiast returned home without his hat, and only returned several weeks later in search of it.

When the Stuart Walker Players were at the Murat one summer the audience danced between acts in the lobby, and the enormous increase in the number and variety of lost articles during that time testified to their strenuous enjoyment of the dance. One energetic dancer lost half of her coiffure, and as she had already danced merrily round the floor before she realized it was gone, she found it impossible to retrieve her lost locks without attracting the attention of all the other dancers. Making the best of a sad affair, she danced on with the rest, assuming a finely nonchalant air as she footed it lightly over her lost tresses.

The men were just as enthusiastic as the women over the dancing, and suffered equally in the matter of lost belongings. One man actually pranced in such a lively manner that he lost his false teeth, and that was before the days of the shimmy. The poor gentleman quite lost his equanimity, and retired to the inmost recesses of the theatre, but later he returned to the lobby and recovered his false teeth.

The number of keys that are left in theatres, singly and in bunches on key rings, makes managers wonder where their owners pass the night after the show is over, how automobiles are started when their keys repose in box offices, and whether locks on office desks have to be picked to enable the tired business man to get to work the morning after the theatre party.

So many things are lost every week and every day in Indianapolis that surely it will not be long until the efficiency expert arrives who can tell us just how many times the city debt could be paid out of the value of articles lost in the city in a year.

Wayside Sketches

The Barbecue

There's a smell of burning wood in the air. An October haze hangs over the landscape. Flowers are dead—save the golden rod and the purple blossoms of the ironweed. Corn leaves rustle in every breeze. Barefooted youngsters of summer days have donned shoes. Fall is here.

The notice, written on foolscap paper and tacked on a board nailed to a gray rail fence, telling about the barbecue, "everybody invited," has been whipped from its moorings and the penciled writing faded out these many years—but the memory of the barbecue is still fresh.

The smell of burning wood—the scraggly golden rod and the purple ironweed flower revived the memory. Yes, it's the same October haze that hung like a gray veil then—and so hangs now.

It was a great day for kids—and the grownups, too. A huge ditch had been dug as a fire-pot. A green pole suspended over the ditch by green forks was to hold the kettles for stew, while the long bed of burning coals supplied the heat for roasting huge slabs of meat that dripped and sizzled before the fire. After a time the carving begins. A fat man with a knowledge of the butcher's trade, slices off big slabs of meat as it sizzles on the spits. A long table, on which is placed big hunks of home-made bread, pots of coffee, pies, cakes, gingerbread, cider and whatnot, also provides a place where the diners manage the hunks of barbecued meat.

As the feast proceeds, reminiscent talks from the "old timers" holds the younger element. Old Man Gaston tells about hunting deer where the court house now stands. Other garrulous

(Continued on Page 22)

What Music in the Films Does

Public Has Long Since Decided that Music at "Movies" Is Important and Learns to Appreciate the Best.

Programs Receive Careful Consideration and Some Have Attained the Importance of Symphony Efforts.

By Ona B. Talbot

The public has long since decided the importance of music in the movies and has shown a keen appreciation for good music when brought to it in an attractive form.

The repertory of the average motion picture orchestra is rich and varied and through this the average American man, woman and child is acquiring a knowledge of the world's best music—not merely acquiring a knowledge of it, but is also gaining a love for good music that is evidenced in many ways.

Did you ever listen to an audience in a moving picture theatre? Let the violinist strike a false note, you will immediately hear sighs or chuckles of the listeners. Did you ever listen to the audiences leaving the theatre? Some may be discussing the picture—but many will be humming the tunes from Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," "Samson and Delilah," "Peer Gynt" or "Henry VIII Dances." They probably do not know the names of the compositions; but some day they will attend a concert or symphony orchestra program, and be thrilled with delight in the knowledge that they recognize some of the selections.

Some father persuaded by daughter to attend one of these concerts will be astounded when he recognizes the "Eroica Symphony" of Beethoven, or "The Hymn to the Sun" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and remembers that these tunes were first brought to his consciousness when the lovely vampire was trying vainly to lure the noble hero.

Motion picture musical programs are given much thought and consideration, and are not haphazard affairs. All programs must be arranged before the issuance of a film, and the music must be exactly timed for each tableau, episode and emotional variation. Such captions as "hurry music," "mysterioso for underworld uplights," "meditation for mother watching at cradle," "canoe moonlight scene," "garden scenes," etc., mark the music used, and in such lists the musical directors include symphonies, Schumann songs, Chaminade, Debussy, Charpentier and all that is best in musical art.

There are theatres where the music has attained to the importance of symphony orchestras, which have made their offerings so attractive as to divide honors with the pictures.

Hugo Riesenfeld, father of the artistic motion picture business and director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres in New York, as well as owner of the crushed velour hat that has replaced Hammerstein's silk hat as the most conspicuous musical symbol on Broadway, when asked his opinion as to the effect of the motion picture business on New York's millions, said:

"The taste for good moving pictures is inherent. It is mankind's desire to see itself and its neighbor. It is merely another development of the drama, far from perfect as yet, but with possibilities far greater than its parent. In New York especially the motion picture has a field that is larger than the mere size of the city would warrant. In the big city, where the personal touch does not exist for a large part of the population, there are hundreds of thousands who seek in the movie the picture of domestic life, the family group, little home incidents, romance of every day existence that the inhabitants of the small city and country lives day by day.

"Desire for good music, however, is not innate. It is gained by most of us hearing the best tunes again and again until we acquire the taste. Added to the motion picture, in pleasing surroundings, and carefully chosen to fit the story, music and picture blend into one harmonious whole.

"Taste in music improves under stimulus of good music until the original movie fan becomes a confirmed motion picture and music patron."

In our city the Circle Theatre may well be called the "Rivoli of Indianapolis." Not only architecturally is it similar, but the atmosphere of high standards in pictures and orchestra maintained by the New York house is felt in every detail of the Circle Theatre. The orchestra in its splendid interpretations of the best in musical literature, is an important factor, and may be justly regarded with a feeling of local pride.

For many years the possibilities of a high artistic standard to be attained in the moving pictures has been evident to me, and came first at a production I saw in New York, about ten years ago, at the Globe Theatre, of "Caberia," a war play of the time of Charlemagne, written by D'Annunzio, and many of the episodes, as I now recall them, expressed realities this great Italian writer has since experienced in the World War. "Caberia" was the first picture given in color, and many of the effects produced, such as the battlefields, and mysterious night colors, were marvelous. When this play was presented the moving picture industry was in its infancy, and the "Nickelodeon" was the popular term applied to the movies. The prices of admission charged for "Caberia" were from $2.50 to $1.00, which at that time made it prohibitive for distribution throughout the country.

The incidental music was chosen from the classics, and all in all it was the most wonderful film production I have ever seen.

A new idea in connection with screen dramas is "Visualized Music." This great idea is being launched by Samuel L. Rothapfel. Visualizing music, he declares, is the keynote to the ultimate art of expression, for by its delicate psychology of the human mind and heart and sensory nerves it will be possible to transmit ideas, memories and emotions to a universal public without an intervening language. He is adapting music already in existence, already known, themes from the best known composers, as the musical settings for screen dramas and features of every sort. For example, Massenet's "Elegie," interpreted in picture, and in the Belleau Wood battle of the marines for the news reel, a theme of Bizet will be used as a basis.

Here opens an alluring vista of creative music in a new field for American composers. The suggestion is to take your metronome to the "movies" and estimate the time limits of your grand opera and the tempo of the five-shows-a-day audience. There will be in the field before you are aware the musical visualist producing a thousand feet of symphony in five movements; three-reel sonatas visualized to order in an allegro, andante, a scherzo and a finale. Rothapfel seems to have found the short cut to the hearts of music lovers by his subtle wizardry of selected sounds.

These phantom theatres, originally planned for relaxation and amusement, have attained a high place in the development educationally and musically of the American people.



Geraldine Farrar, in the role of "Carmen", is the prima donna supreme of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and has become famous to thousands through her screen interpretations of "Carmen" and Joan D'Arc. She will be seen in person at the Murat Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 17, at 3 o'clock, in song recital.



If you saunter into Smith's office some fine morning, feeling that you've reached that altitude known as the top of the morning, and find Smith in such a black mood that he isn't even aware that the morning has a top, don't judge him too harshly. Undoubtedly there's a reason for this sudden souring of Smith's usually sweet disposition, and in all probability it's not the departure of the third October cook or the bill for his wife's new fall hat which is causing his grouch—the trouble goes deeper than that. Nine chances out of ten the last straw that broke the backbone of Smith's normally good temper was the modern instrument of torture called the telephone.

Smith came downtown bright and early, feeling fit and full of energy, all ready to close the five thousand dollar deal with Jones. "Call me at nine in the morning, and we'll let you have our decision," was Jones's last message the day before, and Smith came to the office all primed to take the receiver off the hook and write down the final O. K. for the order. He takes the receiver off the hook all right, but that's as far as his plan works out.

"Main 98765," he replies to Central's call for "Number."

"Washington 27?" she interrogates blithely.

"No," in sugared accents from polite Mr. Smith. "Main 98765."

"Oh," in a tone which suggests at once apology and understanding. "Main 56789," and she plugs Smith in.

Burrs and buzzes for some five minutes. Then—

"Hello," from wrathy Main 56789.

"Jones Brothers?" asks Smith weakly in a voice that lacks conviction.

Click goes the receiver of Mr. Wrong Number, and Smith returns to the attack. Viciously he wiggles his hook, but Central haughtily ignores him. Smith humors her, and leans on the hook for a few minutes playing possum. Then, guilefully he removes his finger and in a fresh and cheery voice calls, "Central, please."

No answer.

He resorts once more to hook-wiggling, genteelly and intermittently at first, then more ferociously and frequently, and finally with frantic fury, as he wonders whether competitor Black has been able to connect with Jones. Just as he has reached that stage of helpless fury when he is reduced to pounding his phone on the plate glass top of his mahogany desk, you breeze in, cool and affable, and as Smith drops the receiver in disgust and begins a profane dissertation on service, you wonder what's got into the man. Don't blame him. He's had his dose, and you'll probably have yours before the day is over.

When the telephone company is approached for enlightenment as to when we may hope for an improvement in the telephone service, they maintain a politely dignified but chilling silence. Many people seem to feel that the telephone company has already said too much and done too little, and whether the company has finally decided to concur in this opinion or whether its silence is merely a truce for study on fresh excuses and explanations is not clear at the present time. For the most part, any public utility which has suffered from as widespread criticism as that which has been heaped upon the telephone company, has been eager to gallop forward with explanations and defenses in wholesale lots whenever any query has been made as to why service has not been up to standard, but the telephone company appears to have exhausted its propaganda and to be short on alibis.

It would undoubtedly take a large explanation to cover the many and persistent deficiencies of the telephone system, and even such an explanation would be a hard dose for a long suffering public to swallow. The interesting feature of the telephone company's case is that the company apparently realizes that the public is weary of empty explanations and so have retired to concoct others of a more convincing nature, or perhaps—who knows?—actually to improve the service.

Telephone officials announce that the service is being improved every day, and the obvious supposition is that the reason that ordinary mortals are not able to notice any progress is because of the extremely subtle shade of the improvement. Summed up in the words of "Dere Mabel", "It's too technical" for the layman to discern. In about a month's time, it is said, the company hopes to be able to come boldly forward before its public and point with pride to what it has done in the way of bettering service. Certainly service has reached such a low point that anything remotely resembling efficiency will be hailed with enthusiasm by citizens of Indianapolis, and if within three weeks or even within six weeks this objective is attained, great will be the rejoicing. However, when the company's silence as to its plans for improvement is, as at present, quite dense, the public is scarcely apt to feel other than skeptical as to future developments. The noble pose of silence until improvement is an accomplished fact may augur well for the service, but it smacks rather of an exhausted stock of excuses and explanations.

The silent campaign extends to the subject of the merger with the automatic telephone company. Details on this consolidation are difficult to secure. Again the Indiana Bell Telephone Company requires more time before statements of what is to be done are made public. In the meanwhile, subscribers to the automatic company ask and ask again for the installation of Bell telephones and almost have to resort to physical violence to get an employe of the Bell Company to descend to the actual details of putting the phone in.

Some three or four months ago the telephone company presented a petition for an increase in rates to the Public Service Commission. Before the Commission had come to a decision as to the fate of the petition it was withdrawn by the company with a statement to the effect that it was being withdrawn because there was very obviously a strong opposition on the part of the Commission to give consideration to the petition. The poor service which the company was giving at that time was undoubtedly the reason that the company was unable to make its case. At that time the feeling was general that the company was deliberately giving poor service as a means of forcing a higher rate. If the company should ever again come before the Commission it behooves them to bring a record of decidedly more efficient functioning of the telephone system.

Generally when a company is in the hands of a receiver, the best service is scarcely to be expected. In the case of the telephone company this state of affairs was reversed. During the time that the receivership was in effect, the service was equal to, if not better than, that which Indianapolis is receiving today. This is a condition which should not be tolerated in a city the size of Indianapolis, and if the weight of public opinion has any power to enforce better service, it will soon make even the telephone company realize that Indianapolis must have better telephone service. In the meantime, Smith is still hanging on the wire calling feverishly for Main 98765.

Gossip of the New York Stage

William Hodge, well-known to Middle Western audiences, is appearing in his new play, "The Guest of Honor," which he wrote himself. The critics call it an "actor's play"—and it is all of that—and is full of the usual theatrical artifices that actors know so well.

Hodge has pictured himself a down and out hero of "cheerful philosophy." He is a hack writer living in a garret on which he owes several months' rent. In addition he is helping a half-blind journalist and is also rearing a child which calls him "Daddy." When things seem at their worst and the heartless rent profiteer is about to "give him the air" and a bench in a park, his luck turns by a visit of a couple of rich old ladies, who have heard him read a poem at an uplift society meeting. Later he is invited to a young woman's home, but through modesty gives the young lady to understand he is the poet's secretary and is refused admission to the home by the heartless papa. It turns out that the child he has adopted is the son of the young lady's married sister and after a deal of maneuvering, it all turns out right. Most of the critics "pan" the play as being theatric, but they all speak well of Hodge, who is a gifted actor and who has a large following not only in New York, but out in the provinces.

Newspapers have noted with varying degrees of publicity the sailing of Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Bird of Paradise" among numerous other plays, to England, where he starts his English companies on tour with the "Bird" and does several other errands. He will witness the opening of the "Bird" in Paris and his "Omar" and "Keep Her Smiling" in London. Tully's "Bird of Paradise" promises to be the Uncle Tom of the latter-day stage. Although not a particular success on Broadway, Tully later bought the production rights from Belasco, with whom he was associated, and the play, after it left New York, coined money for the author. The play is rated as one of the greatest money makers on record, equaling or excelling Ben-Hur," "'Way Down East" and other gold mines. Tully himself is accounted one of the wealthiest managers in the country and a man of courage and conviction. Few theatrical men, it is said, have the courage to invade London and Paris with an American play, but it is expected that Tully will win out as usual.

His "Omar the Tentmaker" was brought out about the time he took over "The Bird of Paradise," and while "Omar," like the "Bird," was a tremendously costly production, yet Tully "got by" with it, as author, manager and producer, and it eventually made him money and likely will do so in London.

Tully came from a farm in the West, attended college, married a college girl, followed his taste for literature and made a success of it. It is said that he never acquired the Broadway habit of parading his prosperity, but still retains his love for the soil and the great outdoors. His friends are expecting his usual success in Europe, writers say.

"Merchants of Venus" is the title of a comedy which recently opened in the Punch and Judy Theatre. Critics say the title is the best part of the play, which is an elaboration of a vaudeville act known as "Dollars and Sense." The play lost in expanding into three acts.

Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Wallace and little son have been guests of Gene Stratton Porter at her Limberlost cabin. Mrs. Porter will spend the winter in her Los Angeles home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lane announce the marriage of their daughter, Catherine Finch Lane, and Delzie Demaree, of Chicago, which took place on October 2.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bass have returned from a trip in the West.

* * *

Mrs. Charles A. McKeand has returned to Richmond, Va., after a visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Wood. Mr. and Mrs. McKeand will remain in Richmond until next June.

* * *

Mme. Olga Petrova was the guest of the Altrusa Club at its weekly luncheon at the Ayres tea room last Saturday. Mme. Petrova spoke informally to the club members.

* * *

The ushers at the voters' school of the League of Women Voters at the Y. W. C. A. this week are Mrs. Walter Krull, Mrs. Joseph W. Mullane, Mrs. Paul C. Curnick, Mrs. T. J. Moll, Mrs. Charles C. Jackson, Mrs. Bennett B. Bobbitt, Mrs. E. K. Reese, Miss Marie Douglas and Miss Edna Heaton. Mrs. Paul T. Haynes and Mrs. H. J. Fitts are members of the registration committee.

* * *

Mrs. George A. Drysdale and son have returned from a trip in the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Townsend have returned from a trip to California and the Canadian Rockies.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Holloway is visiting relatives in Chicago.

* * *

Among the notable weddings of the month was that of Miss Katherine Tanner and John Battice Ford, which took place October 4 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. George Gordon Tanner, on North Delaware street. Miss Elizabeth Nicholson and Frederick S. Ford were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Ford will motor through the East on their wedding trip, and will be at home after November 15 in Detroit.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Morell have gone to New York City, where Mrs. Morell made her debut in Aeolian Hall, October 14, in a violin recital.

* * *

Mrs. George S. Winders and daughter, Katherine, are making a two weeks' visit in Chicago.

* * *

Miss Anna L. Beck has returned to Grand Haven, Mich., to continue her studies at Akley Hall.

* * *

Miss Helen Gausepohl has gone to Washington, where she will attend National Park Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bawden have closed their summer cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee. Mrs. Bawden is spending a few weeks in Battle Creek, Mich., before returning to the city for the winter.

* * *

Mrs. Merle N. A. Walker is spending a week in Greencastle with Miss Nina Burnside.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Born announce the marraige of their son, Ferdidand, and Muriel Gilbert, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Dolan, which took place October 7 at Lafayette. Mr. and Mrs. Born will take a motor trip in the East and will be at home after November 1 at 2940 North Pennsylvania street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks have gone to Washington, D. C., and will visit other Eastern points before returning.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Hornbrook announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret, to Robert G. Winslow. The wedding will take place October 16.

* * *

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter has gone to Nashville, Tenn., where she was called by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas L. Scoggins.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Jeffras, of Washington, have been visiting Judge and Mrs. Quincy A. Meyers.

* * *

Mrs. Walter B. Smith was a delegate to the state conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Vincennes, Ind.

* * *

Eric M. Arndt has gone East to attend Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Stillians, of Chicago, were recently guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frank B. Wynn. Dr. Stillians addressed the Indianapolis Medical Society the evening of October 5.

* * *

Mrs. C. Fred Klee and her mother, Mrs. R. H. Meyers, have returned from a trip to Atlantic City, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and are at home at 2437 North Pennsylvania street.

* * *

Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earl of Connersville and Mrs. Virginia Meredith of Lafayette were guests of Mrs. Jefferson H. Claypool last week. They came to attend the Claypool-Nicholson wedding on October 9th.

* * *

Mrs. Charles F. Eckler has issued invitations for the marriage of her daughter Adele to William Arthur Nugent of Chicago. The wedding will take place October 23 at the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. W. B. Farmer officiating.

* * *

Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams left for Detroit last Monday to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Spray.

* * *

Among the guests who have come for the wedding of Miss Margaret Hornbrook and Robert G. Winslow, which will take place Saturday, October 16, are Mrs. Wilbur C. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Sherman P. Minear, of Greensburg; Mrs. Harold W. Bryant, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Miriam D. Walker and William I. Walker, of New York; John H. Lewis, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. L. Warrington Baldwin, of Chicago; Mrs. Claud Brunning and daughter Elizabeth, of Evansville; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Royse, of Terre Haute; Mrs. E. R. McFadden, of Chicago, and Mrs. Charles Houts and Miss Josephine Houts, of St. Louis.

* * *

New members of the Indianapolis Alumnae Club of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority, were entertained with a buffet luncheon Saturday, October 9, at one o'clock at the home of Miss Hazel Wann. The house decorations were baskets of pink roses in the living room and marigolds in the dining room. The program, which followed the luncheon, included a talk by Mrs. Edward Franklin White on "New Responsibilities," solos by Mrs. L. Z. McKee, accompanied by Miss Hazel Wann, and reports from the rush committees of the chapters at Indiana University, Franklin and Butler colleges. The luncheon was in charge of Miss Edith Harshman, Miss Helen Thornton, Miss Frances Hill and Miss Blessing Rassmann. Those in the receiving committee were Miss Hazel Wann, Mrs. William R. Nethercutt, Mrs. E. W. Camp and Mrs. Mary Trimble.

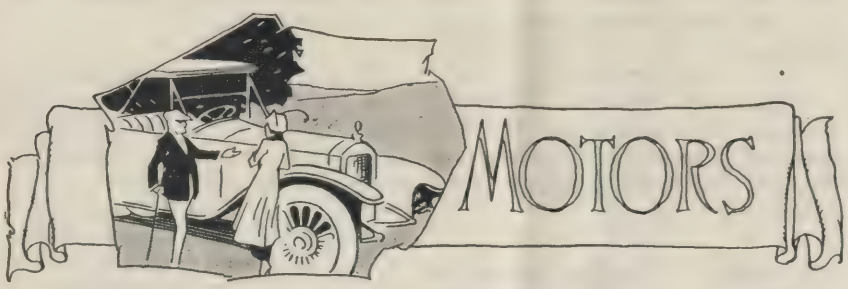
* * *

Mrs. Henry F. Campbell entertained Tuesday, the 12th, with a tea at her home on North Pennsylvania street in honor of three brides-elect, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret Gardner and Miss Margaret Hornbrook.



—Photo by Nicholson Bros., 1014 N. Penn. St.

On Saturday evening, October 9, the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, and Benjamin F. Claypool, son of Mrs. Jefferson H. Claypool, was celebrated at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the service being read by the Rev. Lewis Brown. The wedding was of particular interest because of the fact that both bride and groom are members of prominent families. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Woodstock Club, after which Mr. and Mrs. Claypool left for a wedding trip. On their return they will be at home at 1231 North Meridian Street, with the bridegroom's mother.



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By Thomas A. Hendricks

This is the heyday of glory for the aintitawfulmabel boys, those apostles of gloom, who have been without much to gloom on ever since the whistles began to blow and the bells to ring on that historic morning of November 11, 1918—that is, not until just recently.

Back during the days of the war they went big. They gloomed about the imminent fall of Paris; they gloried grouchily in red visions of a London obliterated by the Hun Zeppelins that failed to zep; they made Cassandra look like a Trojan Pollyanna with their dire prophecies of a submarine warfare that would have old Davy Jones working overtime building additional locker space to accommodate the rush of countless Yankee transports to the bottom of the sea.

Now these woeful Willies were not disloyal; they just couldn't help but be pessimists, and since the recent tightening of the money market and its attendant slump in the automobile market they all have come out of their dugouts and are perched on the fence once more, thoroughly happy in their abject misery over the ruination of the automobile industry.

There is a depression in the automobile market. There is no use to attempt to deny it. But where the faint-hearted make their mistake is in that they fail to distinguish between a depression and a panic. There is just as much difference in ultimate results between a depression and a panic as there is between an airplane gliding to earth and one with crumpled wings rushing earthward to destruction. The fact that the plane is coming down is of little importance. What is important is the manner in which it is coming down.

Following the simile a little farther that is exactly what is taking place with the automotive industry today. For a long time it has been away up in the clouds, it has broken all previous altitude records, and now it is coming down to its old-time level again. From all indications the descent will be made in safety, and after it is all over the industry will be just as well off as before, perhaps better. It will not be moving so rapidly or so spectacularly, but at a much saner and safer rate of speed. Hans Kolimainen did not win the Olympic Marathon by running himself out in dazzling 100-yard dashes.

During the last few weeks there has been an unusual number of receiverships asked in local courts for automotive concerns. Now there are three basic reasons that cause a company to go into receivership; first, lack of brains or honesty in its management; second, lack of capital for immediate necessities; third, lack of merit in the product.

For the first and third there is no excuse, no alibi. Concerns that come under these heads ought to go out of business and the sooner they are put out the better it is for the industry as a whole. During periods of inflation such as we have been going through for several years a flock of companies "get by" and enjoy a mushroom growth that is simply bound to decay as quickly as it sprung up.

It takes more than a depression, it takes a full-fledged panic, to wreck companies in the second class. They may have been expanding a trifle too fast and find themselves short of cash. A receivership is an unpleasant dose for them to take, but it usually proves the best thing in the long run.

Meantime the effect on the Indianapolis automotive industry as a whole is not a bad one. More conservatism is being shown, companies are slacking up and getting their second wind, and although some of them seem to be breathing a little hard right now, it is a safe prediction that the course of a year will show the temporary depression in our midst is about the best thing that could have happened for the interests of the industry.

* * *

There are 22,000 automobiles in this city, according to a statement made by N. H. Cartinhour in a discussion of the automobile industry in Indianapolis before the Real Estate Board, October 6. Mr. Cartinhour said that since January 1, 1919, twenty-one new retail automobile salesrooms have been built and since November 1, 1918, $5,586,000 has been invested in buildings for automobile concerns.

* * *

Bankruptcy proceedings against the William Small Company, of this city, manufacturers of the Monroe automobile, brought last August by the Warner Malleable Company, and the Hoess Brothers, of Hammond, Ind., and the Columbus Bolt Company, of Columbus, Ohio, were dismissed in a hearing before Judge Albert B. Anderson in Federal Court, October 7. Judge Anderson adjudged the company to be solvent and discharged the Union Trust Company as receiver.

The ruling was made at a hearing on the petition of the Vonnegut Machinery Company for authority to retake from the receiver about $30,000 worth of machinery delivered to the William Small Company under written conditional sale contracts.

Immediately following the ruling of Judge Anderson the Indianapolis Body Corporation filed a suit for receivership and Judge Solon B. Carter, of Superior Court appointed James W. Fesler receiver for the company.

It is generally understood that this last suit for receivership was a friendly one, and that eighty-five per cent of the creditors of the William Small Company have agreed to give an extension of credit for one year. No definite plans have been announced, but it is thought that the receiver will put the factory in operation again.

* * *

The Hoosier Motor Club has offered $150 in prizes for the four best articles of not more than 1,000 words on "Why Is a Motor Club?" Points to be expounded by contestants are: the value of a motor club to a community, how far-reaching is its influence, how is the individual benefited and the club's value to the automotive industry.

The contest will close November 30, and the winners will be announced December 15. There will be four prizes, as follows: $100, $25, $15 and $10.

Judges for the contest are the officers and directors of the club, Guy K. Jeffries, George M. Kanouse, Sol Schloss, Dick Miller, Roy E. Adams, E. H. Harris, H. H. Rice, B. M. Wylie, O. D. Haskett, L. A. Mansfield and Charles W. Wells.

The contest is open to all automobile owners and drivers.

* * *

During the recent national encampment of the G. A. R. in this city, the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association did a great work in supplying automobiles for the use of the veterans. During the encampment 1,711 automobile loads of visitors were taken care of; in the big parade 600 machines were supplied for taking care of disabled veterans, and 388 automobiles were in service for taking G. A. R. veterans to Fort Benjamin Harrison.

* * *

The final report for the State Fair Automobile Show, held the week of September 6-11, made by John Orman, show manager, to the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, showed that there were forty-three passenger car exhibits, eighteen truck exhibits, and fifty-nine accessory exhibits.

During the week the show was opened only one night, but so large was the attendance that evening that it has been decided that future State Fair shows will be kept open every night in the week.

* * *

A meeting of managers of the service departments of automobile dealers of Indianapolis has been called for October 21 by John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association. The meeting will be devoted to consideration of winter service, labor conditions and to a better understanding of problems peculiar to Indianapolis. It is expected that about eighty service managers will attend the meeting.

* * *

The formation of an association of Indiana dealers is under consideration. At present there is no such organization and there is a growing demand for one throughout the state. The question will be considered at a meeting of the Indianapolis association to be held in the chamber of the House of Represenatives in the State House shortly after the Presidential election next month.

* * *

The Conduitt Auto Co., local distributors for the Chalmers and Peerless, has added the Maxwell to its line. For a number of years past the Maxwell has been handled by the Lathrop-McFarland Company here.

Start the Engine Right

How seldom one sees a private owner start his engine with the switch off, though the professional driver very often adopts this procedure when his motor is cold. The average owner floods his carburetor, or pulls the choke switches on, and presses the starter button ineffectually five or six times. Then he opens the bonnet, perhaps, floods the carburetor again, and at last gets an explosion.

It is obvious that the idea of flooding the carburetor is to obtain a temporary enriched mixture, but the value of the flooding is lost if it be done when the cylinders and induction pipe are full of mixture, any petrol vapor left in this overnight having long since evaporated.

If the engine be turned over a few times with the switch off, the air is expelled, and a thin mixture of air and petrol inhaled in its place. Flooding then gives a temporary rich mixture in the cylinders and the engine will start at the first trial.



Warren D. Oakes, who is always at the forefront when anything relating to the betterment of Indianapolis is up, was one of the speakers at the Kiwanis Club meeting indorsing the new Indianapolis Athletic Club.

Felix McWhirter and his bank are coming in for some compliments over the fact that a voting machine has been installed for the purpose of teaching voters how to use it. While the machine was installed primarily for the women, the first voter and others who wish to know the intricacies of voting a mixed or straight ticket can also learn how to do it.

Sam Trabue quit politicking long enough to attend a business session of the state meeting of the K. of P. last week.

One of the nifty house organs now being perused by the public is "Flash," which is a light book on a light subject issued by the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company. The last issue passed out a confidential tip on who the next Governor of Indiana will be. S-h-h! His name is McC————.

Adjutant General Harry Smith is no lightweight, but he is able to fly. At least he flew over to Kokomo the other day to inspect headquarters for the new aviation department of the Indiana national guard—or something to that effect.

George Rubens is a great friend of advertising and a great little "alibier." At least, it is assumed he is when the Public Service Commission quizzes him about his light company spending money for advertising when it has as much business already as it can reasonably take care of.

Judge Thornton of the superior court has made his appearance at his office after a three months' absence in Europe. Judge Thornton says there is considerable bitterness against the United States for not participating in the League of Nations.

It's curious, but Clyde Robinson says he has never been sick a day in his life as a result of getting germs on his hands from handling money.

Eli Schloss is thinking some of oiling his golf sticks and putting them in the closet until next spring.

"Capt." Harry Franklin has told the local police force it will have to worry along without him—since he had to be reduced to a patrolman.

Down in Paducah, Ky., a theatre there has arranged to check "smokes" while the puffers watch the show. Henry Burton opines that the checkers would have to wear a gas mask if some of the smokes in Indianapolis were checked.

Chairman Bosse, of the Democratic State Committee, and also proprietor of the Evansville Courier, is being spoofed considerably by his Democratic friends over the fact that his paper printed a picture of Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, Democratic candidate for Governor, and labeled it Murray Crane, who passed away a few days ago.

Now that Will Hays has claimed everything in sight, the Democrats might as well call off the election.

Some one has suggested that Harry Dynes buy himself a new jazz necktie. Probably he will if Ohio goes Democratic.

Robert Tyndall, late colonel of the famous Rainbow Division, has been reelected treasurer of the American Legion at the Cleveland meeting. His election means that the American Legion Weekly will probably be removed from New York to Indianapolis—a second honor for the Hoosier capital.

George N. Mannfield ought to know all the nice things being said about him by the Isaac Waltons of Hoosierdom, since he has been restocking Indiana waters with fish. Plants have been made in thirty streams and lakes in eighteen counties of the state. Perhaps in a few years an angler can go out and hook a fish.

Frank Wood and his family are back in Indianapolis after a day in the country, where his friends say Frank disposed of fried chicken with ease and dispatch.

It is said that when Henry Dithmer goes to the theatre he does not cheer the great snow scene for fear some one will mistake him for a coal profiteer.

Orville Moss told an inquisitive friend, who saw him leaning against the Fletcher Trust building, that he was doing it because there was money in it. Some might think that Orville was "conducting a column," but he isn't—only signing the checks for the man who does.

Charley Gregg says thank goodness the moths will likely have cheaper coats to eat next summer.

Among the famous liars are Ananias, Marco Polo, Munchausen, candidates and husbands, although not a candidate nor a husband will subscribe to the last two named.



Roltaire Eggleston says that a baldheaded man has the edge on the others, inasmuch as the barber doesn't pester him about a "little tonic" when he gets a shave.

Gaar Williams sets out that about the only place a cold bottle and a hot bird has a chance on earth is in a cartoon.

The candidate who was unsuccessful in tossing his sombrero in the ring is now using it to talk through to the voters of his community.

Fred Myers tells about a chap who is so unlucky that although the world series games he bet on last year were "fixed" he lost anyway.

Incidentally, Jesse Eschbach may not have to worry about his coal supply—the Indiana operators are trying to make it hot enough for him.

Evidently Sam Pickens doesn't like political surprises, from the talk he made at the bar association meeting following the League of Nations discussion by a New York attorney.

And while on the subject, W. A. Ketcham thought the discussion would have been better before the Marion Club. The question is now what does the Marion Club think?

If that gas investigation will result in the discovery of a little more gas about supper time it will get somewhere.

The Eli Lilly Company has bought a site for a new drug plant on the south side, to be erected at some time in the future.

Evans Woollen has been named to represent the Seventh district on the war memorial board, and no doubt is a most satisfactory appointment.

W. N. Logan, of the state conservation department, says that there are almost inexhaustible supplies of cement making material in Indiana and that three cement plants have chosen Indiana cities for locations. Perhaps the cement famine may be relieved after a while.

Fred Sillery is going to preside at a breakfast of realty men at the Muncie convention. It is denied that a Kentucky breakfast will be served. [Chart! A Kentucky breakfast consists of a stiff drink of whisky and a beef steak. The steak is fed to the dog and the breakfast proceeds.]

Charley Rush's library staff presented a tea service to the library on the occasion of the celebration of Riley's birthday.

Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

POCKET CHANGE

Americans more often than not are charged with thoughtlessness or carelessness. Now they are accused of retarding business by carrying too much money in their pockets.

The editor of Forbes Magazine says that it is a crime to withdraw money uselessly from banking and business channels by carrying unnecessarily large amounts in the pocket. A manufacturer took a census of his employes to find out how much money they carried; the average was $28.

It is pointed out that if everybody in America were to carry around an average of $28 it would represent a sum greater than all the gold in the land and would more than equal half the total currency in circulation in the United States. So it can easily be seen what would happen if all of us should decide not to buy the new suit or the new auto or the extra ton of coal and instead keep the money in our jeans instead of putting it in the bank. Business would be paralyzed.

Those who have studied the subject say that keeping too much "pocket change" hurts the workingman by reducing the amount of business and consequently the amount of his productive hours. This is noted when it is known that if each employe of the U. S. Steel corporation carried $28 in his pocket something like eight million dollars would be missed from the banks. If half the people of the United States should carry around $28 each there would be approximately $1,500,000,000 withdrawn from circulation.

Twenty-eight dollars is not very much, but when it is multiplied by the thousands it cuts considerable figure in the country's finances. This is a good argument for the average man to keep his money in the bank, rather that in his purse, and not only save the interest, but help to keep his country prosperous and himself in a job.

THE OLD COAL BUCKET

The Indiana coal commission, which recently authorized coal prices for operators and dealers, may have rough sledding as far as operators and dealers are concerned, but the public appears to be pretty well satisfied.

Operators declare they can not mine coal for the prices fixed by the commission—at least some of them do. Retail dealers, who have been tacking on a margin of approximately $3 a ton to the mine price, say the commission's prices will force them out of business. Some of them predict that few will handle coal on the $2.25 margin the commission has set for retailers.

Operators can sidestep the commission's order by finding markets and selling all their coal outside the state. Some will do this, it is said.

Some of the testimony offered before the commission showed that the coal business is pretty prosperous with some operators at least. Two small companies with the same officers paid their president $20,000 a year and their secretary $7,500, which is regarded as fat salaries for officials whose mines averaged about 400 tons a day capacity.

But nobody objects to fat salaries if there is reason in the price of coal. The public is of the opinion that the operators and retail dealers have been faring well in recent years, and that the old alibi about lack of open top cars is about worn out. It is generally conceded that the average coal buyer does not object in the least to paying his dealer and his producer of coal a decent profit for their product. He does object to being gouged and held up. When Indianapolis consumers are forced to pay $8 and $10 a ton for coal produced almost in our dooryard, then it is generally assumed that something is rotten in the state of Indiana. It is to be hoped the coal commission will find a solution to the coal problem in this state. There are pending in the federal court cases against operators, and some miners too, on the charge of profiteering and conspiracy to profiteer. Perhaps when these cases come to trial something may develop that will show the whyfor of exorbitant prices. Perhaps the old coal hod will yet get a chance.

"FEELING" THE DECLINES

Wheat prices have been sliding down the price scale here of late on the Chicago board of trade, and this has been reflected in flour prices at Minneapolis and other big milling centers.

This leads the average citizen to ask why it is that he doesn't feel this decline when he buys flour and bread.

Bakers and flour dealers contract for their flour supply months in advance and deliveries are made at this price, regardless of the immediate market. Some of these contracts are for a period of three months; others for less time. Thus when the flour or wheat market "breaks" the decline is not immediately registered with the consumer. The same, however, is true when the market rises. Thus the consumer, if his dealer is a far-sighted man, is protected on increased prices but he has to pay the contract price when declines set in.

The public, therefore, can not be benefitted just now by the flour decline in the northwest and it will be some little time before lower prices are felt here. It is also to be borne in mind that these declines have to be "marked" before they are felt so far away from the base, because the jobbers, retailers and others "absorb" the declines themselves as additional profit where the decreases are small.

However, it is only a question of time until reductions in various foodstuffs will begin to be "felt" in Indianapolis, as they already are on the toboggan toward "normalcy."

A NEW CURE

There is a strong probability that the popular appendicitis operation will become passe. No longer will the thrilling conversational subject of "my operation" hold the center of talk at the Browning meeting—that is, if the statement coming out of Paris at the convention of the Congress of Surgery is true.

Prof. Pierre Delbet announced at the congress that treatment of appendicitis by an anti-gangrenous serum has been tested with so satisfactory results that it is likely "that operations will soon be abandoned." He said the tests had extended over a period of thirteen years with uniform results.

If this is true the appendicitis patient will lose one-half of the usual thrills in having that disease.

Home-Spun Yarns

A REPORTER WHO MADE A CHANGE

H. Foster Clippinger did not start out to become president of the Indianapolis Stock Exchange. Not at all! 'Way back there when he was going to Methodist Sunday school he was not thinking about it. When he was learning out of books at DePauw University and chasing sport items, to sell at space rates to the Indianapolis Star to replenish his pocket money, the presidency of the Stock Exchange had not even remotely come into his mind.

After DePauw, the Star liked him and his hustling ability so well that it employed him as a reporter on the local staff. Still he had not turned his eyes toward the presidency of the Stock Exchange.

At first his Star "run" was the United States Court and the postoffice. Later he was shifted to the county courts. Still later he became the Star's police reporter, and rode on fire apparatus and the police patrol—rode on them for nothing! It was faster going than when he was chasing news back at DePauw.

But all this time, mind you, he was not thinking about becoming president of the Stock Exchange. So far as he knew, the Stock Exchange had not been invented.

Reporting for a morning paper turns a fellow around. His breakfast hour is noon, his lunch hour is supper time to other folks, and his dinner hour is midnight. After about every one else in town has gone to bed, morning newspaper reporters call sleepy men up on the telephone to verify some piece of news that has come by wire from New York or Washington, or to get the names of auto victims. Along about 2 good morning, Reporter Clippinger got to bed.

Then he went into the House of Fletcher as a salesman of stocks and bonds. There he began to hear that there was such an institution as the Stock Exchange. He must have been a good salesman or he would not have advanced to manager of the bond department of the Fletcher Trust & Savings Co.

Because of his new title, business led him to the 11:30 a. m. sessions of the Stock Exchange, and this may have been the stepping-stone to the presidianapolis Stock Exchange ever had. dency.

He is the youngest president the In- "Bids" and "asks" at 'Change never come so thick and fast but the president hears the clang of fire apparatus when it sounds on the street outside. It makes him nervous—makes him want to desert the president's chair and ride on a motorized truck to a fire, or ride on the patrol 'bus on a raid up Indiana avenue.

From a newspaper reporter to president of the Indianapolis Stock Exchange is a long road, only to be traveled in a period of years. Force of circumstances and rise in title, with the long road and intervening years, would naturally make some changes in even a newspaper reporter. It has made but one change in President Clippinger. He wears white silk hose now, when he used to wear white cotton. But his hat is the same size, and folks both on and off 'Change call him "Clip."

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.



Buying Investment Paper

According to local brokers and financiers investment buying is looking up in Indianapolis. Local bank stocks continue in demand, while good municipal and county bonds are having some sale. There also has been some call for good railroad securities, many of which can be bought at a good price now. Local gas stocks and Liberty and Victory bonds are being taken by the conservative investor. Gas stock has been changing hands during the last week, and there has been some trading in this stock on the local stock exchange. The price has fluctuated between 44 and 46. Dealings in street railway stocks are also reported at a price of 61 on the stock exchange.

The predicted slump in business has failed to materialize to any extent. The automobile industry, which is yet in the throes of readjustment, is keeping up a good pace, and while sales have slowed up a bit, the prediction is made that they will show more "pep" when the corn crop begins to move. Available statistics for the volume of railroad traffic being handled by the country's railroads as a whole indicate that conditions are steadily improving, although it is admitted that the tonnage figures will begin to show a decline as a result of the slackening of business due to readjustments and seasonable requirements.

Indianapolis has no room to complain of business in general. Merchants are doing good business and there is to be an increase in building operations this winter, according to reports. One contractor, finishing up a big job, said that he expected it would be the last of the season, but before he had completed the work he took on another contract and changed his opinion as to the slackening in his particular line.

Make Huge Profits

Owners of sugar refinery stock are pleased at the showing of profits made by these companies during the last year. The annual report of the Punta Allegre Sugar Company, which has been received by brokers for the year ending May 31, 1920, shows that after taxes and charges were made there was a surplus of $6,690,652, as compared with a little better than a million and a half the previous year. The company now has a surplus better than $9,000,000. This in a measure explains the high price of sugar the last year or so.

Ponzi's Dream

Much has been written about Ponzi, the Boston "wizard," whose scheme for making everybody rich was shattered a little time ago. It now develops that he can pay his creditors less than one dollar in three, instead of the 50 per cent profit which he promised. His liabilities have been placed at $7,500,000, with assets of about $2,195,000.

Short Term Notes

An offering of $50,000,000 of one, two and three-year notes of the Sears, Roebuck & Co. by a syndicate of New York and Chicago bankers, will probably be put on the market next week. It is understood the notes will bear an interest rate on their face of 7 per cent. The price at which they will be offered to the public has not yet been decided, it is said, but it is believed will not be much in excess of the coupon rate—or close to par. It is likely these notes will be offered to local investors.

Pretentious Housing Plan

One of the most pretentious corporations formed in Indianapolis in a long time is the Indianapolis Housing Corporation, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, which has been organized by fifty local business men.

At a meeting the other day at the Chamber of Commerce, attended by manufacturers and other business men, the plan was approved.

It is the intention of the company to construct houses largely for the use of workingmen and their families, and thus ease up the house famine in the city.

The project will be capitalized for a million with $500,000 common stock and $500,000 preferred.

The plan was presented by Clarence Coffin after Charles F. Coffin, Lucius Wainwright, O. B. Iles and others had spoken on the need of more housing accommodations in Indianapolis. Franklin Vonnegut, Hilton U. Brown and others spoke on the need of more homes in Indianapolis. Associated with Mr. Coffin are Robert F. Daggett, Oscar B. Johnson and Cornelius E. Holloway.

The plan is to build where the owner already has a lot free from incumbrance; to buy a particular lot and build on it; to buy any particular property for cash and resell it at a profit; where particular property is offered for sale at a bargain to buy and resell at a profit; to remodel houses on a cost plus basis; to build homes for any particular industry on a reasonable guarantee.

The corporation, it is announced, plans eventually to operate its own mills and lumber yards. The incorporation papers are expected to be filed soon with the secretary of state.

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C. O'B. MURPHY, General Manager

The Daylight Corner

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SECURITY
COURTESY

INDIANAPOLIS

McGibeny's First Novel

The McGibenys are a family whose activities Indianapolis watches with a keen and proprietary interest. For a time the stage career of Miss Mignon held the spotlight of Hoosier interest, until she married Dr. Hudson Burr and began living happily ever after. Now it is Donald McGibeny who wakes Indianapolis to attention, with the publishing of his first novel, "32 Caliber." Mr. McGibeny has had five short stories based on his experiences while in Turkey in 1914 published in the Ladies' Home Journal, but "32 Caliber" is his first long story.

During the war, Mr. McGibeny served as a lieutenant in the Intelligence Department, and while in France was with the aeroplane photograph section of that department Part of his novel was written while he was in France last fall waiting to come home, and it was completed after his arrival here. Since his return he has been lecturing on the modern unrest as it affects industry, and he has just returned from a tour of twenty weeks in Florida, the Middle West and Michigan. His lectures have been based upon his own experience during the war. In January he will start on another twenty weeks' tour in the South and Southwest.



Lieut. Donald McGibeny.

Mr. McGibeny is at present working upon his next novel, which is to be entitled, "David and the Goliath."

War—A Spur to Education

By Thomas A. Hendricks

Sim Harkness was a thoroughly contented kid working in the grocery store in his little Hoosier country village until the long, strong arm of Uncle Sam reached out one September day in 1917, lifted him out of his cozy but stagnant life and landed him along with several thousand other youths in the receiving pens at Camp Taylor. After that things happened to Sim.

He drilled and drilled and then drilled some more. He learned to dance at the Khaki Club at Louisville, a pastime he had looked upon hitherto as wholly unmasculine. He took a long train trip through unknown country to Camp Mills on Long Island, a ride that was one long succession of bananas, cigarettes, sandwiches and more cigarettes wished on him by friendly folk and canteen workers along the way. He caught a few brief glimpses of New York, and then one night he was brought down to a monstrous, crazily camouflaged transport and for the next dozen days held his own with 10,000 other doughboys in that great pastime of seeing more submarines in an hour than all the shipyards in Hunland could turn out in a generation. Over there he discovered that difference of language and custom does not constitute degeneracy. He got a taste of Paris, a taste of Argonne hell, and a long hike to the Rhine. And all the time he wailed, "I wanna go home."

Finally he got home, and so long as the taste of fried chicken and home cooking lasted he was happy. But after a little came a change, a restlessness. He missed the "gang," he missed the boxing contests, the thud of the football back in rest areas, the thrill of rooting for the regiment basketball five. Somehow or other his little village world that had been so all-sufficient a few years before was now dead, monotonous, stale. His job looked trifling where it had in previous days seemed so desirable.

He thought longingly of Camp Taylor, of France, of the things he had seen and half understood. Sim wanted action! In a vague sort of way he wanted an education (only he didn't know it). He felt the utter insufficiency of his old life. Times were good, money was plentiful and he could indulge his fancies.

And thus it happened that one September day Sim registered as a student at Purdue, or Franklin, or DePauw, or Hanover, or Wabash, or some other Hoosier college, for there literally were thousands of Sims in the war. They came from the farm and factories, from the mines and the stores.

And look at the result.

Never before have Indiana educational institutions shown the enrollment they have since the war. The year of 1919 broke all previous records and 1920 has passed the previous year, according to reports from every one of our colleges.

Two factors are responsible for this, the war and prosperity. The war awakened the ambitions of our youth, they were eager, restless and "rarin' to go." The colleges offered them an outlet for this energy, and the prosperity of the last few years gave them the means. So now we find them working off their energy and individualism on the football field, in fraternity affairs, and in the class room, instead of in banditry and train robbing as was so frequently the case in the period of readjustment following the Civil War. For in the final analysis the real trouble with the James boys and the Dalton brothers was not that they were inborn criminals, but that they were the victims of a misdirected individualism. Had they lived today the Daltons probably would be covering forward passes and running down punts for the University of Oklahoma with the same reckless abandon and deadly precision they showed when they tried to rob all the Coffeyville banks in broad daylight.

Much has been said about the results of war, practically nothing about the effects it has had on education. It may be that the future will show that the biggest thing of all the big things accomplished by our boys abroad and paid for with a price represented by 80,000 crosses in the fields of France was the big impetus and complete democratization of our educational institutions.

Through the Campus

He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
HeShe
*
SMACK
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
He She
HeShe
HeShe
HeShe
*

Long pause, this time.
She's reconciled, I guess.

—The Crimson Bull, Indiana University Paper.

The next Douglas Fairbanks picture is enttiled "The Curse of Capistrano." It is another picturization of a magazine story, the scenario by Johnston McCulley.

The Best Amusement Organization Ever on Tour Coming to the Shubert-Murat Theater Indianapolis—3 Nights Thursday, Friday, Saturday October 28-29-30 Matinee Saturday

In announcing Guy Bates Post and his excellent company as the best amusement organization ever placed on tour I am only repeating the opinion expressed by every theater manager where this matchless attraction has been presented.

When negotiations began to have Mr. Post REMAIN in the United States during the present season, his Manager, Richard Walton Tully, had already completed arrangements to have Mr. Post and his unusually excellent company appear in Mr. Tully's theater in London in both "Omar the Tent Maker" (his former success) and "The Masquerader," in which Mr. Post has been so phenomenally successful the past four seasons.

The Associated Theatre Managers of the United States did not relish the plan of having the two leading Dramatic Attractions, Guy Bates Post and Sothern and Marlowe, both absent from America at the same time, and as Mr. Post had but recently toured Australia, it was deemed best to have him again tour the United States before making a prolonged run in London and the English Provinces.

The same excellent company that was to have visited London will this season visit the leading cities of the United States, and, excepting for a few minor roles, it is the same company that has presented this unusual success for almost four consecutive and continuous seasons—the same wonderful scenic equipment—with its massive double revolving stages, its two mechanical crews—its triple electrical equipment and inimitable resources that require three mammoth cars to transport, will visit Indianapolis three nights—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, October 28, 29, 30, and a matinee will be given Saturday.

The stage of the SHUBERT-MURAT THEATRE is large enough to accommodate any attraction that has ever visited this city, BUT THE STAGE MUST BE CLEARED OF EVERY VESTIGE OF HOUSE SCENERY AND PROPERTIES, AND THE REGULAR CURTAIN REMOVED TO ACCOMMODATE MR. POST'S MASSIVE PRODUCTION.

THE TWO BOX OFFICES WILL BE OPEN FOR REGULAR SALE OF SEATS, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25. MAIL ORDERS will be filled in order received now, when accompanied by cheque or Postoffice money order, together with self-addressed stamped envelope (to avoid error)—add amusement tax of 10%.

The mail orders and advance sale for this unusual attraction will undoubtedly be the largest in the history of the theater and we earnestly suggest early applications for seats.

Prices are—Boxes, $3.00 and $2.50; First Floor, $3.00 and $2.50. Balcony, $2.50, $2.00, $1.00 for any performance.

Respectfully,

NELSON G. TROWBRIDGE,
Manager Shubert-Murat Theater.

No one seated during the prologue. Curtain 8:15.
Saturday Matinee, 2:15. Conveyances, 11
Mr. Post will appear in no other Indiana City except Terre Haute.

Shop Tours

The family consisted of the mother and two daughters, Vee and Dorothy, and the trio had set out one fine fall morning to purchase suits all round. Each went her way, for they did not agree perfectly on which was the best shop for buying a suit, and they arranged to meet for lunch at a coffee shop where a real club sandwich may be obtained in short order.

Dorothy found herself the first arrival, with mother putting in an appearance, very weary, soon after. Vee, the notoriously late, came in panting, hurriedly ordered, and then the three plunged into a furiously animated discussion of the merits of suits they had seen.

"Wouldn't you think I could get a perfectly ordinary blue serge or tricotine suit without having to have positive yards cut out from under the arms to make it fit?" said Dorothy. "Everywhere I went they had plenty of navy tricotines, but the salespeople would just take one look at me and say, 'I'm afraid everything we have would be too large for you.' And then I'd try on the smallest thing they had, and it would just hang on me, positively hang. I haven't seen a thing that didn't look as if it were made for an elephant. Positively."

"For pity's sake" exclaimed mother. "Where did you go? I couldn't get anything large enough. They kept putting those ripple tail jackets on me, and they said my size was forty-four, but the buttons wouldn't button, and a couple of times I ventured to take a breath and popped a button off. I'm simply worn out with being squeezed into things that ought to fit Dorothy."

"You must have gone to the Petite Shop," said Dorothy, adding, "that is probably where I should have gone."

"Well, Vee, you surely had no difficulty in being fitted. You're a medium size and ought to be easy to fit."

"That's just the trouble," replied Vee. "I'm a medium size, and there are so many other people of medium size that the places I went to were practically sold out of perfect 36's. But I did see one suit that was just Dorothy's style, short-waisted, ripple tail, immense fur choker and cuffs, and little short narrow skirt. Navy blue tricotine, too. I told number thirty-one if it was a junior size I'd bring you around."

"What price was it?"

"Fifty-four fifty, and very nicely made, with a beautiful pussy willow lining. I saw a navy velour at the same price in a straight line model, size forty-two. Think you could wear it, mother?"

"Never! But if you girls are not too tired, we might look at it after lunch."

The navy velour proved to be a bargain, reduced from $85 for some unknown reason, and cut generously. Even the sleeves were right, and it was bought on the spot. Next the tricotine for Dorothy, a fourteen-year-old size, was inspected and purchased.

Vee wanted a dressy suit, something she could wear to the theatre in the evening, or to any informal party. One suit which tempted her greatly was a cinnamon brown duvetyn, trimmed only with bands of French knots. It was in a Washington street window, flanked by two other duvetyn suits, one with a long shawl collar of golden beaver, the other with the coat skirt made of half a dozen layers of bias folds.

A passion for over-blouses cherished by Vee ruled out the cinnamon brown, for the coat was slit deeply at the sides, and Vee objected to having folds of orange georgette fluttering out the sides when only more cinnamon duvetyn should be visible.

At a critical moment of indecision, Bella May, the model, wandered across the floor wearing a taupe wrap with a beaver collar, sleeves deeply cuffed with beaver, and a general air of ease and opulence.

Vee tried it on, and all her thoughts of suits were as if they had never been. The wrap was $135, and Vee considered it a lucky buy, for it would enable her to wear again a round, chinchin beaver sailor that had looked well on her short curls all last winter.

"Well, getting this coat gives me an excuse to look at dresses next week," said Vee. "I think I'll have something different from my usual navy blue silk."

A Washington street shop window displayed two sets of apparel suitable for a business woman, with the prices of each item given on a card. Attaching the prices was a clever stroke, for the business woman, who can feel sure of quality at this shop, finds the price a matter of prime consideration. Hats, shoes, skirts, coats, dresses, hand bags and umbrellas were displayed in a business office setting to show their complete suitability for the business woman. As a tribute to the vogue of the knitted garment and the chilliness of office buildings in recent winters, a sweater has been included in each assortment of apparel for the business woman.

Vale of Inda

I walk in the Vale of Inda,
  I dream in the Vale of Song;
Where the breath of a thousand flowers
  Is borne on the wind along.

O the dawns are tinted splendor,
  In this vale of beauty rare,
And the sunset hues are tender
  In this Garden of Allah fair.

There's a mem'ry clings to Inda
  When I dwell from her apart,
As the magic of the viol
  Wakens music in the heart.

Mine the dawns of rifted splendor,
  And the breath of fragrance shed—
'Tis the blooming of roses tender
  For the ashes of roses dead.

—L. A. S. M.
2105 N. Delaware St.

On October 18, 1920
The Fletcher American National Bank
will open the doors of
The WOMANS BANK department.

This department is a complete bank exclusively for women and possesses beauties and conveniences that no general bank can offer.

You are cordially invited to favor us with a visit at your convenience

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Many People

have the impression that TUCKER'S prices are higher than prices elsewhere. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the TUCKER name is the symbol for distinctive dress specialties of the finest quality. And, Quality—with the assurance of distinction, usually means a higher price. Investigation shows, however, that moderate price goes hand in hand with TUCKER quality and TUCKER distinction.

Tucker's
Since 1880
a Specialty Shop
· 18 North Meridian ·



32 Caliber

Scarcely a week goes by that does not bring its bumper crop of automobile accidents and an equal harvest of fervent editorials protesting against the awesome total of such accidents. Naturally the rampageous automobile has found its destructive way into fiction as well as fact, and Indianapolis people will feel it quite fitting that in his first novel an Indianapolis author should stage an automobile smash-up. That is just what Donald McGibeny has done in "32 Caliber". Jim Felderson and his beautiful wife Helen are the victims of the catastrophe, and Helen's brother Warren tells the story of the accident and the unraveling of its mysterious cause. At first, it seems evident that the car turned over because the driver slowed down suddenly to avoid crashing into another car on the narrow bridge ahead, but Jim was too good a driver to make that explanation plausible. Besides, Warren feels sure that Helen's lover or the socialist Zalnitch has had something to do with the accident. Warren, who is a lawyer by profession, proves to be a good detective also, and he finally succeeds in showing up the true cause of the accident.

The plot is carefully worked out, and is sound and workmanlike in structure. One clue after another is followed up and cast aside in a way that is sure to thrill the hungry devourer of mystery stories, and the denouement is an original and strictly up-to-the-minute solution of the problem of what caused the accident. Though a mystery story is scarcely the place for an extended character study, the tale would be more effective if the automatons who perambulate through it could take on personality. Warren, himself, who tells the story, seems to be a youth of twenty-five or six; but every now and then he takes occasion to pull his scanty locks, so perhaps he's really much older—but one can't be sure. At any rate, he tells the story in a youthful manner, sometimes striking an easy conversational tone, but too often slipping from that happy poise to a schoolboy slanginess or a ten-twenty-thirty melodramatic fervor. The veiled references to Indianapolis, whether real or fancied, will provide local readers with an additional interest in the book, aside from the hold of the plot itself. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

* * *

The Book of Susan

Ambrose Hunt, the "I" who chronicles the "Book of Susan," puts quite as much of himself as of Susan into the book. Susan, unlike a great many modern heroines, is really worthy of a book. She is an incredibly precocious young person whose evolution from the wrong end of Birch street to the sedate and sacred respectability of Hillhouse avenue and beyond proves a fascinating flowering of intellect and personality to the three men who undertake her education. But Ambrose, one of the three wise men, makes Susan's book his own biography as well as Susan's and in his own way he is quite as interesting as Susan. Ambrose, the sophisticated, learns quite as much from Susan as Susan absorbs from him.

Lee Wilson Dodd is known as a successful playwright, but "The Book of Susan" is his first novel. Into it he has put all the essentials for a successful modern novel—a love interest that wavers on a subtly indefinite basis between paternal affection and sex appeal, a mysterious and sudden death, a psychic revelation that solves the mystery, and a bit from the World War. But all the old tricks and the new ones are so pleasantly displayed that no hard corners of buncombe break through the fabric of the story. Mr. Dodd comes as near as is possible to being melodramatic in a gentlemanly way. But no matter what he has to recount, the style of the telling is rich, quietly humorous, sometimes gently digressing in a philosophic vein, and often confidential, as when he warns the gentle reader that the war motif is not put in to tell how the war made a great man of him at last. With so distinctive and charming a style, a duller girl than Susan and a more monotonous story than Mr. Dodd's would find a grateful audience. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

* * *

They say that the advertising manager of one of the local shops stayed up all night in order to get to read the last copy of "Mr. Wu" in the book department. He will probably prepare to lose another night's sleep when he learns that two more books of Chinese life by Louise Jordan Milan are to be published early next year. One, "The Purple Mask," is, like "Mr. Wu," a novel made from a play, and the other is said to be a vivid romance with a Chinese setting.

* * *

The house in which Walt Whitman lived and wrote many of his poems has been bought by the city of Camden, N. J., from the poet's three nieces, It will be preserved as a Whitman Memorial and will serve to house the books and mementos of the "good gray poet."

Noteworthy Books by
INDIANAPOLIS AUTHORS

32 CALIBER *By Donald McGibeny*
Who fired the 32-caliber bullet? Was it the wife, or the friend of the family? And even more mysterious, where was it fired from? There is a surprise here for even the best guesser. Frontispiece. Price, $1.75 net.

GUIDING PRINCIPLES FOR AMERICAN VOTERS *By Augustus Lynch Mason*
Here is a handbook of fundamental Americanism that gives both sides of great problems fairly, and bases its conclusions on sound, definite and patriotic grounds. The new voter especially will find it an inspiration and a guide. Price, $2.00 net.

REDEDICATING AMERICA
By Frederick E. Schortemeier
Secretary of the Indiana Republican State Committee
The Life and Most Important Speeches of Warren G. Harding, With an Introduction by Will G. Hays.
This is the authoritative book on the Republican candidate for President. Price, $2.00 net.

NEITHER DEAD NOR SLEEPING
By May Wright Sewall
Mrs. Sewall, for so many years a prominent resident of Indianapolis, has in this volume of her own actual experiences contributed one of the most important additions to the subject of spiritism. There is an introduction by Booth Tarkington. Price, $2.00 net.

Wherever Books Are Sold

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.
Publishers *Indianapolis*

DONALD McGIBENY
A New Indianapolis Author
has written a mystery story that is thoroughly mystifying. He has held until the last a surprise that is a surprise; and he has utilized an agency in the perpetration of his crime that is new to detective fiction.

32 CALIBER

A wrecked automobile is discovered along a country road. It contains two people, the man dead from a bullet wound, the wife unconscious. Who fired the 32 caliber bullet? Not the wife, surely, and yet she is not beyond suspicion. Is it the man at the Country Club with the perfect alibi, or is it the anarchist in the other car? It's an ultra-modern mystery story Mr. McGibeny has written.

Frontispiece *Price $1.75*

W. K. STEWART CO.
44 East Washington Street

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will meet October 22 with Mrs. B. G. Mering, 3908 Broadway. Mrs. Hadley will discuss "The Land of Opportunity," and Mrs. Dunn, "Twentieth Century Pictures."

* * *

The Fortnightly Literary Club will hold their first social meeting at The Propylaeum, October 19. Mrs. Henry Kahn and Mrs. W. N. Wishard will talk on "The Making of Americans."

* * *

The Independent Social Club will meet with the Day Nursery Association on October 19. Mrs. W. H. Blodgett will be the hostess.

* * *

The New Era Club will celebrate President's Day on October 18. Mrs. Frank McCaslin will be the hostess, and Mrs. Charles Rosenbarger will give a vocal solo.

* * *

The Twentieth Century Club has postponed its regular meeting on October 21 to October 28. Mrs. L. L. Fellows, 1221 College avenue, will be the hostess for a club luncheon.

* * *

On October 18, Mrs. E. D. Clark will be the hostess for the Woman's Research Club. Mrs. C. J. Buchanan will give a talk on "Keeping God in History."

* * *

The Matinee Musicale opened its forty-fourth season October 6 with a reception in honor of the president, Mrs. Charles A. Pfafflin, and a song recital by Mrs. Estelle Krippner Shealor at the John Herron Art Institute. Mrs. Edwin Shedd arranged the program.

* * *

Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, president of the Indiana Federation of Clubs, has made formal announcement of the annual state convention, which will be held at the Claypool Hotel, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 26 to 28. The first event on the program will be a luncheon given by the motion picture committee, of which Mrs. David Ross is chairman. The council will meet Tuesday afternoon to discuss the reorganization of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the proposed spring convention for Indiana. A luncheon for past and acting district chairmen will be held Wednesday noon, Mrs. J. C. Gibbs, of Crown Point, first vice-president, presiding. "Conservation in Indiana" will be the theme for a program of toasts.

Among the convention speakers will be William Mather Lewis and Miss Florence Ward, of Washington, and Edward R. Johnstone, of Vineland, N. J., former principal of the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth at Fort Wayne.

* * *

The Monday Club observed President's day on October 11 at The Propylaeum. The East Parlor was decorated with autumn vines, berries and bitter sweet. Mrs. J. F. Edwards called the meeting to order at three o'clock and introduced the new president, Mrs. A. J. Clark, and her officers. It was fellowship day and the club joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which a greeting from Mrs. David Owen Thomas, of Minneapolis, founder of the club, was read. Greetings from absent presidents were read, and Indianapolis presidents gave their greetings personally.

A musical program was given by Nell Carter Hurlbert—"A Valley of Laughter" and "My Ain Folk." Mrs. Estelle Carson Jones gave two musical monologues, "Give Me One Friend" and "My Father Is Everywhere." Mrs. Herbert M. Adkinson played the accompaniments. Mrs. Florence Webster Long gave a talk on her recent experiences in Europe, which was followed by an informal reception to new and old members, the social committee, of which Mrs. Haley Green is chairman, presiding.

* * *

President's Day was observed by the Aftermath Club at a luncheon at the home of the president, Mrs. C. W. Field. Mr. O. T. Behmeyer sang several Riley songs, accompanied by Miss Ann Gehrlein. Talks were given by Mrs. Field and Mrs. J. H. Brill, the retiring president.

* * *

The first general meeting of the Department Club was held October 7, when a report of the biennial convention of the General Federation of Clubs was read by Mrs. E. H. Darrach. The business meeting was followed by a reception in honor of Mrs. S. E. Perkins, who is beginning her third term as president.

The literature department, with Mrs. J. F. Edwards as chairman, opened the season October 6 with a luncheon for members. Arrangements were in charge of the hospitality committee, of which Mrs. W. H. Welch is chairman. Following the luncheon a program was presented in charge of Mrs. W. D. Long.

FRANK G. KAMPS, Jr.

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Patronize Our New Cheese Department

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ONA B. TALBOT
FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION
ANNOUNCEMENT

Shubert Murat Theatre

Musical Calendar Season—1920-21

Sunday Afternoon Concerts

Opening Concert, Sunday Afternoon, October 17

GERALDINE FARRAR

Assisting Artists—Ada Sassoli, Harpist; Edgar Schofield, Baritone

Song Recital, Sunday Afternoon, November 28

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Piano Recital, Sunday Afternoon, January 30

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Prices—$3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Ten per cent war tax.

Series of Three Evening Subscribed Concerts

Tuesday Evening, December 21
Ballet Russe—ANNA PAVLOWA

Monday Evening, January 17
Song Recital—AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Thursday Evening, March 31
Orchestra—DETROIT SYMPHONY
OSSIP GABRILOWITCH, Conductor-Pianist

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Schumann-Heink to Tour Orient

There is but one Schumann-Heink and the glory of her art can never be put into words. The world knows her and marvels at her; thousands upon thousands worship her; all hearts are gladdened by her presence and warmed by the infinite love that radiates from her generous spirit.

Few artists, native or foreign, have ever grown into closer touch with American audiences and American institutions than this remarkable contralto; she has blazed the musical trail through many remote and unexplored quarters of our country, and now the announcement comes that she will make a tour of the Orient and Far East. The itinerary will include Japan, China, Philippine Islands, Straits Settlement, Java, Borneo, Siam, East India, returning by way of Hawaiian Islands. Her opening concert will be given on May 15, 1921, in the Imperial theatre, Tokio, Japan.

One of her famous colleagues recently said to Mme. Schumann-Heink, "Tell me what are your tricks, that you hold on to your public so"? "Tricks," answered Mme. Schumann-Heink—and one could feel the scorn in the word she used, as she told the circumstance—"I have not tricks! I only sing my songs, and love and respect my audience!

"Yes, that is the secret of my success," said Mme. Schumann-Heink. "I keep faith with my audiences; I sing my songs as well as I can, and I don't try to fool my public. One place where I was going to sing the local manager wanted me to get there a day ahead of the concert to give out some interviews to the newspapers to aid in publicity. But this I would not do. If my singing and my songs will not hold my public, then no amount of sensational advertising will do it."

"What of the young girl who would prepare herself for a career"? was asked of Mme. Schumann-Heink. "First of all,' 'she replied, "she should not rush to the great cities to the often so called famous teachers; she should remain at home, if possible, and do her preliminary work, or should she have no good teacher in her little village—should she live there—she should remain in the smallest cities, where the best and most ambitious teachers of real voice work are often to be found. She is not to think only of New York, but will find, in the smaller centers, many earnest and capable teachers who will display utmost fairness. There are dozens, yes, literally hundreds, of fake teachers in New York, as in any other metropolis, who advertise big, take the student's money, and teach nothing—while at home, the poor parents are struggling and sacrificing that the girl may have lessons. I would say to a talented girl: 'If you have a voice, go to decent people who never lie, and always criticize kindly'. With a good voice, good teaching and plenty of hope and courage there may almost always be a future."

Mme. Schumann-Heink will again thrill the vast audience who are preparing to hear her on Sunday afternoon, November 28th, at the Murat theatre. It is always so when Schumann-Heink comes. Her public loves her—loves her art, her Americanism, and above all, the great mother heart of her.



Theatre Calendar

Week of October 18

English's—Abe Martin.
Murat—Bird of Paradise.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

What is probably the most colorful ballet to be seen in Indianapolis this season will appear at English's on Sunday night, October 24, in the personnel of the Pavley-Ourainsky ballet.

This is a true group of Russian dancers, and it is noted that with most dancers, especially of the classic French and Italian schools, the music serves principally to mark the accent and supply a pleasing background of melody and harmony. With the Russians it is quite different. The dancers seem to illustrate the music rather than to be themselves accompanied by it.

The Pavley-Ourainsky ballet is probably the best exponent of the Russian dancing tradition. Wendell Heighton is manager of the ballet and also of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. He has been an active factor in bringing that organization to the front rank of musical organizations. As it requires musicians of high skill to handle properly the scores used by the ballet, it is foregone that Mr. Heighton will have an adequate orchestra with his production here.



Minnie Burke with "Abe Martin", English's, week of October 18.



Maud Fulton, appearing in "The Humming Bird" at English's October 14, 15, 16.

Rothwell Brown, who comes to Keith's on November 22 with an ensemble of sixteen dancing and posing artists, is another example of talent deserting filmland for the legitimate stage. Brown is quite well known to films, where he formerly was a star.

Emma Carus, well known in the musical comedy world as well as to vaudeville lovers, will be at Keith's December 20. She sings and plays her own accompaniments as only she can do it. Another acquisition from the musical comedy world is Bert Errol, female impersonator, who comes to Indianapolis December 5. Errol is about the classiest "female" act now in vaudeville.

The Comstock and Gest spectacle, "Aphrodite," will play an engagement at the Shubert-Murat Theatre next month, giving nine performances. This will be the largest attraction ever seen on the Murat stage. "Aphrodite" has just completed a wonderful engagement of five weeks at the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, and is now playing in Cleveland at the Keith Hippodrome, giving two performances daily, the receipts for the week ending Saturday, October 16, being one hundred thousand dollars. "Aphrodite" played for a long engagement at the Century Theatre in New York last year.

The cast is still headed by Dorothy Dalton and McKay Morris, the latter, who is well-known here, having played with the Stuart Walker Players for two complete summers.

Mr. J. J. Shubert, of the firm of Shubert Theatrical Company, a brother to Mr. Lee Shubert, spent Friday evening in Indianapolis. Mr. Shubert came here from Cincinnati, where he attended a meeting, as the Messrs. Shubert are erecting two new theatres at the present time in the Ohio city.

Mr. J. J. Shubert was accompanied by Mr. Joseph P. Rhinock, an ex-congressman who is interested financially in the Shubert enterprises.

MURAT—

"Bird of Paradise," that truly wonderful play dealing with Hawaiian life, written by Richard Walton Tully, which is to be the attraction at the Shubert-Murat for five nights, commencing Tuesday, October 19, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, bids fair to take its place with such perennial visitors as "Ben-Hur," "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," and "In Old Kentucky."

Already it is in its tenth season of joyous travels and the interest in its survival is unabated. Indeed, no more appealing play than "The Bird of Paradise" can well be imagined, as it tells a remarkably sane story of romantic import, punctuated by thrills and scenic surprises, points directly to a plausible moral, invites unobtrusive comedy scenes and incidents of the most natural kind, and introduces native music by Hawaiian singers and players throughout the entire unfolding of its dramatic purpose.

It is the story of a beautiful Hawaiian princess who, in her blind passion of love for a young American physician, marries him. Her love is reciprocated, but the man eventually falls a victim to the lowest animal cravings. After that comes tragedy and sorrow, ending with the self-sacrifice of Luana as an atonement for having transgressed the religion of her own people by marrying a Christian.

It is in the final scene, when the unhappy princess casts herself into the burning lake of Kilauea, that the sen-



Florence Rockwell as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise", appearing at Murat, October 19-23.

ENGLISH'S

SPECIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Starting Monday Night, October 18th

Boyle Woolfolk Presents



"ABE MARTIN"

A Rural Musical Comedy Based on Kin Hubbard's Famous Brown County Character.

Book by John P. Mulgrew and G. C. Mercer. Music by Felix Rice

WITH G. CARLETON GUY AND A BIG COMPANY OF FAVORITE FUNMAKERS

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Prices: Afternoon 50c to $1.00 Night 50c to $1.50

sational climax is reached and the audience is treated to one of the most spectacular stage events ever produced.

The atmosphere of the play being semi-tropic, Richard Walton Tully, under whose auspices "The Bird of Paradise" is presented, gave a free hand to the scenic artists, who seem to have taken fullest advantage by offering a series of pictures that convey a most gorgeous idea of the enchanting islands over which Uncle Sam holds tender sway.

The cast is headed by Florence Rockwell, the well-known emotional actress, who will essay the role of the Hawaiian princess. The company also includes Robert Brister, Brandon Evans, Gertrude Walthers, Rose Watson, John Sumner and the famous Hawaiian singers, whose melodies are one of the fascinating charms of the play.

ENGLISH'S

Boyle Woolfolk's quaint musical comedy "Abe Martin" based on Kin Hubbard's famous Hoosier comedy character, returns to English's next week, beginning Monday night. The splendid impression made by this diverting musical show is still fresh in the minds of local theatregoers by reason of its previous stay of two weeks here, and "Abe" is again assured of an enthusiastic welcome. The book was written by John P. Mulgrew and G. C. Mercer. It is in two acts, the scenes of both being laid in Brown county, Abe Martin's own bailiwick. The story contains enough of a plot to hold interest and provide for the logical introduction of many of Abe's interesting neighbors, including Lafe Bud, Tawney Apple, Fawn Lippincut, Doc Mopps and Constable Newt Plum. The company is a large and competent one, headed by G. Carleton Guy, whose portrayal of the whimsical "Abe" is heralded by critics as a real character creation. Minnie Burke, Otto Kerner, Henry Wolf, George Delvard, Johnny Gilmore, Inez Mercer, Bonnie May, Daisy Moore and other musical comedy favorites are in the cast. The music, which is exceptionally catchy and tuneful, is the work of Felix Rice. Matinee performances will be given Wednesday and Saturday.



Yvette, violinist, appearing at Keith's, week of October 18.

B. F. KEITH'S

George Kelly, actor, author and producer, tops the vaudeville bill at Keith's for the week of October 18, offering his latest one-act playlet, "The Flattering Word." In former seasons George Kelly has been seen in "Finders—Keepers" and "Woman Proposes," each written and produced by himself.

Yvette, recent star in musical comedy, returns to the "two-a-day" in a smart musical production, assisted by Eddie Cook and Kino Clark.

Anna Chandler, America's celebrated singing comedienne, assisted by Sidney Landfield, who has written her exclusive songs, will be seen for the first time locally in a comedy and musical program said to be exceptional.

Joe Cook, the humorist, calls himself "the one man vaudeville show" and offers a brief sketch of an entire bill from the opening feature to the exit march.

One of the big surprises of the bill will be found in the act of the Alexander Brothers and Evelyn, a comedy conception entitled "All Balled Up."

Charles E. Bensee and Florence Baird offer a combination of American and Scotch humor under the name of "Songiflage."

Bartram and Saxton are entertainers with Southern smiles and Southern melodies. Kafka and Stanley present their European novelty sensation in which superior gymnastic feats are shown. The Kinogram news and the Digest Topics will be seen with latest subjects.

LYRIC

"The Act Beautiful," a lavishly staged posing novelty in which the actors are full-blooded Arabian horses and highly-trained hunting dogs, will be an artistic feature of the Lyric's vaudeville bill next week. The animals pose in a pantomime called "The Story of the Hunt", appearing in a series of highly effective tableaux. Other attractions will include the Twentieth Century Four, a quartet of girl harmony singers; Cal Dean and the Sorority Girls in a melange of musical comedy, songs, dances and hilarity; Nelson and Madison, rube comedians; the Jack George duo in a laughable blackface skit entitled "Hunting Mummies"; Harris and Harris, refined equilibrists, in a routine of daring feats of balancing; Malone and Chester, comedy entertainers, and a Mack Sennett film farce, "Don't Weaken".

(Continued on Page 21)

Motion Pictures

Motion Picture Calendar

Week of October 17

Alhambra—Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell"; William S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage."
Circle—Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper."
Colonial—Owen Moore in "The Poor Simp."
Crystal—Earl Williams in "The Purple Cipher."
Isis—Wanda Hawley in "Food for Scandal"; Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell."
Mister Smith's—Geraldine Farrar in "Flame of the Desert."
Ohio—Gene Pollar in "The Return of Tarzan."
Regent—William Farnum in "Drag Harlan."

Alhambra

Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle: Woman" comes to the Alhambra for the first half of next week starting Sunday. The appearance of the noted prima donna-cinema star in this her latest picture is naturally enhanced by the fact that Miss Farrar will be in the city personally in concert Sunday. tion of Carl Jacoby's stage play of the "The Riddle: Woman" is a picturizasame name dealing with the enigma that woman has presented to mankind throughout the ages. Its chief characters are three different women who fall victims to the schemes of a clever, unscrupulous man who first betrays and then blackmails his victims. Each of them take their dishonor differently. One seeks the end. Another believes in him in face of the whole world and the third fights like a tigress—fights with the primitive, natural instinct of self-preservation. William P. Carleton is the parlor peril who finally meets with his just deserts. Adele Blood, Madge Bellamy, Montague Love, Frank Losee and Louis Stern complete the cast with excellent characterizations. Other features will be a Mutt and Jeff comedy, the Fox news weekly and the singing trio, Dorsey Peltier and Schwartz. The midweek change of program on Thursday will bring William S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage."

Circle

Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper" has the role of Harriet Field, a young girl eager for life, who innocently yields to the persuasions of Royal Blondin, a wealthy social rake, only to be rescued from a false marriage with him the night of the fake ceremony. She does not see him again until several years later. While she is secretary to Isabel Carter at Crownlands, Blondin comes upon the scene seeking to add another to his several

(Continued on Page 20)

THE CIRCLE

ANITA STEWART
"HARRIET AND THE PIPER"

CIRCLE COMEDY
"THE BIG SHOW"

OVERTURE
"FANTASIE" FROM CARMEN
CIRCLE ORCHESTRA
CIRCLETTE OF NEWS

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Little Players' 1920-21 Season

On the evening of October 12 at 8:15 in the auditorium of the Public Library, the Little Theatre Society commenced its season's activities with the reading of Gilbert Cannan's "A Short Way With Authors," under the direction of Miss Emelie Kipp. After the reading, Mr. Tracy, the president of the society, spoke on the plans for the coming season and especially of the library meetings. A general discussion on the purposes of the meetings and the ideals to be striven for during the year followed. This branch of the work will be under the direction of Mrs. Isaac Born, who will be assisted by Miss Kipp and Mrs. William Allen Moore.

On October 19, the first regular production of the season will take place at the Masonic Temple with the presentation of three one-act plays—"The Proposal," by Tcheckoff, played by Miss Sarah Lauter, Paul Iske and H. L. Earnest; "In Hospital," by Thomas H. Dickinson, played by Mrs. Eugene Fife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bogart Schoefield, Robert M. Brewer, Ralph F. Thompson and Robert E. Tracy, and "Behind a Watteau Picture," by Robert Emmons Rogers. The last play calls for an unusually large cast, which will include Miss Angeline Bates, Miss Florence Farman, Paul Mattix, Fred Heckman, H. L. Earnest, Cletus, Kryer, Paul Iske, Isadore Adler, Charles Williams, Estal L. Taylor, Ralph Ballou, Laurence Nirdlinger, Vincent E. Rush and Bjorn Wingert. The scenery and costumes will be carried out after designs by Miss Ruth C. Stebbins. This bill will be repeated on October 21 and 22 for the State Teachers' Association.

Following the first bill Mr. Somnes plans to present on November 19 the second bill of the season of four one-act plays; on December 17, a four-act play dealing with a social problem. Following this, on December 23, there will be a repetition of Prof. Charles Gayley's "The Little Star of Bethlehem," given by the society last year in celebration of Christmas. This will be the first of the special performances. If the co-operation and support necessary is evident, he hopes also to present a Christmas pantomime for the children.

The work of the New Year will start on January 28 with a three-act comedy and lest the players get lax with too much rest, this will be followed on February 25 with the second of the special productions, Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." The fifth regular production will be given on March 25, and will consist of a bill of one-act plays. It is hoped that it will be possible to follow the precedent established last year and make this bill an all-Indiana program.

For the last regular bill of the season on April 29, Granville Braker's "The Harlequinade" will be given in conjunction with a one-act play. The season will close with an out-of-door presentation of Jane Dransfield's "The Lost Pleia." This will be the sixth season of the Little Theatre's existence and the second under Mr. Somnes' direction.

Operatic Conditions in America

Mme. Frances Alda, the popular Metropolitan Opera House star, who will be heard in recital at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 24th, at three o'clock p. m., as the first artist of the Civic Music Series, contributed an article recently to "The Musical Observer." In this article she speaks interestingly of several topics which are of vital importance to operatic conditions in this country * * * As the wife of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the general manager of the New York operatic institution, she is intimately acquainted with the manifold intricate problems of opera-giving in the United States, while her enviable position as one of the leading singers in that organization enables her to discuss the subject with equal authority from an artistic standpoint. * * * Her intensive plans for next season's operatic and concert appearances also offer convincing assurance of her lasting popularity with American audiences.

"What this country needs, more than anything else, to further its musical advancement," she writes, "is for the Government to do something for the furtherance and control of the opera. As the case now stands, different companies of individuals get together and map out operatic plans. They say: 'We will give a season of opera here or there.' They organize, engage singers, get started and run for a little while—they can not go further. There was nothing sure about the venture and we never hear about the opera company afterwards. One company I could mention, in another city, started out with the brightest plans and prospects. Their beginning was most propitious. But soon the scheme was tried of bringing Caruso, Farrar, myself and others from the Metropolitan for guest performances. This was a mistake for several reasons, financial and otherwise. It also made the task extremely difficult for the singers who were scheduled to follow us the next evening and who were thereby obliged to compete with our performances. The plan could not succeed and was one cause of the failure of the enterprise.

"What the Government could do would be to subsidize opera in the larger cities, say in cities of five hundred thousand. Let them have regular seasons of perhaps ten weeks every year. Then native singers would be able to secure their opportunity to gain experience to exercise their talents. It seems to me only in such a way as this can the young American singer find the longed-for field, and the people themselves learn to know, appreciate and love opera."



Frances Alda, Grand Opera Star, to Appear at Murat, Sunday Afternoon, October 24.

Motion Pictures

(Continued from Page 19)

deceived "sweethearts" in Nina, the young Carter daughter. Richard Carter is master of the home and of a great business, but has so far disqualified as manager of his family that his wife leaves him for another man with whom she perishes in a motor accident in Italy. Carter places Harriet at the head of his household, offering an unsentimental marriage to keep her clear of gossip. Her efforts to protect Nina from Blondin result in the exposure to Richard of her own affair with him. He sees it in its true light and excuses it and succeeds eventually in gaining from Harriet a love as genuine as that he gives her.

The story is by Kathleen Norris.

A Chester comedy, "The Big Show," is on the program; also a Circlette of News and an overture, "Fantasie from Carmen," Bizet, by the Circle Orchestra.

Colonial

The funniest thing that Owen Moore has ever done on the screen is said to be his characterization of Melville Carruthers in the title role of "The Poor Simp," which will be shown at the Colonial Theatre the week of October 17. Carruthers is desperately in love with Grace Adams, but although he has known her a long time, he has never summoned up enough courage to propose to her. Finally he starts out, armed with a bouquet of orchids, a Pomeranian pup, and a stern resolution to do or die. Fate is unkind and another suitor arrives upon the scene at the crucial moment; and as Carruthers can not do, he determines to die. A notorious gang leader is engaged to arrange his demise neatly and efficiently within the next twenty-four hours. News then reaches the despondent hero, which revives his interest in life, and his problem now is to elude the murderer who is on his trail and get one more chance to win out with the lady of his heart. The plot affords many exciting and humorous situations before the Poor Simp finally extricates himself from his difficulties and comes up smiling.

A comedy, "Up in Betty's Bedroom," a color scenic, and a news reel will be included in the program, and a musical program will be given by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers.

Crystal

In many recent plays and cinemas, purple has been used as the color to denote mystery, crime and vengeance. "The Purple Cipher," the feature attraction at the Crystal Theatre for the week of October 17, runs true to type, for its theme deals with the machinations of a Chinese secret society. Earl Williams plays the part of a young club man who has been threatened with death by a message from the organization, using Chinese characters printed in purple ink. At first he tries to run down the criminals, but he despairs of succeeding when he receives news of the death of one of his friends and sees another friend die after both had received purple cipher threats. When the activities of the Chinese gang threaten the life of his sweetheart, he follows a new track in his pursuit of the blackmailing Chinese, and by a more than clever stroke, frustrates their scheme. Particular attention has been given to settings, which show unusual views of submarines, shipyards, country estates and scenes in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Ohio

Tarzan will return to the screen in a new photoplay of jungle thrills to be seen the week beginning October 17 at the Ohio Theatre. "The Return of Tarzan" is another dramatization of an Edgar Rice Burroughs book, and is a pretentious production featuring Tarzan's adventures in the jungle, at sea, and in the underworld of Paris. Lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, apes, chimpanzees and orangoutangs help to make up the cast, headed by Joe Martin, said to be the most intelligent ape in the world. There are actual fights between Tarzan and two full-grown lions in which the jungle man kills the beasts with his bare hands. There is another high point of interest when Tarzan, surrounded by hungry lions, is rescued by a huge elephant that hears his call for help. The plot bristles with such events as a desperate fight between Tarzan and a gang of ruffians, a duel between Tarzan and a jealous husband, and hand-to-hand fighting between Tarzan and a crowd of savage fanatics. Gene Pollar, who plays Tarzan, is—needless to say—a remarkably strong and athletic type.

A comedy reel, Screen Snapshots and Literary Digest Topics complete the bill.

The Brown Derby

Paul Donald Brown, of the E. W. Steinhart Company, hammered home the necessity of closer co-operation on the part of every one in the organization with the customer in a most unique manner. He prepared a folder containing a story with a decidedly pointed moral, which was attached to every pay envelope both here and at the branch houses. The story and its purport is as follows:

The story goes that James J. Corbett, the pugilist, was walking down Broadway some time ago—in fact, it must have been about ten years ago—when he was a popular hero. At any rate it was after the Jeffries-Johnson fight in Reno in 1910. An enthusiastic individual stopped him on the street, grabbed his hand and began to "pump" it with great ardor.

"Well, well! Hel-lo, Jim, how are you?" exclaimed the fellow. Corbett shook his hand and studied his face, but could not recall having seen him before. "Ah, stand back there and let me look at you. Just the same old Jim, ain't you? How have you been all these years?"

Corbett said without much interest that he had been fine, whereupon the fellow exclaimed, "Why, Jim, I don't believe you remember me at all!"

"Well, for the moment I just can't recall you," said Corbett.

"Oh shucks! yes, you do. You remember the time at New Orleans when you beat Sullivan, in 1892?"

"Certainly, I remember"—

"And you remember the enormous crowd that waited for you outside the arena and cheered you when you came out?"

"Yes, I can't forget a thing like that."

"Well," came the triumphant yell, "*I was the fellow in the brown derby*,"

* * *

That's human nature, inside out.

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Everyone wants recognition. Everyone who comes into any one of our places of business wants to be considered from his or her point of view.

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Getting it back is doing our work over again, doing it unnecessarily, making it hard for ourselves and for the others in our organization.

When we recognize that every customer is thinking about his own satisfaction and wants courtesy and interest in his own needs, then and not until then, will we be delivering service—which in the end unquestionably means the culmination of our aims and ambitions.

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 19)

Guy Bates Post, the great American actor, will be seen at the Shubert-Murat, October 28, 29 and 30, in "The Masquerader," his most significant success, and the play in which he scored for the past four seasons in the principal eastern and western cities and in Australia as well. He comes here with the original company which supported him during these engagements and with the original production intact, with all its wealth of scenic investiture and novel electrical effects.

Politics, love and intrigue are the elements that go to make up the wonderful entertaining qualities of "The Masquerader." Post has the most interesting and difficult part of his career. It is a dual role, the star playing both John Chilcote, the drug-addicted member of Parliament, and John Loder, hack writer, with a physical resemblance to Chilcote so great that they might be twins. The difficulties of playing the two parts may be imagined; the verdict of the leading critics in the cities where Post has thus far appeared is that the portrayals are the most fascinating that the drama of recent years may boast.

Post's supporting company includes such admirable players as Alice John, Elwyn Eaton, Katherine Raynor, Reginald Carrington and others.

An Italian Tribute

On October 12 we celebrated the anniversary of the first trans-Atlantic trip, made by one Christopher Columbus from Palos, Spain, formerly of Genoa, Italy, in the year 1492. In commemoration of that first trip and as a national tribute from Italians to America, a statue of Columbus is to be erected in the State House grounds. Many wealthy people of other nationalities were anxious to subscribe to the fund, but the Italians wished the statue to be their own, and so it is—an all-Italian tribute to America. The officers of the Italian executive committee are as follows: Dr. V. Lapenta, president; Frank Julian, vice-president; Dominic Della, secretary; John Rosasco, treasurer.



Statue of Columbus to be erected in State House grounds.

CIVIC MUSIC SERIES

—SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS—

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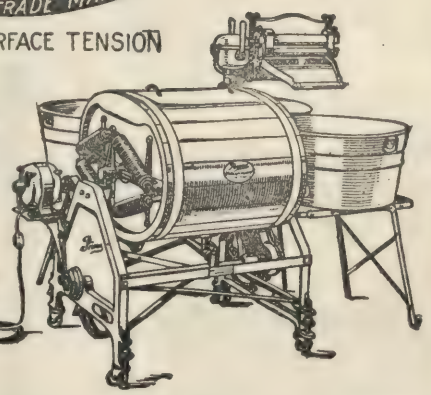
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NEW CLUB FOR INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 5)

men of the cities having athletic clubs are members and it is at these places that many questions affecting civic life are threshed out and the morale of the citizenship increased.

From a dollar and cents standpoint these clubs are good investments. A report of profits made by the numerous athletic clubs over the country shows that they are worth while. In 1919 the Chicago Athletic Club made a net profit of $24,149; Cleveland, $44,927; Detroit, $18,127; Milwaukee, $20,000; Minneapolis, $18,607.33; St. Louis, $64,960. This means that each of these clubs has a large reserve fund and that each club is a success financially. There is no record of any athletic club finding difficulty in meeting its bonded indebtedness.

The Newark club, the latest to organize is to expend something like $1,575,000 on its site, building and furnishings. This cost is to be met by initiation fees and bond issues. It is probable that this will be the plan followed in Indianapolis.

The personnel of the officers and directors of the Indianapolis club augur well for its success. Henry F. Campbell is president; L. M. Wainwright, vice-president, and Stoughton A. Fletcher, treasurer. The directors are: J. J. Cole, President Cole Motor Car Co.; A. G. Ruddell, president Central Rubber & Supply Co.; C. L. Buschmann, vice-president Lewis Meier & Co.; Harry C. Stutz, president H. C. S. Motor Car Co.; Dick Miller, president City Trust Company; Warren D. Oakes, president The Oakes Co.; Ralph A. Lemcke, treasurer Marion County; E. R. Treat, A. J. Treat & Sons; Wallace O. Lee, Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.; Henry F. Campbell, treasurer H. C. S. Motor Car Co.; L. M. Wainwright, president Diamond Chain Co.; S. A. Fletcher, president Fletcher American National Bank; Col. Will H. Brown, The Nordyke & Marmon Co.; Henry P. Angel, acting secretary.

Just when active work will begin on the building is not known at this time, as the slogan of the promoters is "get the money before you spend it."

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

(Continued from Page 6)

ones tell about barbecues where a half dozen beeves, numerous sheep, suckling pigs and chickens were served to make a community holiday. Another chimes in with a tale about a venison roast, together with the hindquarters of a bear.

There is no one to question the veracity of the teller of tales, because there is no way to check up on them—although it is casually understood that it has been several generations since any bears or wild deer were in this particular neighborhood. However, it makes a good story and fits in with a barbecue.

A member of the younger generation tells about a clambake he attended, but fails to mention the number of clams and remembers to recall the number of cases of "suds" that were drunk. "Everybody carried awful thirsts with them in those days," he says apologetically.

But the barbecue is a success—it always is. Everybody eats his fill and those who wish can take home with them what they want. * * *

The fire has burned low—the mass of coals glow red. Somebody stirs it up a bit and a galaxy of sparks sweeps through the air. * * * A huge harvest moon sails up over the tree tops—it's time to go home. The old farm wagon with its bed of hay is ready. Night falls rapidly these October days and soon the gay company is on its way. The kids, stuffed to misery—fall asleep in the hay in the wagon—and down diverging roads the cavalcade separates with only a dimming rattle to tell of its going. * * *

"How would you like to go on another barbecue?" I asked. "No," he said, shaking a mane of gray hair, "give me a planked steak and the trimmings and a good waiter—I'm too old to sniff smoke and east ashes and imagaine I'm having a good time. Do you know where there's a good movie tonight?"—C. S. G.

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Molly Malone My Own—Vocal.

Gennett

Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home—Tenor and baritone duet.
Any Time, Anywhere Medley—Fox trot.

Pathe

The Love Nest, from "Mary"—Fox trot.
Babe Ruth.

Victor

Gypsy Love Song—Vocal.
Close to Your Heart—Vocal.

John Ruckelshaus thinks that Lillian Russell enjoyed her stay in Indianapolis while speaking for the G. O. P. Presidential candidate. The last time Lillian was here the public planked down $2 to hear her sing with the Weber and Fields revue at the Murat Theatre. This time it was free!

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DANCING IN THE LYRIC BALL ROOM
AFTERNOON AND EVENING

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ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

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AN EPOCH-MAKING event in the annals of American amusements is the presentation by **Richard Walton Tully** of the virile, compelling, accomplished, American actor, **GUY BATES POST**, in the irridescent bubble of modern humanity, **"The Masquerader."** This dramatic masterpiece by John Hunter B. Booth, taken from the widely-read novel of Katherine Cecil Thurston, intimately illustrates the lives of two men who met in the fog and traded identities and living quarters.

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KINOGRAM NEWS — Pictured Happenings
DIGEST TOPICS — Pert and Pithy Paragraphs



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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1920 — NUMBER 19

Varied Program for Women

Indiana Federation of Clubs Will Hear Practical Talks From Motion Pictures to Mental Hygiene.

The annual convention of the Indiana Federation of Clubs will be held at the Claypool Hotel, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 26 to 28, inclusive.

The program will begin Tuesday at twelve o'clock with a luncheon given by the Motion Picture Committee of the State Federation, Mrs. David Ross, chairman, presiding. The program will be as follows: An address on "The Problems of the Producer" by Mr. David Selznick of New York; and a talk on "Pleasing the Public" by Mr. Frank Rembusch of Chicago. A discussion of motion pictures will be given by Lieut. Clara Burnside, who is head of the women members of the police force in Indianapolis. Mrs. Curtis Hodges will speak on "The Child and Motion Pictures". An exhibition of pictures will then be given illustrating methods of visual education. Mr. Rollin Salisbury, president of the National Visual Education Society, will give a talk in this connection.

The council meeting will be held Tuesday afternoon for the discussion of two topics; first, the Reorganization of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, discussion to be led by Miss Vida Newsom of Columbus; second, Shall Indiana Have a Spring Convention? with Mrs. S. E. Perkins leading the discussion.

The formal opening of the convention will take place Tuesday evening, at which time addresses of welcome will be given by Mayor Charles W. Jewett and Mrs. John Downing Johnson, chairman of the Seventh District. The response will be given by Mrs. S. M. Grimes of Brazil. Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, state president, will then give a short address on the Indiana Federation.

Following the formal opening of the convention, the biennial hour will be devoted to a report of the biennial convention in Des Moines. Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earl will talk on "The Program as a Whole"; Mrs. Charles Ross will report on "The Conference";



Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, President, Indiana Federation of Clubs.

Mrs. W. S. Johnson will speak on "The Indiana Dinner"; Mrs. R. E. Kennington on "The Social Side"; Mrs. Harry Little on "President's Night"; and Mrs. Myra Stewart Gordon on "The Music".

Wednesday noon a luncheon will be given for all acting and past district chairmen, at which district problems will be discussed.

On Wednesday afternoon there will be a committee hour from four to five o'clock when every chairman will meet with her committee. All committee members will be expected to attend these meetings.

The Federation dinner will be given Wednesday night, at which responses will be heard from former state presidents. Mr. William Mather Lewis of Washington, D. C., will speak on "Woman and Finance" and Mrs. Margaret Wells Wood of New York will talk on "Women in Industry".

Thursday morning Mr. Edward R. Johnstone of Vineland, N. J., head of the New Jersey Training School for Mental Defectives, will give a talk on "Mental Hygiene"; Mr. F. A. Burrif, assistant state superintendent of public instruction, will speak on "The Rural Schools of Indiana". Thursday afternoon Mr. Richard Lieber will speak on "The Sand Dunes as a Park Project".

Thursday afternoon various social affairs will be given. The Women's Department Club will give a tea and reception from 4:30 to 5:30 for the visiting delegates. The receiving committee will include Mrs. S. E. Perkins,



Mrs. John Downing Johnson, Chairman, Seventh District.

president; Mrs. E. G. Ritchie, vice-president; Mrs. J. F. Barnhill, Mrs. Roland Evans, Mrs. J. B. Holton, Mrs. Morton Edwards, Mrs. Alvin Coate, Mrs. Joseph Rodney Smith, Mrs. Leo K. Fesler, Mrs. Edward Ferger and the hospitality committee of the club, which is made up of Mrs. Robert Elliott, chairman, Mrs. H. J. Lacy, vice-chairman, Mrs. W. D. Long, Mrs. H J. McCoy, Mrs. R. O. McAlexander. The reception committee will be assisted by members of the board of the Seventh District: Mrs. John Downing Johnson, Mrs. Albert Rabb, Mrs. John Wheeler, Mrs. Harvey Van Dorin, and Mrs. A. J. Clark.

Thursday afternoon at 4:30 Mrs. E. H. Darrach will give a tea for the visiting D. A. R. women.

Mrs. W. J. Torrence will preside at the conservation dinner to be given Thursday evening. There will be several addresses by prominent Indiana men on Conservation in Indiana. Dr. W. N. Logan will speak on "Geology"; Mr. Frank N. Wallace on "Entomology"; Mr. H. G. Deam on "Forestry"; Mr. G. Sauers on "Lands and Waters"; and Mr. George N. Mansfield on "Fish and Game".

At the Memorial Hour there will be services for Mrs. May Wright Sewall by Miss Julia Harrison Moore of Indianapolis, for Mrs. Emma Monk McCray by Mrs. W. D. Youse of Muncie, and for Mrs. W. W. Reed by Mrs. Richard Elbel of South Bend. The names of all club women who died

Federation Dinner Program Includes Responses From Former State Presidents and Other Addresses.

within the last year will be read in the memorial service. At the Thursday evening session there will also be addresses by Dr. I. N. Yonan and by a representative of the Red Cross.

Throughout the program there will be numerous musical numbers, with community singing at every session. Two of the soloists will be Mrs. John Paul Ragsdale of Indianapolis and Mrs. Elsa Silverstein of Terre Haute.

The committees for the convention are as follows:

Program Committee: Chairman, Mrs. Edward Ferger, of Indianapolis; Miss Ada Bush, Kentland; Miss Midwell Crampton Wilson, Delphi; Mrs. Elsa Silverstein, Terre Haute.

Resolutions Committee: Mrs. E. J. Robison, chairman.

Luncheon Committee: Mrs. O. C. Lukenbill, chairman; Mrs. Frank McCaslin, vice-chairman.

Timekeeper: Mrs. A. J. Clark.

Mrs. W. H. Blodgett will be in charge of the literature table.

Mrs. Charles W. Field will be chair-

(Continued on Page 16)



Mrs. Edward Ferger, Chairman, Program Committee, Federation Convention.

New Slogan for Motor Industry

Automobile manufacturers and dealers are passing through a change heretofore unknown to the business. It is the beginning of a radical readjustment in the trade—and one, it is expected, that will put the business on a solid rock foundation.

The fly-by-night automobile companies will have folded their tents and vamoosed along with similar other concerns that spring up in the wake of all new industries.

E. W. Steinhart, president of the E. W. Steinhart companies of Indiana and one of the best informed automobile men in the country, said to a representative of Topics that the conditions in the automobile world which have been talked about and anticipated for the last ten years are now here. Desultory talk is no longer apropos—but hard thinking and straightforward action are necessary, he said.

"There is a lot of truth telling going on now," said Mr. Steinhart, "that wasn't thought of a few years ago. It used to be that the less said about the subject of motor cars, of an informative nature, the better. But that condition is passing.

"Strange to say, we are just beginning to get some real automobile manufacturers and dealers. It has taken a long time to get "finished" motor car men—but they are beginning to come to the front. Some are successfully "finished" while others are "finished" successfully.

"At the same time the public is growing wiser and wiser to the automobile business. The job of selling the public a motor car is getting more difficult each day, because the public is asking pertinent questions and is demanding dollar for dollar when it invests in a car.

"It seems that only recently have most automobile makers come to realize and sense their duty to the public. It used to be that but few manufacturers ever thought of seeing how good a car they could make—it was always 'how many can we build?' The great thought was production. Now that day has passed. The idea that a particular motor 'made' a car or that a certain body shape, or that or this and the other caused some car to stand out above its competitors is no longer true.

"The car buyer—and stick a pin here—the car buyer of the future is not going to ask how many miles to the gallon, but how many miles to the dollar invested.

"I told our people the other day that this was to be our new trade slogan—'How many miles to the dollar?'

"Asking how many miles to the gallon is like a newly-made bridegroom on his honeymoon worrying about whether he will buy five or ten-cent cigars. That illustrates the picayune side of the automobile trade—but that is not the question uppermost. This is the obvious question: Is the car I am buying able to deliver in mileage 100 cents on the dollar. In other words, the automobile manufacturer



E. W. Steinhart, President of the E. W. Steinhart Company and one of the pioneer automobile dealers of the state.

is going to devote his time and effort henceforth to building a car that he knows will deliver 100 cents on the dollar to the purchaser.

"The early attempt to change an age-old custom and make a seller's market rather than a buyer's market is abortive; it can not be done, for the good and substantial reason that you can not overturn economic fundamentals.

"It is the buyer who holds the hand—and he always will. That is why all industries are undergoing such a radical change now. Instead of the seller having the say-so as heretofore, the buyer has it—and he will become more critical all the time, because he is learning the ins and outs of car buying.

"It used to be, when there were innumerable makes of motor cars, the fly-by-night maker could put a guarantee on his car that the reputable manufacturer—the man who was building for the future—could not touch. It was anything for the moment to sell a car. The fly-by-night could go so far as to guarantee the buyer's family a living if he wanted to—and get away with it. But he can't now. The old doctrine of 'caveat emptor'—buyer beware—has soaked in and the buyer is going to know just what he is getting for his money."

Mr. Steinhart, who was the pioneer in using display space for advertising used cars, declared that the used car situation would settle itself. "When the automobile situation is readjusted and car builders start building for the future, there will be a change in the used car situation. There are many used cars of no value whatever. Of course, these will be eliminated, for there will be no market for them.

The public has paid for all the experimenting in motor car building since the business began, but in my opinion it will not pay for any more of it. The maker will have to do that. The public has paid out millions but it is wise now. When it buys a car it will get value received."

Wayside Sketches

The Shooting Match

His eyes were dim and his hair thin and white. He came up to the counter of a shooting gallery, where a pudgy-faced man was cleaning some small calibre repeating rifles.

"Want to shoot"? queried the gallery man; "three shots for a nickel."

The old man shook his head rather sadly. "My eyes are too dim for that sort of business," he said; "but if you'd said that thirty years ago, it would have been pie for me."

I drew a little closer. "Shooting now and shooting when I was a youngster is different," he said. "We had real shooting matches then—shooting at live targets and not clay birds and pipes," pointing to the various targets at the back of the gallery.

"The old time 'match' was always an event and advertised days in advance," he continued reminiscently. "It lasted all day and the crowd usually shot at turkeys provided for the match, at 25 cents a shot. And I tell you it was not easy to hit them—for it was not considered etiquette to shoot a fowl through the body but through the head. The old gobbler who had roosted for so long on top of a rail fence was wise and it took an expert to bring him down.

"I remember at the match in Larkins' woods of a dudish young fellow with an up-to-date rifle, spending all the money he had with him trying to get a turkey—and went home without one. He couldn't shoot.

"There was a carroty-haired man with a month's growth of stubble on his chin came up with an oldtime squirrel rifle with a barrel about a yard and a half long. He emptied a charge of powder into the spiral depths, followed it with a bullet about the size of a cherry swathed in a piece of 'patchin', put a cap on the tube and allowed he was ready to shoot. He raised that old clothes prop to his shoulder, shifted the quid of tobacco to the other side of his cheek, sighted down the long black barrel * * * there was a cutting crack like that of a bull whip—and old Uncle Tom Turkey wobbled a second in his tracks—and then followed his head to the ground. It was the cleanest shot I ever saw.

" 'Purty good shot,' said a boy, who brought up the carcass of the turkey.

" 'Yas,' drawled the shooter—'it's jist fair, I'm kinder losin' my eyesight—gittin' too old to shoot.'

"There were other men who could shoot as well," the old man went on, "and the greatest rivalry was to be seen at these matches. Men with the old 'long Tom' rifles shot with an accuracy that astonished you. They didn't have any new-fangled sights, but their rifles did carry a hair trigger—it took only the breath of a touch to set them off.

"But there was as much fun after the match as there was during the shooting. The crowd always stayed for supper and a big dance. Young fellows who did not care for the shooting brought their girls to the dance, which began early and lasted until late. Two neighborhood fiddlers supplied the music and the barn floor the dance hall. But how they did dance! When it was over they would gather their girls in their side-bar buggies and drive miles homeward through the moonlight. Yes, those were more than 'shooting' matches—for many a love match was made after the dances—in fact, my wife and I became engaged on just such a night. When it comes to matches with live targets you can't beat Cupid."—C. S. G.

Stories 'Bout Town

Heartily Indorsed

Luman K. Babcock, always an optimist, was speaking recently to a gathering regarding a new athletic club proposed for Indianapolis and the necessity for public spirit endorsement of the club.

"It reminded me of the story of the small town pastor whose salary was small and paid monthly in cash," said Mr. Babcock. "Once, after preaching a particularly effective sermon, one of his parishioners was so affected by it that he mailed the preacher a check for $500. Not being familiar with checks and banks, the good man presented the check at the only bank in town with considerable trepidation.

" 'You'll have to indorse this check,' the paying teller told him.

" 'Isn't it good?' the minister asked.

" 'Oh, perfectly good,' replied the teller, 'but you'll have to indorse it.'

"Whereupon the minister went to the desk and wrote on the back of the check: 'I most heartily indorse this check and the purpose of its contribution.' "

"Yes, he got the money," said Mr. Babcock.

Some Booster

Dick Miller, who is always found boosting Indianapolis, recently told a story with a pointed moral regarding one's ability to be always ready to boost.

"It was at the funeral of a native of Los Angeles," said Mr. Miller. "The clergyman, before starting to preach the sermon, asked:

" 'Is there any one here who would like to say a few words about our dear departed brother'?

"There was no response from any

(Continued on Page 10)

'Cello, the Puritan Instrument

History Shows Its Origin Was in Italy but It Was Beloved by the Early Puritans for Church Service.

Dambois and Other Great Artists Have Made It Famous as a Solo Instrument Because of Its Tonal Qualities.

By Ona B. Talbot

The nature and origin of the violoncello are shown in its name. The old Italian name for the double bass was violone, and the smaller instrument was given the diminutive term of violoncello or little violone. The English name for it is bass-viol. The strings of the 'cello are tuned in fifths, an octave deeper than those of the viola. The two lowest tones are wired as on the smaller instruments.

The fathers of the early New England Church must have possessed a decided predilection for the 'cello. Usually exercising severity against any innovation in their simple service, they seem to have admitted the instrument in the 18th century, sometimes paying the player as much as $70 a year.

Just why they chose this particular instrument is not clear, but the fact remains that they looked upon it with favor, while regarding the violin as a device of Satan and the organ as the most utter abomination in the eyes of the Lord.

The tone color of the 'cello, like that of the violin, is capable of expressing all emotions. It differs from the violin, however, in having a deeper effect.

'Cello playing was of slow growth, as for a long time the old six-stringed viola de gamba kept the newer instrument out of orchestral music. But the more powerful tone of the 'cello was needed to support the brilliancy of the violins, and in the time of Corelli and Tartini we find it in definite use for accompaniments. Gradually it became a solo instrument, and gained prominence in the string quartette under Haydn and Boccherini. With the advent of the French player Dupont came another advance. So well did he play that Voltaire, enraptured with the beautiful tones he produced from the unwieldy instrument, said to him, "You make me believe in miracles, for you can make a nightingale of an ox."

The greatest of the early masters of the 'cello was Adrien Francois Servais, who died in 1866, authorities claiming that never before his appearance had the 'cello vibrated to such facility of expression, and that his compositions remain as an illustration of the most marvelous instrumental art, comparable only to those of Paganini for the violin.

To Servais we will accede the position of the first great 'cellist known to history, but to Maurice Dambois and Pabla Casals must go the laurels of the 'cellists of modern times.

Maurice Dambois, the Belgian 'cellist, was an infant prodigy who has more than lived up to his early reputation. His talent was seriously developed through the study of piano under the tutelage of his father, who still retains a professorship in the Liege Conservatory of Music. During his boyhood days he developed a passion for the 'cello, and with what results may be judged from the fact that at 15 he had completed the course at the Royal Conservatoire, receiving all the awards that could be bestowed upon him. When the world war was declared, M. Dambois, who had served in the standing army in Belgium, and had been discharged because of impaired health due to overstudy and the rigors of army life, tried to re-enlist. It so happened at this time that the distinguished violinist, Eugene Ysaye, a fellow townsman of M. Dambois, was in Liege and learned of the circumstances. The situation was brought before the Queen of Belgium, herself a violinist and warm friend of both Ysaye and Dambois, and realizing the greatness of the 'cellist's art, arranged that he should come to America for a season as accompanist for Ysaye and as co-artist with him as 'cellist. It was in this way that M. Dambois's career in America, a succession of triumphs everywhere he has played, was begun. During his first season in this country M. Dambois was heard in joint recital with Mischa Levitzki in one of the subscribed concerts, and a second appearance with Mme. Matzenauer as co-artist in the May Music Festival of 1919.

The musical world, some of the musicians and in particular Maurice Dambois, has been intensely interested in the wonderful possibilities of the duo-art piano, and has devoted a great amount of time making reproductions, both for piano and 'cello; a unique feature being the piano accompaniments for his 'cello solos being played by himself; in other words, he accompanies his own 'cello playing.

An incident of interest pertinent to this subject is recorded during the visit of the King and Queen of Belgium in New York city. Their majesties were in New York a few days before they "officially" arrived. Therefore, they were incognito, just plain citizens, privileged to go and come as they pleased. The Queen and her suite during a shopping expedition astonished and delighted the officials of the Aeolian Company by dropping in quite informally to thank them for the Duo-Art piano which had been placed in their suite on the "George Washington" for their enjoyment on the voyage to America.

What seemed almost an unheard of circumstance, M. Dambois was in the Aeolian Hall at the time, practicing on the Duo-Art, and for half an hour the Queen listened to her talented Belgian subject, who is as eminent a pianist as a renowned 'cellist. Thus in the dual role of 'cellist and pianist he presented himself before the Queen.

Not only are the artists interested in this marvelous invention, but the

(Continued on Page 15)



Maurice Dambois, 'cellist and pianist, who will appear in invitational concert demonstrating the Duo-Art, Murat Theatre, Sunday evening, October 31st.

Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet Recalls Riley Birthday

How well I recall that afternoon visit to Mr. Riley to ask him if I might arrange a birthday celebration for him, and his glad consent, but with the query, "Do you think anybody will be there?" We all remember the thousands who came from far and near to pay him tribute. Few men—few living, listening men—have ever been privileged to sit under such a glad torrent of tribute as was showered upon him that day—his last birthday, October 7, 1915.

The coming of the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet to English Opera House next Sunday brings vividly to mind the important and inspirational part these two artists had in the "Riley Day Celebration." In the summer and early autumn preparations were begun, and the program was created around some of Mr. Riley's poems, some to take the form of songs and some to be represented in dance. Mr. Pavley and Mr. Oukrainsky were then in Chicago, having completed a two years' tour with Pavlowa, and had decided to branch out in their individual art. They were engaged to come to Indianapolis to create the ballets to be used, and remained here for six

(Continued on Page 14)



Probably no activity of any church or group of churches in recent years has caused as much talk as the late Interchurch World Movement—and talk in itself is not a bad thing. In fact, as long as people talk about a thing—or a person, or a movement—it's a sure sign that it is still alive. But now that the tumult and the shouting about the much-heralded Interchurch World Movement have died—and the silence in regard to the movement seems pretty thick at the present moment, the opportunity is ripe to pass judgment on whether the movement itself has actually died with the shouting, whether the campaign was really worth while, and—if it is dead at present—whether it ever will be resuscitated.

Much of the criticism of the Interchurch World Movement has been adverse. Wielders of vitriolic pens have taken occasion of the collapse of the movement to render biting and sarcastic verdicts on the recent campaign, and their arraignment of the interchurch movement, most of which is unquestionably based on fact, makes rather interesting reading. Certain critics have called the whole affair a "monstrosity," an effort to "standardize Christianity," "a gigantic fizzle," and other sensational epithets, but this extravagant condemnation has a complacent I-told-you-so cast to it which makes the reader suspect that the chief interest of such critics was in inventing choice and startling vituperation, rather than sanely examining the history of the movement on its merits. These same critics hinted that there was unbrotherly quarreling and backbiting among the brethren enlisted in the cause, that expense accounts were allowed to assume outlandish proportions, and that the methods used for obtaining funds were a cross between highway robbery and high finance, all of which is highly interesting.

Favorable criticism, on the other hand, has been far scantier, less enthusiastic and much less entertaining. There are those who agreed that the movement as far as it went was a phenomenal success, that as the first movement of the sort in the history of the church, it was surprising that anything at all was accomplished, that while actual pecuniary results may have fallen far short of expectations, other advantages were reaped which offset the financial fiasco.

A fair judgment of the movement probably lies somewhere between these two extremes of opinions. At any rate, it must be acknowledged that the interchurch campaign failed to accomplish its object. It is all very well to say with Browning that "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," but in the matter of a practical campaign—military or religious—you have failed if you do not reach your objective.

To sketch briefly the aim and the achievement of the movement: The Interchurch World Movement was an attempt to unify the work of the various Protestant denominations, and to prevent the overlapping and duplication of efforts of the various church organizations. To finance the church work, it was planned to raise one large budget. Simultaneous campaigns in the various churches for the raising of individual budgets for their own use made up one division of the work designated collectively as the class A campaign, which was assigned a quota of 335 million dollars for the year of 1920. The class B campaign was assigned a quota of 40 million dollars, to be collected, not from churches and their members, but from business organizations, corporations, or persons not directly affiliated with any particular church. This class B quota of 40 million was to provide the expense account of the entire campaign—both class A and class B; to pay for the mechanics of launching the campaign and keeping it going; to carry on the advertising, pay the salaries of professional campaigners, etc.

In cold figures, the result of the first drive showed about 180 millions instead of 335 millions from the class A campaign; and about 4 million dollars instead of 40 millions from the class B campaign. The figures alone prove the campaign a failure.

Throughout the country the class B campaign, dependent on the donations of "friendly citizens," was a complete failure. Here in Indianapolis, it is said that the class A campaigns, or those launched in the various churches through their own organizations, were fairly successful, though in probably only one case was a quota largely oversubscribed. But in several other parts of the country, the class A campaigns met with little success. Viewed even in a sympathetic light, the Interchurch World Movement was a failure.

The failure must be attributed to a number of reasons. First, the very beginning of the movement was inauspicious, for the reason that it began at the top of the church organization and was handed down to the individuals who make up the church as a cut and dried program in whose making they had no part. In other words, the original idea and the ultimate plans for the movement were evolved by the men higher up in church work, and then foisted on congregations as ready-made programs. In this day and age when democracy is jealously guarded, such a policy seems rather high-handed; but it bears its own punishment, for it is very difficult to inspire a wholehearted interest in a program in which local men have had no part. Congregations which had had no share in the formulation of the interchurch program were not, therefore, keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for its success.

In the second place, the campaign was launched at an inopportune time. The Methodists, Disciples, Presbyterians and Southern Baptists had just completed their own financial campaigns, and the interchurch campaign actually fitted into only the program of the Northern Baptist Church—the denomination to which Rockefeller subscribes—and perhaps a few of the smaller churches. It would seem that ordinary business sense should have warned the United Brethren that financial-drive enthusiasm is not always on tap, and that when dollars had just been flowing freely for church work, it was a poor time to begin a gigantic appeal for more funds for kindred purposes.

Then, too, although the purpose of the interchurch movement was to avoid overlapping, it seemed to be doing a considerable bit of overlapping on its own account. Other organizations not incorporated in the interchurch movement had already been established with that same motive—to avoid overlapping in church work. In many instances, therefore, the interchurch enterprise involved the duplication of work done by such societies as the Church Federation, the National Sunday School Association and the Home Mission Council.

The chief reason for the failure to secure funds for carrying on its own work was its dependence on class B, the group of friendly citizens. As a matter of fact, class B failed to materialize. Here were trained campaigners all set to extract money in large sums from class B, and no class B to be found. There were no "friendly citizens." Everybody who had any money to give, gave it through his own church or through a church in which he was interested, so that the few unattached citizens who remained had no money to give or else lacked the friendly spirit which prompts giving. Hence, the miserable four millions instead of the forty millions set in the quota for the expense account of the campaigns. It would seem that before undertaking a project of this sort, a necessary precaution would be to stake out the field of activity pretty accurately and not waste time and money and energy on ammunitions for lions when the only game is a few rabbits. This dependence on a class of citizens who did not exist was a technical error of the most serious sort.

Sympathizers with the movement feel that it was justified, that it has revealed unnecessary overlapping and duplication of church work; that it has showed sources of waste in the church, and engendered a fine spirit of co-operation; but to the onlooker, unprejudiced pro or con, the kindest thing that can be said of the movement is that it was an enormous spasm of effort for a very small and vague return.

Presumably it owed its birth to the general fever for a new organization to cure all the ills of an old one. If part of the energy that is dissipated in establishing new orders were only directed to improving the old, the results achieved would probably be more prosaic but far more practical.

As to the present status of the Interchurch World Movement, it is rather indefinite; its enemies say it is dead; its friends that it is only sleeping. A committee, headed by Bishop Nicholson of the Chicago area of the Methodist Church, is still working on the reorganization of the movement. If it is to be carried on eventually, it will be done on a much more modest scale, it is said, with a closer co-operation with other interdenominational movements, a much smaller budget of expenses and a greatly reduced working force. In a few months the committee may be in a position to announce its plans. In the meantime, judgment should be suspended, but instead, seems to be sagging to the condemnatory side of the scale.

An Interrupted Honeymoon

The ancient charivari has taken unto itself new forms and manners, but in one shape or another it still persists. Though the bride and groom may have no fear of a thunderous tin-pan and horse-fiddle serenade, they are not safe from the attentions of their friends until they have left their home town behind them.

The happy pair who figured in a recent fashionable wedding laid strategic plans for escaping the gayeties of the guests. The ceremony took place in the evening; the bridal couple were to start on their wedding trip the following day. From the church they motored far out into the fastnesses that surround the city, then doubled back to town and put up at one of the best hotels, but the gay pursuers still hung on to the trail.

Safe inside the hotel, the bridal couple felt that the merry wedding guests were foiled. But no. Using base strategy, they concocted a plan of campaign which brought them into the bridal suite at the witching hour of three a. m., gay and sportive and triumphant. The bridegroom was irate, to the great delight of the besieging party. But the bride was mistress of the situation. With an air of savoir faire, she graciously welcomed the uninvited guests, asked a moment's time to don a proper costume in which to receive them, so that she might have the pleasure of seeing that they were served with suitable refreshments. Her perfect poise won the day—or rather the night—and the invasion of the vandals calmed down into a rather late reception.

Notes of Society

Miss Susan Walker of Newark, Ohio, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gardner and family.

* * *

Mrs. Robert McClure of Youngstown, Ohio, is the guest of her father, C. W. Wells, of the Winter apartment.

* * *

One of the beautiful weddings of the month was that of Dorothea Louise Stewart, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Robert Stewart and Charles Maxwell Baker. The marriage took place at 4 o'clock on October 12th at the Stewart home, the Rev. T. W. Grafton officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are now on their wedding trip and will be at home after November 1, at 117 East Twenty-fifth street.

* * *

Mrs. Charles E. Cox is in New York visiting her daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Cox Karston.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hood Cole, who are en route from Washington to their home in Pasadena, Cal., stopped for a short time in the city to visit friends. They were entertained on October 15 with a luncheon given by Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson and Mrs. C. S. Voorhees at the Country Club. In the evening, Mrs. George Gordon Tanner was hostess for an informal dinner at her home, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Herrod and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hood Cole.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Schwartz of Columbus, Ohio, have returned home after a week's visit with Dr. and Mrs. R. V. Converse.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reese of Detroit arrived last Friday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Springhorn.

* * *

Mrs. William Scott will leave about the middle of November for Naples, Fla.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rink have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Marie Rufina, to John Joseph Madden, Jr., which will be celebrated the morning of October 27 at SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral at half past ten. High mass will be read by the Rev. Egar O'Connor. The attendants will be Mrs. William C. Hall, sister of the bride-elect, matron of honor; Mrs. Francis E. O'Reilly and Miss Edna Rink, bridesmaids; Richard Madden, brother of the bridegroom-elect, best man; Otto N. Frenzel, Jr., Norman Metzger, and Ralph C. Vonnegut, ushers. A wedding breakfast will be given at the Rink home following the ceremony.

* * *

Mrs. Harry C. Stutz and daughter Emma Belle have returned from a visit of three weeks at French Lick Springs.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Joss announce the engagement of their daughter, Lucyanna Hubbard, to Chester W. Graves of Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gardner, and Jesse Fletcher, who will be married October 26, will be attended by Miss Margaret Gardner, sister of the bride-elect, maid of honor; Miss Lillian Fletcher and Miss Susan Heisey Walker of Newark, Ohio, bridesmaids; Cecily Fletcher, flower maid; Matthews Fletcher, best man, and Robert Hendrickson, Wiley Daniels, Charles Fletcher and Robert McConnell of North Hampton, Mass., ushers. The wedding services will be read by the Rev. Allan B. Philputt and the Rev. O. D. Odell at 8:30 o'clock in the evening at the home of the bride-elect.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Wocher have returned from a motor trip in the west.

* * *

Mrs. M. J. Hayes and Russell Hayes, Jr., have gone to Pittsburg for a month's visit.

* * *

Mrs. M. Carter Tull, of Denver, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Addison G. Kenyon. Mrs. Tull will make her home here.



Miss Adele Eckler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eckler, will be married October 23 to William Arthur Nugent of Chicago. The ceremony will be celebrated at the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. W. B. Farmer officiating. The attendants will be Mrs. William E. Rider, of Waynetown, Ind., matron of honor, and Mrs. Thomas C. Eley, of Plymouth, Ind., bridesmaid. Mrs. Eley was formerly Miss Gertrude Spiegel of this city. The best man will be Francis Nugent, brother of the bridegroom-elect.

A large number of entertainments have been given in Miss Eckler's honor. Mrs. Hugh Mattix, of Frankfort, entertained for Miss Eckler with an informal card party while she was visiting in that city; Mrs. Oscar Catterlin entertained with a bridge party at her home on North Meridian street; Mrs. Albert E. Adair, of the Keancora apartments, gave a five hundred party; Mrs. Frank Buschmann entertained at bridge; Miss Clara Frommeyer gave a card party and handkerchief shower; Mrs. Harry Dawson was hostess for a theatre party at the Murat and an after-theatre supper; Mrs. Thomas Eley gave a theatre party at Keith's, and Mrs. William Rider, of Waynetown, was hostess for a bridge party at the Claypool. Mr. and Mrs. Eckler will give the bridal dinner Friday evening, October 22.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jett are taking an extended trip in the west.

* * *

Miss Marian Messick has returned from a trip in the east.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bates Flanner have returned from a visit in Cincinnati.

* * *

On October 21, Miss Mary Lilly and her sister, Mrs. John Darlington, entertained with a one o'clock luncheon at the Woodstock Club in honor of Miss Mary Elizabeth Gardner and Miss Louise Frenzel, brides-elect.

* * *

Miss Jennie Bard Dugdale, of Waynesboro, Va., arrived last week for a visit to Mrs. Clarence Forsyth and Miss Katherine Layman.

* * *

Mrs. James W. Sturgis has returned from the Catskills, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. S. H. Pond, of Walton, N. Y.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Parker is here from Massachusetts visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Joss.

* * *

Mrs. Francis O. Dorsey, who was several months in France, has returned and is now with Mrs. Frederic Ayres.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Margaret Hornbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hornbrook, to Robert C. Winslow, was celebrated Saturday evening, October 16, with a beautiful service at the Meridian Street M. E. Church, the Rev. O. D. Odell officiating. The attendants were Miss Amelia Henderson, maid of honor; Miss Mary Freda Brown, Miss Isabelle Davidson, Miss Edna Levey, Miss Margaret Reed of Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Miriam Walker, of New York; Mrs. Marvin C. Wilson, of Jamestown, N. Y. Norman Metzger was best man and the ushers were Henry C. Thornton, Jr., Addison Parry, John H. Lewis, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Marvin C. Wilson and Dr. Raymond C. Lofgren of Jamestown, N. Y. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow have gone on a motor trip and they will be at home after December 1 at 2448 Pierson avenue.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip to Bretton Woods, N. H., and other points in the East. Mrs. Morse was formerly Miss Helen Susannah Beck.

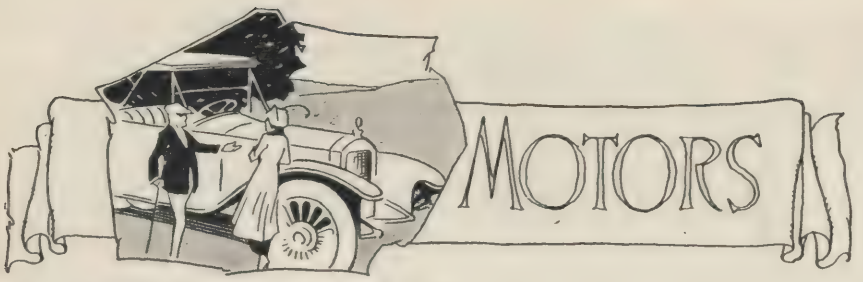
* * *

Miss Camilla Boehme of Monroe, Mich., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nelson G. Trowbridge. Miss Boehme will spend the winter in Indianapolis.

* * *

On Saturday evening, October 16, the marriage of Miss Ruth Hubbard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hubbard, to Frederick T. Holliday, was celebrated with a beautiful service at the Central Christian Church. The Rev. Allan B. Philputt read the ceremony. The attendants were Miss Margaret Row, maid of honor, and the

(Continued on Page 20)



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By Thomas A. Hendricks

Once lowly and despised, the second-hand automobile has, from a dealers' and manufacturers' standpoint, become the pampered pet of the industry. It is accorded worlds of consideration, pages of publicity, columns of advertising, and has turned out to be a sideshow that is threatening to become of more importance than the main circus.

When the automobile industry was in its lusty young youth, and the number of automobile licenses in Indiana for one year was considerably below the 100,000 mark, the second-hand car problem had not come into existence. Occasionally a dealer took an old car in as partial payment for a new machine, but if he did he put his own price on the old 'bus, stood it in an out-of-the-way corner of his service room, and stuck a want ad in the daily paper advertising it for sale. That was the whole sum and substance of his used car department. Many agencies frankly refused to sell on any other than an all cash basis and under no conditions would consider taking in a second-hand automobile.

But that has all changed. With more than 300,000 automobiles registered in Indiana, it means that a large and constantly increasing percentage of prospective customers are already car owners and the only way they can be "sold" is for the dealers to take their cars off their hands. When this condition first made itself felt distributers were caught without any studied policy of second-hand car distribution, and many of them would wind up a season, find that they had sold a surprisingly large number of new automobiles and had made a big profit—on paper; the profit being most effectually tied up in a roomful or two of second-hand automobiles that were of no particular interest to any one but the auditor of the company's finances. This was perfectly natural, for it is well known that the average salesman will work himself half to death to sell a new machine, but will not turn over his hand to get rid of an old one. The same thing applies to the mechanical end of the business, for automobile builders will tell you that it is a hard matter to get their men to work on rebuilding jobs; they all like to work on the new model cars.

This very condition resulted in a number of financial failures that never would have happened had the companies in question had an intelligently managed second-hand car department that could convert the white elephants into cash.

Thus it came about that the second-hand car proposition became a major problem for both factories and agents.

Instead of putting the weakest sister on the sales force on the job of selling these cars, and paying only slight attention to their mechanical condition, the cars are now carefully overhauled, repainted and turned over to a second-hand car specialist for sale. In fact, one of the most important points in a modern automobile sales organization now is that of getting an expert to take charge of the second-hand car sales. To avoid the distaste the buying public naturally has for the term "second-hand," the dictionaries have been scanned for new words that do not offend the finicky, temperamental, but most necessary purchaser. We now find second-hand automobiles advertised as "used," "renewed," "rebuilt," etc.

It is a peculiar psychological fact that a prospective customer who would take flight at the very mention of the word second-hand will buy the very same car if the salesman will call it something else that means exactly the same thing.

So we find some companies devoting entire weeks to the sale of second-hand cars. The new and snappy 1921 models are moved for the time being to the back rooms, and for a brief space the veterans of past road and boulevard campaigns are permitted to bask under the decorations and electric lights of the big salesrooms and display their new paint and renewed charms to the buying public.

The fact that purchasers knew exactly what they were getting and why they got it was the outstanding feature of the first annual used car sale of the R. V. Law Motor Co., which was held October 11-16. The whole salesroom was given up to used cars, which were divided into two sections, the bona-fide rebuilt Essex and Hudson cars which are handled by the company, and overhauled cars of various makes. The condition of every car was explained carefully to customers, and there is no doubt that the machines were quoted at real bargain prices.

* * *

Special appeals to rural prospects were made by the Dickey Motor Sales Co., which devoted two weeks to the sale of used cars. In order to get rid of all old stock and clear the floor for new King eights, prices on the used cars were cut to the bone. During the visit of Mr. Dickey to the King factory the sale was directed by E. M. Rife.

* * *

Another fall sale of used cars was held by the Lathrop-McFarland Company, and officials of the company say that the sale was one of the most successful of its kind ever held.

* * *

The E. W. Steinhart Co. does not hold its sale of second-hand machines until some time after the first of January. Judging from the rebuilt, good looking cars in the windows, some very snappy machines will be thrown on the market at that time.

* * *

E. C. Howard, vice-president of the Lafayette Motors Company, has made the following statement relative to the price of the Lafayette car: "Lafayette prices, which were very recently announced, of course will not be reduced. In establishing our present prices we speculated on a downward trend in our costs and assumed that six or eight months from now we shall be operating under improved manufacturing conditions. These prices reflect an average estimated basis of cost over a period of several months. If they were based on cost today they would be considerably higher. If our premise is not substantiated and our production costs remain at their present high level, a price increase will be necessary."

* * *

As a result of a two days' conference between the Lathrop-McFarland Company and factory officials and distributors, it was decided to make a downward revision in the prices of Liberty automobiles. The announcement says that while there has been no marked reduction in cost of material and rates of labor to justify decreased prices, there is a marked improvement in the character of the workers' interest, which is reflected in a better quality of production. The policy of consulting distributors of this car before asking price reduction was favorably commented on.

* * *

To date the first prize for the most attractive fall window display in the city goes to the Lexington Motors Sales Co. A sport model Lexington occupies the spotlight and is entirely surrounded by decorations of autumnal colorings.

* * *

A flopped over Reo displayed by the Fisher Automobile Company is drawing more than its share of attention. The car is mounted on a clever device that turns the car upside down and gives the motorist a view of the underbody of the automobile without the usual get out and get under stunt on the part of the observer.

The gear plant of the Indiana Silo Tractor Company is being moved from Indianapolis to Anderson. A special building will be erected by the company to take care of this department.

* * *

An interesting and enthusiastic sales convention was held October 12 by the Fisher Automobile Company and its dealers at the Indianapolis Canoe Club. An elaborate luncheon was served during which a five-piece orchestra enlivened the proceedings, which was followed by a delightful entertainment, furnished by a well-known comedian and a spritely dancer. Following luncheon, a business meeting was held, at which business talks were made by Reo factory representative Lemmon; H. H. Batcheller, manager Fisher Automobile Company; E. E. Brodbeck and T. Lashbrook.

Stories 'Bout Town

(Continued from Page 6)

one in the assemblage and the minister after a pause continued:

"'If there is no one who cares to say anything about the dead brother, I'd like to say a few words in behalf of our beautiful city of Los Angeles.'"

Music and Meals

"Harry" Burton tells a story of his early newspaper days in Terre Haute, when, after getting fired from a job on one paper, he drifted around to a hotel where an "orchestra" of colored players was performing in the dining room. Of course, jazz was unknown in those days, but this orchestra evidently was playing it, and in an awful, hair-raising way, for a Jew salesman who was trying to eat his soup finally arose from his table and, approaching the leader of the orchestra, said:

"Here is fifty cends, which I giff you not to blay until I finish eading."

"That must have been the same fellow who asked an orchestra leader in Toledo to play a game of checkers with his bass drummer while he finished his lunch," said a moving picture manager on the lookout for a "good act," and who had listened to Burton's story.



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

Frank E. Floyd finds the front porch method all right, for he has just been elected president of the local Rotary Club. Fred Matson, the retiring president, denies that he will take to the woods, via the chautauqua platform, as a solution of what will we do with our ex-presidents. Nelson Trowbridge, another fortunate candidate, is being glad-handed by his friends over his election to the board of directors of the Rotarians for two years.

Jesse Eschbach thinks officers of some coal companies have a pretty soft snap working for $24,000 a year, as he told the Kiwanis Club the other day. This may explain the high price of coal—or at least the miners think it does.

Purdue grads turned out at the first Y. M. C. A. luncheon last week to hear Dr. Stone, Dean Stanley Coulter and others of the faculty tell about the old school—and incidentally about the football team.

Governor Goodrich has put it up to the coal operators in a speech he made the other day in the southern part of the state. Now, if that will produce coal, all is well.

F. O. Belzer thinks that the scout masters ought to have an outing occasionally and arranged quite a pleasure trip for the scout heads at the Kiwanis' hut on the Scout reservation last week. It is denied that any of the outfit returned to town hungry.

Joseph Minturn told the Sons of the Revolution all about it at the annual meeting of that society Monday night. Mr. Minturn, by the way, was overseas with the American army.

It is denied that the Parry-Stephenson Post of the American Legion will provide boxing gloves for the various legion men who are on the Democratic and Republican tickets for election, who are to be present at the reception given by the post. The excuse is that all the candidates are out of training in every way except in wind.

Just to show visiting florists that even an amateur can put something over, Dr. Samuel E. Earp's friends have called attention to the flower garden in his back yard which contains all sorts of late fall bloomers, making a display that is quite fetching.

Robert S. Sloan has dreams of seeing the Belt railway tracks elevated. Leastwise he is chairman of a committee that is meeting weekly to talk this important subject. Everything comes to him who waits—if he waits long enough.

Jim Lowry ought to be happy. The park commissioners are going to buy land to extend Pleasant Run boulevard.

Frank Hohenberger, who used to call Indianapolis his home, but who is now a "native" of Brown county, piloted members of the Nature Study Club around the classic hills of old Brown—and apparently did a good job.

One of the city bowling teams is named the Favorite Bacons. It is supposed that there is a streak of lean and a streak of fat in the team's makeup.

And speaking of jobs, how'd you like to be Leo Fesler and have to worry about tax levies just now?

Bob Tracy recently made a speech to the merchant tailors on the subject of organization. It is hoped he mentioned something about cheaper clothes.

Ed Hunter told the vocational class at the Y. M. C. A. about what sort of a life an advertising man leads—or, in other words, "Advertising as a Vocation." Well, Ed's been eminently successful.

Daniel Simms has retired from the prosecution of the conspiracy case against the coal operators and miners in Federal Court. It is said that Ert Slack will take over the government's side of the case.

Bondholders of the D. N. Foster Company have authorized an issue of $100,000 preferred stock. The par value will be $100 a share and will bear 7 per cent interest, payable in January and July.

Indianapolis will entertain the next convention of purchasing agents. As these men spend about ten billion dollars a year for the firms they represent it is expected they will receive considerable attention from anybody who has anything to sell. Dwight S. Ritter, city purchasing agent, is president of the Indiana branch of the association and helped to land the convention for Indianapolis.

As old Doc Raschig remarks, no matter what's happening, some one can always find time to get agitated over girls' dress.

It has been suggested that some of the cafes might reduce food prices somewhat by curtailing the music offered patrons. As a matter of fact, the same cafes might increase their business by cutting out the awful din altogether. As Hank Burton says, a fellow can't even hear himself eat soup or celery these days on account of the orchestra.

Comrade F. Myers opines that instead of hiring a cook he will let his wife break her own dishes.

You'll have to admit that Fred Hoke, Reggie Sullivan et al. put up a good selling talk to the voters soliciting a little donation to the war chest of the unterrified county democracy.

Senator Harry Negley says he has no business in a street political argument anyhow.

Lot Lee, telegraph editor of the News, is still waiting for some one to fix his furnace.

As the campaign proceeds blithely on its way, John Mellett increases the size of the Cox button he is wearing.

Old Jim Pearson, "World's Cressett" correspondent for a long time and now a good right hand man for the Holcomb & Hoke Manufacturing Company, is eagerly awaiting the returns from Kansas, his native state.

You'll have to hand it to Irwin Bertermann. He is some little vice-president of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. Upon his retirement from the vice-presidency of that organization he was presented with a silver service set and complimented on his faithful work.

We'll bet Senator Jim Watson felt good the other night after former Governor Edward C. Stokes of New Jersey got through eulogizing him.

Arthur Robinson has gone down to Kentucky to campaign for the Colonels. Now, if somebody does not forget to slip Arthur the key to his (somebody's) cellar the trip will not be in vain.

As a cornerstone layer, Dr. C. S. Woods is all right. He laid the stone for the new addition to the Methodist Hospital the other day.

It's a safe bet that Bert Boyd, Bill Shewmaker and other Indianapolis men who pride themselves on their ability to demonstrate that the hand is quicker than the eye will be regular customers at English's at every one of Alexander's shows.

L. N. Hines, state superintendent of public instruction, with 12,000 teachers on his hands and making plans to boost the schools in various districts

(Continued on Page 22)



Editorial TOPICS Editorial

COMMUNITY BOOSTERS

It is not difficult for the ordinary observer to call the names of the members of a committee working to boost some "drive" or campaign without even seeing the list. "Well, I see the same old bunch is on this committee," is the comment of the thoughtless when some contemplated campaign is on. And it is true. It is the "same old bunch"—and we say it more in sorrow than sarcasm. The "same old bunch" are "free horses" being ridden to death because they are willing.

Doing things for the community is more or less a thankless job. Willing workers are more often criticized than commended. They are accused of always seeking the limelight, when if the truth is known, they would be delighted to turn over a thankless job to somebody else—but the "somebody else" will not perform.

It is easy to call the names of some community committee working for some civic object. The reason is that other citizens will not do their part. It is not fair to the willing ones to carry the load and bring about conditions from which all citizens benefit without a tithe of effort.

A willing worker on community jobs is asked by the less public spirited: "I don't see how you find time to work in these various 'drives;' doesn't your boss kick?" "When do you ever stay at home?" "How do you hold your job?" "You must like the spotlight," etc. The truth is, a community builder is a rare bird and he always makes a niche for himself in his community. He is indispensable. He is usually a man of spirit and able to do a lot of work; he seems to "eat up" the drudging, disagreeable jobs; he devotes all his spare time to working for the community; he is forced to be away from home when he really wants to be there; his employer is kind enough to lend him to civic enterprises—he is overworked and underthanked, but he goes right along helping out and boosting. His name is always "on the committee"—he is a sort of a public pack-horse on whom everybody slips his bundle of tasks and rides into good and often profitable things without expending any effort.

One example of this sort of public spirit is manifested in Wallace O. Lee—with all due apologies for using him to point a moral. Wallace Lee gives of his time and effort freely without recompense and without grumbling. He is never free from some sort of a community job. He goes the limit of effort, and for this reason is "offered" more jobs of this kind than he can fill, but he is always found doing what he can. He helps to "put things over" and the rest of the community benefits as much and usually more than he does. Lee says it is all in the game—and perhaps he is right. The moral is why do not other citizens with the good of the community at heart—as they often so loudly profess they have—shuck their coats and help?

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

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The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

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An Indianapolis business man was asked to become a member of the Indianapolis Athletic Club. He thought it a good thing, but refused to sign up because he said the probabilities were the club house would not be built for a couple of years and he did not care about tying up his membership money so long. While his excuse was perfectly valid, he lacked the proper civic spirit, inasmuch as by his actions he proposes to "let George do it" and at the proper time—without any inconvenience—become a member and reap whatever benefits that may accrue to him as a member of such a club.

This is a shortsighted policy and one not particularly benefiting to the community. These men who roll up their sleeves and help out on any civic program are usually men who individually want that for which they are working. They believe that if you want anything done the best way is go do it yourself—or at least help to do it. The motto is a good one and the result is that these "committeemen" are always busy. The selfish man forgets that what helps his neighbor helps him. If he wants to enjoy some of the good things, the easiest way to do it is to jump in and help get them. There is no civic excellence without community labor.

Home-Spun Yarns

Wanted—Man With a Conscience

Thirty-three dollars in perfectly good currency of the realm came to Charles F. Kennedy, secretary of the Indiana State Fair, a few days ago. It was thirty-three dollars in "conscience" money. No name was given by the sender, but with the money came the message that it was from a young man who was a gatekeeper while the fair was on in the second week in September. The sender said that since the fair, and since he had taken money that belonged to the fair exposition, he had been unable to sleep at night. His conscience would not permit him to attend church. To get back his peace of mind, he sent the money he had "gypsied" from the exposition to the treasury to which it belonged.

About 200,000 people, most of them from Hoosier farms, went by the forty gatekeepers at the last state fair. At times the gates were blocked by men and women who were eager to get inside and see the exposition of farm resources. At these times the men on the gate force were busy handling money, and there was opportunity for "pinching" a part of the exposition's financial prosperity. At least one man found an opportunity.

Mr Kennedy is now looking for the gatekeeper who sent the conscience money. The gateman is not going to lose his job. By making himself known he will "cinch" his place handling state fair money next year, and the next and next.

Honest men to handle money are the kind that are sought to operate the admission gates at the exposition, and the man who sent in the thirty-three dollars, Mr. Kennedy thinks, has proved his honesty. The gatekeeper's conscience may have slipped for a little while, but he has since proved his honesty, and his job will be open to him when the state fair opens next year. He may, in fact, get a better job than the one he had when he "went South" with the thirty-three dollars.

Some twenty years ago another man had a lapse of conscience while handling state fair money at the gates—and he still has it. He was in one of those little ticket offices strung along the cement platform at the main gates. He had had a busy morning taking in money and handing out tickets, and about 11 o'clock he called for a ticket man to relieve him while he went to lunch. He never came back. At the close of the day, when tickets and money were counted, it was found the man had left with several hundred dollars which did not belong to him His conscience did not bother him—not so the state fair managers could notice it.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Some pertinent paragrapher said that no matter what was happening in the world somebody would find opportunity to worry about what women should wear. Of late, the fashion may have had a tendency to increase the worry of these good people, but after all it is the viewpoint—the state of mind, rather than the dress.

In the Fiji Islands, where the natives dress in a copper ring and a clamshell bracelet, there is no particular worry, as far as we ever read. Possibly there are no prurient-minded there, owing to lack of sophistication brought about by ultra civilization. While civilization is a much desired thing, it does carry with it certain burdens.

Down at Shelbyville, in the Hoosier state, there is some worry concerning the dress of high school girls. It seems there is an objection to the girls wearing stockings rolled below the knees, "indecent sweaters" and so-called peekaboo blouses. It is to be admitted that a flash of bare knees does not seem to be necessary to a problem in plane geometry, although it might have its place in an art class. So after all it is the proprieties of the occasion that should be looked after. That is the violation that is so often charged against the average American. To be sure we have reached the point where we don't wear a dress suit in the morning or a red necktie to the opera, but we fall down on some other things—for instance, the cases noted at Shelbyville. Shelbyville girls, however, are no greater offenders than Indianapolis girls or Bellefontaine, Ohio, girls, or girls from any other town. Some of them—we say some—lack that sense of fitness, and after all, that is the great offense and not the dress itself.

It is no uncommon thing to see an office girl dressed for work as if she was going to the matinee. Fashion mentors say she lacks balance—but that soft impeachment does not worry the girls. They have an inborn (or cultivated) desire to look pretty, and they take the position that if unadorned beauty is all right, the adorned kind is better—and let it go at that.

However, for mere man to rail against the feminine dress is the futilest of futile things. As a matter of fact, the average man doesn't do much objecting for the reason that he rather likes it himself. The fair ones are shrewd enough to gauge this liking and dress accordingly. Thus the fossil-minded are left to rail and bluster—but the beauty parade goes marching on, the cynosure of admiring eyes.

We hasten to arise and remark that the house organ, "Flash," which TOPICS erroneously credited to the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company, is actually and in reality the tuneful organ of the Merchants Heat & Light Company.



Joins Trust Company

The announcement that the Fletcher Savings & Trust Company will represent a big eastern insurance company in a big housing proposition comes with considerable interest in Indianapolis just now, in view of the shortage of houses in this city.

It also explains in a way why Hugh McK. Landon has come from his business retirement to be connected with this company in an official capacity.

In a statement by Evans Woollen concerning the matter, he said that the transaction between himself; Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Landon "makes possible a result which I have long wished for and tried to accomplish. Mr. Landon and I have been friends for many years and I have eagerly desired that we be associated in business. Two or three times since he retired from the water company, I have invited him to become actively identified with our organization. He has always thought that his holdings were not sufficient to induce an acceptance of the invitation. His holdings are now sufficient and he will become active in our organization."

Mr. Landon has been elected chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors and is widely known as a financier and a man of affairs. The deal between himself and the institution has been in process of negotiation for several months.

A Good Time to Buy

Money for crop moving purposes is still in big demand, and while the financial marts are showing a tightened grip, local banks have been able to supply all the money needed for clients for legitimate purposes.

The local securities market is reported to be in good condition and the expected demand for high-grade investments has shown no abatement, although there is a scarcity of such securities. Road and municipal bonds, with local bank stocks, gas stock and street railway issues show the best demand in trading circles.

Reports from eastern financial circles say that there will be no letup in the demand for crop moving money until the liquidation of farm products shall become more complete.

It has been noted that a number of large flotations of corporation securities have recently appeared on the market and it is pointed out that this fact has helped the banks by relieving them of the necessity of carrying the floating indebtedness of these concerns, giving the banks a chance to help out other concerns with loans. The reports show that the demand for these loans offsets the payments made by the new flotations.

The trend indicates that the financing by the larger corporations—and the smaller ones as well—is a shade easier to accomplish than it was a few weeks ago. The trouble has been, brokers say, that there has been a scarcity of high-grade securities because industries and railroads were unable to put across such financing due to the demand for governmental issues of both the federal and lesser units of government.

It is pointed out that investors in high-grade securities never had a better time to buy than now. One Indianapolis financier declares that he expects the demand for the more conservative securities to increase more strongly than ever toward the first of the year. "The Indianapolis market was never in better position than it is now," he said, "and with more of the good securities on the market, I don't see why the demand should not show a marked increase."

Liberty and Victory bonds are strong and there is considerable trading in them, although for the most part the "floating" few of these issues have all been bought up.

Now Is the Time to Buy

An eastern banker commenting on the action of the Ford company in reducing the price of automobiles is illuminating as to how such action affects other securities and how some speculators follow the market and buy at the right time. The banker said:

"Henry Ford builds the best machine for the money that has ever been built. That's generally agreed. He has made more mistakes than most men. That's generally agreed, too. I regard the reduction at this time simply as another mistake. Mr. Ford is a manufacturer, not an economist. No doubt the readjustment that is necessary could be brought about in a much shorter time if all manufacturers could and would follow Mr. Ford's example. However, the law of supply and demand will govern the action of most manufacturers, and the demand is sufficiently strong to support prices near the present level for most goods.

"There is a rule familiar to every speculator, which, if followed, would result in profit. Almost every man has learned the rule, but few have the courage to apply it. It is none other than, 'Buy when everybody is selling and sell when everybody is buying.' At the present time, and for some months past, selling has been urgent and general, but few people have the courage and the vision to buy at present prices. Some few years hence you will hear people telling how low such and such a stock could have been bought in 1920. Mr. Ford is simply following the mob; he is selling at the bottom."

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What's on Your Mind

Harry Stutz (automobile manufacturer)—I'm going to break those other two clay birds some day and have a perfect 100 score. (He did.)

Paul Davis (Democratic candidate for prosecutor)—If I'm elected——

Wm. P. Evans (Republican candidate for prosecutor)—When I am elected——

Nelse Trowbridge (theatrical manager)—It cost 150 bucks at Treat's.

Hayes Buskirk (advertising)—My observation is that facts are failures for publicity and what we usually get is fiction.

Jim Stuart (The Star)—Well, old Indiana won.

Andy Hutchinson (auto dealer)—If Cox is elected we'll all go fishing.

Roscoe Fertich (attorney)—For me and my folks, we are going to vote for Brother Cox.

Charles Vicker (general secretary Far East relief)—Thousands of Armenians are going to die of starvation unless relief is provided by generous America.

Tom Snyder (secretary Transfermen's Association)—If you want to get your stuff there the same day—ship by truck.

Bert Hendren (accountant)—I suspect that a lot of men have been voting the way their wives have told them before this campaign.

George Lemaux (member Board of Works)—The street car company must plan for a cross-town car line.

Bob Tyler (press agent)—I'm sorry the fishing season (for me) is over for this year.

Mrs. Edna K. Martin—"How are you voting?"

Mrs. John W. Holtzman (at the performance of Theda Bara)—This drama is most interesting, but of course there is no real art in musical comedy.

Dr. Henry Jameson (street railroad director)—We have no suggestions to offer.

Ed Raub (insurance)—No matter who is elected I hope the League of Nations receives favorable consideration.

Doc McCulloch (candidate for Governor)—Think of it! Indiana is now

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Hearing the Call of Terpsichore

If little Dorothy or Mary Jane displays a tendency to tap her foot when the band goes by or to hop-skip about when the player-piano tunes up, the family at once decides that the child has talent for dancing and that it ought to be developed. If, in addition, she tosses her curls and waves arms and legs in gay abandon when the victrola starts to play, then mother is sure that little daughter has heard the call of terpsichore, that she is certain to be a second Pavlowa, and that if nature has just naturally made the child a premiere danseuse, why not help nature by having the little dear's talent developed. Follows a family consultation. Father may be a bit pessimistic about whether little Dot is old enough to take dancing lessons—she's only five, remember—but mother says you can't start too young, and just see how she dances by herself. The rest of the folks, being sold by mother's arguments, decide that it wouldn't be bad to have a world-famous and wealthy dancer in the family, and so the ayes have it, and little Dorothy is delivered over into the hands of a dancing teacher.

Many of these little Dorothies show up at the Pierrot Studio of Dancing, where Mlle. Theo Hewes, assisted by Mr. Raymon Drexler, gives lessons in classical dancing; for mother wants no jazz stuff for her little lamb. Classical dancing—Greek, Russian, Egyptian—that is the line for the rising young devotee of the dance. And every one of these little Dorothies comes with an extraordinarily fine reputation for grace and rhythm. Every mother admits that her child is unquestionably marked by fate as a ballet queen, and Mlle. Hewes has only to guide her merry footsteps to secure the honor of being able to say ten years hence, "Ah, yes, I taught Mlle. Dorothy So-and-So when she was only a little tot. She got her first training from me."

Arrangements are made and the little girl starts work. Only one mother has ever changed her opinion of her little daughter's powers to the extent that she felt called upon to inform her teacher that probably Pavlowa need have no fear as to the security of her position. This one frank and honest woman—too bad Diogenes wasn't looking for a woman instead of a man—announced to the dancing instructors that there had evidently been a mistake in her estimate of what Dorothy could do. As she went on with her work, she really seemed to be a very ordinary little girl after all. True, she was becoming more graceful, but her progress could scarcely be called startling, and one candidate for world supremacy in the art of dancing was thereby withdrawn.

While there aren't many of the little tots who do remarkable dancing, there are a goodly number who are surprisingly apt in learning the rudiments of the art. Exercises which are often very difficult for grown-ups are play for the lithe bodies of the youngsters.



Mlle. Theo Hewes, head of the Pierrot Studio of Dancing.

Children from three years up are enrolled in Mlle. Hewes' school and upon occasion, such as the Christmas pageant at the Circle one winter, they have shown how charming a well-trained baby ballet can be. Some of the star pupils at present are Leone Myers and Maybelle Sherman, who are only five, and Anna Louise Hunt, who is seven. Probably the youngest student of classical dancing in the city is Robert Brown, who is just two and a half.

Evening classes are devoted chiefly to young women. To the uninitiated these classes are highly entertaining and interesting, even though a bit puzzling and surprising. Bobbed hair, abbreviated skirts, artistically ragged tunics, silk legs, tan arms and white, slippered feet, all scrambled together in the studio with slim mademoiselle presiding—this is the dizzying impression that the visitor receives from a casual glance at a dancing class. The first part of a lesson consists in bar exercises, which, by the way, have nothing to do with the prohibition question. These exercises consist in the practice of each separate step and position before trying the dance in the middle of the floor, the bar being to assist the novice in maintaining her equilibrium. After this part of the lesson, which is really the hardest work, the dances are practiced to the accompaniment of the victrola. A long mirror occupies one side of the room, and the class dances from the back of the room up to the mirror, watching itself in the mirror, Mlle. Hewes herself dancing at the head of the class.

The majority of the students take up classical dancing with a view to making it a profession. Others find the work interesting in itself and as a means of developing grace and poise.

Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet Recalls Riley Birthday

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weeks. During that time classes in aesthetic and interpretative dancing were formed, and the charm of this form of dancing drew many of the lovely young girls into study of this art, which at that time was comparatively new in America, but for many years a favorite in Europe. Ruth Page and Ruth Austin, both of whom have since taken dancing as a serious profession, as well as Helen Coburn, Anna Barbara Coburn, Margaret Tuttle, Virginia Treat and Eleanor Shaler were among those who received daily instruction from both Pavley and Oukrainsky, who with wonderful enthusiasm and inspiration created as beautiful a program of this kind as has probably ever been staged.

The Beethoven "Pastorale" music was used to illustrate James Whitcomb Riley's poem to Bliss Carman, "The Morning Poet," which had its only production at this celebration, and the charming picture of Miss Helen Coburn in this issue, presents her as the "premier danseuse" of this dance.

To Bliss Carman

He is the morning poet—
The bard of mount and moor,
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,
The dawning's troubadour.

The brother of the bluebird,
Mid blossoms, throng on throng,
Whose singing calls, o'er orchard walls,
Seem glitterings of song.

He meets with brow uncovered,
The sunrise through the mist,
With raptured eyes that range the skies
And seas of amethyst.

The brambled rose clings to him;
The breezy wood receives
Him as the guest she loves the best
And laughs through all her leaves.

Pan and his nymphs and dryads
They hear, in breathless pause,
This earth-born night lilt his delight
And envy him because

He is the morning poet—
The bard of mount and moor,
The minstrel of the dew shine,
The dawning's troubadour.

Andreas Pavley is of Dutch and East Indian parentage and was born in India. He was taken to Holland while very young and it was while a student in a literary school that he decided upon a stage career. He was asked to take the leading part in a great Beethoven festival. His performance in this festival attracted the attention of Jacques Dacrozze, a pianist in Dresden, and it was under his instruction that Pavley began his stage work. He later went to London, where he appeared before the English nobility. In 1913 he joined the Pavlowa company. For the last four years the Pavlowa-Oukrainsky ballet has been an important feature in the Chicago Grand Opera Company. All the ballets used in the operas are created and staged by them.

M. Serge Oukrainsky, of noble Russian parentage, was a painter in Paris when Pavlowa and the Russian ballet came there. He became interested first in the staging of her productions, and his great gift of blending colors has been evidenced in many of the stage settings of the Pavlowa productions and later in the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet Company. He, however, decided to be a dancer, and chose the art of barefoot toe dancing, which he has brought to such perfection that he is recognized as supreme in this particular branch of the terpsichorean art, and holds the position of being the first to take up this unique form of dancing. The Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet have met with justified appreciation everywhere, and their appearance here will be one of the artistic events of the season.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Whispering—Fox trot.
Tell Me, Little Gypsy—Quartette.

Columbia

In the Land of Rice and Tea—Fox trot.
Blue Diamond—Violin solo.

Edison

Oh, by Jingo, Oh, by Gee—Male quartette.
"Oh"—Vocal.

Gennett

Hiawatha's Melody of Love—Tenor and baritone duet.
Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home—Tenor and baritone duet.

Pathe

Grieving for You—Fox trot.
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff.)

Victor

Medley: "Avalon" and "Just Like a Gypsy."
Whispering—Fox trot.



Miss Helen Coburn, as the Premiere Danseuse interpreting the Beethoven "Pastorale" at the time of the James Whitcomb Riley celebration, October 7, 1915.

Shop Tours

Have you been looking for a wrap to wear over your prettiest party frock to the numerous evening weddings which have been and continue to be the most prominent social functions of the present season? Many a maid and matron has said easily, "I'm going to buy an evening cape tomorrow," and has returned home after a day of fruitless search. Many a light-hearted young person has tucked permission to spend up to two hundred dollars on a rose-colored wrap into her purse, and has left the shops with no addition to papa's bill. But if you have not yet had these unhappy experiences, be reassured, for if you know where to go, you can find evening wraps.

At no shop is there an abundance of coats and capes for evening wear, but there is one shop which takes pride in its showing, a group of five wraps. This is the largest collection in the city. There is one rose cape, chiffon velvet, trimmed with a shoulder cape of rose marabou, and a twelve-inch band of rose marabou at the lower edge, which stands out very wide and full. This cape was shown in the window. One red velvet cape is shown, made very simply to wind about the figure. A dolman is made of taupe velvet, heavily embroidered. The two remaining wraps are capes, both blue, one trimmed with Australian opossum in narrow bands about the shoulders, the other without any trimming, but made in an unusual and voguish style. The two pieces of the front are gathered to the back along the line of the shoulder, from neck to elbow, with a heading standing up all along the line. Long points, finished with heavy tassels, extend from the front pieces, and are intended to be thrown across the shoulders, thus keeping the cape closed.

At one of the smaller shops, only one wrap for party wear is shown. It is a handsome garment, but quite dark, and suitable only for a woman of dignity. One of the largest shops in Indianapolis also has but one evening wrap in stock, and it will not be there long, for it is a genuine bargain. It was left from last season, and the price has been reduced, but the style of evening coats changes so little that its long stay in the shop does not affect the value of the wrap. It is a peacock blue velvet, a gorgeous shade and exquisite quality, and is made in the dolman style. The price is so low that a handsome light fur collar could be added without running the total above the cost of other wraps shown in the city.

Linings are worthy of a special word. Many are in two layers, blue crepe chiffon over American beauty, bisque over gold, and other lovely combinations, and, of course, there are many simply made of a rich piece of plain colored satin.

Shopkeepers explain the scarcity of evening wraps by saying that many people have their own ideas regarding such garments, and that they can easily get a seamstress to do the work, which involves no tailoring. In having the wrap made, there is the added satisfaction of knowing that no duplicates will be met.

An exhibition of Chinese mandarin coats has attracted much attention and admiring comment. It consists of a great number and variety of coats. Some are long, and heavily encrusted with gold, red, blue and other brilliant embroidery. Others are very simple. One of great beauty is of a soft, thick, flexible crepe silk in a color between orange and brown, undecorated except for a circle of blazing color on the bosom. This coat, and several others in luxurious silks and subtle colors, would be highly suitable for evening wear. The more delicate shades make desirable negligees, and with these come slippers or mules to match. One outfit for home wear consists of a coat in shell pink, embroidered in pale dull lavender, with satin mules in lavender satin. On the toe of each slipper is embroidered a green butterfly.

'Cello, the Puritan Instrument

(Continued from Page 7)

conductors of all the great symphony societies, including the Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati and Cleveland orchestras have given concerts, with the playing of Duo-Art, the reproductions of some of the greatest musicians. When one considers what the Duo-Art really accomplishes, how it records the artistic personality of the player, the little idiosyncracies of touch, phrasing and interpretation, it may well be classed as one of the marvelous inventions of the age, and come to the conclusion that "the touch of a vanished hand" is less elusive than the poet Tennyson believed.

Without a few words about the great 'cellist Pabla Casals, a resume of the 'cellists of world renown would be incomplete. His 'cello playing is as near perfection as human skill and intelligence seems able to achieve. He was thirteen years of age when he decided to learn the 'cello and in two years from his first lesson he took the first prize at the Barcelona Conservatoire. His musical talent brought him under the notice of a leading statesman, who had him presented to Queen Christina, and with such assistance a fund was raised to enable him to go to Madrid for two years. From there he went to Brussels, then to Paris, where he played for Lamoureux, the eminent conductor. This engagement proved a sensation and his many tours throughout Europe and America have only added to his fame. When at home M. Casals lives in Paris and during the summer months has a few chosen pupils, for he loves to teach.

Mr. Casals is now in his forty-second year. He is utterly unaffected; and has a native charm and dignity that have brought him a host of friends.

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The Thread of Flame

Not all sufferers from evaporated memories are willing to turn themselves over to the city fathers and rest content until their detached pasts are discovered and once more securely fastened to the present. Jasper Soames, the hero of Basil King's latest novel, "The Thread of Flame", is a high-strung person who is hypersensitive on the score of his lost past. Waking to consciousness on a steamer in mid-ocean he is as completely cut off from his past as the steamer is from land. He gropes for some clue to the past, but the only information he obtains in regard to himself is what the contents of his luggage and the remarks of his fellow-passengers reveal. To make the connection with the past even more difficult, he had taken very careful precautions before losing his memory to get rid of all papers and clothing which would have thrown any light on his identity. When the steamer reaches New York, he takes up the task of finding himself, but the search for his old self is a difficult affair, as he is unwilling to advertise his sad plight. It is only after he has weathered a stormy struggle with poverty in New York that chance solves his puzzle. New problems arise, however, in the resumption of his old life; and a return to the habits of work acquired while he was waiting for the return of his past, is necessary before his future is satisfactorily smoothed out. The foundation of the story has been carefully built, and offers an interesting unraveling of the mystery of Soames' identity.

The characters are rather too eager to acquiesce in the demands of the plot to be vivid personalities. Of the people on the steamer that brought Soames to America, Miss Blair, presumably a shrewd but uneducated person, announces frequently and with emphasis that she wishes to be an adventuress. Naturally this naivete marks her as the woman with a heart of gold who will do all she can to help our hero. Mrs. Avery, an incipient vampire, falls a victim to the reform spirit of Mildred Averill, and becomes a gentle wife and mother. Miss Averill goes about yearning to do good, and in the process comes within an ace of falling in love with Soames. Fortunately, her instinct warns her that he's a married man—even though he says he isn't—and Mildred wisely controls her affections and refrains from spoiling an otherwise happy ending by the blight of an unrequited love. Soames himself slips from an aristocratic to a democratic viewpoint without being either impressive as a snob or appealing as a humble spirit. Something seems to be lacking in his backbone as well as in his cerebrum. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Cords of Vanity

In his introduction to "The Cords of Vanity", Wilson Follett announces the revised edition of a James Branch Cabell book which unquestionably merits this rescue from the limbo of "out of print". When the book first appeared in 1909, it received a blighting reception from the critics, which evidently did not dampen Mr. Cabell's spirits, for his theory is that "a man writes admirable prose not at all for the sake of having it read, but for the more sensible reason that he enjoys playing solitaire." "The Cords of Vanity" is a first-person recital of the progressive love affairs of Robert Etheridge Townsend, who finds a useful and becoming role in the pose of "the boy who never grew up". Boyishly irresponsible, comfortably unmoral, and rather more than ordinarily talented, Townsend is well equipped for a devastating career of butterfly chasing. His one drawback is a too generous girth, a prosaic handicap for a gentleman light o' love. But in spite of this, he successfully flits on from one conquest to the next, with tragic results to some of the other players in his little comedies of love. His last affair, so far as the book is concerned, leaves him swallowing an unpleasant but wholesome confession in order to be sure of the friendship of the only person in the world who can save him from himself, a nice situation for ethical discussion. McBride & Co., New York.)

* * *

The current number of the Bookman contains an interesting sketch on Meredith Nicholson by Russell E. Smith. The article will be of particular interest to Indianapolis people since both the subject and the author of "The Play Boy of the Wabash" are Hoosier authors. Mr. Smith gives an intimate glimpse of Mr. Nicholson's genial and urbane temperament, of his favorite methods of work, and some of the interesting things that he is going to write when he gets around to them. Friends of Mr. Nicholson vouch for the correctness of the picture.

* * *

Another article in this same number of the Bookman in which Indianapolis feels she has a share, is entitled "A National Association of Book Publishers", and is written by Frederic G. Melcher, who a few years ago was associated with the W. K. Stewart Company.

A Tribute to Guy Bates Post

By ONA B. TALBOT

To have seen Guy Bates Post in his famous presentations of "Omar the Tent Maker" and "The Masquerader", is to have the rare good fortune of a knowledge and appreciation of the man and his art—he is one of the greatest masters of acting the stage has ever known. His name will be written on the tablet of the Hall of Fame alongside of Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Irving and Mansfield.

Mr. Post is untiring in his work, and his demand for perfection in every detail is well known. He explains it by saying: "When an artist paints a picture, or a composer writes a masterpiece, he labors diligently for years to round out his subject and perfect the execution. It is the same with a 'role' in the drama. Each performance I find a new voice inflection, very slight, perhaps. Frequently I 'stumble onto' a peculiar, apparently insignificant, move or gesture, that I immediately feel conveys to the audience, in a fuller sense, the meaning behind the speech.

"The characters grow, almost become a part of me, and I often find myself, during my midnight walks, wondering what my own personality, and not the personality of Loder or Chilcote, as I see them, and portray them, would do under similar circumstances. It is an acknowledged fact, scientists tell us, no two minds do the same under the same conditions. Consequently, my mental flights on my physical rambles". "Jealousy causes one man to commit murder, the same 'cause' creates in another man's mind a feeling of disgust for the offender, and he dismisses the subject, both personal and mental, from his thoughts".

The imagination with which this gifted man has been endowed is emphasized by his long devotion to the art of music and the incidental music used in his plays has his exacting supervision. His exalted sincerity of purpose in every phase of his art has lifted his work to a high plane.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

At its first meeting, the Seventh District Federation of Clubs passed a resolution of appreciation to the motion picture endorsers' organization and the unceasing efforts of Mrs. David Ross and Mrs. Walter Geisel, who helped make a success of the presentation of "The Blue Bird" by the Seventh District. Appreciation was also expressed for the courtesy of the Ohio Theatre management, at whose house the picture was shown.

A vote of thanks was offered to Kingan & Company, who furnished the truck, supplies for decoration, workman and driver which made it possible for the Seventh District to present a float in the Centennial Celebration of Indianapolis.

Varied Program for Women

(Continued from Page 5)

man of the ushers for the convention. The staff will be made up of Mrs. Hadley Green, Mrs. Fred W. Shideler, Mrs. Joseph Capron, Mrs. F. T. Cannon, Mrs. C. L. Stubbs, Mrs. F. P. Woolery, Mrs. John House, Mrs. Frank Eldred, Mrs. R. E. Repass, Mrs. Henry Yockey, Mrs. Frank Long, Mrs. Irving Lemaux.

The pages for the convention, headed by Mrs. Henry Ostrom, as chairman, will be Miss Mildred Conklin, Miss Louise Wills, Miss Laura Pantzer, Miss Elizabeth Vauter, Miss Caroline Malott, Miss Jeanne Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Wiles, Mrs. E. K. Reese, and Mrs. Everett M. Schofield.

The first action of the Federation in regard to a memorial for Mrs. May Wright Sewall was taken at a special meeting called by the chairman of the Seventh District Federation of Clubs and the president of the Local Council of Women at the Propylaeum on Tuesday, July 7.

At that meeting Mrs. John Downing Johnson introduced Mrs. S. R. Artman and Mrs. T. C. Day, both of whom presided. Mrs. Arthur V. Day was appointed secretary of the meeting. Representatives of the many organizations with which Mrs. Sewall was identified were present. Appreciations of Mrs. Sewall were voiced by Mrs. T. C. Day, Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, Miss Julia Moore, Mrs. John M. Judah, Miss Emily Fletcher, Mrs. Henry D. Pierce, Miss Eliza Browning, Miss Katrina Fertig, Mrs. A. M. Robertson, Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter, Mrs. C. E. Kregelo, Mrs. D. M. Parry, Mrs. Nettie Ransford, Miss Irma Vonnegut, Mrs. Theodore Wagner, Mrs. Samuel Artman.

When Mrs. Artman left for the convention of the International Council in Sweden she carried with her a letter written by Mrs. Sewall during her last illness.

At the conclusion of the meeting it was moved that two committees be appointed, one to draw up resolutions, the other committee to consider a permanent memorial. The resolutions as finally compiled and endorsed by the Federation read as follows:

"We are not unmindful of the fact that our own vision has been enlarged and elevated in the past through our continual contact with Mrs. Sewall, who exhibited undaunted courage and constancy along all lines of intellectual effort and reform, often requiring great strength of purpose and large initiative on her part, not to say a spirit of rare forebearance and persistency. We are glad to record this debt of gratitude we owe to Mrs. Sewall's memory.

"Furthermore: Knowing the far-reaching results of Mrs. Sewall's influence by means of her Girls' Classical School, her club life, her high order of social and literary activities, her Council and Propylaeum successes, and her widespread influence throughout our own country, as well as upon foreign shores, in forming or helping to form more than fifty different organizations—we feel greatly honored that this, her spirit of prog-

(Continued on Page 17)

Federation of Clubs Calendar

On October 26th, the Inter Nos Club will have a guest meeting with Mrs. Harry L. Orlopp, 2042 College avenue.

* * *

Mrs. J. R. Carr will entertain the members of the Irvington Coterie on October 25th at her home, 63 North Irvington avenue. Mrs. Philip Zoercher will talk about "Citizenship."

* * *

The Irvington Tuesday Club will meet with Mrs. William B. Farmer, 2214 Park avenue, on October 26th. Mrs. Albert Johnson will speak on "History of Immigration in the United States," and Mrs. W. H. Jeffries will lead the discussion.

* * *

Mrs. A. M. Coles, 4426 Broadway, will entertain the Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club at her home on October 26th. Mrs. Herrill will review "A Final New England Pilgrimage."

* * *

Mrs. John Downing Johnson will discuss "Summer Echoes" at a meeting of the Monday Club, October 25th, at the Propylaeum.

* * *

On October 27th, the members of the New Century Club will be entertained by Mrs. Curtis A. Hodges, 20 Audubon court.

* * *

The Parlor Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Harry Tutewiler, 1515 Park avenue, October 25th. Mrs. D. K. Partlow and Mrs. Horace Eddy will give most interesting talks on "Early Women Writers of New England."

* * *

The Writers' Club will hold a guest meeting October 26th at the Public Library Auditorium, and Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb will speak on "The Qualities of the Good Short Story."

* * *

Mrs. Charles F. Hurst, 110 Drexel avenue, will entertain the Zetathea Club on October 27th.

Gossip of the New York Stage

New York is all agog over the production of "Mecca," the newest spectacle by Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. One critic says it "surpasses anything ever seen on the stage in New York." The offering is termed a musical melodrama and is being produced at the Century Theatre. The production is declared to be as beautiful as "Aphrodite" or "Chu Chin Chow," and is said to be equally as enjoyable as either of these great spectacles.

It is pointed out that the effulgent criticisms do not mean that the piece is flawless or that it will prove the "big thing" of the season but that it stands for a real American production. Although "Mecca" is of British authorship with a Russian coloring, it is of American production and the most "gorgeous and beautiful production ever shown anywhere."

The story is an oriental fable with sultans, slave girls, rich merchants, caravans and camels, and is set forth in much the same fashion as "Chu Chin Chow". Its ballet feature is said to be the finest ever seen on any stage, not even excepting the original Russian ballet. Michael Fokine, who created the famed ballet, also directs the ballet in "Mecca," which accounts for this surpassing feature. The book was written by Oscar Asche, a British actor, who wrote "Chu Chin Chow," and is now playing in it. Percy Fletcher composed the music. Percy Anderson and Leon Bakst, who designed the costumes, and Harker Bros. of London, who designed the scenery, are said to deserve more credit than the author.

"Tip Top," Fred Stone's new musical play, is said to be about as funny as "Mecca" is gorgeous, and the theatre has been "turning them away" all season. The offering is said to be one of genuine entertainment from every point of view. Stone is called a "superclown" and in "Tip Top" he has his best chance. He is accounted the best single entertainer in the business, with the exception of Al Jolson and Raymond Hitchcock.

The latest gossip is that Edna Wallace Hopper, who has been in retirement these many moons, will emerge and take the leading role in "Just Around the Corner," G. M. Anderson's new offering.

Those who plan annual visits to "Ben-Hur" will have to forego that pleasure this year, as it is announced that for the first time in twenty-one years there will be no tour of this popular production. It is said that the dissolution of partnership between Klaw & Erlanger is responsible for the nonappearance of the play this season. The two owned the production rights jointly.

Robert Warwick is to star in a new play called "The Dauntless Three," the work of Vachell and Hackett. The play originally played at the Haymarket Theatre in London and will have its American premiere in Atlantic City within a few weeks.

Henry Miller's next production is called "Stepping Stones," and will employ an exceptional cast, there being six or eight principals who will "co-star."

Mischa Elman, the violinist, who is now in London, has cabled the Ziegfeld enterprises that he is sailing for America with the completed score of an operetta which F. Ziegfeld, Jr., will produce in New York in December. The work is based on Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," which August Thomas adopted. Elman wrote the score in Belgium where he was decorated by King Albert for musical endeavor.

Ruth Chatterton will play the leading role in Sir James M. Barrie's new play, "Mary Rose," when it is produced at the Empire Theatre during the Christmas holidays. Maude Adams had originally been offered for the role and it has just become known that she had decided not to play it. "Mary Rose" was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London and has been a decided success.

A returned actress from Germany, Mme. Lutge, says that Germany is suffering from lack of money and that theatrical producers can not furnish their choruses with silk tights, consequently the girls appear barefooted and barelegged. If that is a sign of poverty, then some American producers are on the road to the poorhouse.

Varied Program for Women

(Continued from Page 16)

ress and uplift, has been felt and shared by the peoples of many lands; but especially that from Indianapolis, the city she loved, her life has thus irradiated its greatest charm and potency."

At the opening meeting of the Indianapolis Local Council of Women on October 5, Mrs. T. C. Day read the memorial tribute, which was approved by the council. Mrs. Day also spoke of the proposed memorial to be erected to Mrs. Sewall and asked that all affiliated clubs of the council contribute their share toward it.

The first meeting of the Seventh District Federation of Clubs for the season was held Friday morning, October 15, in Odd Fellows Hall, and at this time the Seventh District endorsed the memorial resolutions to Mrs. Sewall.

Resolutions were also adopted in memory of the women who were formerly active club members who have died in the past year: Mrs. T. B. McMath, Mrs. E. E. Flickinger, Mrs. S. D. Farrabee, Mrs. Lucinda Taylor, Mrs. H. A. Self, Mrs. Katherine Elder, Mrs. Anthony W. Bowen, Mrs. Cora Campbell Barnett, Mrs. E. C. Atkins, and Mrs. Wm. Lalley. Resolutions of sympathy were passed to Mrs. H. L. Van Dorin, recording secretary of the Seventh District, who lost her husband and mother within a week's time.

Miss Bertha Howell, campaign director, gave a talk on girl scout work, and asked the assistance of club women in a girl scout campaign to be conducted November 6 to 15. Mrs. Henry E. Haywood, local scout leader, spoke on the same subject.

The greater part of the meeting was devoted to the discussion of plans for the coming convention. Mrs. John Downing Johnson, chairman of the Seventh District, read the call to the convention and urged that the club women emphasize the spirit of hospitality to visiting members. She also made a point of the importance of reading the club collect and having it published in all year books.

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Theatre Calendar

Week of October 25

English's—Alexander, "The Man Who Knows."
Murat—Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader", October 28, 29, 30.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

Miss Marie Flaherty, for several years private secretary to Charles M. Olson, head of the Lyric, Isis and Alhambra theatres, has resigned her position and left for Denver, Colorado, where she will make her home in the future. Miss Flaherty is a highly capable young woman and will be greatly missed in local theatrical circles. As tokens of their regard for her the employes of the Olson theatres gave Miss Flaherty a handsome wrist watch.

Ex-Mayor Lew Shank is considering a proposition to go on the road again at the head of a big minstrel organization which would bear his name. Lew likes the show business, but he just naturally hates to leave Indianapolis.

Some philospher once asserted that no matter how successful a man may be in his line of work, he always hankers to do something different. There's Ad. Miller, for instance, dean of local theatre managers, who always wanted to be a doctor. Running a theatre is work to Ad., but browsing around the hospitals with his friend Doc Noble is his recreation.

Some enterprising gent might make a snug sum by renting out standing room adjacent to the Murat stage entrance when "Aphrodite" comes to town to the curious who will want to see Dorothy Dalton, though 'tis said that everybody can get a very comprehensive view of her when she appears in the big spectacle.

Grand opera stars and actresses with Shakespearean repertoires are perfectly safe in Indianapolis. They are warmly welcomed, but there is no dangerous fervor in the hearty greeting. However, when a motion picture vamp (herself) comes to town, it is necessary to call out the police to protect the lady when she arrives at the stage door. Not that any violence is threatened—except in the way of violent curiosity. At last week's matinees at the Murat, special police were detailed to see that Miss Theda Bara was not annoyed in the progress of her journey from street to stage door. She refused to see any persons from the press or to tell any aspirant how to become a record-breaking vamp. It seems that in Philadelphia and elsewhere, interviews with Miss Bara have been revamped to such an extent that she couldn't recognize them, and so she has decided that absolute silence is the only safe policy—off stage, of course.



According to press reports, this picture represents only one-half of the cast of the Howard & Clark Revue. The other half are no doubt in equally "good form" to show the patrons of Keith's what a real revue is like. Seats in the first five rows should be at a premium the week of October 25.



Alexander, "The Man Who Knows", is planning on showing the public at English's some real oriental resourcefulness. While he has been the rage on the Pacific Coast he is running no chance of his art falling down here. The reason is expressed in the above picture. English's will be a place of mystery and oriental terpsichorean art the week of October 25.

Spareribs is no more. (Let it be understood at once that this is not a dissertation on the high cost of meat, but the eulogy of a dog who has gone to the happy hunting ground, or the celestial vaudeville circuit, or wherever it is that good dogs go when they die.) Spareribs is dead.

For years and years, Spareribs and his little mistress, Fannie Usher, made their annual appearance at Keith's Theatre in a sketch called "Fagan's Decision." Everyone who has been to Keith's a dozen times in the last few years must have seen at one time or another the familiar old skit, featuring the pathetic little waif, forlorn and deserted, with only one friend, faithful Spareribs. Nothing can look sadder than an unhappy dog, and Spareribs was, in appearance, one of the most woe-begone of his tribe. His expressively drooping tail, his homely little face, his general air of under-doggishness, made him a sight to bring tears to the eyes and sniffles to the noses of the most calloused of chronic vaudeville addicts. Poor Spareribs! By nature, training and predilection, he was perfectly qualified to play his role of the forlornest of dogs. But now the stage will know him no more.

Not a single canine of Spareribs' peculiar qualifications being available to succeed him, Miss Usher has had to bury the old act with Spareribs, and when she comes again to Indianapolis, she will have a different act, and no Spareribs.

One of the most humble tunes that has been loosed on the country for many moons is "The Love Nest." Its haunting tunefulness is infectious, and even the people who disapprove of its inconsequential, commonplace little air find themselves subject to the general contagion of humming or whistling "The Love Nest." For weeks it has been the best selling phonograph record. Soon Indianapolis will have an opportunity to hear "The Love Nest" in its proper setting in the Geo. M. Cohan musical comedy, "Mary," which will be seen at English's Opera House the week commencing Monday evening, November 1. "Mary" has



Alice John, with Guy Bates Post, in "The Masquerader," Murat, October 28, 29, 30.

been seen in but two cities so far, Boston and Philadelphia, and Indianapolis is to have an opportunity to pass judgment on "Mary" before she arrives in New York. The entire production is under the personal supervision of Geo. M. Cohan, and is said to be quite up to Cohan standards of excellence.

At last, after several delays, it is now positively announced that Al Jolson, the inimitable, will make his appearance here at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, November 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, with matinee Wednesday, in the Winter Garden extravaganza "Sinbad."

It has been almost five years since the burnt cork funmaker was seen here, and a record-breaking run is expected. Every one knows that each Winter Garden show is better than the one preceding, and if that is to be taken as a criterion this time, then the Jolson aggregation must be "some show."

The same cast which was seen in New York will appear here, including Sue Greighton, Virginia Smith, Forrest Huff, Leah Norah, Lawrence D'Orsay, Fritzie Von Busing, Frank Holmes, Helen Ely, Franklyn A. Batie, Ma Bell, Virginia Smith, Rebekah Cauble, William Burns, Eddie Lynn, and nearly 150 other actors and singers.

ENGLISH'S—

The lure of the mysterious is the power back of the tremendous success that has been achieved by Alexander, "The Man Who Knows," who is scheduled for his first visit to Indianapolis with his own show of wonders, opening a six days' engagement at the English Opera House on Monday, October 25.

Alexander denies control over powers not resident in the least occult of his auditors, but his manner of denial and its frankness is believed by many to cloak a deeper knowledge than he would care to claim. Commenting anent his remarkable demonstration in his famous Simla Seance, or crystal gazing—during which he answers hundreds of questions with gatling-gun rapidity, these being written in any language and sealed in any container—he says in effect, "I do nothing that could not be accomplished by the ordinary person if they applied a lifetime of study to it as I have done. Here it is. Now tell me how I do it. You have eyes for yourself. Well, then, draw your own conclusions."

The Alexander program is thus doubly interesting, for it is baffling, yet instructive—mysterious, yet casual, and almost jocular at times. Indeed, one feature potent in the success attained is the great good humor and philosophy with which Alexander freights his answers to the myriad perplexed inquiries.

The opening part of the Alexander program offers the latest from the workshop of the mystic himself and from those of other master modern miracle makers, the second Oriental dancing by Lillian Marion and the Nartell Twins, dancers de luxe, and the closing the Simla Seance and advance tests.

MURAT

The international pre-eminent position of Guy Bates Post makes his engagement at the Shubert-Murat October 28th, 29th and 30th—matinee Saturday—the most wonderful event of the theatrical year. His last appearance on tour was in Richard Walton Tully's "Omar, the Tentmaker." The present creation is in startling contrast. In his present success, "The Masquerader", he appears in a dual role. The men are alike in appearance, but totally unalike mentally. This calls for a delicacy of expression, a certainty of poise, a knowledge of detail and natural instinct for the theatre of the first order.

To miss Mr. Post's performance of his dual role in "The Masquerader" is to miss the epitome of combined art and stagecraft, for his worthy and well-known manager, Mr. Richard Walton Tully, has brought every lever known to the producer's art and craftsmanship to bear in making the production perfection, from a mechanical, electrical, equipment and musical standpoint.

It is the same organization that completed a six months' run in Chicago the first of June, and includes, among others, Alice John, Katherine Raymore, Gerry Cornell, John Peers, Milando Tilden. Two complete mechanical crews are required to correctly stage the production that consists of three cars of effects, including revolving double stages and triple electrical effects. Press reports claim for it the largest production ever given a play in America.

LYRIC

Next week's vaudeville bill at the Lyric will be headed by the Five Chapins, who present a highly diverting offering of musical varieties, including comedy, songs and instrumental numbers. Welch and Hazelton will be seen in an amusing skit based on fun in an apartment house entitled "The Troubles of a Janitor", and Joe and Sadie D'Lier will introduce a melange of songs, talk, dances and accordion selections. A novel playlet dealing with the rent profiteers, will be staged by Fred and Peggy Pymm, "I Want My Rent!" which presents in clever fashion the amusing side of this serious question. Other attractions will include Wilbur and Adams, comedy acrobats; Smith and Revere in something original called "News Oddities"; Ernest Hiatt, a versatile story telling comedian, and a lively Fox film farce, "Hold Me Tight".



Scene from Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, English's, Sunday Evening, October 24

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B. F. KEITH'S

A change in the routing of the Joseph E. Howard Revue delays the appearance of that company at Keith's, but brings instead the newest act of Hermine Shone and her company of players, "The New Moon," written and staged by Edgar Allen Woolf. This musical and comedy production, which opens at Keith's Monday, October 25th, carries an elaborate stage setting and the scenes are laid in Ireland.

Claud and Fannie Usher, formerly seen in their homely comedy, "Fagan's Decision," in which they introduced "Spareribs," the dog, return with a sentimental comedy, "The Bide-a-Wee Home."

(Continued on Page 22)

NOTES OF SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 9)

bridesmaids, Miss Carolyn Coffin, Miss Margaret Gardner, Miss Alice Holliday, Miss Lucy Holliday, Miss Stuart Snyder, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Louise Atwater, of Bridgeport, Conn. The bride wore a beautiful gown which was made of bridal satin and lace which had been her grandmother's.

Jack Holliday was best man, and the ushers were Walter Hubbard, Evans Woollen, Jr., Paul Brehm, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Crawford Johnson, of Birmingham, Ala.; Shepherd Elliott, of Henderson, Ky., and Lawrence Jones, of Chicago.

The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Woodstock Club. Mr. and Mrs. Holliday have gone to New York for a motor trip.

* * *

Miss Henrietta Kothe has gone to Marshall, Mo., for a visit and to attend the wedding of Miss Mary Buckner to Howard Beesley. Miss Buckner was a schoolmate of Miss Kothe at Miss Moxley's School for Girls at Rome, Italy. Miss Kothe will be the violin soloist at the wedding.

* * *

Mrs. George S. Winders and daughter Katherine have returned from a visit to Chicago.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. Aufderheide was hostess for twenty-five tables of bridge at her home on North Meridian street Wednesday, October 20, from 2 to 5 o'clock, for the benefit of the St. Margaret's Guild. The proceeds will go toward additional equipment for the children's ward at the City Hospital.

* * *

Mrs. William Sorenson, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Conder.



Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will again enchant hundreds of her ardent admirers with her wonder voice and magnetic personality when she will present a splendidly-arranged program for Sunday afternoon, November 28th, at the Murat Theatre. Assisting her will be George Morgan, a splendid young American baritone, and Katherine Hoffman at the piano.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

(Continued from Page 13)

forty-second in the list of forty-eight states, as regards her position in educational matters.

Rev. H. O. Kisner (minister)—If I were not a minister I would be a detective.

Charley Greathouse (printing salesman)—Say what you want to about the election, but this is ideal weather.

Charles Orbison (prohibition enforcement agent)—It begins to look like we'll have a dry spring.

Herb Miller (cafe manager)—That Harding meeting was like old times—the crowd, the yells and the speaking. The English Hotel has seen a lot of such meetings.

Tom Buskirk (manager Denison)—With the teachers and the Democrats the Denison is going to have all it can do, but the more the merrier.

George Gribble (promoter)—There is nothing to it—Harding will be elected, and I am going to vote so straight it will jar the machine.

Howard Robinson (insurance salesman)—Business is good despite the campaign, and after Cox is elected it'll be better.

Emerson Chaille (real estate)—Aside from being a real estate man, I'd rather be an aviator.

Dave Koontz (cafe proprietor)—The booze business died a hard death, but it didn't hurt the restaurant business any.

Ellis Searles (editor Mine Workers' Journal)—The findings of the coal commission has borne out editorials in the Journal that operators were getting all they could while the getting was good.

Doc Raschig (editorial writer)—Well, Indiana won another game of football and I've got no kick coming at anything.

Herman Deupree (real estate)—That "Northwestern next" slogan is going to apply to all other comers against the I. U. eleven from now on.

Albert Stump (attorney)—I don't know which is the most exciting, when your old school eleven wins or when your political party cops out a victory.

Chic Jackson (cartoonist)—My favorite indoor sport is picking out a choice wedge of pie in a good cafe.

All the campaign managers—Indianapolis needs a large hall for political meetings.

George Lemaux (Board of Works' member)—Maybe we'll get all the jogs out of the streets after while.

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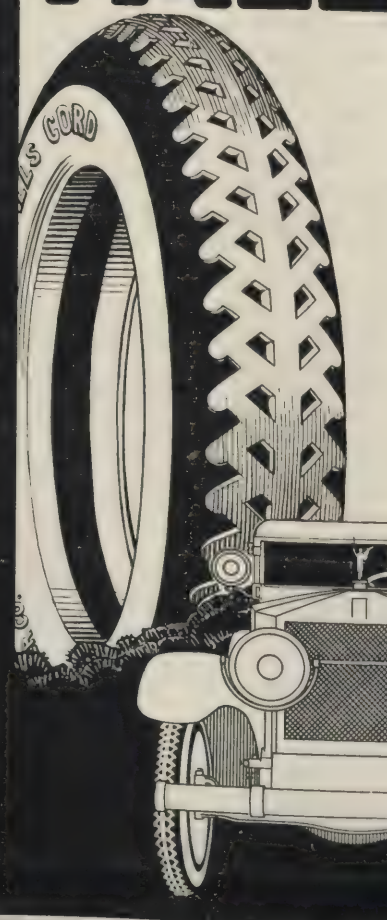
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Motion Pictures

Week of October 24

Week of October 24.

Alhambra—Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "The Jailbird;" Deep Waters.

Circle—James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North."

Colonial—Olive Thomas in "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Crystal—Corinne Griffith in "The Whisper Market."

Isis—William S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage." Deep Waters.

Mister Smith's—Shirley Mason in "Girl of My Heart."

Ohio—Gene Pollar in "The Revenge of Tarzan."

Regent—Buck Jones in "Sunset Sprague."

Alhambra

Douglas MacLean, who has been made a star in his own right by Thomas H. Ince, comes to the Alhambra the first half of next week in "The Jailbird", a comedy-drama in which this popular light comedian appears in the role of "Shakespeare Clancy", who endeavors to emulate the tactics of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford by promoting an oil boom in a small town in Kansas and selling a large amount of worthless stock to the inhabitants. His scheme works admirably, only the oil well proves to be a gusher and instead of being a slick crook young Clancy suddenly discovers himself to be the wealthiest and most respected citizen of the town. There are a host of clever comedy situations and several effective dramatic moments as well. Doris May heads the supporting company. Other features will be a Universal comedy, the Fox news weekly and the singing trio, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz. On Thursday and for the rest of the week the attraction will be Maurice Tourneur's special production, "Deep Waters".

Circle—

The feature picture at the Circle Theatre for the week of October 24 is a picturization of James Oliver Curwood's story, "Nomads of the North." The scene is laid in the Hudson Bay region,and abounds in deadly fights, terrific forest fires, gallant mounted policemen, and narrow escapes. The lovely lady and the wicked villain are, of course, included in the story, the beautiful Nannette being pursued by Buck MacDougall, while she really loved Raoul. When it seems that at last Nannette must fall into the hands of the villain, her faithful dog and bear save her. Gratitude enlists the police on the side of Raoul even though he is wanted for killing a man, and the forest fire burns the proper people. Betty Blythe, Lewis Stone and Lon Cheney are leading members of the cast. A comedy, "Duck In," a Circlette of News and an overture by the Circle orchestra complete the program.

Colonial—

"Everybody's Sweetheart" is the title that Olive Thomas wears in her last picture, which will be shown at the Colonial Theatre the week of October 24. Miss Thomas plays the part of Mary, a young inmate at the County Poor Farm, who meets all her trials like a true Pollyanna. Mary's best friend at the farm is John, and one day they run away from the farm with an old soldier called the Corporal. Chance brings them to the home of General Bingham, a wealthy retired soldier. The General thinks Mary resembles his dead son and adopts her, but at the festivities celebrating the adoption, an incident occurs which reduces Mary to the ranks of a nobody once more. In spite of this, however, the ending is such as to justify her Pollyanna philosophy. A comedy entitled "A Pajama Marriage," a news reel, and music by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers are included in the program.

Crystal—

Romance, adventure, tropical locale, smuggling, unusual situations and remarkable costumes go to make up "The Whisper Market," in which Corinne Griffith will be seen at the Crystal Theatre the week beginning October 24. She plays the wife of an American consul at Rio de Janeiro, the silent partner in a modiste's establishment. Neglected by her husband, she becomes involved in a blackmailing scheme and is inveigled into a smuggler's plot. A raid is made by American secret service men headed by her husband, and she is found in a compromising situation. With motion picture cleverness she escapes and later brings the plotters to justice.

Ohio—

Owing to the popularity of Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes," the management of the Ohio Theatre is running the picture for a second week, and the Tarzan picture, which was scheduled for this week, will be shown next week, beginning October 24. "The Revenge of Tarzan" is a dramatization of another Edgar Rice Burroughs book. It is a pretentious production in which Gene Pollar, who plays the part of Tarzan, has an opportunity to display his physical prowess in jungle settings, in fights in the underworld of Paris, and in a shipwreck. Supporting Mr. Pollar is a cast of lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, apes, chimpanzees and ourang-outangs. A comedy, "Screen Snapshots," and Literary Digest Topics complete the bill.

Regent—

Following its policy of catering to the lover of Western thrillers, the Regent Theatre will feature Buck Jones in "Sunset Sprague" the week of October 24. Sunset Sprague is a happy-go-lucky cowboy looking for a job on the range when he meets a man who draws him into the search for a stolen mine which belongs to a plucky girl. The girl is defying the bandits who killed her father to get possession of the mine. Sunset starts after the band, and when he is through with them, they are glad to disappear and leave the mine to the girl and the girl to Sunset.

The Ohio Theatre is substantiating H. K. Burton's theory that a worthwhile picture will draw crowds for more than one week. First came "Humoresque" and now Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes".

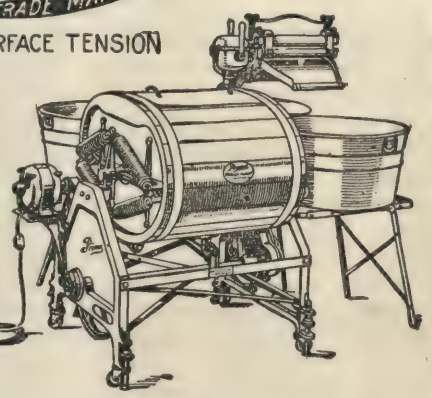
THE CIRCLE

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It Happened Once

By Cora Young Wiles

It was at the Geraldine Farrar concert on Sunday last that it happened and we are wondering yet over it. Even Mrs. Talbot, veteran of many concerts, asserts that it could not occur again—and when **she** is astonished at anything that comes to pass in the amusement world, you must admit it really is unusual.

Three of us had been eagerly anticipating hearing and seeing Miss Farrar—and if we had known more about the rapture of hearing Edgar Schofield sing, and Ada Sassoli play the harp, and those transcendent accompaniments of Claude Gotthelf, we would have been even more transported than we were. Our tickets were purchased over two weeks before, the seats very carefully chosen, and we were to meet at the theatre on the day of days and share our pleasure with each other. It was all just perfect except for one thing.

We have a dear friend who appreciates good music—but she did not decide that she could not live without hearing this until a few days previous to the performance. Anxious and worried over whether she could get a good place or not, and wanting to be near us, she went to buy her seat. Meantime we heard the house was sold out—(did you see the folk on the stage filling every spare inch, and the standing room-only audience at the back of the house?) and sold, in truth, were all the seats of her particular liking and price.

Instructed to ask for a certain number she approached headquarters of the Ona B. Talbot enterprises and asked Mrs. Talbot herself for a $2.50 seat.

"All sold," said Mrs. T., but, on looking over the list, she amended, "There is one left."

"Well, I want seat number ten, in "M" row, next to some friends of mine, but I will gladly take that one you have," said our friend.

Then it was that the unusual happened, for on comparing numbers it was found that the only seat left for her was the seat for which she had been told to ask, seat number ten, in "M" row.

Then it was that Mrs. Talbot exclaimed, "Why, it is marvelous! It could not happen again in a thousand years."

And so, our party of four, assembled, motored joyously down to the Murat, sat together, left together, Craig-ed together and—arrived at our homes—were convinced that sometimes things are, indeed, quite perfect.

Who's Hoosier and Where

(Continued from Page 11)

of the state, has had plenty to do here of late.

Harold Barbour has been over to his old home at Columbus trying out the fried chicken and other edibles and reports a good time.

Emerson Knight says that all these fellows who are kicking about having no coal should remember that they will have no ashes to carry out.

M. E. Noblet is happy. The work of pole marking the Dixie Bee line between Danville and Evansville is completed.

The owner of "Man-o'-War, the "superhorse," says there is not enough money in the world to buy the animal. Probably Stoughton Fletcher hasn't made an offer yet.

Charley Sallee says that in building air castles don't forget to include the cellar.

How long is it polite to keep your wife waiting at the Columbia Club while you have tea with a friend at English's?

Charles F. Winders of the Indianapolis Church Federation has his offices in the Y. M. C. A. building, but he's none too sure of the location of other departments of the organization. He directs the innocent inquirer to 617 Majestic building for the headquarters of the State Y. M. C. A.; but a railroad company now has its office in those rooms and the Y. M. C. A. has been gone from there, lo, these many moons.

Much contumely has been heaped upon the brilliantly illuminated signboards which line our boulevards, but the high school boys are finding them very practical. Along Maple Road Boulevard, the football squads congregate in front of the bright lights and go in for night practice.

"You don't suppose, Harry," said mother exictedly to her little son who was driving the car, "that he's going to run into us? There, son, stick your hand out further. Oh, my, he's so interested in watching that pretty girl in the short skirt that I do believe he's going to—"

Bang, and he did.

Of course, he was peeved—the boy had no business driving anyway and letting himself get run into.

"I don't think your car's hurt any, and here's fifty cents—that'll fix it," said the man to the boy.

But mother wouldn't have that. "Give me your name and address, and when the car is repaired we'll see about paying the damages."

The man reluctantly parted with his name and address and drove on.

The bill amounted to more than five dollars, and mother, in her sternest mood, called on the man who had done the damage. When he saw the size of the bill, he was loathe to pay. While he hesitated, mother stepped into the breach with a decisive remark. "If you don't care to pay this bill, I'll have to tell your wife how you happened to run into us." And he paid.

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 19)

Burt Gordon and Gene Ford will offer a comedy musical skit under the title of "A Recital Classique."

William Ebs gets credit for presenting vaudeville's newest offering, which carries a surprise at the finish different from most comedy entertainments.

The exquisite work of Rodin, the famous sculptor, is duplicated by the Four Nightons in their posing novelty.

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Ryan and Ryan are the original three-foot long shoe and eccentric Scotch dancers who have danced themselves around the world in a comedy skit.

The Kinogram News Weekly, with latest happenings in film form, will be seen in conjunction with the Digest Topics with its pithy paragraphs.

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Harry West and Chums

MELODIOUS GLOOM CHASERS

6 Other Big New Features 6

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AFTERNOON AND EVENING

Alhambra

FIRST HALF NEXT WEEK
Ethel Clayton
—IN—
"A City Sparrow"

THURS., FRI., SAT.
Wanda Hawley
—IN—
"The Beloved Villain"

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1920 — NUMBER 20

"Steeplejack"--Dreamer of Dreams

Being a New Book by James Gibbons Huneker in Which He Writes in His Inimitable Way of the Fine Arts.

By Ona B. Talbot

It is with extreme pleasure that I devote my page in this week's issue to a chapter from the latest book from the pen of James Gibbons Huneker, the inimitable fine arts critic.

More than twenty years ago when Mr. Huneker was the music critic for the New York Sun, his reviews were eagerly and conscientiously read by me, daily, and his judgment of art and artists was then, and is now, to me—supreme.

"Steeplejack" is the attractive title of Mr. Huneker's book just issued and in the opening chapter "Apology" he writes:

"The avowals of a steeplejack! Why shouldn't a steeplejack make avowals? It is a dangerous occupation and, oddly enough, one in which the higher you mount the lower you fall, socially. Yet a steeplejack, humble as is his calling, may be a dreamer of daring dreams, a poet, even a hero. I, who write these words, am no poet, but I have been a steeplejack. I have climbed to the very top of many steeples the world over, and dreamed like the rest of my fellow beings the dreams that accompany the promenade of pure blood through young arteries, and now after a half century, I shall report these dreams and their awakenings; for the difference between the dream-world and what we are pleased to call reality is something which no poet, philosopher or psychologist has yet explained. Whether we dream at night when our body vegetates or our dreams overflow into our waking hours does not much matter. To dream is to exist. I dream, therefore I am, might be the formula of a second Descartes. And who enjoys loftier dreams than a steeplejack? But alas! he must always return to earth, else perish aloft from the cold."

In the perusal of this most fascinating narration of "the steeplejack of the arts" as he styles himself, one the most amusing and naturally the most interesting to me was the trials and tribulations of "Mlle. New York," a magazine published some twenty-five years ago.



JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

The Inimitable Fine Arts Critic, whose new book "Steeplejack" is considered one of the most illuminating resumes of the fine arts ever published.

Mlle. New York

"Vance Thompson is a Caveman. Don't be deceived by his books on Woman, Drink, Eat and Grow Thin, or by his activities in Europe with the Y. M. C. A.—where Cavemen were needful. He is a Caveman, despite his poetry and prose. I first met him at the old Eden Muse on Twenty-third street in 1893, where he put on a pantomime of his own with his wife, Mlle. Severine, and Pilar Morin in the cast. He was writing for the Commercial Advertiser; later he joined the staff of The Musical Courier. Then he went to France as correspondent. He published his French Portraits while on The Musical Courier. But it is of *Mlle. New York* that I would speak. Modeled after some of the Paris weeklies, audacious, fearing neither God nor man, nor the printer, yet this fortnightly was unlike any publication I have ever seen. Today collectors know it; a complete set is hard to come by and the price is high. The first series comprises eleven numbers, the second four. Vance Thompson, Thomas Fleming, illustrator, Thomas Powers, illustrator, and myself comprised the staff. There was no office except under our hats, and the publisher mailed the copies. Frankly, I wonder how we escaped Anthony Comstock. Perhaps our "precious" prose saved us. But the illustration! Simply gorgeous. The "mighty line" of Fleming, the tricky

Vance Thompson and His "Mlle. New York", a Caveman Publication That Lived a Fast Pace But Soon Died.

humor and skill of Powers—still a force among New York caricaturists—the wicked attack of Editor Thompson on society, and government and women, all these made *Mlle. New York* unique. The make-up, too, of the sheet was unusual. Printed in colors, with wide margins, there were tiny pictures across the letter-press and impertinent marginal comment. In a word, *Mlle. New York* was more Parisian than Paris. It cost us a lot. We had to dive down "into our jeans" to pay the printer and paper-man. But we had lots of fun.

It was a safety valve for our rank egotism and radicalism. Every institution was attacked save the church. Philip Hale wrote a masterpiece in miniature about Jack the Ripper, entitled, "The Baffled Enthusiast". We had a Philip Hale cult then. An artist in prose, he literally educated Boston in the gentle art of paganism. Why, even to such a deadly task as inventing analytical notes to the Boston Symphony Orchestra programmes he brings a touch that lightens the inherent dryness of the subject. Papa Krehbiel, as each number of *Mlle. New York* appeared, would run his fingers through his blonde curls and desperately exclaim, 'What are you boys up to?' We didn't know ourselves. Possibly to startle people. We didn't succeed either in startling or in making the enterprise a paying one. *Mlle. New York* faded from the newsstands Marc Blumberg generously came to the rescue. At a loss he published the last section of four issues. We gave up, and after the shouting was over, rather the wailing of mourners, the casualty list was depressing. Eventually all the indebtedness was canceled. We had the experience and fifteen copies of a costly literary and artistic experience. And *Mlle. New York* was both literary and artistic. When the young chaps nowadays talk about Free Verse, I mind me the verse

(Continued on Page 14)

The Movies a Potent Preceptor

By Lawrence G. Holmes

In a recent issue of a very popular and supposedly high-grade periodical there appeared a story of a perfect crime planned and carried out successfully by a man possessed of apparently sub-normal intelligence. Employed in a mental task, at which he had been content the better part of his life, the idea suddenly takes him that it would be very easy to steal enough money on which a being of his simple tastes could live comfortably for the remainder of his life. The minute details of his establishing an identity in a neighboring town; the theft of the money, which he hid; his subsequent arrest in the other town on suspicion; the rather ridiculous grilling which he underwent at the hands of the police and which he made the basis of a suit for damages of sufficient sum to furnish him the required amount when he was eventually released on the recognition of the very man from whom he had stolen; his rearrest later under his real identity in a far city; the return of the money and his release to a life of ease—all these things are very clearly told, and in great detail. Distinctly improbable, the tale nevertheless is so redolent of suggestions that it might well be titled "A Textbook for Thieves."

One of the local motion picture houses (this one is chosen from among many at random) showed a picture not many weeks ago purporting to be the story of a gentleman(?) thief, who, with the aid of his female partner and her physical charms, prevailed on the unsuspecting country boy to accede to their plans, with the very natural result that the delightfully unconventional pair escape with all the gold in the plot. That they are later brought to face their guilt by drowning, through an act of Providence, is due to a mistake on their part which no human being of the cleverness they were supposed to possess would ever make—and any schoolboy in the audience easily recognized the error as they made it. Although it is not, it very easily could be named "Visualized Training for Aspiring Criminals."

It is a discouraging commentary on the attitude of the minds of our people that the type of stories cited above are avidly seized upon, and so well received that it is financially worth the while of the authors and publishers to write and print them. Since, however, there are inherent criminal inhibitions in all human minds, and particularly strong in certain types of minds, it is impractical to hope to change that aspect. But, on the other hand, how unreasonable it is to inveigh against crime, while at the same time it is being taught on all sides! These fires of criminal inclinations have burned in human hearts since Cain slew Abel and will continue to so burn as long as they are being fed with inflammatory material. It is perfectly natural, though, that in this money-making mad era in which we live, for those to whom the benefits of this kind of work can be expressed in dollars and cents the larger issues should dwindle into insignificance.

Admittedly one of the strongest influences brought to bear on the youth of our country is the motion picture. What boy has not had his mind inflamed with the desire to be a "bold, bad man", and the pictures which he follows breathlessly teach him the exact procedure which is used in the most approved criminal circles. One has only to follow the records of the daily press and the juvenile court to see how closely the instructions received at the "movie" are carried out to the letter. Would it not be possible to present the adventures of the hero just as attractively and excitingly in some honest endeavor as they are shown in crime?

As the boy grows older the more advanced kinds of crime, such as that mentioned in "A Textbook for Thieves", are presented for his enlightenment. In the office where he is employed he sees the demonstration of the enthusiastic salesman for some check protecting device demonstrate how checks may be raised, signatures changed and all the modus operandi of the professional counterfeiter. Then for his further edification the daily newspapers carry long stories describing just how Ponzi operated—and just where he made the mistake that cost him his entire fortune before he could escape with it.

The psychology of suggestion working insidiously in his mind eventually will induce him to try his hand, for he is certain that he can avoid that one mistake which has cost the others their liberty.

In combating these influences the pedagogical "Honesty is the best policy" and the law which says "Thou shalt not steal" are hardly sufficient. Is it not possible to give more attention to the best thought instead of to the best seller, and to enlist their support? And instead of screaming from the housetops about the latest thing in crimes, could not more publicity be given to the endeavors of those who are striving to raise the standards?

The inhibition to high ideals is fully as strong as the criminal inhibition, and can be as easily developed and taught.

Officers Are Installed

The new officers of the Optimist Club, of Indianapolis, were installed last Friday night with fitting ceremonies, followed by an enjoyable dinner and dance. Wives and women friends of the members were invited, the ceremony taking place at the Chamber of Commerce. The following officers were installed:

President, Dr. C. G. Winter; vice-president, Stanley Brooks; secretary, George Schmid; treasurer, George W. Snyder; sergeant-at-arms, Clarence Irish; directors, O. D. Haskett and Clyde E. Parsons.



"Long Sweetenin' "

Under a flaring gasoline torch the Wayfarer saw stacks of cans and buckets at a curb market stand. "New sorghum?" asked the seller as he shoved a quart can across the board. "Just made, an' it'll certainly help out that stack of pancakes."

"I like it better'n sugar for some things," said an old graybeard, lighting a cob pipe from the torch. "I guess everybody has a good word for 'long sweetenin'," he said.

"Long sweetening" was popular by force of circumstances in the early days in Indiana, because sugar was scarce and was held as a luxury.

"We never had sugar in our house for months at a time," the old man went on, as he saw he had an interested listener: "We depended on our sorghum patch. It went out of fashion for a long time, then gradually came back. During the war when we was payin' 30 cents a pound for sugar, 'long sweetenin' helped out, I want to tell you.

"Makin' sorghum in the old days was always a jolly time for us kids. It was almost like 'stir off' time in makin' maple molasses.

"The old cane grinder stood in the edge of our orchard and farmers for miles around would bring their cane in to be made into syrup.

"We'd hitch up the old gray mare to the sweep and start grindin'. The juice would be emptied into big vats over a fire and started boilin'. Somebody had to be there to keep skimmin' as the dregs would rise to the top. It took a long time to evaporate the water and get the juice down to the right thickness for molasses. When it was nearly done us kids with long sticks of green cane would dip into it and lick it off just like it was candy.

"Some of us had to keep enough wood around the boiler to keep the 'lasses boilin' and lots of times we'd boil all night. Then was when we had the fun! Neighbor boys'd come over and bring two or three fat chickens. We'd mix up a batch of wet clay and plaster over the chickens, after drawin' an' washin' 'em good and puttin' salt, pepper and a piece of bacon on the inside. Then they'd roast in the hot coals until the clay was baked hard. Then when it was peeled off it would take feathers and outside skin, leaving nothin' but juicy chicken, roasted till it'd melt in your mouth. Somebody'd bring bread and a big pot o' coffee—and what a feast!

"October was the 'lasses makin' month, and the nights were bright and frosty—just right for coon and possum huntin'—and many a possum an' coon have I helped to roast while makin' 'long sweetenin'.' Everybody had enough to eat them days, an' it didn't cost your week's wages, either! You could go out an' git it in the woods if you didn't like what you had at home.

"How much is this can?" he asked the vendor.

"Forty cents! Good Lord, man; it's many a five gallon keg I've sold for fifty. * * * I'll take it, because sorghum and me are good friends an' always have been. I'll have some of this for supper, an' tonight I'll dream of a moonlight night—bayin' dogs—a fat coon an' a stone furnace with sparks flyin' from a mud chimbly—an' all us kids gittin' ready for a feast. You wouldn't think 'long sweetenin'' 'd do that for you, would you?—well, it will me. * * * goodnight." C. S. G.

Stories 'Bout Town

Clarence Irish, the newly-elected sergeant-at-arms of the Optimist Club, is no orator and never made any claims of being one, so when he was assigned a subject right off the reel by the president of the club he was sort o' up a tree.

"My position reminds me of the story of the old farmer going to town in his wagon," said Mr. Irish. "The mud was hub deep and the first thing he knew he was mired down. Getting out of the wagon the old man squashed around in the mud and took in the situation.

"'Hellsbells!' he said; 'stuck and nothing to unload!' That's my fix right now," the speaker said fervently, as he sat down amidst the roars of the crowd.

An after-dinner orator, at one of our recent club meetings at the Chamber of Commerce, was talking about how the public requiring to have good things thrust on it, rather than stepping out and taking them when offered, illustrated his point by a story:

"It was at a wedding breakfast after the ceremony, and the groomsman had been partly restored to consciousness. He was again scared stiff by his friends insisting that he make a speech, something he had never done in his life. He shakingly arose and inadvertently leaned over his bride with his hand on her shoulder. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, 'this thing was thrust upon me—' but he never got any farther publicly."

A campaign spellbinder, who has been out in the sticks, tells about being in a small store conducted by a gentle-

(Continued on Page 20)

Wait for the "Big Night"

"Jollification" Party Planned by the Boosters of Indianapolis Athletic Club to Be "Red Fire" Occasion.

It will be a "jollification" party at the Claypool Hotel on the night of November 10, and guests will hear all about the new Indianapolis Athletic Club.

The occasion will be the time when the club plans will be unfolded. George A. Schneider, of Cleveland, secretary and manager of the athletic club of that city, will speak. Mr. Schneider is perfectly familiar with athletic club management, for he not only has been secretary and manager of the Cleveland club since its inception, but he has been called into consultation in an advisory capacity with several of the leading athletic clubs of the country.

Schneider is a live wire and during the war made patriotic speeches at coal mines and steel mills in behalf of war loan drives. At the Hippodrome in Cleveland one night he sold $1,136,000 worth of bonds between the acts. In the fourth loan drive he beat this record in the same theatre, selling $3,367,000 worth of bonds. Schneider is a salesman as well as a corking good talker and he is expected to ginger up the Indianapolis bunch at the jollification dinner.

Henry P. Angel, who helped to organize the Cleveland club, is in Indianapolis assisting in the organization of the club here. "The Indianapolis club is going big," he told a representative of TOPICS. "I am more than pleased with results. We have applications for non-resident membership from forty cities of the country, including Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Columbus, Paducah, Ky., New York City, New Haven, Conn., Middletown and Toledo, Ohio. The local membership campaign is coming fine, applications by the dozens coming in every day."

Mr. Schneider said that by the night of November 10 the membership for Indianapolis would be more than the 1,000 set by the committee.

That Indianapolis is "taking" to the proposed club is evidenced by the indorsements it has received from the various clubs and civic bodies. The Optimist, Kiwanis, American and Rotary Clubs have already given their official indorsement to the club and many of the members of these clubs have made applications for membership in the athletic organization. The Chamber of Commerce, at a meeting the other day, gave their indorsement to the proposition. Henry F. Campbell presented the matter to the Chamber.



HENRY F. CAMPBELL

President of the Indianapolis Athletic Club whose untiring efforts is helping to give to Indianapolis an Athletic Club that will rank with such cities as Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit.

The talk that there might be a joint organization between the chamber and the athletic club was not productive of any results, the position being taken that it would be more effective for both bodies if their organizations were separate.

The chamber has some 3,000 members and letters will be sent to these suggesting that support be given to the proposed organization.

The membership committee of the athletic organization is now on the windup of its campaign. When through, most of the influential citizens of the city will have been solicited, and the roster shows they are liberally represented in the membership.

It has been definitely decided, and invitations have been sent, that the "jollification" dinner will be held on the night of November 10. The dinner will be held in the Riley room at the Claypool and a regular program has been prepared for the occasion. The committee having the dinner in charge is composed of the following:

Henry F. Campbell, L. M. Wainwright, S. A. Fletcher, J. J. Cole, A. G. Ruddell, C. L. Buschmann, Harry C. Stutz, Hilton U. Brown, Robert Springsteen, Charles W. Jewett, Bert McBride, Charles B. Sommers, Walter C. Marmon, A. R. Heiskell, Meredith Nicholson, Eugene H. Darrach, John H. Lederer, Warren D. Oakes, Ralph H. Lemcke, E. R. Treat, Wallace O. Lee, Will H. Brown, Frank H Wheeler, Dick Miller, George J. Marott, Thomas A. Wynne, William E. English, O. D. Haskett, Thomas Taggart, Felix McWhirter, Homer McKee, C. Fred Davis, Arthur R. Baxter, E. W. Steinhart, L. C. Huesmann, Fred M. Ayres, O. B. Iles, Fred Hoke, D. McCall White, Carl G. Fisher, A. Gordon Murdock, Charles F. Coffin, Frank S. Fishback, T. E. Myers, Fred E. Mason, A. M. Glossbrenner, Frank Floyd, B. F. Lawrence.

The Indianapolis Athletic Club is now on the way and the success is assured of this newest endeavor of our "no mean city."

Membership Committee to Announce Club Roster Roll Complete and Will Unfold Plans of the Organization.



GEORGE A. SCHNEIDER

Secretary of the Cleveland Athletic Club who has been invited to speak at the "jollification" party, November 10, and who will disclose just what a real club can do for a live city.

Real and So-Called Architects

A communication from Mamie L. Bass to TOPICS takes exception to statements made in an article under the caption "Men Architects and Women's Homes," by a contributor to this publication, in which she pointed out mistakes made by so-called architects in the planning of home features.

Miss Bass, we feel, overlooked one of the main points in the discussion, and that is that the public—at least the Indiana public—is at the mercy of most any one who hangs out his shingle and puts "Architect" on it.

The author of "Men Architects and Women's Homes" did not indict the entire profession of men architects, but said that many of them were poor architects when it came to designing homes for women. She pointed out a number of mistakes these so-called architects have made and that they stand now as monuments to their lack of knowledge or carelessness.

"I know several men architects who are wizards at real home designing,"

(Continued on Page 20)

How the Prohibition Question and Not Conscience Makes Cowards of Us All.



It's not conscience nowadays but the prohibition question that makes cowards of us all. The man who is not afraid to speak out boldly and publicly on any question, no matter how advanced or how reactionary his views may be, finds himself tongue-tied before the simple question, "What are your views on prohibition?" —if he has any "anti" inclinations. To his friends he may air his anti-prohibition views with great gusto, he may take all measures and precautions to prevent prohibition from touching himself personally, but when the question is publicly put to be publicly answered, he either abandons his guns entirely, makes a very weak-kneed defense of the antis, or else uses as ammunition those pleas of total ignorance of the subject which offer the easiest way out. Altogether aside from the question as to whether or not bone-dry prohibition is the right and desirable thing for these United States, it can not but strike the onlooker as a pitiful thing to see a strong man crumple up before the question "What are your views of prohibition?"—the man in question, of course, being one of those many who do not believe whole-heartedly in prohibition as it operates—or is supposed to operate—at the present time

Acting on the principle that in union there is strength, many of the people who oppose prohibition in its present form have rallied together in a National Personal Liberty League. The Indiana branch of this association is called the Personal Liberty League of Indiana. It was organized last summer and now has about fifteen thousand members in Indianapolis and some three thousand more throughout the state. The great advantage of such a league is that it necessitates the appointment of an executive secretary who has the time, courage, and inclination to speak out boldly and profusely the opinions of the members of the league on that tender subject, prohibition.

The chief purpose of the organization, as set forth by its secretary, Mr. Harry R. Calkins, is to express its opposition to the Volstead Act. The league is not opposed to the doing away with the saloon, for they regard it as having become a vile place and a bad influence in politics. They consider that the best way to solve the prohibition problem and to bring about a general condition of temperance in the country is to promote the sale of light wines and beer for home consumption. With whisky they are not particularly concerned. They consider that possibly it should be sold under proper regulations.

Mr. Calkins says: "If the league can succeed in having the sale of light wines and beers legalized throughout the country, a great service will have been rendered to the many people who are now suffering from drinking "white mule", Jamaica ginger, patent medicines, bay rum, perfumes, and hair tonics. I feel that the Volstead Act has been a rank failure, that it is not functioning in Indiana as far as I can observe. We fear that continued prohibition will make conditions worse and worse as more people learn to make whiskey and sell it. If wine and beer were permitted in the home, then any man who would buy illicit whiskey and drink it would come to be looked upon as a degenerate by business men and all other people of consequence.

"In general, the organization is opposed to the treatment of people's every day conduct by law. We regard law's proper sphere as being society's instrument for protecting the country against outside dangers and protecting the people within the country against one another. We are interested in opposing the passage of sumptuary laws, and we are against the paternalistic trend in government. We are ready to help stop the fight on tobacco, and in case agitation is started against tea and coffee or anything else of that nature, we will interest ourselves in that matter, too. As for theatre-closing laws, and blue laws, we are opposed to those, too.

"We are also committed to a policy in favor of a national referendum to operate in the same manner as the state referendum, in states which have them. This will give the people a chance to decide for themselves on questions such as the liquor question, and they will not have the will of an active, wealthy and unscrupulous minority imposed upon them."

In spite of the fact that the aim of the league is to fight for personal liberty on any front where personal liberty is threatened, the official paper of the organization, edited by Mr. Calkins, is suggestively named, "The Desert News." It was suggested to Mr. Calkins that when the Volstead Act had been properly amended this name would lack point as the title of the paper of a Personal Liberty League. This small matter will receive the attention of the league at a later date when the Volstead objective has been attained. In the meantime, "The Desert News" will make its appearance monthly.

The first and only issue of the paper up to date was published on October 13, and the lurid character of this sheet should make it a detriment rather than an asset to the league. Sentimental pleas for the "sanctity of the home", touching cartoons of the poor washerwoman wailing at her tub, "I sure would relish a glass of beer now," transparent and high-flown arguments, all these will not advance the cause of the league with sober-minded, sane people.

One vicious attack on the probity of the Anti-Saloon League, in particular, seems to invite ridicule rather than sympathy for the Personal Liberty League. This choice excerpt follows:

"Old John Rockefeller has given $350,000 yearly for twenty years to the Anti-Saloon League. That is enough to pay $10,000 yearly to state superintendents in thirty-five states. Old John would have us believe that all was done for the sake of righteousness. Old John has failed to deny the p pular rumor that he is a heavy backer of the five and ten cent stores in America. Perhaps Old John himself wanted those nickels that used to be spent for beer."

The theory that the avaricious Rockefeller promoted prohibition in order that he might lure the nickels from the pockets of the honest workmen with enticing five and ten cent store gewgaws is highly edifying but scarcely convincing. This is not argument but flapdoodle.

The noble and altruistic aims of the Personal Liberty League deserve a more dignified medium of expression than "The Desert News."

The chief work of the organization is to spread propaganda in favor of personal liberty. It proposes to do everything it can to convince legislators and congressmen of the reasonableness of letting people decide their sumptuary conduct for themselves. This work is financed popularly, and funds are now being received from individual contributions and from the subscriptions obtained to "The Desert News" at a dollar a year for the paper and membership. All funds raised so far have been secured by voluntary contribution of private individuals, and Mr. Calkins says that they have received no aid from the so-called liquor interests. All the members, he says, have joined for purely altruistic reasons, and though a pessimistic public might suspect leading drug and hotel men of having joined the organization from ulterior motives, Mr. Calkins repudiates any such base insinuations. The organization is actuated by the highest motives, is strictly non-partisan, and purely altruistic.

In his altruistic fervor against the injustice of the methods by which prohibition was foisted on the country, Mr. Calkins quotes Thomas Marshall's statement before the Virginia Bar Association—that the country never would have gone dry if the vote on the Eighteenth Amendment had been by secret ballot. In other words, the congressmen of the country were so intimidated by the Anti-Saloon League and the other powerful forces of prohibition—in Mr. Calkins' opinion—that

The Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks Says Every Man Should Decide the Question for Himself.

they voted against their own consciences and better judgment and for prohibition.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the reason "The Desert News" carries no advertising is because even the business men who are enlisted in the league are afraid to give their paper any advertising for fear that their business would be boycotted.

It is also apropos to report that of six men who are among the members of the Advisory Board of the Personal Liberty League, five were extremely noncommittal as to their connection with the league or their views of its work.

Mr. R. F. Geddes admitted that he is a member of the league. He joined because his friend asked him to do so. He knows very little about it, is not deeply interested, and has never attended a meeting. He understands that the league is to prevent the government from passing very drastic laws in regard to suffrage, taxes, prohibition, etc. He feels that the government has gone too far in the matter of prohibition, but he is not any more interested in prohibition than in the other issues which the league stands for.

Mr. Doherty Sheerin is not sure whether or not he is a member of the league. Somebody may have touched him for a dollar at some time, but he doesn't remember. He has his own views on prohibition, but as for the league as a league he may or may not belong.

Mr. George Dollarhide is a member of the league, but said he did not know that he was on the advisory committee. He is not actively engaged in the league's work, and referred the inquirer for information to Mr. Leo Rappaport, the president.

Mr. Rappaport was too busy to discuss the work of the league and suggested that the executive secretary could give all details.

A fifth gentleman listed on the advisory board was ill at the time he was questioned, and couldn't remember anything very definite about whether or not he was connected with the league.

The Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks is a member of the league and gave the following statement of his views on the subject, recklessly defiant of the Anti-Saloon League bogey:

"I believe that every man has a right to determine whether or not he shall use wine and beer, provided that in its use he does not affect the welfare of his fellows. Only when one's practice is socially injurious is it right to forbid it by law. I do not believe the temperate use of these liquors is harmful to society, even though they

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Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Barnett left last week for a motor trip of several months in the South.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Murdock are spending a week in Chicago.

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Mrs. M. A. Kellogg is making a week's visit to St. Louis, Mo.

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Mr. and Mrs. James W. Lilly announce the engagement of their daughter Mary Jeanette to Paul E. Fisher, formerly of Richmond, Indiana. The wedding will take place in the spring.

* * *

Mrs. Evert M. Thompson announces the engagement of her daughter Ruth Elizabeth to Boyd M. Gillespie. The wedding will take place late in December. The announcement was made at an informal bridge party last week, at which Mrs. Thompson entertained a few friends of the bride-elect. The guests included Mrs. Harold Thompson, Mrs. Robert Gilliland, Mrs. John Rauch, Mrs. Clemens Mueller, Mrs. John Rhoades, Mrs. E. Blake Francis, Mrs. August Frenzel Miller, Mrs. Edgar Zimmer, Miss Josephine Shaw, Miss Helen Eaglesfield, Miss Macy and Miss Caroline Malott, Miss Hannah Mary Bradford and Miss Helen Osborne.

* * *

The attendants for the wedding of Miss Myra Fischer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Fischer, and John W. Brown, which will be celebrated at 4:30 o'clock, November 3, at All Souls Unitarian Church, will be Mrs. Edwin C. Matthius, matron of honor; Miss Agnes Brown, bridesmaid, and Hugo Fischer, Jr., best man. The Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks will officiate.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Fishback have gone to California, where they will spend the winter.

* * *

A pretty fall wedding was that of Miss Verna Blanche Sweetman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sweetman, of Irvington, and William Wesley Mendenhall, which took place October 20 at the Downey Avenue Christian Church, the Rev. Clarence Reidenbach officiating. The bride's attendants were Miss Dorothea Krull, maid of honor; Miss Eunice Lowes, Miss Kate Huber, Miss Florence Doan, Miss Guinevere Ham and Miss Martha Lyrtilla Llewellyn. Glenn Mendenhall was best man and the ushers were E. J. Llewellyn, of Newcastle, W. E. Uphaus, of Bloomington, R. J. Duke and Don Tullis. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall have gone on a northern camping trip and will be at home at 274 Burgess avenue after November 15.

* * *

Miss Myrtle C. Pratt, who has been studying music in Chicago, has been spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Pratt.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Judah have closed their summer home at Lake Maxinkuckee and have gone to New York City for a visit.

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At high noon, on October 26, the wedding of Miss Mary Louise Quigley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Quigley, and Emerson Collins Cook, of New York City, was celebrated at Christ Church. Miss Vera Pitsenberger was maid of honor and William Flood, of Washington, was best man. Following the ceremony a dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Quigley.

* * *

Mrs. Frank A. Morrison has gone to Springfield, Mass., to visit her sister, Mrs. Charles H. Martin.

* * *

Mrs. E. Bennett Henson, of Charleston, W. Va., is visiting Miss Frances Morrison.

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Mrs. Thomas Sheerin has returned from a trip to New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Donald Morris are visiting for several weeks in New York and Washington, D. C.

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Mrs. Finley Pugh, of Los Angeles, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Sutcliffe.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Truman C. Rapp announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen Louise, to Glenn M. Tindall, of St. Louis, Mo. The wedding will take place November 18.

* * *

Mrs. George Burrage, of Chicago, has been visiting Mrs. A. M. Robertson.

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Mr. and Mrs. James L. Gavin and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard E. Griffey have returned from a two weeks' motor trip in the East.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Bonham have gone to Biloxi, Miss., where they will spend the winter.

* * *

Miss Margaret Ridgely has returned from a trip to Berkley Springs, W. Va., and Washington.

* * *

Mrs. Marie Dawson Morrell, a violinist well known in Indianapolis and throughout Indiana, recently made her debut in New York at Aeolian Hall. Mrs. Morrell's recital was very favorably commented upon, and she received some flattering press notices.

The New York Morning Telegraph says: "Mrs. Morrell makes it her boast that every bit of her training was received in Indianapolis, where Hugh McGibeny was her teacher. Mr. McGibeny deserves much credit for turning out a good example of good musicianship. Mrs. Morrell is perfectly sure of herself, the violin and the composers she attempts. Her playing of the Wieniawski 'Polonaise Brilliant,' was done with a facile bow and exquisite, easy technique and her personality is most agreeable." The New York Evening Mail said of her playing: "Mrs. Morrell disclosed many interesting possibilities. She plays with singular breadth and ease, with a dash and assurance of youth that is refreshing."

* * *

On October 27th, the wedding of Miss Marie Rufina Rink, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rink, and John Joseph Madden, Jr., was celebrated with an impressive service at SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral at 10:30 in the morning. The bride's attendants were Mrs. William C. Hall, matron of honor, and Mrs. Francis E. O'Reilly and Miss Edna Rink, bridesmaids. Richard Madden was best man, and the ushers were Otto N. Frenzel, Jr., Ralph C. Vonnegut, Norman Metzger and Francis E. O'Reilly. The bridal breakfast followed at the Rink residence, after which Mr. and Mrs. Madden departed on their wedding trip.

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Mrs. Charles Maxwell, soprano, and Miss Mildred Knight, violinist, gave a recital before the study circle of the Woman's Department Club of Greensburg on Wednesday, October 27th.

* * *

A pretty autumn wedding was that of Miss Adele Eckler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eckler, and William Arthur Nugent, of Chicago, Ill., which took place October 23 at the Broadway Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. W. B. Farmer officiating. The bride's attendants were Mrs. William E. Rider, matron of honor, and Mrs. Thomas C. Eley, bridesmaid. Mr. T. E. Shaughnessy, of Chicago, was best man, and C. C. Furr and Melville S. Todd, of Chicago, were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Nugent have gone to Chicago for a wedding trip and will be at home after December 1 in St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Louise Charlotte Frenzel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Frenzel, to Raymond Brownell Nicholson, of Richmond, Ind., will be celebrated at the home of the bride November 17 at 8:30 in the evening, the Rev. M. L. Haines officiating. The attendants will be Mrs. Hamlin S. Scott, matron of honor, Miss Mary Lilly, bridesmaid, and Burton Carr, of Richmond, best man.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Philip Meier entertained with a buffet supper at their home for Pavley and Oukrainsky, the Russian dancers, and the members of their ballet last Sunday.

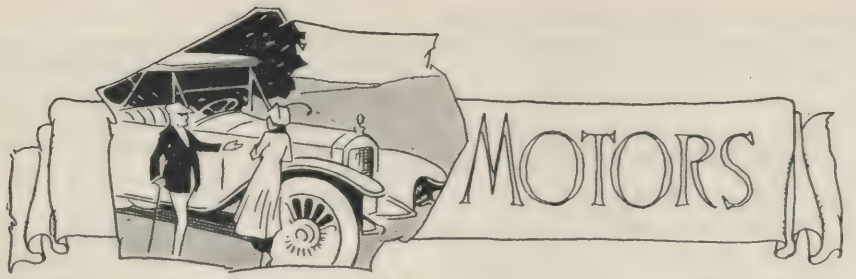
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"O, Skinnay, c'mon over an' see what we've got"! is the way the members of the Athenaeum are asked to a Hallowe'en frolic to be held Saturday evening, October 30. They are admonished to ditch their city suits and dignity, climb into overalls and blue shirt for an old-fashioned barn dance with all the trimmings of juicy red apples, doughnuts and cider. There will be ducking for apples, a taffy-pulling contest and other things to make the tired business man and his equally tired wife think they are kids again down on the farm.



MRS. HERVEY BATES III

One of the most beautiful of the early fall brides is Mrs. Hervey Bates III, who was formerly Miss Lucille Hayes. Mr. and Mrs. Bates are now living at St. James Court at Meridian and Twenty-first streets.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Once it had been a snappy-looking motor car, now it was nothing but a twisted mass of junk as it lay on its back with its front axle affectionately entwined around a telephone pole. Underneath the wreckage was all that was left of the motorist. The crowd lifted the wreckage from off his neck, the pale lips moved and those nearest to him heard him whisper his last mortal message, "But I had the right of the way." And then his soul took flight, headed for the pearly gates, and doubtless for the next million years or so he will flap joyously about on angel wings, bumping into other angelic souls at all airlane intersections unguarded by the Celestial Traffic Corps, and will cuss out the other fellow on the ground that he had the right of way.

This blind insistence on the right of way is responsible for as many serious accidents in motoring as any other one cause. Many a driver will plunge stubbornly into a certain collision rather than give up one iota of his right of way fetish. No head hunter in the wilds of the Sulu Archipelago clings more devotedly to his ghastly trophies than do some motorists to their right of way.

It is their Bible, their religion, more to be treasured than wife and children and income tax receipts. For it they will risk the loss of automobile and even of human life.

It is hard to analyze the mental processes that lead an automobile owner into this peculiar frame of mind. The right of way theory is necessary on every road, but never was it intended to be something infallible, unvarying and unchangeable. If that were the case, during certain hours of the day it would be impossible for anyone to cross Meridian street or East New York street. The right of way doctrine was intended to be applied with common sense and tempered with sportsmanship.

When a man drives on Meridian street during the rush hours, his own judgment should tell him that there is a strong probability of encountering east and west bound traffic at North, Sixteenth, Twenty-Second, Thirtieth streets and Maple Road boulevard, just as the Irvington bound homegoer on East New York street along about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon should know that automobiles have a habit of going north and south on State, LaSalle and some other cross streets. If he does not know it the daily pile of glass and broken spokes, to say nothing of an occasional car lying smashed up on these corners, certainly ought to teach him that such is the case.

Then there is always the possibility of encountering some tourist from foreign parts who does not realize when he attempts to cross Meridian street, that he is trespassing on the "Sacra Via" of Indianapolis. True, his ignorance does not give any right out there, but the point is that he is there, with all the resulting dangers of collision with the right of way boys.

The right of way idea is correct; of that there is no question. Without it traffic would be chaos; but like most of the other good things of life it should be exercised with common sense. The man who insists rigidly on his rights, while technically correct, may become almost as much of a public pest as the one who recklessly disregards the rules of the road.

The first annual meeting of the Indiana Automobile Dealers' Association, which will bring between 700 and 800 automobile men to Indianapolis, November 4-5, will be held in the hall of the House of Representatives in the State House. Delegates representing the various city associations throughout the state met October 26 at the assembly room of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association for a preliminary discussion of questions to be brought before the annual convention. Harry Moock, manager of the National Automobile Dealers' Association, will be the guest of honor. Friday, November 5, there will be a dinner and vaudeville performance for the visiting dealers in the Riley Room at the Claypool.

* * *

Howdy Wilcox has dolled up his new quarters at Meridian and Walnut streets and will distribute Lovejoy shock absorbers.

* * *

Harry Wright has joined the sales force of the E. A. Bennett Motor Sales Company, distributors of the Dort. He will be in charge of the used car department.

* * *

R. H. Losey of the Losey-Nash Co., is on a trip visiting other branches of the company in the South. He will visit Atlanta and Jacksonville and expects to be away from Indianapolis for not less than two weeks.

* * *

Fewer cars are in storage at the big auto show building at the State Fair than at any previous time this year, thus killing effectually the wild tales about whole flocks and droves of new automobiles having been driven out to the Fair Grounds for storage because there was no market for them.

* * *

California looks good to J. V. Lines, who deals in used cars at 332 North Delaware street. He has closed up his place of business for the winter and has pointed the nose of his Cole Eight towards the Pacific slopes.

WHY HERBERT HOOVER ASKS YOU TO VOTE FOR HARDING

By HERBERT HOOVER

There is, I believe, in this election an issue that dominates all other issues, and in which even the League of Nations is but one part. The major issue today, upon which I believe this election should turn, is that of party responsibility. Ours is a government based upon the expression of the will of the majority through the ballot. We have found by practical experience over entire national life that we can only give expressions to this will through party organization. Ours, therefore, must be a government based on parties. If we sustain party government, however, our parties when in power must carry out their promises, must succeed in efficient government, must find solution for national difficulties, must march in progress with the times. In other words, they must discharge their responsibilities to the country. When a party fails in these responsibilities, it should and must be replaced in office. This is the real issue and is much more deeply seated than superficial partisanship.

Since the armistice, the present administration has made a failure by all the tests that we can apply. It has obstinately held up the peace of the world for eighteen months, with a fearful cost to ourselves and to the world. It has woefully neglected and failed upon great reconstruction and administrative measures that are critically necessary as the aftermath of the war. No man would be so narrow as to condemn one-half of his countrymen, nor all the acts of the leaders of a great political party in government. Nor is this a question of individuals, for whom I hold great personal esteem. But responsibility must rest upon the whole if we are to maintain and sustain party government, if we are to hold through it our means of expression to the will of the majority, and any party that fails should and must be retired from office as a party. We can not trifle with the inexorable insistence on the successful conduct of public welfare.

I have no doubt our Democratic friends will argue that they are martyrs to adherence to a great principle in the unmodified Covenant of the League of Nations. They are seeking martyrdom upon a false premise. The questions involved in the League of Nations concern one great principle and numbers of alternative methods of its accomplishment. The only principle involved is the preservation of peace by organized associations of nations. The Republican party and Senator Harding have repeatedly expressed their greatest devotion to this principle. Article X and the other articles of the Treaty that have been objected to by the Republican party are but part of the methods of reaching this great object, of which there are many other alternatives. These particular articles adhered to by the Democratic party are methods that are today regarded by the majority of our people as dangerous, not only to our own country, but to the success of the League itself. Even if these particular articles in the League contribute all the good to the League that favorable view of their text permits, they are so remote in usefulness in its whole conception that they furnish no warranty in good statesmanship for this delay in peace and reconstruction.

Furthermore, on methods of accomplishing these great things men's minds must divide, and good statesmanship will compromise. It is a fundamental failure of statesmanship not to recognize that compromise on method is essential in order to spread the foundations of public confidence in a great principle. The most important thing underlying the method of this great world aspiration is to have the good will of the vast majority of our people, for without general confidence and good will any League will fail.

My personal view is that some articles of the Treaty should be abandoned and others modified. But other parts of the Treaty are so intertwined with the stability of Europe and so necessary in order to secure the co-operation of many other nations who have joined it, that practical Republican statesmanship will, in order to use all in it that is good for the development of the great principle to which the party has pledged itself, build upon the foundations of the existing Treaty, and also include the great step in organization of the court of international justice recently advanced in Europe by Senator Root.

There are great domestic issues, delayed by or accumulating out of the war, that have been insistently demanding solution ever since the armistice. It was the business of the Democratic party to have assembled the best brains in the United States before each of these problems, to have prevented the advancing cost of living, to have found solution for the difficulties of our agricultural industry, to have inaugurated constructive methods of resettlement of the land, the development of our national employment relationship, the protection of child life, the solution of our deficient housing, reorganization of the business administration of the Federal Government, and a host of other domestic questions. Nearly two years have passed since the armistice. None of these things have been accomplished—we have only promises. The failure in these domestic necessities has already imposed a terrible cost in our daily living and will yet impose vast unemployment on great numbers of our countrymen.

The responsibilities of government should now, therefore, be transferred. I should like to have seen the Republican party take a more advanced position on many things, but the party has the skill, constructive ability and spirit to meet the issue in front of us. If it fails to provide peace on terms that preserve the great principle to which it has pledged itself; if it fails to attain it by methods that will secure the good will of the entire world; if it fails to provide those great measures of internal progress and reconstruction that we so urgently require; it deserves no more consideration four years hence than the present party deserves today. I do not believe it will fail. Senator Harding has shown a fine aspiration and ability to secure co-operation of the entire government and the nation in these solutions. I, therefore, wholeheartedly support the Republican candidates.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.
(Indiana Republican State Committee.)

Paid Advertisement.



"Sniffing" at the Marion Club is not "sniffing snow," but playing dominoes, a very popular pastime just now in view of the excessive demands of campaign times. Frank Shellhouse denies that he has repudiated the game —and he ought to know.

John H. Holliday is popular with the Sons of the Revolution—not that he is a revolutionist—but that he has just been re-elected president of the Indiana branch.

Clarence Goodrich was seen hauling a five-gallon demijohn home the other night in his motor car. Investigation by an arid friend proved that the container held water, and the imputation that it was distilled is not made, as no raisins were found.

Cheer up, food consumers, the retail prices of food are now down 2 per cent since last report.

Trying to eat an egg without salt gives the same effect as trying to have a campaign without Lew Shank grabbing off some of the limelight.

You'll have to hand it to Charley Coffin—he is some nifty speaker—at least the members of the Women's City Club think so—and they ought to know, for they heard him the other day.

The open house by the Parry-Stephenson post, American Legion, where all Republican and Democratic soldier candidates were entertained, was quite an event, as the society reporter says. No politics were talked, but everybody kidded everybody else behind a smoke-screen of anti-campaign cigars.

Dr. Henry Jameson has blossomed into an after-dinner speaker since he has become chairman of the board of directors of the Indianapolis Street Railways.

Robert Tracy told the members of the Parent-Teacher Club of School 39 what constituted good citizenship—and he qualifies as a speaker, too.

Luke W. Duffey is going to either lose his vote or vote by mail, because he has gone to the North Woods for a deer and moose hunt with a party of Carmel friends. The only question is, if Luke voted by mail, whether he was away on "business or pleasure?" The guess is both.

Well, the war memorial building has a cornerstone if nothing else. A stone was taken from the bridge across the Marne river in France by French engineers, near Chateau Thierry, where the American soldiers performed so well, and sent it to the American Legion. It has been presented by the Legion to the department of Indiana to become the cornerstone of the war memorial building. Here's hoping the rest of the building will be added.

John J. McInerney appeared in court the other day and said, as Mark Twain did, that he wished to deny the report of his death. McInerney, who served in the World War, had been in the West since his enlistment had expired.

Branch libraries have been having story hours for the children, which leads Doc Werner to say that story hours for the adults are most anywhere a campaign speaker is spouting.

Woodburn Masson is of the opinion that the Marion Club doesn't want to debate the Indiana Democratic Club on the League of Nations. He might challenge them to a game of dominoes —or draw.

After the election Coroner Paul Robinson may have to hold quite a bunch of inquests or autopsies over defeated candidates.

George Berg, superintendent of the fish hatcheries at Riverside, knows how to put the joy into life. He is getting ready to increase the number of hatching pools and devote one hatchery alone to the propagation of black bass. Can't you hear the reel sing!

Bill Blodgett, who knows more politicians, great and small, than any other newspaper man in Indiana, is now out sizing up the Indiana situation.

Gavin L. Payne is now at home in his new quarters at 12 East Market street, where Gavin L. Payne & Co. have opened an investment securities business. Mr. Payne has been connected with the Fletcher Savings & Trust Company until a few months ago.

Stanley Wyckoff ought to sit up and take notice, since the price of flour at Minneapolis has dropped $1 on the barrel.

Jay Cravens is happy, but not as happy as he used to be when he could play golf in Irvington all day for two bits—the charge is now fifty cents.

W. M. Swain is of the opinion that amusements are all right, just so you don't have to have them three times a day and other times besides. He headed a delegation which appeared before the park board to protest against the establishment of an amusement park in the vicinity of Riverside.

Edward E. Birge has been chosen to head the new department of music at Indiana University. Mr. Birge will fill a long-felt want at I. U.

Col. Will H. Brown does not mind having his name on an invitation, but he objects to "R" as the middle initial, as it appeared on the Jollification Dinner invitation.

Thomas Taggart may be glad he has joined an athletic club—he may want to get into active training after the second of November.

Wallace Lee soon will have another certificate of merit or quick action or something to hang up in his office—the I. A. C. is about organized.

When it comes to keeping the bill moving at Keith's you have to hand it to our old friend Phil Brown, who knows the show business inside out, and whose business it is to keep the program well greased at this popular playhouse.



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Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

13 TO 1

King Corn, the great American staple, of which more than 3,000,000,000 bushels have been produced this year, and which rules the rest of the country, is now coming in for its annual scanning by economists and farmers as to what effect it will have on prices of other commodities.

The average person does not realize the enormous extent to which this staple enters into the business of the country. That is why its production costs are always of great interest to the business of America.

Professor Walker, an expert on the production cost of farm products, in a recent statement declared that it costs the farmers of the corn belt $1.40 to produce a bushel of corn. It is figured that "manufacturers' profit" (one-third of production costs) must be added to this, which in this case would be 70 cents a bushel, thus making it necessary for the farmer to receive about $2 a bushel if he would have the profits figured on this theory.

The other ramification of corn production is its relation to the price of hogs. The Government fixed a ratio of 13 to 1. That is, the farmer should have the value of thirteen bushels of corn to 100 pounds of hogs. When corn is $2 a bushel hogs should sell for 26 cents a pound on the hoof, the same ratio of 13 to 1 predominating throughout.

Last year Indiana raised slightly better than 175,000,000 bushels of corn—which was some crop for the old Hoosier state. This year's crop is expected to exceed these figures considerably. Iowa led the country in corn in 1919, growing 416,000,000 bushels, Illinois 301,000,000 and Nebraska 184,000,000, with Indiana next. The crops for all these states this year will be far in excess of these figures. On this hypothesis corn should be cheaper, which will mean cheaper pork, if the ratio of 13 to 1 is kept up.

"VAMPS"

Kipling's "vamp" was a rag and a bone and a hank of hair, to whom the fool made his prayer—even as you and I. The chief of police of Rochester, N. Y., writes about a vamp made up of a short skirt, lace stockings, a low-cut waist and a drug-store complexion The policeman is matter of fact, while Kipling was poetical—but both have the same definition of a vampire, who "works" in about the same way.

The policeman rails against the latter-day "vamps" because they "encourage flirtations" by their dress. Apparently some of the vamps in Rochester have been complaining about "mashing," which leads the chief to say that if there were no "vamps" there would be no mashers, and if no mashers there would be no complaints. Perhaps he is right. He goes further and says that immodest dressing places every woman within the category of a vamp, regardless of how high her morals may be. Being a policeman, he says he has never been able to figure out why women want to invite flirtations from strange men by dressing to attract them. As a Sherlock Holmes, most policemen are good policemen. Their sense of deduction is atrophied. Women, while dressing to attract the other sex, do not invite "coarse work" as indicated by the Rochester chief—but like the frankly admiring glances of the men and just a "teeny weeny" bit of a flirtation—the flick of an eyelid—a suspicion of a smile. This is a prerogative of the "weaker" sex. It is also their prerogative to dress to please the men. The average man—though he be married will sit in peacock alley and admire a "vamp" in her brief skirts, her decollette blouse and drug-store complexion for fifteen minutes, but just let his wife come out in public in any such raiment and he will preach in righteous indignation against the frivolity of the times and the immodesty in woman's dress.

This shows the inconsistency of man and the psychology of the women. While man doesn't know what he wants in the way of female costuming, the woman knows for him—and supplies him. The indictment by the Rochester policeman and Rudyard Kipling of woman's "vamping" qualities makes no impression on the fair sex, and they go right along dressing to please the men. The laugh comes in when the men take their eyes off a "vamp" long enough to inform the missus that they must be careful and avoid any such vulgar display of clothes—or, rather, the lack of them. The moral is—reform the men.



George W. Fox, pooh-bah of Woodruff Place (pooh-bah is Japanese for town marshal, or "the whole works") is knee deep in the autumn harvest of fertilizer in the form of leaves. The balmy October breeze has shaken down tons of hard maple and elm foliage, the beech leaves are a dead brown and about ready to fall, and later there will be showers from the red and white oaks fall on the lawns and esplanades of Woodruff Place, as there will be on lawns and parkways throughout shady Indianapolis. Woodruff home owners rake the leaves to the street curb, Mr. Fox and his force of park workers rake the sward of the esplanades and the leaves are then carted away for fertilizer.

Many tons of this soil food have been spread on the garden of the Indiana Women's Prison, one of the largest and most productive vegetable and flower plots in Indianapolis. For a long time there was a stretch of ground covering perhaps eight or ten acres, on the north side of the prison tract and bordering East Michigan street, that was a great hole in the ground. Perhaps ten thousand wagon loads of gravel and soil from street excavations and cellars were hauled to the spacious hole and, after the work of years, the hole was filled and brought up to street level. Then from stables over the city uncounted tons of fertilizer were moved to the plot and it was brought under cultivation by fifty or sixty women prisoners, who each growing season cultivate corn and vegetables, with fringes of bright flowers around the fields and plots.

Since gasoline instead of hay became the ruling motive power in Indianapolis, fertilizer from the barns has become a rare product, and the prison gardeners are turning to dead leaves, which are plowed into the soil and are well decayed by planting time the next year.

Home gardeners, either of the flower or vegetable variety, should garner the leaves of autumn instead of burning them, said "Foxy Grandpa," or "Uncle George," as Mr. Fox is known to the admiring children of Woodruff Place. They can be spaded into the beds, or can be buried in pits of an idle plot, or piled in compost heaps, and not only will make a rich fertilizer but one that does not cost anything but the effort. On the other hand, stable fertilizer has in these times of high prices become prohibitory. A small wagon load of it, which not many years ago could be obtained for fifty cents, now commands three dollars.

The time is nearing, said the marshal of Woodruff Place, when autumn leaves will be baled, like waste paper, and sold on the market for soil fertilizer and plant food, while tens of thousands of Indianapolis home gardeners can now get their supply at the cost of raking it off the home lawn and burying it in the flower and vegetable beds, where it is needed year after year as a food supply by growing plants and vegetables.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

Being perfectly human, TOPICS wants to be appreciated—and believes it is. This publication was not started to fill any particular "long felt want", but it has, since its inception, boosted for Indianapolis and the various deserving things that Indianapolis has wished for. Why shouldn't it? Indianapolis is a "no mean city," and what is good for our neighbor is good for us, so we boost. At the same time, we are against any propaganda inimical to the city's welfare—for the same reason.

Apropos of this, TOPICS has had good words to say of the efforts being made to establish the Indianapolis Athletic Club. That these words are appreciated is attested by the resolution passed by the membership committee of the club last week at the regular meeting on October 22, offered by E. W. Steinhart and seconded by Fred H. Sillery. The text of the resolution says:

"Resolved, That the management of the splendid publication, TOPICS, be given an expression of earnest appreciation of the membership committee of the Indianapolis Athletic Club for the able manner in which the plans and purposes of the club were set forth in TOPICS of the issue of October 16, this being another example of the patriotic and civic spirit of this Indianapolis publication and the citizenship that is making the Indianapolis Athletic Club an unprecedented success.

And be it further resolved, That this resolution be spread on the minutes of the club."

TOPICS is glad to know its efforts are appreciated and it is glad to be able to help in any cause that makes for a better and pleasanter Indianapolis. We feel that this is not only a privilege but a duty, and an enjoyable one when working with others who feel the same way.



Investment Market

The bond market in the East is growing better every day, say the financial experts, and this condition is undoubtedly reflected in the Indianapolis market, where both bonds and stocks are in good demand for investment purposes.

Toward the end of last week there were advances in a number of securities listed on the local exchange, some of the bank stocks showing the same strong tendency that has been manifested during the late summer. There has been considerable trading outside the exchange in Cities Service stocks, a monthly dividend on the common of 1¼ per cent, and ½ of 1 per cent on the six per cent preferred stock having been declared.

There has been some buying of gas and street railway securities, which have always been considered as good investment securities in Indianapolis.

Brokers report that inquiries are being made for good railroad securities, both stocks and bonds, which is taken as an indication that the turn in the affairs of the railroads has been reached.

Since speculative loans have been withdrawn by banks there is a better tone to many of the industrial stocks, of which there are many flotations just now, some of them well worth while.

Local financiers were interested in the report from Detroit that the Lincoln Motors Company had decided to pass the dividend due this month owing to the existing stringency in the money market.

It has been pointed out that the shutting down partly or altogether of certain industries is the usual Presidential election action and that after election day business is expected to put on more steam. At least Eastern brokers, as well as local, are pointing out that now is the time to buy—if you can get the stuff.

The New York Reserve Bank statement for the week showed an increase in gross deposits of $44,508,545, despite a reduction in government deposits of $16,721,213. Loans to the member banks increased $2,827,598, those on government obligations receding $9,242,625, but those on commercial paper expanding $12,070,223.

Federal reserve note circulation increased $9,646,040. Gold reserves increased $547,339, and total reserves expanded $1,994,000. Total earning assets decreased $5,540,497. The ratio of total reserves to net deposits and federal reserve note circulation combined was 38.7, compared with 38.5 per cent in the preceding week, while the ratio of reserves to net deposits, after deducting 40 per cent gold reserve against note circulation, rose to 37.1 from 36.6 per cent in the preceding week.

Gary an Optimist

Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation, in a recent public address, said that the "business skies were practically without clouds" and that if there were any dangerous reactions and depressions it would be the fault of "those connected with business operations or by others who by reasons of official positions improperly interfere, and not because of any fundamental deficiencies in our resources and opportunities."

Judge Gary declared that in many instances prices have been outrageously high, this applying, he said, more particularly to "middlemen" so-called and to many smaller departments of industry. He declared that the people of the United States have reason for confidence in the business future and that they need not be discouraged or impatient. He said that prices and conditions in general were resting on a fair basis.

Why Steel Is Slow

An eastern writer says that the reason steel is slow to respond to market conditions is the presence on the order books of several months' forward business. This, he says, may not be the case throughout the industry, but that it maintains among the larger corporations.

Cancellations have been extensive, but they have been localized mainly in two or three consuming lines, including the automobile trade and shipbuilding. Foundries with large stocks of iron are reported active, sellers at sharper concessions than the steel market has recorded, but the furnace interests last week continued to stand firmly against wholesale cancellation of orders. It is worth while recording that when the Steel Corporation established its base prices in March, 1919, Chairman Gary stated that these were the lowest quotations possible of returning a fair profit

They Paid It Off

The liquidation of $500,000,000 Anglo-French bonds will stand as a notable landmark in after-the-war finances, say financiers who have followed the course of this piece of financing in America.

There were many predictions when this great issue was floated in 1915 that it would not be paid off at maturity and that a refunding operation would have to be devolved. It was doubted that the borrowers would be in position in 1920 to honor the loan at all.

The actual event was that despite the great financial burdens, Great Britain and France were able to scrape up enough gold to send to America to cover all but one-fifth of the entire issue.

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What's on Your Mind

Fletcher Savings & Trust Co. (slogan)—"Don't spend it all."

* * *

Martin Rehfuss—"Harding, we are here."

* * *

Jesse E. Eschbach (fuel commissioner)—"The retail coal business is conducted in an inefficient and uneconomical manner."

* * *

Sergt. Charles J. Russell (chief of morals squal)—"Ah, there, Minnie" [perchance 'twas a lapsus linguae].

* * *

Warren T. McCray (Republican nominee for governor)—"I will endeavor to give the matter of road improvement my most careful attention." [Why the superfluous word "endeavor", Warren?]

* * *

J. W. Pinnell (coal dealer)—"The man who is fair and right is willing to be regulated."

* * *

Harold R. Stucky (now at Miami, Florida)—"I am enjoying Topics, as it keeps me in contact with the Indianapolis news I enjoy."

Fred H. Sillery (realtor)—"Indianapolis is to be congratulated on this new weekly magazine."

* * *

Robert Springsteen (postmaster)—"Well, campaign times never hurt my business. We're having more than we can do every day."

* * *

Homer McKee (advertising)—"I wish somebody would think up a better term for our business than 'advertising agency'."

* * *

Jack Hendricks (manager Indians)—"I want to get in that big baseball league if there's any chance. Indianapolis would shine in it."

* * *

Fred Schortemier (G. O. P. state secretary)—"If I had a penny for every political word spoken in the last week of the campaign, I'd quit business and rest the rest of my days."

* * *

Harry Stutz (manufacturer)—"It'll soon be hunting time again."

* * *

Fred Hoke (manufacturer)—"I never saw democrats so optimistic. They

(Continued on Page 19)

Keyed to Concert Pitch

Miss Mary Garden, the gifted prima donna, who will be heard in recital at the Shubert-Murat Theatre Sunday afternoon, December 12th at 3 o'clock, as one of the artists of the Civic Music Series Concerts, though a fond believer in the adage that "Variety is the spice of life," is the most reliable of singers, ready at a moment's notice to do her part in whatever work may fall to her lot.

She never permits her physical convenience to interfere with her engagements, nor her private interests to stand in the way of the fulfillment of her professional duties. She has much more to her credit than an honest and conscientious acquiescence in the obligation of her contract.

Announced for an important concert in Paris, the train on which the prima donna was traveling from Monte Carlo met with an accident which not only wrecked the majority of the coaches—nearly costing Miss Garden her life—but delayed her appearance at the appointed hour. Her maid, seated in another coach, was entirely hors de combat through a fractured arm. The prima donna's luggage, containing her evening gown, and some of her more valuable jewels, was pinned under an overturned coach.

Miss Garden promptly came to her own rescue. There was no time to think of maid, or luggage, or jewels. With admirable presence of mind she gathered up her energies and walked half a mile to the nearest point affording telegraphic communication; after a tedious wait she was rewarded by the sight of an automobile, and was motored to the concert hall where her appearance was anxiously awaited.

It was an hour after the time scheduled for her first number that in her rather disordered traveling costume she presented herself before a crowd of human beings filling the hall to suffocation. Calmly and collectedly she explained her plight to the highly interested and sympathetic people.

Her music as well as her accompanist having of necessity been left behind, she sat down at the piano and gave song after song and encore after encore, to her own accompaniment.

She was rewarded by an overwhelming ovation.



MARY GARDEN

Prima Donna whose acting is a gift second only to her wonderful voice. This rare combination has stamped her as one of our most popular Grand Opera stars.

"Steeplejack"—Dreamer of Dreams

(Continued from Page 5)

we printed twenty-three years ago. (We began in 1895.) When a clever literary hoax is discussed I recall the poetry, personality, above all, the ferocious portrait of Lingwood Evans, an Australian rough-neck, writing decadent verse that alternated between the muffled morbidities of Verlaine and the roaring free-verse of Verhaeren. It was one of the most successful of hoaxes. From editors and librarians came pouring in queries as to the new man. His poetry was copied, praised, and decried. Anarchist, libertine, mystic he was. "The Father of Livor" and "The Avenue of Farthingales", the terrific and sinister parody on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" made people sit up. If an I. W. W. boasted such a poet today, he would get short shrift from the government. Vance Thompson was Lingwood Evans, Tom Fleming made the wood cuts, so vital and original in design.

Vance introduced European writers and painters who since have become celebrated. Knut Hamsun, the Pole, Stanislaw Przybyszewski—not a fiction, a name, but the author of Homo Sapiens, which has been translated—Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Verlaine, Verhaeren, and the entire lyre of the younger French, Italian, Spanish and Belgian poets. Edvard Munch, a powerful Norwegian artist, and Strinberg the Swede, probably had their names printed for the first time in America in the pages of *Mlle. New York.* Rupert Hughes wrote his most brilliant short story for us, "When Pan Moves to Harlem," in which he relates the nocturnal adventure of Slab-sided Sal, told in pure Americanese. (O. Henry is insipid compared with this tale, a forerunner to many). I looked after the new names in music. Thompson wrote some musical verse and in all sorts of free rhythms. He has been class poet at Princeton, but that stony fact did not prevent him from developing. His slender volume, Verse, I have by me and read. My favorite is his Ego Book, replete with charm and wisdom. Drink and Keep Sober—the original title—is amusing, and like his brochure on Woman is stuffed with fallacies. Except in Dickens and Zola (Doctor Pascal, the taking off of Uncle Antoine Macquart by spontaneous combution) there is nothing to equal the explosion of a young Philadelphian on the terrace at Monte Carlo. It is simply joyous. Rum did it. And at table, surrounded by his family, who were spattered with the remains of the unhappy drunkard. Mind you, a man has a right to change his mind, but he should not leave behind him an army of arguments to refute himself. He did this. I was then the "Gynolatrist." How he mocked my old-fashioned attitude towards Woman! Among other things this is what he wrote:

"Here in the United States the worship of woman is carried to ludicrous lengths * * * And perhaps in these days when the hens hold conventions and their fritinacy disturbs the ears of thoughtful men, it may not be superfluous to iterate the old truth that woman is physically, mentally and morally inferior to man. She bears a certain resemblance to the masculine type. She is, indeed, an undeveloped man. Her place in the scale of human life is midway between the adolescent and the virile. As a matter of fact, her entire physical constitution—fine skin, frail, bony structure, beardless face, feeble voice—is nearer that of a boy than a man. This is no place for the consideration of the physiological proof of the statement. The proportion of red and white

(Continued on Page 16)

MLLE. THEO HEWES

317 Merchants Bank Building

Children are imitators. They want to wear dresses like Big Sister Mary. They want to use a razor like Dad. They want to dance like grown-ups—Make it possible for them, but don't leave it to chance. Select a dancing teacher whose understanding of children is the secret of her success.

Main 6800



ANNA PAVLOWA AND M. VOLININE

After an absence of five years Anna Pavlowa, recognized internationally as the greatest dancer the world has known, will open the series of the three evening subscribed concerts under the auspices of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association. The demand for season tickets, and the many inquiries regarding her appearance here, is evidence of the popularity of this genius of the art of dancing. The three evening subscribed concerts are Anna Pavlowa and her Ballet Russe Tuesday evening, December 21st; Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci Monday evening, January 17th; and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitch, Soloist and Conductor, Thursday evening, March 31st.

Shop Tours

One time Mark Twain was burlesquing the French love of dates. At the conclusion of a long list of dates, which he recommended for storing up in the memory, he gave as most important the twenty-fifth of December. (If the proofreader makes lack of space or any other thing excuse for changing this date to read Xmas, M. T. is hereby notified we are not responsible for spoiling his joke)

Here is one date which some one besides a Frenchman connects with enough happy circumstances to make it stick. In case there should be a solitary soul to whom it means no more than the thirteenth of January, a trip through the shops will make him conscientous that it signifies at least increased business. Preparations are under way everywhere for the Christmas trade.

"I'm simply devoted to Mrs. Smith-Terry, and I want to give her something at Christmas, but the woman has everything, and nothing I could afford to give her would add anything to her gay young life."

How many times from now to Christmas do you suppose such expressions will be heard? Every one has within her circle of acquaintance some one held in varying degrees of esteem, affection or fifty-fifty friendship, whose name is prominent on the Christmas list, but who "has everything."

If the problem of what to give Mrs. Smith-Terry is attacked now instead of in the middle of December, it is our firm belief that the problem can be solved at once, within the confines of this page. For we know at least half a dozen shops where the article for this difficult lady can be bought.

If your Mrs. Smith-Terry conforms to the general mold, she has a pleasant, well-furnished home, filled sometimes to overflowing with bric-a-brac, with closets bulging with all kinds of linens, and bureaus crammed with pretty underwear and nightgowns. Her silver supply is not only adequate but lavish, for whenever a new serving piece that strikes her fancy is brought out she buys it. She has an eye for novelties, and a fancy piece of Belgian glass or Japanese china is frequently added to her collection. The despair of her friends is genuine, but it need not be lasting.

Mrs. Smith-Terry, like the rest of the world, likes the compliment of having something made especially for her, and if a friend takes the time and trouble to make a gift, it will be sure of a warm welcome. The shops which have already put on display their holiday stock of things to make are being generously patronized by Mrs. Smith-Terry's friends.

No matter how many fine pieces of bed or table linen the lady already has, a prettier one to be made up can be found. The same thing is true of dainty undergarments, and suggestions for decorating linen handkerchiefs are also plentiful in the fancy-work department. But the crowning achievement of the department is the offering of unbleached sheeting, stamped in a variety of designs, to be made into bedspreads and pillow shams.

If you really are devoted to Mrs. Smith-Terry, you can hardly give better evidence of your devotion than by making her one of these bed sets. The designs which show an arrangement of morning glories are to be made by appliqueing bits of colored cloth to the muslin foundation. Squares of pink, lavender, blue and yellow are stamped with the shape of the flower and numbered to correspond to the flower stamped on the sheeting, and matched floss completes the outfit.

A more elaborate bedset is stamped for French knots in a water lily design. One enterprising young woman who plunged into this work without taking proper forethought, has now carefully planned out the entire job in order to finish before Christmas. She found that by using up two skeins of floss each day, she would have something under fifty days' work on her hands, and with Christmas two months off the set could be completed. So the mystery of what to give to her Mrs. Smith-Terry has been successfully solved.

A shop which always has a counter invitingly filled with pretties in great variety is showing a new bracelet in jet, made of short, cylindrical beads, strung on a flexible wire. The bracelet is long enough to coil three or four times around the wrist, and the spring in the wire makes it fit closely to the arm.

Another one of the "pretties" which would make a charming gift for the lady who is devoted to necklaces and likes to have one to match every gown, is a necklace of woven beads in steel and irridescent rose. The beads are woven into a band a full inch wide, and the small size of the beads makes the completed ribbon very flexible and almost as soft and yielding as cloth. The weaving is done in an openwork effect, which adds to the flexibility and daintiness of the necklace.

A chic cigarette holder of pearl, bound with a gold band, is neatly ensconced in its tiny leather case, ready for the use of a feminine cigarette smoker. A less expensive style is of ivory with a narrow double black line about its center, and a round, bell-like fulness at the end.

Autumn Song

Weep for the falling leaves—
Thus ever the summer grieves,
Oh weep!
Beauty must deathless be,
Deathless and deep;
Let her not dream * * * not dream
Of sleep.

Weep for the drooping flowers—
Grieve ever the summer hours,
Oh weep!
Beauty must deathless be,
Deathless and deep;
Let her not dream * * * not dream
Of sleep.

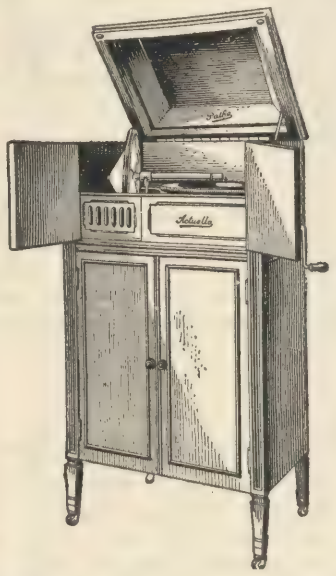
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Monday Evening, January 17
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OSSIP GABRILOWITCH, Conductor-Pianist

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A Poor Wise Man

The popular author, like the popular actress, finds it a difficult matter to please her faithful following when she leaves the old role in which she has earned her successes and turns to new fields. Mary Roberts Rinehart won her popularity on the strength of her hospital stories; mystery stories; the history of Tish, Lizzie and Aggie, and lastly, the sub-deb tales. As the author of fiction in these four fields, she has had a fair repertoire, but in "A Poor Wise Man," her latest book, she goes further afield, and being always up-to-date, tells a story whose theme is the Bolshevistic tendency of labor. Many a Mary-Roberts-Rinehart fan who picks up "A Poor Wise Man" expecting to find the familiar frothiness of the Bab stories or the wild adventures of Tish and company, will be surprised at the serious vein of this latest Rinehart book.

Lily Cardew, the last of the Cardews, who have made their city and incidentally their own fortunes through the exploitation of their steel plants, comes home from a year's service at an army camp, dissatisfied with old standards and uncertain as to the new ones which she must now set up. Her father and mother are both under the dominion of hard old Anthony Cardew, her grandfather and the backbone of the Cardew steel industry. He is a reactionary, opposed to all concessions to labor. Lily refuses to submit to her grandfather's domineering temperament, and leaves his house to go to the home of old Anthony's worst enemy, the son of a man whom Anthony had made to suffer, and the husband of Anthony's own daughter. In this household Lily comes into contact with the most radical labor element and with anarchists and pure mischief makers. Here, also, she meets Louis Akers, a lawyer with Red tendencies, when it suits his personal ends to be Red. Akers makes ardent love to her, and his passion is not cooled by the knowledge that she is the heiress of the Cardew millions. Faithful Willy Cameron, a good friend of Lily's while she was at camp, attempts to save her from Akers, but his timidity, his occupation as drug clerk, and his political activities as stump speaker for Hendricks, the safe and sane candidate for mayor, leave him little opportunity to help Lily. Cameron's organization of a vigilance league to combat the Red plans to take the city and deliver it over to mad revolution is the grand coup of the story. Right and Willy prevail, Anthony is conveniently killed by a Red bullet, and the story ends with a wedding.

The book is obviously pointed propaganda, but that fact does not dim the interest of the tale. Cameron, who is the poor wise man, is remarkably good (morally speaking), extraordinarily talented, the possessor of a distinguishing limp, and withal a human and likable sort. The tale has enough excitement of mob riots and deadly fray with Red antagonists to identify the author as the same who wrote "Dangerous Days" and "The Circular Staircase." (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

The Story of Opal

At the risk of establishing a reputation as a worm without a soul, this bookworm herewith announces that he considers that Mr. Ellery Sedgwick has exaggerated the importance of "The Story of Opal—The Journal of an Understanding Heart."

"The Story of Opal" first appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, and this is its history: It was written by Opal Whitely when she was an infant prodigy of six or seven living in a lumber camp. The daily entries were made on odd bits and scraps of paper, and carefully hoarded, but one day when Opal was about twelve, the entire record was torn into tiny pieces by a foster-sister in a fit of childish temper. Last year Miss Whitely, who is now a young woman, pieced these many bits together and typed out the record with no changes, except omissions and changes in spelling, the work of remaking the journal consuming nine months.

Opal's precocity places her in a class with the Daisy Ashfords of the world. The ordinary mortal would be inclined to doubt the ability of any six-year-old to write this record, were it not that the Atlantic Monthly vouches for Opal's authorship. But Opal's masterpiece is not in a class with Daisy's in its power to entertain. There is something irritating in her abnormally mature philosophy of life. How dreadful to spank an apparently normal child and then realize that it was wondering in its philosophic mind what reason you had for spanking it.

Opal's accounts of her explorations with her animal friends, the magnificent and historic names which she selected to give to these pets, her quaint friendship for the grown-ups of the neighborhood and the girl who had "no seeing," her keen interest in nature, and her regard for trees and plants and animals as personalities—all this makes her story an unusual one, but after the first few chapters the journal grows monotonous. The reader is willing to concede that Opal was a wonderful child with an understanding heart, but he is willing to let some one else read the whole tale of her precocity. (The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.)

"Steeplejack"—Dreamer of Dreams

(Continued from Page 14)

corpuscles, the caudal veretebrae, resembling those of the embryo ape; her very method of breathing, which is thoracic and not from the diaphragm; the shape of the head, like that of a child or a Kaffir, the gray substance of the brain, lighter than in man—on all these points and a dozen others the craniologists, biologists and anthropologists have spoken with authority. Woman's physical inferiority to man is a fact beyond question.

She is indeed an interesting study, this adolescent animal with the great white (not gray) brain, the phlegmatic senses, and the dulled finger-tips. But what a damnable noise she makes at this century's end!

In letters, painting, science, music, sculpture—nothing. When with simian—the feminine is nearer the simian than the masculine—ease they imitate gestures of an artist one must always look in the background for a man. Behind George Sand loom the pitiful figures of Jules Sandeaum De Musset, Chopin. behind George Eliot one sees the bearded face of Lewes; and so when a female novelist deteriorates or improves, takes up a new subject or dons a new manner, one need but lightly say: "Eh bien! She has taken a new lover." Sorotic women argue that man and woman started equal; that it is only man's tyranny that has degraded woman in the scale of life. So be it. Perhaps this is as good a way as any other of satisfying the feminine mind. It begs the question by acknowledging the very inferiority at issue. And when will woman overtake man in his ascent? A and B start from a given point. A travels at the speed of ten miles a day; B travels at a rate of six miles a day; when will B overtake A? The hen has a right to cackle only on one occasion—when she lays an egg; she never has a right to crow, and by reason of imperfect thoracic development she never can crow.

Dear God! the crowned and laureled eunuchs of American literature—professors with dandruff on the coat-collar, and bearded ladies, and the chaste, pantelleted spinsters, and the little hairy poets, all hungry and timid and all bought and sold—

A man may alter his views twenty times, as a snake sloughs his skin, but when he writes such words, words like the virile ring of crossed blades, then he is primarily a Caveman. Who knows whether as a sexagenarian he may not doff the garb of civilization and emerge hairy, rugged, in a bearskin, and over his virile shoulders a mighty club! Beware Woman! Even in his Woman, the old masculine condescension peeps forth. He alludes to her as 'little woman.' In Vishnuland what Vance"?

"Steeplejack," in two volumes, is the most illuminating resume of music, painting, sculpture and the fine arts for the last quarter of a century and for everyone interested in the arts I would recommend these volumes.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 8)

may be physically injurious to the individual.

"Most of the people I have known from childhood have been moderate users of wine and beer, and I have not known one single instance of its abuse.

"I believe we are discovering that the present drastic law defeats its purpose. I am appalled by the constant violations on every hand. It is not simply that boot-legging has become a profitable industry, but in countless homes brewing, distilling and wine-making are going on.

"From the time of the Mosaic Code to our own, I do not believe one single 'Thou shalt not' has checked the conduct of men. It does no more than drive the prohibited thing under ground. All moral advance has been made on the Christian principle of 'Thou shalt,' enforced not by law, but by conscience. The only prohibition law that works is enacted by the individual for himself.

"I confess to a prejudice against prohibition formed while living in prohibition states where I saw the worst forms of intemperance.

"It may be that there are more sober men in Indiana since the passage of the prohibition law, but I know there are vastly more hypocrites and law-violators than ever before.

"I draw a line between light wine and beer and spirits, believing the latter should be treated as we do drugs to be administered only by physicians.

"The saloon question is distinct from this question of wine. I would be willing to sacrifice personal liberty rather than return to the saloon. The saloon had become a public nuisance, the harborer of crime, a social menace and deserved its fate."

In spite of the non-committal attitude of some of his leading members, Mr. Calkins himself is optimistic for the future of the league. He feels that it will accomplish much.

On the other hand, Dr. E. S. Shumaker of the Indianapolis branch of the Anti-Saloon League feels that it hasn't a chance. He sees the movement only as an attempt to reinstate Booze with a capital "B", for he says that 95 per cent of the liquor sold in the United States was beer, and if the program of the league went through, it would practically undermine the whole of the Eighteenth Amendment. However, he believes that "the league will never get anywhere", and the optimism of the league secretary, Mr. Calkins, reminds him of the story of the darkey coming home through the cemetery and whistling to keep up his courage. He stamps the whole affair as "the dying wail of a lost cause."

If the people who have subscribed their names to the league membership are no more ready to back up the league than the majority of those whose opinions have been given above, there is great danger that the "dying wail" will be the blending of only a few courageous voices, the protest of a few lonely mortals who have the stamina to say what they really think.

Peter B. Kyne, author of "Kindred of the Dust", has recently adopted a little French orphan, Marcel.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

One of the prettiest programs in the history of the chapter was that presented by Mrs. J. F. Edwards and Mrs. W. D. Long at the meeting of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the D. A. R. on October 21st at the Propylaeum. The setting represented a dignified Southern porch with tall white columns, round which morning glories and drooping vines were twined. Mrs. Edwards, in quaint, old-fashioned costume, played the part of an old Southern woman who sat dreaming of bygone days and the South as it was during her girlhood. Her reminiscences touched on "Old Marse" and "Old Miss", the colored mammies, and the young darkies. As the old lady dreamed on, Mrs. W. D. Long gave clever impersonations and vivid pictures of southern life, which served as glowing illustrations. A pretty thread of romance ran through the sketch. An appropriate musical program was given by Mrs. James A. Moag and Mrs. Marie Allison Elliott.

* * *

Reports of the state convention, recently held at Vincennes, were given. Mme. Isabelle Mack, of France, made a plea for help for the French children on Poppy Tag day. Mrs. Edward F. Hodges presided at the meeting. Mrs. U. C. Baker, chairman, Mrs. L. O. Hamilton, Mrs. W. L. Horne, Mrs. Donald R. McIntosh, Mrs. Edward K. Reese, Mrs. John R. Holton, Mrs. James T. Layman, Mrs. T. R. Bryan and Mrs. Clifford Lambert composed the hospitality committee.

* * *

New members of the Woman's Rotary Club are Miss Stella M. Doeppers, Mrs. Fletcher Hodges, Miss Florence Coffin, Miss Florence York, Mrs. Leo K. Fesler, Mrs. Josephine D. Frawley, Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson and Miss Sara A. Shields.

* * *

Mrs. Alonzo B. Chapman heads the committee on entertainment and arrangements for the annual charity dance of the Welfare Club, which will be given October 29 in the assembly room of the Hotel Severin. The committee includes Mrs. Frederick A. Hetherington, Mrs. Anna Smith Buskirk, Mrs. William A. Bogardus, Miss Florence Bright, Mrs. Carrie Hammel, Mrs. Miles Shaffer, Mrs. A. M. Erbrich, Mrs. A. C. Zaring, Mrs. Edward Ferger, Mrs. Irving Lemaux, Mrs. Edward Schurmann, Mrs. Reese Wysong, Mrs. J. H. Laird. Tickets for the dance may be obtained from the members of the committee.

* * *

The Woman's City Club gave a dinner for members on Wednesday evening, October 27. Charles F. Coffin, president of the Indiana Chamber of Commerce, told of his experiences during his recent trip to the battle fields of Europe.

* * *

The meeting of the Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations has been postponed from October 27 to November 5, at Caleb Mills Hall. Mrs. Oliver Stewart, of Chicago, will speak.

* * *

The Indiana Wellesley College Club's committee on the plans for an endowment fund for teaching at Wellesley met the afternoon of October 21 at the home of Mrs. J. C. Moore. Plans are being made for a Christmas ball to be given during the holidays. Mrs. Francis Fauvre, Jr., and Miss Amelia Henderson are the chairmen in charge of arrangements.

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Once When Kindness Paid

Kindness, like virtue, may have its own reward, but sometimes a good heart which inspires a kindly deed brings more substantial reward. Peggy Mitchell, who is now playing with George LeMaire's "Broadway Brevities 1920" at the Winter Garden in New York, is soon to have something more than thirty thousand good American reasons for knowing this to be a fact. Miss Mitchell was born and raised in this city, where she is known by her family name of Gladys Irene McCallie.

Some years ago when Peggy Mitchell first went on the stage she was traveling in the West with a theatrical company. The organization was making the long trip from Salt Lake to San Francisco when she met George Darby Leslie of San Francisco. During the trip Mr. Leslie was taken ill and Miss Mitchell nursed him. She found that he had no near relatives and obtained leave of absence from her company so that she might look after him until he was convalescent.

When Mr. Leslie was able to take care of himself Miss Mitchell rejoined her company and went on her way East, keeping in touch with her friend by correspondence. Some time later she was advised that Mr. Leslie had passed away leaving an estate of $150,000, of which he had willed her one-third.



PEGGY MITCHELL

Known in Indianapolis by her family name of Gladys Irene McCallie.

A few days ago Miss Mitchell was notified by her attorney in New York that the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco had approved a final settlement of Mr. Leslie's estate and that after inheritance taxes, debts and other charges against the estate had been paid, she would receive as her share something more than $30,000. Thus it is that Peggy Mitchell has something more than thirty thousand good American reasons for knowing that kindness sometimes has a more substantial reward than the knowledge of a good deed done.

A Striking Grove

The idea for a "grove of remembrance" for Marion county soldiers who died in the world war is a pretty one and will be brought to realization by the Marion county chapter of the Service Star Legion. The grove will be planted in Garfield Park by the chapter. The list of service men is now being compiled, and more than 300 trees will be planted. The Park Board will select the trees. Mrs. Linton A. Cox, president of the Hamilton Berry chapter, has appointed committees to have charge of the arrangements.

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A Poor Wise Man

The popular author, like the popular actress, finds it a difficult matter to please her faithful following when she leaves the old role in which she has earned her successes and turns to new fields. Mary Roberts Rinehart won her popularity [illegible]

Indianapolis will be visited by some of the stars of stagedom during the next five or six weeks, according to theatrical schedules at the Murat and English theatres. Among the notables will be David Warfield, Hale Hamilton, Walker Whitesides, Gregory Kelly, Al Jolson, Charlotte Greenwood and others.

Indianapolis has always had a warm spot for David Warfield, and some remember when this actor, in his earlier years, appeared in a local playhouse in a burlesque show with a "girly chorus" and ever'thing. His characterization in the "Music Master" will never be forgotten by Indianapolis playgoers. He will appear here in "The Return of Peter Grimm," November 11 to 13, his favorite play.

It is to be expected that when Gregory Kelly comes to Indianapolis there will be a big bunch of "Kelly rooters" in attendance at his performances. Kelly, who was a member of the Murat stock company, is a great favorite here. He will be seen in Tarkington's play, "Clarence," beginning November 18.

Walker Whitesides will come to English's for three days, November 8 to 11, in a dramatization of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae." Whitesides has the reputation of having one dim the interest of the tale. Camero who is the poor wise man, is remar ably good (morally speaking), extr ordinarily talented, the possessor of distinguishing limp, and withal a h man and likable sort. The tale h enough excitement of mob riots a deadly fray with Red antagonists shines. He is said to be one of the two funniest comedians on the American stage.

Nelson Trowbridge, manager of the Murat, announces that Charlotte Greenwood will appear in "Linger Longer, Letty," on November 10 for six performances.

When the mammoth spectacle "Aphrodite", which was the sensation of Paris at the Theatre Renaissance, and last winter at the Century theatre, New York, is brought to the Shubert-Murat by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest, for one week commencing Monday night, November 22nd, one of the most thrilling and exalted moments in its presentation will be provided by the dazzling feast in the house of Bacchus, where a ballet of sixty American girls, trained by Michel Fokine, the famous creator of the Russian ballet, swirl through a frenzied bacchanale, their lithe limbs flashing in the blinding light. It is one of Fokin's greatest achievements, and has proven a revelation to American audiences. The ballet is danced amid rose leaves almost knee deep, against a background of brilliant coloring, to the melodious and haunting Bacchanalian score of Moussorgsky. This ballet of "Aphrodite" once seen can never be forgotten.

It has had unusual experiences in the various cities. In Cincinnati, the airiness and brevity of the costumes shocked the mayor deeply and he prescribed tights. The members of the ballet were irate at this indignity and said the mayor had vulgarized the show.

In Cleveland, the week before, the mayor's reception was entirely different. He liked and admired the production so much that he suggested a special early matinee Saturday morning for the school children of the upper grades.

"Aphrodite" requires a cast of three hundred players and is the most colossal attraction ever put on the stage. It cost Messrs. Comstock & Gest, its producers, close to $300,000 before the curtain rose on the first performance.



WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS

Scene from "While New York Sleeps," cinemelodrama at the Murat Theatre for a limited engagement, starting Sunday evening, October 31st.

MURAT

What bids fair to be the most sensational cinemelodrama of the age will be offered by William Fox, the peer of motion picture producers, at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, Indianapolis, for a limited engagement starting Sunday evening, October 31st, twice daily thereafter at two-thirty and eight-thirty. "While New York Sleeps" is the title of the picture that will without question create as much of a stir amongst film fans as it has in New York, where it has been shown at the Lyric and Astor theatres, and turned away crowds daily. It will offer scenes that give one a more vivid idea of life in New York in the low, middle class, and the highest society, and no effort was spared to make every scene realistic, and with the aid of the New York police boat and men on the force, they were enabled to stage some of the most daring robberies and hold-ups, being the counterparts of cases which have baffled the country's greatest detectives for many months. The picture will be shown in three distinct episodes, with a view at life of the whirling, money-mad metropolis from three angles of life. The first episode will deal with the blackmailer who haunts and breaks up happy homes; the second of the notorious badger game, as played by the wily vamp; and the third one shows just where civilization's veneer is thinnest, where impulse is stronger than reason and man-made laws are defined. It has been acclaimed as the most realistic photoplay ever offered, and especial mention should be made of the fact that a very small cast of players, or principals, were used in the portrayal of the picture, each member being used in a different character in every episode, being the supreme test of their histrionic abilities. Natelle Taylor, Marc MacDermott, Harry Sothern, William Locke and Karl Metcalf comprise the main part of the cast. To the ability of the director to visualize and execute the atmospheric detail much credit is due, for in every detail he labored to make it perfect.

ENGLISH'S

Geo. M. Cohan's comedians in the musical comedy sensation "Mary" (isn't it a grand old name) will be the attraction at English's all week of November 1. The book and lyrics are by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel and the music by Lou Hirsch. The story of the play has for its pivotal theme the adventures of Jack Keene, an attractive young American, who joyously starts out to solve the problem of the housing shortage. Monsieur Marceau, a French inventor, interests him in the plans of a portable and detachable house, and Jack finds a way to construct these dwellings cheaply and thus outwit the rent profiteer, while Mary, the social secretary of Jack's fashionable mother and a daughter of the president of a Kansas college, is largely instrumental in perfecting these plans. The love romance between the young idealist and the fair Mary is a fragrant page. Among the clever song numbers with which the production is studded are "The Love Nest," "That May Have Satisfied Grandma," "Down on that Old Kansas Farm," "Anything You Want, Dear," "Mary," "Any Time I Meet a Lady," "When a Woman Exits Laughing," and "Don't Fall Until You've Seen Them All." The cast is under the personal supervision of the inimitable George M. Cohan.



McKAY MORRIS

An actor well known to Indianapolis theatre-goers because of his popularity while with the Stuart Walker Company the past two summers. He will be seen again in "Aphrodite," which comes to the Murat, week of November 22.

B. F. KEITH'S

Ernest Evans and his associate artists, in a smart song and dance romance, will be the featured attraction at Keith's Theatre, opening Monday, November 1. This newest addition to vaudeville is presented under the title "Wedding Bells," and includes a company of eight with dancers and musicians. Ernest Evans and his company are well known in Eastern society, having for some time been seen at the most exclusive functions in New York, Newport and Washington.

Paul Decker, formerly seen as principal comedian in such productions as "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "A Night Out," "The Making Over of

Mrs. Matt," and "Martha By the Day," is offering a new one-act comedy, "_____ and Son," written by Edwin Burke.

The winsome little singing comedienne, Josie Heather, returns in a program of exclusive songs, assisted by John McLaughlin and "Bobby" Heather.

Fred La France and Joe Kennedy, two of the best known blackface comedians, are presenting their new act, "The Party of the Second Part," said to be one of the funniest comedies of the season.

Joe Rome and Lou Gaut are comedy and eccentric dancers who have been seen several times over the Keith circuit.

Margot and Francois have a pleasing novelty on stilts, showing some difficult stunts in this popular form of getting up in the world.

Sully and Mack, famous for their impersonations of Italian characters, have a comedy skit, "Shoot Me," while Fox and Sarno, gymnasts supreme, have a routine of hazardous feats. The usual Kinogram news weekly and the Digest Topics will be shown.

An extra performance election night starts at 10:30 with full returns by courtesy of the Associated Press and Indianapolis News.

LYRIC

The Five Musical Rosebuds, a quintet of pretty girls, singers and instrumentalists, who appear in a novel and snappy musical revue, will share the headline honors at the Lyric next week with Dave Ferguson's interesting and colorful playet, "The Rounder of Old Broadway," described as a character study of New York night life. Other acts will include Gwen and Clark in a merry budget of nonsense; Fieber and Griffith, a classy vocal duo; Bernard and Ferris in a laughable comedy skit called "Out of the Kitchen"; Harry West and Chums, harmony singing comedians, who style themselves "the gloom chasers," and Frank and Eddie Monroe, trampoline experts, known as "the bouncing babies," who perform a routine of sensational feats on the bounding table. Screen contributions will be a Bray pictograph, the Fox news weekly and Carter DeHaven in a lively farce entitled "Kids Is Kids."



JOSIE HEATHER

This winsome dainty songster accompanied Mme. Bernhardt on her famous vaudeville tour. She has not been seen in Indianapolis since 1915, but will appear at Keith's week of November 1st.

What's on Your Mind?

(Continued from Page 13)

are either in for a big victory or an awful fall."

* * *

Ralph Lemcke (county treasurer)—"Remember, the last installment is delinquent after the first Monday in November."

* * *

Pat Page (Butler coach)—"Just keep your eye on this bunch of huskies at Butler."

* * *

Dick Miller (banker)—"If campaigning hurts business quit business, seems to be the motto this year—as in all other years."

* * *

Thomas Taggart (candidate for U. S. senate)—"I never did anything in my life that gave me more pleasure than to hand out a wedge of pie and a glass of milk to James Whitcomb Riley at the old Union Station restaurant."

* * *

K. C. Adams (editor American Coal Miner)—"Mining political coal is about as difficult a job as anybody can imagine."

* * *

Jesse Eschbach (coal commissioner)—"What Indiana needs is more coal and less talk."

* * *

Frank S. C. Wicks (clergyman)—"I am against cigarettes if for no other reason than I can point out at least three places where our church caught on fire from one of the discarded things."

* * *

John Holtzman (lawyer)—"The contribution I made to the campaign that I regret the most is the gold pencil I lost while making notes. It was a gift from a friend, and I hated to lose it."

* * *

Nelson Trowbridge (theatrical manager)—"They say that the eagle lives to be 100 years old. I'll bet the "Bird of Paradise" will live to be 200 from the way it stacked up here last week."

Depauw students have come off victorious in a contest with hard-hearted deans and faculty members. For a time the stringent order of no dates except on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, was in effect, but righteous protest has alleviated the ruling, and now dates at any time, in moderation, are permitted.

The Kappa Gammas have had a few private difficulties of their own. Too enthusiastic serenading brought them under the ban of Pan Hellenic displeasure, and they were penalized to the extent of being compelled to refrain from all rushing for a term of two weeks. Just imagine how many beautiful pledges must have been lost.

English's

Monday, Nov 1, and All Week

Prices { Wed. Mat., $2.00 to 50c
Sat. Mat., $2.50 to 50c
Evenings, $3.00 to 50c

Geo. M. Cohan's
COMEDIANS

THE
BIGGEST
MUSICAL
COMEDY
SUCCESS
ON EARTH

MARY

ISN'T IT
A GRAND
OLD NAME



Main 1143
Main 6898

Main 6052
Main 6310

The Home of Good Chile

D. C. BLACKER'S
Chile Parlors

Open All Night

(No. 1) 555-555½ Massachusetts Av.
(No. 2) 44-46 W. Ohio Street
(No. 3) 134 S. Illinois Street

Indianapolis, Ind.



The Centre team that brought 42,000 spectators to the Harvard stadium last Saturday for the big sectional contest will play DePauw at Washington Park November 6. This will be one of the best football games in the state this year, for Ted Ogden's men are out to give Bo McMillan and his bunch of Kentucky scrappers a fight every inch of the way.

How the Wind Is Blowing

The man with a "chunk of coin" to wager on the election is not a sentimentalist. When he bets, he bets to win, if possible, hence the posting of wagers in various downtown places on election results usually have more or less significance, although this is not saying that the "gay gamboliers" are always right. In fact, they were slipped up on in 1916, although some of them followed the "hunches" in the newspapers and "bet right."

Wagers on the results of the forthcoming election include everything from a 10-to-5 bet that Cox doesn't carry his own precinct to 25 to 100 that he will be elected.

The boards at Stegemeier's are covered with all sorts of wagers, the great majority of which favor the election of Harding. One wager is $200 to $100 on Harding. These odds prevail throughout, although there are variations according to the exuberance of the bettor. One wager indicates that the placer is willing to take a chance by offering $50 to $260 that Cox will be elected.

Another wager is a 2-to-1 shot that McCray will be elected governor; another, $25 to $150 that Taggart will beat Watson. Somebody with a knowledge of Ohio politics offers odds that Davis (Rep.) will be elected governor of Ohio. Other bets are offered on the pluralities of the candidates; one bettor offers odds that Cox will not carry 17 states.

The new claims by Democrats on the general results made within the last few days has not changed the odds on the betting boards, although there is some "hedging" on the odds as far as big pluralities are concerned.

Straw votes conducted by the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Rexall Drug Company indicate the election of Harding. Some states, however, indicate strong Democratic gains, especially in Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and some western states. The vote also indicates the election of a Democratic governor in Illinois.

At the last election the Rexall Company's vote is said to have directly indicated the election of Wilson, although it was close. This campaign the Democratic managers claim that the poll has been unfair and biased, but this is denied by the company.

Real and So-called Architects

(Continued from Page 7)

said the author of "Men Architects and Women's Homes," "and I have lived in a house or two designed by alleged architects. Anybody can tell the difference."

It is a well-known fact that the architects of Indiana have tried many times to persuade Indiana legislatures to protect the profession by enacting regulatory laws affecting the practice of architecture. The architects believe that all who practice this ancient and honorable profession should be trained and qualified by knowledge and experience to design and superintend the erection of buildings.

There is also a strong need of a state building code in Indiana, such as other states have. As it is now, the architect must take a thousand and one "rules and regulations" in consideration when he plans a structure. The City Building Code, the Board of Health, the State Fire Marshal's offices, the Board of Accounts and various other departments have their own rules and restrictions, which must be followed. Many of these overlap and there is always a difficulty in harmonizing these various factors affecting building.

The state needs a comprehensive and standardized building code, which, together with a license law, would protect the builder adequately. As it is, as far as practicing architecture goes, any one with a "hammer and saw" knowledge of building may call himself an architect and practice his quackery as the old time spring wagon charltan used to do in doctoring people.

Architects of Indiana are no doubt anxiously awaiting the day when the state will put this profession on the plane it deserves by hedging it about with restrictions similar to the practice of medicine and optometry. People do not pay out their money for poorly planned homes, but they hire an architect because he is supposed to know how to combine the artistic with the convenient. It would seem that the state legislature would recognize the rights of legitimate architects in this matter, at the same time protecting the public.

Another New Hoosier Author

Somebody facetiously remarked upon an occasion that a brick could not be thrown into a crowd of Hoosiers anywhere on earth without hitting an author. Hoosiers accept the soft impeachment, but are always ready to say that if a Hoosier is an author he has generally "arrived" or is at least rapidly on the way.

For example, we have our old friend "Johnathan Brooks"—better known as John Mellett—an Indianapolis newspaper man and formerly editor of TOPICS—whose trusty typewriter has been turning out some mighty good stuff and which Collier's Weekly has been presenting to its readers.

In last week's issue of this popular magazine, a "Johnathan Brooks" story was featured, occupying the first page. "Roll Jordon Roll" is the title of this engaging tale. Collier's thought so well of it that it plastered New York City with big posters calling special attention to it.

"Roll Jordon Roll" is a football story de luxe. It has the double virtue of not only being a well told tale, but as a football story it is technically correct as to the playing technique of the game—a fact lacking in recent football stories in other magazines and for which they were criticized by various "sporting editors."

Indiana has produced many good tellers of tales and apparently will continue to do so, judging from the latest contributors to the literature of the state. John Mellett's friends will wish him well on his way up the literary ladder.

P. S.—"Spin" Williams, cartoonist of the Indianapolis "News," illustrated "Roll Jordon Roll" and it adds to the charm of the story.

A Great Football Story!

ROLL JORDON ROLL

by JOHNATHAN BROOKS

IS IN THIS WEEK'S

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

This poster, plastered all over New York, advertised the popularity of our Hoosier author.

Stories 'Bout Town

(Continued from Page 6)

man of Hebraic extraction. A tattered and torn specimen of what had once been a man came into the store and started to tell a tale of woe, calculated to melt a heart of stone. The Hebrew proprietor stood it as long as he could, then calling to a clerk at the rear of the store, said:

"Izzy, come here and throw this feller out, he's breaking my heart!"

INDIANA'S MOST COMPLETE MUSIC STORE



The Chippendale

Music's Re-Creation is Mr. Edison's most sublime gift to man.

Music's Re-Creation

THE master inventor, after five years of patient labor, and an expenditure of more than a million dollars, has given the world the greatest of all phonographs, the EDISON.

Carlin's find it a pleasure to show the merits of "The Phonograph With a Soul." You can spend a few minutes very pleasantly in our quiet music rooms, hearing a concert by the EDISON.

four floors of music

THE CARLIN MUSIC CO.

143 E. WASHINGTON ST.

Political Argument

Two negroes and a white man were talking politics in a Meridian street garage. One of the negroes was a Republican and the other a Democrat. After discussing the good and bad points of the presidential candidates, with the odds slightly in favor of the Republican negro, the Cox supporter said:

"Levi, you ain't got no sense a-tall. Wha' is yo' little toe at—you all doan' know whut foot h'ts on!"

"How come whut foot hits on?" said the Harding supporter; "ain't it on bofe feet?"

"Ain't dat de trufe," said the other; "bofe feet—dat's hit—fust you is gittin' up on one foot den on t' other! Whyn't you git dem toes fixed an' stay there?"

Not being able to answer this irrefutable argument, the meeting abruptly adjourned.

Recently the Citizens Telephone Company of Terre Haute received a letter from the Butterick Publishing Company congratulating it on the quality of the telephone service of Terre Haute. It was explained that a representative of the Butterick Company had had occasion to use the service for a half day and with such satisfactory results that the company felt that it must congratulate the telephone people on their service. Wonder what's the chance to move that telephone outfit to Indianapolis? Of course, we are not wanting anybody to die of heart failure.

Motion Pictures

Week of October 31

Alhambra—Ethel Clayton in "A City Sparrow"; Wanda Hawley in "The Beloved Villain."
Circle—Katherine MacDonald in "Curtain."
Colonial—Elaine Hammerstein in "The Daughter Pays."
Crystal—Viola Dana in "Blackmail."
Isis—"Deep Waters"; Ethel Clayton in "A City Sparrow.'
Mister Smith's—Fanny Hurst's "Humoresque."
Ohio—Marion Davies in "The Restless Sex."
Regent—William Russell in "The Challenge of the Law."

Alhambra

Ethel Clayton comes to the Alhambra for the first half of next week in "The City Sparrow", a romantic drama in which the star appears as a dancer in vaudeville and burlesque houses. While recuperating from an accident she meets and falls in love with David Muir, a farmer. His proposal of marriage brings her happiness, together with the prospects of a quiet, peaceful life in the country whither she had gone to rest. Obsessed, however, with the knowledge of facts concerning herself which she had withheld from him, she runs away to return to the bright lights of the stage and the garish existence of theatrical boarding houses. The events leading up to the satisfactory climax go to make a splendid picture in which Miss Clayton is at her very best. Walter Hiers has a clever comedy role, Clyde Fillmore is the leading man, and others in the cast are Lillian Leighton, Rose Cade, Helen Jerome Eddy and Sylvia Ashton. A Mutt and Jeff comedy, the Fox news weekly, and the singing trio, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz, will complete the program. The mid-week change on Thursday will be Wanda Hawley in "The Beloved Villain," a play that is said to provide a most interesting part for this popular star who has won a large following in Indianapolis.

Circle

In "Curtain," Katherine MacDonald's latest picture, the star has the role of Nancy Bradshaw, an actress who scores a brilliant success in a play written by Ted Dorn. The latter is in love with her, but she marries Dick Cunningham, a wealthy man with an admiring eye for the other sex. Nancy discovers her husband's liking for Lilla Grant, but she believes his oath of innocence. However, when she learns that he is untrue, she returns to the stage. When Dick comes back he seeks her out and upbraids her for having resumed her professional career. She then confronts him with proof of his guilt. Matters are arranged so that she can easily obtain a divorce. She finds her ultimate happiness with Ted Dorn, the author, who has always loved her. A comedy, "Nonsense," a Bruce scenic, and an overture by the Circle Orchestra, complete the program.

Colonial

As the earnest and sensible daughter of a foolish mother, Elaine Hammerstein heads the cast of "The Daughter Pays," the attraction at the Colonial for the week of October 31. Miss Hammerstein appears as Virginia Mynors, a girl who is struggling hard to keep up the family fortunes after finances have been sadly depleted by the extravagance of a careless and frivolous mother. As a last resort, Virginia marries a wealthy man, hoping that this marriage will place her in a position to help her family. She discovers, however, that the man has married her only in order that he may make her life miserable and thus be revenged on her mother, who had jilted him. The culmination of the story brings the daughter the happiness which she deserves. In the cast supporting Miss Hammerstein are Norman Trevor and Theresa Maxwell Conover. A news reel and a comedy showing Chester Conklin in "Home Rule" are included in the program.

Crystal

The complicated mechanism of the crook world is exposed to view in "Blackmail," a screen version of Lucia Chamberlain's Saturday Evening Post story, which will be seen at the Crystal Theatre the week beginning October 31. Viola Dana plays the part of Flossie Golden, the beautiful daughter of a famous crook. On his death bed, father urges Flossie "not to let the cops forget the name of Golden." Following this advice, Flossie entangles a wealthy but insipid young man in her plottings, with the intention of blackmailing him into marriage. With legal assistance, the young man's mother saves him from Flossie only to find that the lawyer has fallen a victim to Flossie's wiles. The story is brought to its conclusion with the requisite number of thrills.

Mister Smith's

"Humoresque" has been heralded all over the country as one of the most universally appealing pictures that have appeared this year. It is a picturization of Fanny Hurst's story, which tells of the fervent desire of Mrs. Kantor that one of her children should be a great musician. Her fondest hopes are realized in the talent of Leon, who becomes a world-famous violinist. At the peak of his musical career, Leon gives up his brilliant position and enlists in the war as a doughboy. But springtime brings him back to his doting mother and to his rendezvous with his sweetheart Gina. The piece, which has been seen here before, is well acted, particularly by Vera Gordon, who plays Mrs. Kantor. A comedy, "Circus Days," completes the bill.

Ohio

The restless, excitement-seeking nature of the modern society girl is responsible for the title, "The Restless Sex," a picturized version of the Robert W. Chambers novel of the same name, which will be the feature at the Ohio Theatre all next week. Marion Davies plays the role of an impetuous society girl who has ambitions to become something more than an idle wife. Her love of excitement leads her to make an unfortunate marriage, but before the last reel is unwound she finds her true romance. One of the features of the picture is a ballroom scene, which is said to be one of the most elaborate ever filmed. Joseph Urban of Follies fame designed the ball room sets, and Erte, the Russian designer, is responsible for the gowns worn by Miss Davies. The bill for the week includes Literary Digest Topics, "Globe Trot," and a comedy, "Betty's Green-Eyed Monster," featuring Muriel Ostrich.

Go to the Matinees

THE CIRCLE

Katherine Mac DONALD
(The American Beauty)
in
"CURTAIN"
The Love Story of an Actress
CIRCLE COMEDY
A BRUCE SCENIC
"Solitude"
Circlette of News
Circle Orchestra—Overture
"LARGO"
From the Symphony "New World"

Swiss Cleaners



Main 5555. 1118-1120 North Illinois Street. Auto. 28-654.

Look Out Below!

"Don't throw a brick—There's a Reason!"

You've seen it—on street car fronts and on the traffic cops' semaphores? Quite likely.

There are several perfectly good reasons, besides the one somebody had in mind concerning this admonition, why it is dangerous to toss a clay bouquet.

A tossed brick has infinite possibilities. First, there is the ubiquitous innocent bystander—he's always getting his. Then there is the hip-pocket, which may be loaded with some contraband—in re the 18th amendment, the shattering of which would be a catastrophe.

Then there is the high cost of bricks. The bad example set by chucking them might be picked up by the politicians who to date have thrown about everything from thick mud to a hand-picked aspersion.

Throw anything but bricks—throw the telephone out of the window when central gives you Irvington instead of Harrison; throw the bootjack at the night-wailing feline; throw seven or 'leven—throw the bull, throw down your best girl, throw a curve, throw away your old fountain pen—but remember you wouldn't be able to fill out the coupon below, subscribing for TOPICS. Life in Indianapolis without TOPICS is like a one-horse race—lots of action but no interest. But SHOULD you heave the pen away, there is yet a remedy:

Use a Pencil

TOPICS

1114 Peoples Bank Building

I have thrown away the old pen, but I am using my trusty Faber, so please get TOPICS on the way to.....

No. ..... *Street*

City .....

I am enclosing $\{\$1.00, \$4.00\}$ *for which credit me with* $\{three, twelve\}$ *months' subscription.*

(Signed).....

Don't You Like Them?

The Indianapolis Humane Society Plans a Shelter Home for Animals. Will You Help?







Does it ever occur to the average citizen that the outcast cat, dog or other animal seen skulking in alleys and other byways feel hunger, cold, pain?

And if the thought does arise, is it followed by mental query as to what agency exists to relieve the distress?

The normal person loves pets. In boyhood and girlhood, animal chums were a large part of life. In later years most families have enjoyed the companionship of an intelligent animal. Perhaps, a hunting dog or a watch dog, possibly a cat that grew as dear almost as a child, and there have been many such. Anyway, it is human and instinctive to feel an obligation toward the dumb creatures.

Since 1905 the work of the Indianapolis Humane Society has been to care for such animals. Unfortunately, to date, only inadequate facilities have been available. The municipal pound in a corner of the asphalt plant yard at East New York street and the railroad tracks has been wholly insufficient for the needs of the growing city.

Just prior to the war, plans had been matured for a campaign to raise funds for a building. With many other projects budding at that time, it went into oblivion while greater and more immediate needs of fighting men and their dependents received attention. The plan has been revived and next week an intensive drive will be put on to raise $25,000 with which to build an adequate structure on a site previously acquired at Shriver avenue and the boulevard.

"Don't Throw a Brick—There's a Reason" is to be changed to "Here's the Reason—Buy a Brick for $1 and Help Build the Shelter Home for Animals." It was to stimulate interest in the campaign that the mysterious slogan was originated and spread broadcast.

Tuesday, November 2, Election Day, will be Brick Day. An organization has been perfected that will result in every section of the city being thoroughly canvassed on that day. Card replicas of bricks will be used for tags, and 25,000 have been provided. The drive does not in any way conflict with the Community Chest plans. The War Chest has allotted to the Indianapolis Humane Society in the past $200 a month for maintenance. The remainder of the expense has been provided by dues from members and donations from citizens who approve the work.

The Community Chest does not contemplate financing any building projects.

The accompanying pictures are of animals which have passed through the city dog pound and for which homes have been found. The bull dog is "Barney", formerly owned by Barney Oldfield, now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Alexander of Greensburg, Ind. "Barney" became separated from his owner and eventually landed at the city dog pound For a while no one wanted to adopt him, for "Barney" has two traits which seem ineradicable. He will fight any other dog that wants a fight, regardless of size, and he will ride in anyone's automobile that will give him permission.

In 1919, 5,664 animals passed through the hands of the society's workers. Of these 500 were placed in appreciative homes. It is a brutal fact that many others might have been saved had there been room for proper care.

A voter has suggested that a pessimist is a candidate who thinks he won't be elected.

Roltaire Eggleston is reported to have denied that he intends buying a paper suit of clothes like those on exhibition at the When.

An observer wonders if the young men who back up to the Fletcher Savings & Trust building for hours at a time think that the building is going to fall? They do a strenuous job of leaning in the neighborhood of the cigar store.

Nelson Trowbridge, manager of the Murat Theatre, has issued a folder with all sorts of information in it concerning the theatre, the people who run it, its size, seating capacity, the ushers, staff officials, the dramatic editors, and every other person connected in any way with the theatre from the advertising man to the baggage hauler. It also embraces a comprehensive guide to the city. Show men ought to be overjoyed when they get this folder.

Dr. Winter, the newly elected president of the Optimist club, surprised the club by making a speech with all kinds of oratorical flights in it—all of which the club should be thankful for having another real speaker on its roster of officers.

Somebody thought there was a big fire raging in the vicinity of the Star office, but it was only Bob Tucker driving up to work in his new red motor.

Johnson & Montgomery Co.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
1032 Central Avenue
Auto. 26-530 Main 1430



Don Herold says—
"Pictures in printed matter are like raisins in brown bread"—they make it interesting and worth while.
We Cooperate with
"Topics"
in producing the
Art & Engraving
Let us help you too
The INDIANAPOLIS ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.
222 E. OHIO ST. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Main 3712 Auto. 21-402
"Say it With Flowers"
Greene's Flower Shop
CLARENCE R. GREENE
Board of Trade Building
Meridian and Ohio Streets
Expert Designing and Floral Work For All Occasions

Hoosier Optical Co.
MFG. OPTICIANS
148 N. ILL ST.-INDIANAPOLIS, IND

L. E. Fuller, D. C.
Oldest Established Chiropractor in City
404 Kahn Bldg.
Centrally Located for Service

Patterson Shade Co.
Manufacturers and Cleaners of
Window Shades
Phone North 4740 116-118 W. 30th St.

H. LESLIE BROOKS, D. C.
SYLVIA MAE BROOKS, D. C.
Doctors of Chiropractic
For Appointment Call
40½ W. Ohio St. Circle 802

Booth Fisheries Co.
32 W. Georgia Street
Auto. 27-235 :: Main 1235
We Are the Largest Fish and Oyster Dealers in the U. S.

Joseph T. Stokes
Prescription Druggist
607 Hume-Mansur Bldg.
226 North Meridian St.
Main 2180 Main 3690

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick
Fair One—Fox trot.
On the Road to Mandalay—Baritone solo.

Columbia
My Little Bimboo Down on the Bamboo Isles—Solo.
Let the Rest of the World Go By—Waltz.

Edison
The Love Nest—Duet (vocal).
Naughty Waltz—Duet (vocal).

Gennett
Hearts and Flowers—Instrumental.
Tired of Me—Tenor solo.

Pathe
Roses of Memory—Baritone solo.
Kamel-Land—Fox trot.

Victor
Japanese Sandman—Fox trot.
"Avalon" and "Just Like a Gypsy"—Medley.

TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1920 — NUMBER 21

"I'm Going Posing, Sir," She Said

Many Modern Indianapolis Maids Help to Sell Products by Lending Their Features to Advertising Illustrations.

Demand for "Girl Pictures" Grows as Needs of Advertisers Grow — How the Commercial Model Works.

By Beatrice Sherman

The beautiful young woman who finds that typewriting bores her, that there is no thrill in clerking in a store and that business even in boom times is dull, has now a new world to conquer. She may annex the magic title of "Model" to her name. Even though the surge of her artistic temperament is not strong enough to push her to the big cities, still she may find the glamour and the hard work of being a model here in Indianapolis. She need not depend on the slender demands of the Hoosier artists in the city for her posing, for within recent years a great demand for models has been growing in the field of commercial photography.

Not many years ago nearly all of the advertisements which appeared in the high-grade magazines were illustrated with drawings, with only an occasional photograph in the entire advertising section. Today this order is completely reversed. Of course, many ads still carry drawings as illustrations, but the great majority nowadays depend upon a genuine photograph for the picture appeal. Even the untrained eye can discern the difference between drawing and photograph, and the obvious sincerity of a photograph, the appeal which it carries as being a real and not an artificial thing, gives it a convincing power which a drawing does not always have. In spite of the fact that we know the photographer can give a plain woman a certain charm by doctoring her picture, there is still an unescapable truthfulness about a photograph which the observer can not dodge. Subconsciously, the great public regards cameras as in a class with figures—they don't lie. More and more advertisers are taking advantage of this virtuous reputation of the camera to make it contribute its share to their sales talk.

In Indianapolis there are a number of photographers who devote their entire time to taking pictures for commercial purposes—that is, for use in connection with some kind of advertising. There are others who do any general photographic work and, as a side line, take up commercial photography. As a rule, the picture to be used as an advertisement must show something and somebody—the article to be advertised and some person to supply the human interest, the model.



HESTER BAILEY

Pupil of the Pierrot Studio. Posed by Mlle. Theo Hewes, illustrating an advertisement for the Starr Piano Company. The necessity for correct posing is most important, as an illustrated advertisement must be technically perfect. Mlle. Hewes has collaborated with a number of photographers where artistic effects were required.

Some advertisers use only the pretty girl ad, presumably on the theory that any article from a washing machine to a motor car will seem more attractive to the prospective purchaser if accompanied by a pretty girl. She poses with equal facility in a pair of wear-forever overalls or an ultra-exclusive tailored suit. She demonstrates the efficiency of a clean-cutting shovel by swinging it daintily from one finger, or she shows the sterling qualities of a tennis racket by holding it as if it were a bridal bouquet. The mere fact that she is a pretty young person is supposed to lend tone, and charm, and appeal to the dishwasher or aeroplane that is being advertised—and perhaps it does.

Other advertisers go in for realistic effects with beauty as only a minor requisite. For advertising an automobile they want an intelligent appearing girl who looks in character in a car; for showing off the merits of a washing machine they select a substantial woman who has a "homey" look. Their principal aim is to secure a photograph of a model who fits into the picture—and if she happens to be pretty as well as apropos, so much the better.

With advertisers of all kinds of products calling for models, the demand is varied. In Chicago and New York, commercial advertising has grown to such an extent that bureaus have been established where models of all sorts may be engaged—men, women or children, blondes or brunettes, fat or thin, young or old, black or white. If you want a model while you are in the metropolis, choosing your type is almost as easy as selecting your favorite flavor of soda water. You specify your requirements, and the bureau fills them.

In Indianapolis, commercial photography is a young industry, comparatively speaking, and while the demand for models is large, it is not sufficient to warrant the establishment of such a bureau here. Most of the models who pose for Indianapolis commercial photographers are either professional models brought from Chicago, or—more frequently—Hoosiers who are models only in their spare time or upon particular occasions. It may not be as easy to produce the proper model for a given advertisement in Indianapolis as it is in Chicago or New York; but the difficulty of his task doesn't prevent the Hoosier picture man from getting what he goes after. Various and devious are the methods by which the Indianapolis photographer secures the proper subject.

Some three or four years ago when the Coburn Photo and Film Co. did a great deal of this kind of work, before they had decided to devote all their time and energy to motion pictures, they used to follow the simple expedient of advertising for their models. This was the obvious method, but it wasn't always as successful as it might be supposed. In response to an ad, Mr. Coburn states that often a crowd of fifty would appear, with perhaps five or perhaps one in the whole group who was suitable for the purpose. It must have been a sad task for the proverbially cheerful photographer to dismiss the unfortunate forty-odd candidates who wouldn't do. Merely interviewing the crowd must have been a time-consuming task in itself.

The local photographers who are making pictures for advertising purposes nowadays resort to more subtle methods of corralling the desired type of model. One man decides that it would be easier to go out and look over the supply, rather than have the supply come to him. Having read of the frequent romances of the beautiful shop girl and the admiring millionaire, he started out on a tour of the department stores, looking over the salespersons for material. His success was such that in one store alone he found half a dozen young women of more than ordinary charm, all of whom were willing to lend their good looks in the cause of advertising, for a consideration. His pictures were a success, and now he keeps the names of these young women on file for future use.

Photographers like Dexheimer and

Moorefield, who do commercial work as well as regular studio work, frequently find that their two fields conveniently overlap. For example, an illustration is needed for an advertisement of a new sewing machine. A young woman comes into the studio to have her picture taken. She is a sensible, clean, wholesome type of young womanhood; she looks as if she might have had occasion to use a sewing machine. She is asked to pose for various ads of the sewing machine, illustrating its usefulness to the business girl and to the housewife. Again, a picture is needed to add punch to an advertisement of an insurance company that has got out a new policy insuring an income for the children. The parent while he is well and strong can provide for the child, but if accident or death deprives him of his earning power, why not have an assured income for the child which will keep him from poverty? is the theme of the ad. An adorable baby picture, appealing to any parent, is needed to point the argument. The photographer runs over his mental list of "Babies I Have Photographed," selects the sweetest and prettiest, and asks permission to use its photograph. On an occasion of this kind, parents who are unwilling to lend their baby's photograph for money may do so when appealed to on the ground of helping other people's babies.

The Indianapolis Engraving & Electrotyping Company have still another method of rounding up models. The company whose line of coats and suits is to be advertised requests that the models be human, sensible and intelligent-looking girls; a group of good-looking young nurses is engaged as models and fill the requirements to a T. A firm dealing in musical instruments wants a little human interest in a phonograph advertisement; a pupil from Madame Hewes' dancing school is engaged to do an aesthetic dance to the phonograph music and furnish the desired appeal in the ad. A stout and good-looking young woman is needed for an ad of out-size undergarments; the pretty dispenser of sodas at the corner store is engaged to pose. Students of dramatic art are frequently used as models for various types of ads.

After a model has once posed for a photographer, he prefers to use her upon other occasions rather than break in a new model. Posing is an art in itself, and as the model gains experience she becomes more pliable, more adaptable, and an easier and better subject. Posing for commercial advertising is not so very different from posing for motion pictures, and in both lines experience is a valuable asset. But keeping a model is almost as difficult as getting one in the first place. As one photographer said: "Within a month she's disappeared, got married or gone back to the show." But though the present supply is constantly decreasing, now models are always to be found by the zealous Indianapolis photographer.

There are other trials, however, which beset him. Unless he is careful to have the specific consent of the model to use her picture or the consent of her parents, if she is under age, he may find himself in a position similar to that of a company in Rochester, N. Y. To illustrate their wide line of photographic papers, they made prints of the picture of a very beautiful young model.



Photo by Bachrach

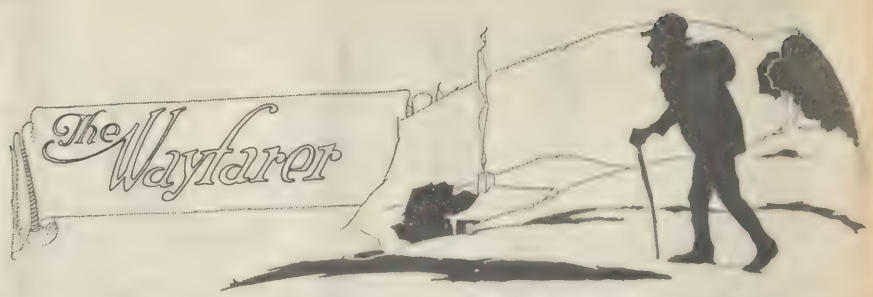
MERCEDES FAVLEY

An Indianapolis girl posing for an advertisement for Whitman's Chocolates. Especially posed for and copyrighted by Smith-Hecht Company, Indianapolis.

While the distribution of these sample photos was in progress, the young woman was married. The bridegroom happened to wander into a lobby one evening where a lively salesman was displaying to an interested gallery his pictures of the lovely model. Every man was all attention, and several expressed a fervent desire to meet the original of the photo. The young husband was indignant. His lovely bride's pictures scattered all over the country like this. Shocking! No legal release of the picture to the company had been made, and so the firm was compelled to call in the hundreds of pictures all over the country at a great loss. The photographer can not be too cautious in providing against such a contretemps as this.

Occasionally a model is perfectly willing to lend her charms to an advertisement; but she doesn't wish to be recognized by her friends as the girl in the ad. In such cases the face is retouched on the negative so that it can not be definitely identified with the original. One young woman insisted on having her head cut off in all her pictures. She posed with drawing pencils, fountains pens, dish dryers and baking pans, but her hands and arms were her sole contribution to the finished advertisement.

Of course, there are many degrees of excellence in commercial photography, just as in any other art or industry. Some of the carefully worked out studies, however, are not only good sales talk, but are also really artistic. The work is being developed rapdily; and more and more the attractive, intelligent and adaptable individual—the paragon of models—is being sought to contribute her share to the success of advertising through photographs.



The Coon Hunt

"That old dog knows jist as well as I do whut's comin' off," said the old man who lived near the edge of the lake where I had been fishing, as he rubbed up an old lantern. "Jist about time fer coons, Tobe," the old man continued as the dog came up wagging his tail.

And so it was. This old hunter had trekked the creek and lake bottoms for a quarter century hunting the elusive 'coon—and now it was again the season. Of course, Tobe, who had been a "'coon dog" since puppyhood, knew it, too. He had dreamed about it through the long summer days as he dozed in sunny fence corners. Dog like, he sensed the impending trail as his master cleaned the lantern.

And did you ever go on a 'coon hunt—a real one with a hunter who knew and a dog that knew even more? * * *

The next night after the sun had set we started out. The woods appeared as a huge blot of ink as they rimmed the lake. The old man with his gun and bespattered lantern and his dog struck a stride that took us across fields of shocked corn standing ghost-like in the moon rays. We climbed a stake-and-rider fence into the woods, traversed it perhaps five hundred yards, when the old man halted by a fallen tree. Calling Tobe to him, he patted his head and said: "Go git 'em, Tobe—go git 'em!"

Tobe wagged his tail in farewell and plunged further into the woods. The old man and I made ourselves comfortable on the log and lit our pipes.

"Is this the way you hunt 'em"? I asked as we smoked.

"Yep," he said, "this is the only way. You've got to have a dog that you kin trust—an' then jist set an' wait."

Pretty soft, I thought.

This was what happened:

Perhaps a half hour passed, when through the chill blackness there came a short, sharp cry. The old man sat up alertly, listening, forgetting to smoke. Again the dog's peculiar cry. "He's struck the trail," he commented.

Again the cry. The old man knocks the ashes from his pipe, lights his lantern, tucks his gun under his arm and says, "C'mawn." We follow the cry from near the edge of the woods farther into the blackness. The trail is evidently warming up, for the dog is now in full cry. The old 'coon, startled from his repast of corn, is seeking his home in the limb of a hollow tree somewhere in the depths. Straight through the woods the game goes as the dog warms to his work, his cry growing fainter and fainter as he distances us. * * *

Suddenly the dog's cry changes to short, staccato barks. This is what the old man has been waiting for. He is galvanized into action and starts pell-mell through the underbrush. He leaps logs and dodges brush piles, but he keeps straight on. I am finding it difficult to keep up. * * * "Tobe's rushed him up a tree," explains the old hunter as we redouble our pace. * * *

Breaking through a patch of undergrowth the old man sees Tobe. The dog circles the trees and suddenly he darts away. "'Coon's fooled him for a minute," says the old man; "he went up one side and down t' other."

Tobe trails the edge of the creek for a few minutes where the 'coon had taken to the water, then strikes the scent anew. On we plunge until at last we come up to the dog again at the foot of a giant oak. "Here he is," said the old man.

With the lantern tied on his head he peers into the high shadows of the tree; two balls of fire appear as a target. He brings the gun to his shoulder * * * a terrific bang—and down through the branches tumbles Mr. 'Coon, not dead, but Tobe finishes the job—and the first 'coon of the season is bagged.

"How'd y' like it?" the old man asked

"Fine," I said, 'but how far are we from the house?"

"'Bout six miles as th' crow flies," he answered as we started for it.—C. S. G.

Stories 'Bout Town

"A colored preacher who had been forced to leave his native town went to a southern village where he obtained a charge," relates Dr. Carl Winter, president of the Optimist Club. "One Sunday morning a goodly congregation assembled and the preacher arose to announce his text for the sermon.

"Bruddehs an' sistuhs," he began, when he saw a familiar face on the front seat—a man who had been instrumental in forcing him to leave his former charge—"Bruddehs and sistuhs, I was gwine take my tex' fum Samuel, but I is changed muh mind. I is preaching fum de special tex' which says: 'Ef'n you knows me, fuh God sake keep yo' mouf shet'!"

A Real Dog Tale

Indianapolis dogs have one friend, as a prominent veterinarian of the city can testify.

A stranger carrying a woebegone pup that had all the appearance of having been picked and on a snow-

(Continued on Page 22.)

Woman, Patron Saint of Music

St. Cecelia, Immortalized by Painter, Poet and the Church, Stands for Highest Type of Sacred Melody.

Wives of Musical Geniuses of Modern Times Have Played Big Part in Shaping Destinies of the Art.

By Ona B. Talbot

Although admitting no woman to take part in performing their service, the Church of Rome has made a woman their patron saint of music. Saint Cecelia, immortalized by the church, by Rafael's picture, Dryden's ode and Maderno's statue, and numbers of other great art works.

Of St. Cecelia herself little is known. Church history has it that about the year 230 a noble Roman lady was converted to Christianity and was forced into an unwilling marriage with a certain Valerian pagan. She succeeded in converting her husband and brother, and all were martyrs for their faith. History further records that she often added instrumentaal music to that of her voice in singing the Lord's praises.

There can be no doubt that woman played an important part in music, possibly even in composition in many civilizations which apparently allowed her only a restricted field of action.

Foremost among the patrons of art in Grecian mythology are the Muses. These were not always nine in number. Originally "at Mount Helicon in Boeotia, three were worshipped—Melete (meditation), Mneme (memory) and Aoide (song)."

In Homer's poems the Muses have attained their well-known abode on Olympus. The Sirens were another personification of the marvelous power of music among primitive people. Their chief occupation consisted in sitting on the rocks by the sea and singing to passing mariners.

Leaving the realm of the supernatural the only great name we find among the musical women of Greece is that of Sappho. Of the events of her life history records but two—one in the Parian marble by Ovid is her flight from Mytilene to Sicily to escape from some unknown danger; the other is the well-known story, that being in love with Phaon, and finding her love unrequited, she casts herself from the Leucadian rock. Upon this rock was the temple of Apollo. It is fair to class Sappho as a musician, for in ancient Greece poetry and music were inseparable. Of her poems only a few fragments remain, the most important being an Ode to Aphrodite.

In the Medieaval Age, no encouragement for women to exert their musical abilities was given or allowed.

In the music of the Celtic and the Gaelic races, also, woman had no place. Their songs, like their lives, were martial in character.

The harpists of Ireland and the bagpipers of Scotland were all men. Even among the early English minstrels, who devoted their powers to the milder art of love songs and Christmas carols, no women are to be found. And it was only under conditions of more stability, and with the advent of chivalry, that woman at last gained the opportunity of showing and developing her talents.



CLARA SCHUMANN

From Heaven an angel child came to this earth;
At the keyboard she sits, dreams of songs of high worth;
Then she touches the keys and in magical wise
Dream form after form seems before us to rise,
And picture on picture, to gladden our eyes.
We see the old Erlking,
Hear mild Mignon sing,
Gaze at knights, bold and daring,
Their gleaming and bearing,
Or at nuns humbly kneeling
Devotion revealing.
And all that listen are quickened and stirred,
As if a great singer and famous they heard.
But the angel child—no one can keep her nor stay,
Back, back to her homeland she hastens away.

—ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Translated by Charles R. Williams.

Among the women who have influenced music without actually creating it, none have had more opportunity than the wives of the famous composers. Often they have had considerable musical genius themselves, but have sacrificed their claims to renown, knowing full well that there could not be two prima donnas in one family. However, their stories are interesting ones, and from the time of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Von Weber, Spohr, Berlioz, Verdi, Wagner and Schumann down even to the present day, they have played a large part in shaping the musical destinies of the world.

History records no more perfect union of two similar natures, both richly endowed with mental qualities, and each in perfect sympathy with the other, than Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann. It holds a place in the story of music parallel to that occupied by Abelard and Heloise in poetry. The lives of both these great musicians afford an example of the most unselfish devotion in an art, than which there is no nobler.

Clara Wieck was born on September 13, 1819, at Leipsic. In her fifth year she gave signs of decided musical talent, and her father, Freidrich Wieck, who was a piano teacher of extensive reputation, proceeded at once to develop her powers. To her father's genius for teaching, and by his supervision of the cultivation of her intellect she attributes her great success.

When eleven years of age she was started upon a series of tours by her father, who wished to give her some idea of the world and to let the world gain some knowledge of her attainments. From Dresden he writes to a friend: "It is impossible to describe the sensation that your little Clara has made here. I am anxious lest the honors and distinction should have a bad influence upon her. If I notice anything of the sort then I shall travel further at once, for I am too proud of her modesty, and would not exchange it for any decoration in the world." As the result of her Parisian tour, and through her meeting at this time with Chopin, she became one of the best interpreters of that master's works, and gave them to the world in much the same manner that she did those of Schumann soon afterward.

The meeting of Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann was occasioned by his adopting her father as his teacher. However, it was some years later when she played in his native town of Zwickau, that he first showed her attention, and to quote from a letter to a friend: "Zwickau was fired with enthusiasm for the first time in its life. Call it perfection and I will agree with it. Is it the gifted child of genius, at whose stretch of a tenth people shake their heads, but admire? Is it the hardest of difficulties which she throws off to the public as if they were a wreath of flowers? I do not know; but I do feel simply that she has the spirit that compels admiration."

It was in 1836 that the two lovers came to an understanding, but Clara's father, who now had highest hopes for his famous daughter, found an adequate reason for denial of the marriage, in the unsubstantial prospects of the young composer. While tacitly acknowledging the justice of this decision. Schumann would not give up, and, leaving for Vienna, he attained a doctor's degree for composition. Even after this the father showed much opposition to the extent of taking the matter before a legal tribunal, and after much doubt and suspense, the marriage took place on September 12, 1840.

There could be no happier marriage in the world than this one, when a man of creative genius was mated with a woman gifted with ability and the wish to interpret his works earnestly and faithfully.

Clara Schumann became far greater than Clara Wieck had ever been. She became a true priestess of art. She

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Handling Girl Problems

"Prevention is worth a pound of arrest or any other kind of a cure," said Miss Clara Burnsides, supervisor of the policewomen of the Indianapolis police department, in discussing the problem of delinquent girls and women in Indianapolis.

To the ordinary person, who goes his way attending to his own business, and who knows little and cares less about how the other half of the world lives, he has small conception of some of the problems confronting welfare workers in the larger cities.

Judgment is one of the greatest assets the human can have—but judgment can not be obtained in any other way except by study and experience. This is almost an axiom with the policewomen. They believe in guiding the victim of misjudgment—the careless and non-thinking girls—and most of them are that, the policewomen say.

"We are now handling at least 300 cases a month," said Miss Burnsides, "which is a number far in excess of what we had in 1919. That year we dealt with 2,800 cases involving girls and women—but out of that number there were only 144 arrests.

"It used to be that if the policemen had handled these cases there probably would have been that many arrests—and that many ruined lives and disgraced families. And you could not have blamed the police, either, for it was part of their oath and duty to make these arrests. The traditions of the department is that a patrolman's ability is gauged by the number of arrests he makes—he has to make a showing to hold his job—but police departments in many of the larger cities are getting away from this tradition—since policewomen have grown into favor.

"Indianapolis was one of the first cities in the world to have a policewomen's department. The first city was Seattle, then came Indianapolis and Washington, D. C.

Miss Burnsides explained how cheerfully the local policemen had cooperated with the women's department. "The men from the chief down to the patrolman help us in every way possible. When the department was first started some of them used to think we were put on to spy on them—but they have long since found this is not the case. We absolutely have nothing to do with the work of the men, except in cases where arrests are made in which girls and women are involved. The men go with us when we need them—and we are usually accompanied by a patrolman on our night runs.

"We are doing one thing I'm proud of and that is we are disproving the old theory of women's inhumanity to women. We act just the opposite. We have twenty members in our department and every one of them is anxious to guide and guard the careless girl or woman."

Miss Burnsides said the work of the policewomen called for the highest



CLARA BURNSIDES

Supervisor of the policewomen of the Indianapolis Police Department, who is doing a splendid welfare work among careless and non-thinking girls.

quality of diplomacy and tact. "We must be careful," she said, "and not interfere where we have no business; and even where we do have business, we must use tact in order to accomplish our object—that of preventing some girl going astray or at least disgracing herself or family. Our organization is purely and entirely social and through our police powers and the right to make arrest we are the most powerful welfare body in the city. That is why we can do actual prevention work—something that no other society can do."

When asked about conditions in Indianapolis, Miss Burnsides said they were no worse and possibly considerably better than in any other city the size of Indianapolis. "Laxity in morals, among young girls especially, is largely due to conditions brought about by the war," said Miss Burnsides. "The presence of so many soldiers in the city and the throwing off of every restraint due to the excitement of war brought about a condition that was distinctly dangerous to inexperienced girls. In the tenseness of war days nobody asked about anybody's family connections and formal introductions in many cases were dispensed with. This laxity brought a familiarity in its train that is still felt in Indianapolis and one we have to contend with.

"I have known girls from the very best families in Indianapolis who would flirt with a strange man on the street with as much nonchalance as the most professional. They meant absolutely no harm but considered their actions as a lark—but as we have told more than one—a very dangerous one.

"It is in the parks where we have had most of our work, the most trouble in protecting the younger girls from designing men. But we have about cleaned them up. In fact, this summer, these park parasites have taken to the country lanes and byways to such an extent that county horsethief associations have formed themselves into vigilante committees to run these offenders off the highways."

Miss Burnsides details the action of the policewomen in their protective capacity and the methods by which they work.

"We never make an arrest except where it is absolutely necessary and that is not often," she said. "When a girl has a home we always take her there and hold a conference with her relatives—and believe me, that is a harder job sometimes than you would think.

"We have had young girls in custody for hours before they would consent to tell where they lived. They would insist that we take them to the police station and lock them up rather than take them home where their parents or other relatives would know about their escapades. In some cases we have persuaded and argued until near daylight before we could find out where she lived.

"On getting them home we present the facts clearly and plainly and show what the consequences of the girl's act will lead to; we try to rub the glamour out of so-called night life and show them that the 'easiest way' is always the hardest.

"It is a big job to keep women out of trouble; many of them are as prone to trouble as water is to run down hill, but in every case the investigation by us is secret. The public knows nothing of it and our records are private and not subject to publicity. No woman under 18 is ever slated at the police station and we strive to protect the girl and society as well wherever we can by not making an arrest. What we attempt to do above all things is to have a woman or girl keep her self-respect. When she loses that there is no hope for her. That is why we never let a girl go until we know that she sees herself as she really is, and is made to realize that there is not near the attraction along the scarlet paths as she first thought."

Miss Burnsides said that the policewomen want and need the co-operation of the men of Indianapolis in the work they are doing. Careless judgment can be shown by girls from any sort of family, she said, and it is of profound interest to every father to know his daughter's welfare is looked after wherever she may be.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Father Knickerbocker chuckled and the Goddess of Liberty scattered a few sparks from her torch when five-cent pie and nickel coffee appeared for the first time since 1917 on the menus of several New York restaurants that have been charging more. The general opinion of the restaurant and hotel men is that food prices are coming down. The table d'hote repast is on the increase and a number of the larger hotels have cut prices materially. Breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria, McAlpin, Claridge, Annex, Woodstock and Yates now costs from sixty cents to one dollar; luncheon, from seventy-five cents to $1.75, and dinner, from $1.25 to $2.50. Small restaurants, a few steps from Broadway, seem to flourish in serving their customers table d'hote dinners at seventy-five cents to one dollar a cover. Wine, of a considerable degree of potency, may be obtained at a number of the French moderate price eating houses for seventy-five cents a bottle. It is the same stuff that the poilus received with their rations at the front in spite of shot and shell. The garcon pours an initial drink into your coffee cup and begs that monsieur place the bottle under the table between drinks, if it will not be too much trouble for him. Mellowness is not at all impossible and often arrives at the end of the second bottle of vin ordinaire.

Manhattan folks are wearing cleaner collars these days, for prices have dropped with a bang. A Broadway store advertises a dozen collars of a leading brand for $1.29 and the old familiar two-for-a-quarter cry is rather common.

Up bobs "canned willy," which doughboys thought they left behind in France. A big chain of New York restaurants has on its menu "Corn Beef Sandwiches." In spite of the unpleasant recollections of "four two-pound cans to a squad," former service men are actually ordering the stuff.

A Gothamite apparently always has time to look at show window displays. A well-known typewriter company has a window in Forty-second street, just off Broadway, which is usually faced by a considerable crowd. The display is a race track in which five balls, labeled to represent the Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Farmer-Labor and Prohibition parties roll about, overtaking each other under the impetus of concealed electric fans.

The height of honest-to-goodness exclusiveness is achieved by a famous Gotham fur house, which disdainfully refuses to display a sign at its Fifth avenue establishment.

The bogus art collector who levies his tribute on the Manhattan nouveau riche has a companion in a man arrested recently. His game was to buy a fur for $500 and sell it to his victim for $10,000 after representing that he had smuggled the valuable into the United States from northern climes. Bargain-hunting women were among the "casualties".

Women Discuss Woman's Work

Indiana Federation of Clubs Record the Largest Attendance in History of the Movement in the State, Report Shows.

Smoking, Motion Pictures, Saving the Sand Dunes, Approval of School Lunches and Thrift Among Subjects Before Delegates.

The largest attendance in the history of the Indiana Federation of Clubs attended the annual convention held in Indianapolis, October 26 to 28. The program of convention meetings was devoted to the three departments of federation work—education, conservation and legislation. Interest in the work along all three lines was greater than ever before. Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, state president, made a plea that special attention be given during the coming year to constructive work along legislative lines, particularly in connection with the board of health, the school board and the board of charities and corrections. Mrs. Rumpler asked that clubs throughout the state do their best to co-operate with these boards and help in every way to further their work.

Of the numerous interesting sessions of the convention, two outstanding occasions were the Federation and the Conservation dinners. The feature address at the Federation dinner on the evening of October 27 was given by Mr. William Mather Lewis, of Washington, D. C., head of the savings department of the United States treasury. He gave a brilliant talk on "Women and Finance," emphasizing the necessity of saving, no matter on how small a scale. While he gave some cold figures and actual statistics in his address, the humorous incidents with which his talk was enlightened made it entertaining as well as instructive. Mr. Lewis is a personal friend and a former collegemate of Mr. E. U. Graff, superintendent of schools in Indianapolis. Mrs. Margaret Wells Wood, of New York, also spoke, giving a talk on "Women in Industry."

The Riley Room at the Claypool Hotel was beautifully decorated for the Federation dinner. At the long table at which the speakers and officers sat was a charming center arrangement of flower boxes with pink roses and small white chrysanthemums. Tall candelabra with pink candles helped to make the table attractive. Three hundred and seventy-five guests were present, among whom, as a special guest of honor, was Mrs. Lewis, wife of the speaker.

Enthusiasm for the conservation work of the club was marked this year and in this connection it is interesting to note the greatly increased interest in the project for making a state park in the sand dune region. One hundred guests were present at the Conservation dinner at the Hotel Severin on the evening of October 28, at which Mrs. W. J. Torrance presided. Talks were given by various club women on conservation, and addresses were also made by the members of the conservation department of the state, Dr. W. N. Logan, Mr. Frank Wallace, Mr. H. G. Dean and Mr. George N. Mansfield. Mr. Richard Lieber also gave a talk on conservation.

Another particularly notable address during the convention was the talk by Mr. Edward R. Johnstone, of Vineland, N. J., on the mentally defective child.

Among the interesting resolutions passed at this session of the federation was one expressing unqualified disapproval of cigarette smoking by women; another opposing the repeal of the law barring teaching of German in public schools and protesting against the action taken by the modern language section of the Indiana State Teachers' Association. The federation also indorsed a resolution asking all constituent clubs to try to prevent the presentation of any motion picture films not passed by the National Board of Review. Other resolutions indorsed included approval of the purchase of the dunes in Indiana by the legislature; advocating the study of thrift in the public schools; authorizing boards to supply school lunches and public health nurses in all communities when necessary; indorsing the bills of the state commission on child welfare; support of the program of state education; approving a minimum requirement of two years' training for art teachers and art supervisors in the state.

Another matter which received a good share of attention was the project for the purchase of the old Fauntleroy home at New Harmony, which housed the first literary club in Indiana.

A number of changes of a minor character were made in the constitution to make it conform to the national constitution. The most important change was the addition of the thirteen district chairmen to the executive committee. The district chairmen are as follows: First, Mrs. O. M Wellborn, Princeton; Second, Mrs. H. D. Hinkle, Vincennes; Third, Mrs. W. N. Short; Fourth, Mrs. J. F. Goddard, Greensburg; Fifth, Mrs. William Zeller, Brazil; Sixth, Mrs. J. M. Larrimore, Greenfield; Seventh, Mrs. John Downing Johnson, Indianapolis; Eighth, Mrs. J. F. Peterson, Decatur; Ninth, Mrs. J. F. Boyer, Waveland; Tenth, Mrs. Harry Little, Goodland; Eleventh, Mrs. W. H. Miller, Peru; Twelfth, Mrs. Walter Kent, Fort Wayne; Thirteenth, Mrs. George Phillips, South Bend.

An innovation at this convention was the distribution by the Seventh district of a bulletin giving the names of the women in that district who are available for speeches, songs, etc. The federation has had for several years a reciprocity bureau, under the chairmanship of Miss Mary Orvis. This bureau has had charge of the exchange of noteworthy club papers, and it will take charge also of distribution of the Seventh district bulletin and similar notices which may be issued in the future by other districts. In the past the work of club women was to a great extent limited to the reading of set papers, but now that the club activities are widening out to cover a much greater range, bulletins of this sort will undoubtedly be found very helpful, and will become an important part of the work of the reciprocity bureau.

The closing session of the convention was devoted to a beautiful memorial service for the club women who were present only in memory and spirit.

The delegates to the convention enjoyed seeing Mrs. J. N. Harrall, of Brookville, one of the pioneer club workers. The absence of several regular attendants was noticed and regretted. Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter had gone to Tennessee to welcome a new grandchild. Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, of Lafayette; Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earl, of Connersville, and Mrs. Eva Marble Bondy, of Valparaiso, were also missed.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. Jesse Riddle, of Lawrenceburg, first vice-president; Mrs. Myra S. Gordon, Logansport, recording secretary; Mrs. E. F. Culbertson, Vincennes, treasurer, and Mrs. A. T. Cox, East Chicago, trustee.

Retentive Impressions of the Biennial Convention

By Carrie Frances Robertson

Choosing three subjects which most impressed her at the biennial convention of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Alexander M. Robertson of the Indianapolis Woman's Club points out the work done by a community service worker in a western mining town, as one thing; community singing as next, and the Americanizing of the North American Indian as third. These high lights most impressed the writer and she tells about them entertainingly.

To review briefly the three subjects which most impressed me at the Des Moines biennial convention seemed a simple task—but how choose when the feast prepared was so great? I would give Mrs. Pennybacker's address as first, but it has been given such wide publicity that I pass it with mere mention.

I

"Less vision, more work," I confess has been my attitude toward many of the issues of the day, but my eyes, mind and heart were all opened by Mrs. Cochems, a young woman of charming personality who appeared on a Community Service program. A graduate of Chicago University, where she had been surrounded by the best in music, art and the drama, she married and was transplanted to Salida, Colo., a mining town high up in the mountains. Its 3,000 inhabitants—Mexicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Bohemians, Russians, Greeks, everything but Germans—labored all day in the big smelting works; but for their leisure time had no music, no art, no community spirit. Mrs. Cochems conceived the idea of making real "the big vision" of the best in art, literature and music for this community, and for the past ten years she has been putting on a stage of nature's own setting, the mountains, all of the greatest known dramas, oratorios and operas. With no money, all costumes are home-made. The actors range from little children to an old lady of 73 years—the oldest actress, a woman of 93 years, died recently. The performances are given in the evening; the lights are provided by the lamps of the cars that come from miles around and are backed against the stage.

Fancy this for a partial repertoire: Monna Vanna, Samson and Delilah, The Prophet, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, Pygmalion and Galatea, Chanticleer, Antigone. When Antigone was studied, the Greeks came and assisted as critics of pronunciation, as did the Italians and French with their respective operas. During the year, practically every woman in town takes a major or minor part in some play. Their only idea of stage production has been gathered from itinerant companies, which on rare occasions come to Salida, and once ten members of the woman's club went to Denver to attend grand opera, earning the money for their expenses by taking in washing. The appreciation gleaned from the music and great dramas is bearing its fruit in better citizens who represent true American ideals. Mrs. Cochems has evidently made of Salida a sort of American Oberammergau. Musicians and literary people who have seen performances claim that Mrs. Cochems' work is the greatest example of community work with alien peoples they have ever seen.

It was rumored Mrs. Cochems had been invited and would attend the biennial of the National Federation of Music Clubs in June, 1921, to be held in the tri-cities—Moline, Rock Island and Davenport. Delegates from our city should bear this in mind and inducements should be offered this

(Continued on Page 16.)

Indianapolis Has Outgrown the One-Street Outlet for Northbound Automobile Traffic.



If you've ever been caught in the five o'clock homeward rush at Ohio and Meridian streets; if you've sat and hugged the wheel for aeons while the traffic man majestically waved pedestrians and cars forward on their crosstown way; if you've sighed with relief when he finally gave the signal for northbound traffic to move, and then slouched in despair when you were caught again at the Vermont street corner; if you've finally pulled out of the congested district with hope in your heart and the long stretch of smooth street before you, only to be caught in a line of crawling cars headed by a slow-going electric; if you've slipped from behind one snail-paced machine only to be headed off by cars three abreast ahead of you; if it's taken you twenty-five minutes to get home when ten minues should have been ample; then you're ready to state that Indianapolis needs another north and south thoroughfare.

Again, if you've chanced to be held up in a crowd of pedestrians herded together at Meridian street trying to make the perilous crossing; if you've squeezed into the flying wedge that finally charged across the street at the click of the "Go" signal; and if you've congratulated yourself on your safe arrival at the haven on the other side, then you're ready to agree with the motorist that Indianapolis has outgrown a one-street outlet for northbound traffic.

Worst of all, if the rush hour has found you alone, say at the corner of Eleventh and Meridian; and if you've fairly danced through a lively Virginia reel of hops forward and back, before you finally risk life and limb in one mad dash through the stream of traffic; then it seems to you that even the blind must see that Indianapolis is in urgent need of more through streets going north.

But still there are some Indianapolis citizens—presumably those who have never had any of the sad experiences outlined above—who are unwilling to do their share in a movement to improve the city's facilities for handling traffic on the north side of town. Nearly every improvement that has ever been suggested to make Indianapolis bigger or better has met with opposition from a little group of willful citizens who do their best, or worst, to stand in the way of logical civic progress. Whether the reason for such opposition is due to a spirit of false economy, or to mere bumptiousness, or to excessive conservatism, it is hard to tell; but always the group of conscientious objectors is present whenever an improvement to the city is suggested.

In the present case the opposition is directed toward the policy of the present board of works—headed by Mr. George Lemaux as president—of improving city streets to provide adequate routes for present heavy automobile traffic. Mr. Lemaux and his board have been variously criticised as being extravagant, wasteful and as "having an axe to grind." Such groundless criticism is deplorable, since it hampers an honest and efficient organization in the task of improving the city along lines which even the casual visitor to Indianapolis can see call for improvement, and that immediately. Carping criticism and short-sighted remonstrance against improvement, on the part of a few, can do a great deal to prevent the progress of the city as a whole.

Automobile traffic has come to stay. The automobile business may have its temporary ups and downs, its fat and lean years, but the automobile is a permanent factor in city traffic. The policy of the board in planning to provide for this traffic before conditions become quite impossible is, therefore, the only wise and foresighted measure for keeping Indianapolis streets abreast of Indianapolis automobile traffic.

The taking over of Meridian street from Fall Creek to Thirty-eighth street has made the need for additional north and south thoroughfares particularly pressing. To answer this need, the program of the board of works calls for the improving and repairing of Central and College avenues, and the opening up of Delaware street as a thoroughfare north.

The advantages of this program are obvious. Instead of the three available streets for northbound traffic which we have now, this plan would provide six—three with car lines: Illinois, Central and College; and three without: Capitol, Meridian and Delaware, all of them connecting with the boulevard that leads around Fall Creek from Northwestern avenue to the fair grounds. People living in the neighborhood of the fair grounds and over as far west as Pennsylvania street could come down Delaware and thus relieve the congestion on Meridian 40 or 50 per cent. Part of the excess traffic which now uses Capitol avenue could be diverted to Meridian, and in this way these two overworked streets would be relieved, while for trucks and grocery wagons, the improvement of Central and College would serve as an outlet to the north.

Work on College avenue is now being done and will be finished next year. The plan for improvement also calls for the straightening of the jog at College and Massachusetts avenues.

The chief opposition to the board's plans for improvement is expressed by some of the property owners on Delaware street. Opening Delaware street as a thoroughfare north would call for a number of improvements, particularly the widening of the street between Sixteenth and Nineteenth and the building of a bridge at Fall Creek.

There is no opposition directed against the building of the bridge. Both the board of works and the board of county commissioners have been presented with petitions yards long for this improvement. As long ago as last year Mr. Lemaux of the board of works wrote to the commissioners asking that they co-operate with the city in putting a bridge in there. At that time financial conditions did not seem to warrant this expense, but it is understood that the commissioners are now in favor of building the bridge. If it is put in it will be financed by the taxes of all the people in the county, just as the other Fall Creek bridges were, and if the commissioners act promptly in this matter, the bridge should be finished and ready for traffic by the first of December next year.

In regard to the plans for straightening the jog at Sixteenth and Delaware, there has been no remonstrance.

But the plans to widen and resurface Delaware from Sixteenth street to Nineteenth street called forth most violent objections. The majority of the property owners on this part of the street signed a remonstrance, which was presented to the board of works. The point of view of these citizens is hard to understand. The increase in valuation of their property as the result of making Delaware street a thoroughfare will more than compensate them for the taxes incident to the work of improvement, so their objections can scarcely be due to a spirit of economy. It is possible that they prefer their present sequestered state, undisturbed by passing traffic; and while they may find this "deserted village" atmosphere soothing and pleasant, it certainly should not overbalance the good of the city as a whole in the minds of public-spirited citizens. Besides, the fact that Meridian street bears a great share of north and south traffic has never seemed to render it undesirable as a peaceful residence district.

Probably any property owner on Delaware street would resent the imputation that he is lacking in community spirit, but these remonstrators have shown a reactionary disposition which classes them as obstacles to the progress of the city.

The remonstrance against the Delaware street improvement met a seemly end. It did not merit and it did not receive the favorable consideration of the city council when it was presented, and an ordinance authorizing the board of works to proceed with the proposed improvement was recently passed. Next spring the work will be begun.

While in this particular instance the objections of a few have not succeeded in interfering seriously with the good of the city as a whole, still their vociferous remonstrance should serve to show loyal citizens that hearty support of an efficient board of works is really needed and that the earnest support of public opinion for its policy is needed if its foresighted program is to be carried out successfully.

Property Owners on Delaware Street Attempt to Block Needed Civic Improvement.

Gossip of New York Theatres

The revivals going on in New York are not revivals of religion but of oldtime shows that used to hold the interest of audiences and drag in the well-known dollar at the same time. George C. Tyler, it is announced, is getting ready to revive "Erminie" with Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper in the leading comedy roles.

Last season Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Ruddigore" was revived and set a long run and now comes "Erminie". Francis Wilson, who became famous for his work in the part of Cadeaux, will again have his old role, it is announced. The daughter of Walker Whitesides, the noted actor, will sing the role of Javotte.

Some of the oldtime critics, in writing about "Erminie", point out that it is the only landmark in American theatricals. It was one of the biggest successes of which there is any theatrical record. Its tuneful music was heard to the cactus covered plains of Mexico and the gold camps of the west, as well as throughout the middle west.

"Erminie" is by Jakobowsky and Paulton and was produced for the first time in America on May 10, 1887. It ran for 153 consecutive performances at the Casino and then went to Boston and later was twenty-three weeks on the road. Francis Wilson appeared in the original cast as "F. Wilson". In 1888 the opera was again revived and Pauline Hall was in the principal feminine role. Lulu Glaser also sang this role. The opera has been sung almost 2,000 times.

And speaking of revivals, "The Belle of New York" is slated to get the oxygen in the near future. The piece will be remembered because of the popularity of Edna May who took the part of the Salvation Army Lass, and who, by the way, afterwards married

(Continued on Page 17.)

Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Born returned last week from their wedding trip, a motor tour through the Berkshires, to New York, Atlantic City, and other points in the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Felix M. McWhirter, William B. Shiltges, Evans Woollen, and Edward A. Cahill attended the bankers' convention in Washington.

* * *

Mrs. Rose Addington and daughter, Mrs. Wetzel Swartz and children, have returned to New York after visiting for several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lemaux and George Lemaux and family.

* * *

On the afternoon of October 28 the wedding of Miss Mildred Louise Fiscus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Fiscus, and Raymond E. Goldsworthy of Los Angeles, Cal., was celebrated at the Fiscus residence. After the ceremony, a supper was served and Mr. and Mrs. Goldsworthy left for their home in California.

* * *

Mrs. John N. Carey has returned from the East.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Carter has returned to Evansville after a visit with Mrs. William L. Taylor.

* * *

Mrs. R. S. Dillen of Washington, D. C., has been visiting with Miss Henrietta Dillen and Mrs. Harry Miesse.

* * *

Nicholas H. Noyes is now in London, England.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fisher have returned to Indianapolis from New York. Mrs. Fisher recently returned on the steamship Mauretania from a trip around the world. After a few days in Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will go to their home in Miami, Fla., for the winter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Roberts returned last week from a two weeks' visit at Atlantic City.

* * *

James Earl Alexander has arrived from New York on a visit to his mother, Mrs. J. D. Alexander. Mr. Alexander will start early in November on an extended trip to Spain, Italy and Black Sea ports.

* * *

Miss Blanche Allen of Clearwater, Fla., has been visiting her cousin, George Lemaux and family.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Sayles will spend the winter in Bradentown, Fla., where she has recently bought a winter home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Claypool have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Claypool was formerly Miss Elizabeth Nicholson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Rhoads have returned from a trip through Canada and the western states.

Mr. and Mrs. John Battice Ford returned from their wedding trip recently and spent a few days with Mrs. Ford's mother, Mrs. George Gordon Tanner, before going to their home in Detroit, Mrs. Tanner will leave soon to live in Battle Creek, Mich.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Barnett of New Orleans, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Gould.

* * *

Mrs. William Foster Daugherty and little daughter, Alice Manning, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Daugherty for several weeks, have left to join Captain Daugherty at Camp Jackson, S. C.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Clare announce the marriage of their daughter, Doris, and James Tomlinson Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McGregor Stewart, which took place October 26 at the Roberts Park Church in the presence of the families. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have gone on their wedding trip and will be at home with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stewart after December 1 at 1610 North Meridian street.

* * *

Dr. David Ross returned to the city last week after a visit of several weeks in Canada.

* * *

Mrs. Philemon Mitchell Watson has issued invitations for a debut tea at the Woodstock Club on the afternoon of November 10, from 3 to 6 o'clock, for her daughter, Katherine, who has recently returned to the city after a year abroad.

* * *

Miss Helen Williams of St. Louis was a recent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thompson.

* * *

Mrs. Edward F. Hodges and Mrs. Fletcher Hodges received informally on Monday afternoon, November 1, for Mrs. James R. Macfarlane and Miss Elizabeth Macfarlane, of Pittsburg; Mrs. Agnes Fletcher Brown, and Mrs. Lewis Watson, recently of Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis and New York, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth, to James Blaine Walker, Jr., grandnephew of James G. Blaine, who was Secretary of State in President Harrison's cabinet.

* * *

The wedding of Mary Elizabeth Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gardner, and Jesse Fletcher, was celebrated with a beautiful ceremoney at the Gardner home on Saturday evening, October 30. The service was read by the Rev. Allen B. Philputt and the Rev. O. D. Odell. The bride's attendants were Miss Margaret Gardner, maid of honor, and Miss Lillian Fletcher and Miss Susan Heisey Walker. Little Cecily Fletcher was flower maid. Matthews Fletcher was best man, and the ushers were Robert Hendrickson, Wiley Daniels, Charles Fletcher, and Robert McConnell, of Northampton, Mass. Assisting in the hospitalities were Mrs. C. M. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miesse, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley M. Timberlake, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher have gone on their wedding trip and will be at home after December 1 at 20 West Forty-second street.

* * *

Mrs. Herman W. Kothe is in New York for a two weeks' visit.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Jule O. Wehrman have returned from a four months' tour of China and Japan.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Raymond, Jr., have returned from a trip to New York and Washington, D. C.

* * *

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Grace Marie Gates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Gates, to James H. Anderson, which took place the evening of October 27 at eight o'clock in the parlors of SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand officiating. The attendants were Miss Emily and Miss Dorothy Gates, Chester Goss and Harry Wetzel. The ceremony was followed by a dinner at the home of the bride's parents.

* * *

Indiana University students and alumni celebrated their victory in the Indiana-Northwestern football game on Saturday, October 30, with a dance in the Riley room of the Claypool Hotel. Major and Mrs. R. E. O'Brien, Professor and Mrs. Paul V. McNutt, Professor C. W. Snow, and Colonel and Mrs. Hackett were the chaperones.

* * *

Mrs. Ferd A. Meyer and Miss Pauline Baker gave a tea Monday afternoon, November first, at Mrs. Meyer's home for Mrs. R. Ward Macey and her guest, Miss Lela Goodall of Boston and Mrs. Frederick Buswell of New York, who recently came to make her home in Indianapolis.

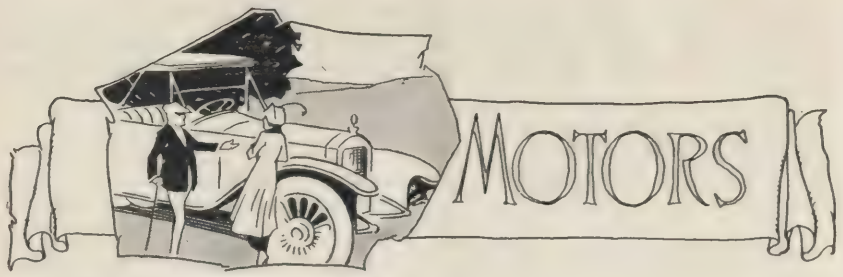
* * *

Tuesday, November 2, Mrs. R. Ward Macey gave a luncheon at the Columbia Club, and Wednesday Mrs. John Ray Newcomb was hostess for a luncheon at the University Club for Miss Goodall and Mrs. Buswell.



MARIAN JEANETTE CONVERSE

The little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Victor Converse of 3921 North New Jersey street. Miss Converse is only six years old, but alrady distractingly pretty.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Back in the stone age of the automobile world, along in that dim, far distant past of, say, twelve years ago, had a daring prophet with the courage of his hunch come along with the pronouncement that in years to come automobile engineers would strive earnestly to reduce the cylinder dimensions of their products he would have been greeted with the same merry razz that old man Noah encountered when he laid the keel for his menagerie dreadnaught, that met Chris Columbus when he mildly ventured the opinion that the earth was round, that greeted Robert Fulton when he contributed to the mirth and merriment of the nations with a statement that a giant teakettle mounted on a scow would move without the use of sails, and that smote poor, misunderstood Prof. Langley's wild assertion that a heavier than air contrivance could be made to fly.

In those far-off days the automobile owner actually bragged of the amount of gasoline his chugging, heavy laboring, motorized monstrosity consumed. Cylinders were as big as buckets and every time the motor bumped itself over it consumed a cupful or two of gasoline; but gas was only about ten cents a gallon in those halcyon days and lubricating oil too cheap to even figure in the upkeep, so why worry?

Automotive engineering theory in those Dark Ages was that the bigger the motor the better the car, such matters as design and arrangement of cylinders, relative size of bore and stroke, torque, fuel consumption, etc., being trifling details not worthy of consideration. The whole idea was to crowd beneath the hood just as much motor as could be got there. As for lubrication—well, if you just splashed oil over everything in sight, some of it ought to get where it would do some good and everything might come out all right in the long run.

This was the Mastodonic period of automobile development. Motors of six-inch bore and more found their way on the market along with wheels thirty-six to forty-two inches in diameter and wheelbases of unbelievable length. It was the day of ugly uncomfortable, lumbering, sputtering, unscientific, inefficient horseless carriages, that would rumble through the streets at eighteen or twenty miles an hour, roaring and thumping as if they were doing sixty, and leaving behind a trail of smelly, sickening, half-consumed gasoline vapor.

From year to year improvements and changes were made and gradually the automobiles became better and more practical, but there were no basic changes in design until one fine Decoration Day a certain debonair gay, but marvelously effective Frenchman played leap frog and tag with the best and fastest automobiles America had to offer and ran away with the big 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Speedway in a manner so impressive and ridiculously easy as to be decidedly humiliating to our American designers.

So decisive was the victory of Jules Goux and his blue Peugeot that it could not be alibied. Our engineers looked at the specifications; long stroke, relatively small bore with consequent small piston displacement, a high speed motor due to refinements in design, supplied the answer. Of course, these points of French designing were not wholly new to our engineers, but the Speedway race of 1915 furnished irrefutable proof of the correctness of the French idea.

Within a year the swing toward smaller, faster and better motors was well under way in this country, and has continued ever since. Not only is it mechanically correct, but with gasoline leaping in price and the entire crude oil supply of the world diminishing at a startling rate, it has become an economic necessity.

Talk to any well-posted automobile designer and ask him his opinion of the motor car of the future. He will tell you that the motor will be smaller more economical of operation and, relatively speaking, far more efficient than those in use today.

"We simply must come down to a smaller and better motor," one of the leading Indianapolis engineers said recently. "The soaring cost of fuel makes economy of operation a vital factor to the automobile purchaser these days. When gasoline and oil were less than half their present prices it did not make a great deal of difference to the average motorist whether his car made eight or twelve miles per gallon of gasoline, but in 1921 it will make a great deal of difference and in 1925 still more. Personally, I believe the motor car of the future will be far lighter than those in use today and I look for the disappearance of cars of unusual size. Our people will be forced to sacrifice some luxury and perhaps a little comfort, but the sacrifice will be more than repaid to them in economy and motor efficiency.

Motor designers the world over seem to be taking the same viewpoint and are working hard on the development of smaller motors. Recently there was held at LeMans, France, a race of small cars with a piston displacement of less than half the size now used in the Indianapolis Speedway 500-mile race, and these little baby brothers reeled off mile after mile at sixty miles an hour, and after the race the French designers frankly admitted that they were far from satisfied with the showing of the cars!

So, perhaps, in the not too far distant future we will go rambling over our Hoosier roads and up our Brown county hills behind a motor with cylinders about the size of a laboratory test tube and consuming a medicine dropper full or two of gasoline.

O. R. McDonald, manager of the accessory sales department of the Gibson Automobile Company, has resigned to become vice-president and general manager of the Times Square Auto Supply Company of New York City. R. E. Porter, manager of the equipment department, has been promoted to succeed Mr. McDonald. C. S. Miller, formerly an assistant to Mr. Porter, will have charge of the equipment department.

Many bankers of the state attended the first annual convention of the Indiana Automobile Dealers' Association held in the city November 4-5. The visitors were guests of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association at a dinner in the Riley Room of the Claypool the evening of November 4.

The Fisher Automobile Company, Indiana distributors of the Reo, will erect a new building next spring at Capitol avenue and St. Clair street. The company has purchased a quarter block and will occupy the entire piece of ground. The new building will be erected with ramps from one floor to the other, thus doing away with elevators. It is understood that the purchase price for the real estate was approximately $45,000.

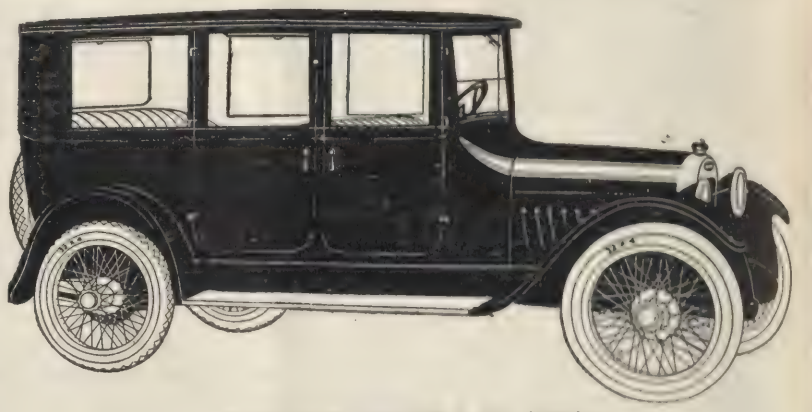
George Hunt, general manager of the Losey-Lafayette Motors Company, 400 North Capitol avenue, announces the connection of Clarence Stanley with the sales department of the company. This company is the distributor for the new Lafayette automobile.

The Melvin Motor Company, dealers of the Grant automobiles, has opened a new sales room in the building recently erected just north of the E. W. Steinhart Company. The sales room for the American Beauty is next door.

The complete motorization of the Indianapolis fire department is expected within a short time. The process has been under way for a number of years, and it is believed that the city council will approve a municipal bond issue of $500,000 to complete the work. Recently a conference of members of the council and the board of safety was held and it is understood that an agreement was made between the two that will result in the necessary bond issue.

The E. W. Steinhart Company has issued a cold weather warning to Dodge owners, telling of the dangers that should be guarded against in the winter months by motorists.

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WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

Morton C. Gould, who says he has the best fourth vein coal on earth, is more tickled over the fact that his new residence is all complete and livable than he is over the quality of the coal. Being an operator, Mort doesn't have to worry about getting in his coal.

Bob Alexander is no piker, but he was almost called one by about fifty or more Optimists the other day at a noon luncheon, when he handed in a box number card given by the Indianapolis News to identify answers to a classified ad. Bob thought he was passing out a luncheon ticket and the error was not discovered by the ticket taker until the meal was about half over. George Schmid recovered the missing meal ticket after making a fiery speech. He told Alexander that the News could do most anything but provide meals for citizens.

A few citizens of Democratic tendencies heard Charles Evans Hughes speak at the Columbia Club the other night. How much did it affect the result?

Market street is taking on metropolitan airs in the neighborhood of the Peoples Bank building. Felix McWhirter is dressing up the front of the building and the cigar stand is being moved out of the lobby. Tenants were hoping that cigars might be their Christmas presents.

Now that the time is drawing near for the "accounting" of members for the Indianapolis Athletic Club it behooves members of the membership committee to dig up applications that may be lying around loose on their desks.

T. C. Day has been noted for his church and charitable work but he has surprised his friends by his ability to make a political speech. However, the latter kind of oratory is only used every four years to any advantage, so it is well that Mr. Day is versatile in this respect.

Bill Cleary is hard to down, but once in a while he is a bit flabbergasted, as when a woman recently called the Board of Works office and requested that a policeman be sent up immediately to her house to kill the lizards in her basement. Bill said he would have requested that the morals squad be sent up as possibly somebody was seeing snakes, only it was a woman who was doing the telephoning. All of which reminded somebody of a story (it may have been Bill) of a rounder who was flying with all sails set (it was in the palmy days of the mirrored background and brass rail) and ready to argue with anybody, although his tongue was a bit thick. The glassy-eyed one, after buttonholing a stranger asked him if he had ever seen much. The stranger replied that he had traveled over parts of Europe and most of America and had seen everything that was worth seeing.

"Have you ever had the delirium tremens?" the jag asked.

"No!" said the stranger.

"Huh!" snorted the jag, "you ain't seen nothin'."

William A. Ketcham, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., recently presented service medals to about 150 Boy Scouts who helped in the national encampment here for "service so faithfully rendered." It was a joy to the old veteran to make the presentation and an added joy for the youngsters to receive them.

If F. O. Belzer, Indianapolis Scout executive, gets co-operation he'll help make some thrifty persons in Indianapolis. His Scouts are going to help in the next thrift stamp campaign.

Dave Porterfield may be late to club luncheons, but the crowd always knows he is there when he announces his name and the fact that he surrounds a large hole with a mighty good quality of doughnut.

Some of Ernest Bross' friends are wondering when he is going to write some more League of Nations editorials with a whip-crack to 'em.

Walter Pfaff's smiling phiz will no longer be seen around the Chamber of Commerce after December 31. He has resigned to enter other business.

Maybe George Lemaux will persuade the gas company to agree to something before the winter's half over.

George Stout has a new overcoat and he don't care who knows it, being, as he is, a lucky chap and can buy and wear one away in five minutes by the watch.

The man with one ton of coal in his cellar for which he paid eight dollars is not enthusiastically recounting the fact of the first snowfall.

Old Crimp is fast approaching, according to a number of Woodruff Place and Hamilton avenue residents, who were awakened the other night by the honk of wild geese passing over the city toward the south.

The Rev. L. A. Harriman, assistant pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, has received a pastoral call from the Princeton Presbyterians. Mr. Harriman is what is known as a two-fisted preacher and a good one.

Dwight S. Ritter has been re-elected as head of the Purchasing Agents Association of Indiana, following a very successful year as head of that association. Congratulations.

Have you thrown a brick or bought one? Roy May hopes that if any one throws one he'll pay for it first.

Have you noticed the big posters on the billboards inviting you to the meetings of the Indianapolis Advertising Club at the Chamber of Commerce? Jesse Hanft hopes that he who runs may read—and attend.

Entertaining a football team—especially after it has been beaten must be a hard job, but Miss Lois Stone and Miss Lucile Perkins accomplished it when Northwestern was here last week.

Melvin Branson and Floyd Russell, who were held up and robbed by Hallowe'en garbed bandits, can not be expected to have a very warm regard for masqueraders hereafter.

Pat Page's Butler heroes seem to be full of pep; at least they are going out and winning some football games.

The Lincoln Trio and vocal quartette are giving some entertaining programs at the Lincoln Hotel. On Hallowe'en night they gave a program that was highly enjoyable.

David Wild will soon leave Indianapolis for Seattle and points in California where he will spend the winter and later go to New York for residence.

George Somnes will direct a Girl Scout pageant which will be presented on the steps of the Monument. It will depict Youth and Uncle Sam joining forces.



Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS

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Hoosier
SUB-CARBURETOR
THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR

Saves Gasoline

It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

Editorial

TOLL OF CARELESSNESS

Through carelessness or lack of judgment, an Indianapolis young man lost his life the other day. Don Stewart, known to the many patrons of Keith's Theatre, was the victim of an accident in which he was without blame and without a chance to save himself.

The details of the accident are familiar to newspaper readers, many of whom knew the young man who had so often served them well at the ticket window of Keith's. Young Stewart was a passenger on a street car which was in collision with a motor truck. He was standing on the platform of the car, and the truck, which was going in the same direction, suddenly swerved and started to turn across the tracks. Stewart was caught between the truck and the car and so badly injured he died a short time later at the City Hospital.

The truck driver said in explanation that a pile of boxes on the truck obscured his view of the approaching car. It is manifest that this explanation is a poor one. The mere fact that the truck was loaded to the extent of obscuring the driver's vision in any direction should have made him extra cautious, but apparently it did not. The driver must have known that the car line would be occupied by many street cars, it being at the "rush hour" of traffic. Apparently he did what hundreds of other motor drivers do—took a chance. "Taking a chance" which involves the safety and lives of others is extremely reprehensible and inexcusable. It is so in the case of the death of Don Stewart. The truck driver showed either tremendously bad judgment or criminal carelessness. The death which followed this accident should prove a lesson to other drivers, who in their haste utterly disregard the rights of others. Hardly a day passes but what the public prints record motor accidents which apparently are avoidable.

It is always better to be safe than sorry.

"ROLL YOUR OWN"

The "no smoking" sign has been hung up in the archives of the Federated Woman's Clubs of Indiana.

The sign indicates that the members are not going to join the rapidly increasing ranks of cigarette smokers. They are against the "festive fag," for the resolution adopted at the convention in Indianapolis reads:

"Be it resolved, That the Indiana Federation of Clubs record its unqualified disapproval of cigarette smoking by women."

Women in other cities have come out against the cigarette as a woman's diversion, pointing out that the practice or habit of smoking among women has grown to such an extent, and the feminine proprieties have been so neglected, that it threatens to overwhelm the finer traits that have in the past distinguished the gentler sex.

Still, there is the Maine woman who walked into a hotel, bought a cigar, lighted and smoked it while leaning against the cigar case. Her explanation was that she had made an early resolve that if women secured suffrage she was going to celebrate it with a smoke—in public. The inconsequential details as to whether this smoker leaned over the back fence and "yearned for the unattainable," as Bill Nye describes it, are not matters of public record. The main thing is that she smoked—a cigar—and in public.

The action of the Hoosier women, also, is not in accord with the New York maiden, celebrated in song,

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

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F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

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MAIN 2382



HOME SPUN YARNS

Ben Sagalowsky, who speaks a dozen different languages and who would make a good foreman of a construction gang if Indianapolis should build a Tower of Babel, says there is a woman fresh from Poland who has for six weeks lived in terror in her new home in Indianapolis without courage to venture outdoors. She trembles like a leaf and weeps almost constantly, and her nights are haunted by the heart-tearing experiences which the war brought to her over there in her home land. She is only now beginning to realize that she is in the land of the free, that pillage, destruction, wanton cruelty and starvation are not stalking abroad in Indianapolis; to realize that the slaying of men and the mistreatment of women as she saw these things in Poland are not tolerated in the Indiana city in which she hopes to get back some peace of mind and to start again.

The Polish woman is one of several hundred new immigrants who have arrived in Indianapolis in recent weeks. Thousands of new faces from the war-torn countries of Europe will arrive in Indianapolis by spring, Mr. Sagalowsky predicts, and this incoming tide of peace-seeking aliens will continue to rise in this city and in the United States for some years to come.

It is not uncommon for an Italian, Hungarian, Roumanian, or Greek, now of Indianapolis, to pass $2,500 to Mr. Sagalowsky in prepayment of steerage passage for the alien's family that is to come from overseas. Not all of the immigrants are from Southern Europe. Some are from Norway and Sweden, some from Egypt, and others will come from Germany when peace between that country and the United States is established.

The new immigrants have an ambition different from that of foreigners who came to Indianapolis some years ago. These earlier comers were human beasts of burden, ready to do the heavy, lowly work of constructing streets, sewers, buildings, railroads. Their ambition was to earn a competence and go back home to live. A competence meant $2,500 to $4,000. The newcomers have the desire always to live in this city, to work and save and establish their homes here. There are few, if any, radicals or Bolsheviks among them. They have had too much of war and turmoil. They seek peace and a chance to work and live, and they come to Indianapolis to find the chance.

With the new immigrants are also some Indianapolis aliens who left to fight in the war, or who went back home before the world conflict began. They, too, are glad to land in old Indianapolis and re-establish themselves in their old haunts in the foreign colonies. These immigrants come back, Mr. Sagalowsky says, with a new understanding of what it means to live in the United States. They are going to be permanent citizens without the desire to hoard American dollars against the time when they can sail for Europe again. They have had enough of Europe and the ways of living over there.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

Editorial

who asked that when she died tobacco plants be set out on her grave that the weed might be nourished by her dust and in the fullness of time be smoked by her bereaved lovers.

Then we have the poetic lament from another source, which said, many years ago:

"My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm tree made
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I at her side, beatified,
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling!"

We'll admit the picture is quite enticing—even to having to "roll your own," but like all things there are two sides to it—for the poet afterward said:

"My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but the ashes."

We wouldn't for a minute intimate that such was the case with the club women, but merely point out the "other side." The club women have done well—the men are capable of doing the smoking for the family, and that is as it should be.

REAL OPTIMISM

No set of men are any closer to the markets than the purchasing agents. At their national convention in Chicago a few days ago, the consensus of the members was that the peak of high prices has been reached and passed.

These men ought to know, for they collectively spend $10,000,000,000 a year. The statement of the vice-president of the organization said that there will be a failling off in prices, as much as 50 per cent in some cases, within the next six months.

The official credited with the statement said that he had talked with several hundred purchasing agents and that he did not find a single one who was not "buying from hand to mouth"—that is, buying only for immediate needs and contract requirements.

The statement was particular to emphasize the fact that the agents did not believe there was going to be any "crashes" or "panics," but a natural decline, in view of the "natural stagnation" now existing. The belief also was expressed that there would be no return to pre-war levels—for at least a couple of years, but that a marked downward tendency was already here and would continue.

This analysis goes to show that the claims made by many big business men that the next few years would witness an unprecedented prosperity in America are based on fact. If the men who spend ten billion dollars a year are "buying from hand to mouth," what will be the result when they begin to buy as in the old days?



Time to Invest

Selling of securities in the local market has been looking up the last week, and while there is not the demand for the more speculative stocks, there is good inquiry for investment paper. Buyers are generally looking for "bargains" and quite often are finding them.

Railroad stocks and bonds of the grade usually classed as sound are in demand, for the reason that many of these offerings can be secured at very attractive prices. Indianapolis bank stocks also are in demand among those who can afford to pay the price for an investment they do not have to worry about. Indianapolis Street Railway stock and Citizens Gas have shown more or less life during the last week or so and several sales have been reported privately.

Industrial stocks and bonds are quiet owing to price reductions and curtailment of production, automobile stocks particularly. However, some market authorities say that the end of the downward swing in prices may come at any time and this is expected to result in a more stable market.

In any event, investors who are wise will get in on the ground floor on offerings now being made as there are many attractive issues which can be bought cheap.

Bond Issue Completed

The board of park commissioners of Indianapolis have completed the sale of a twenty-five-year serial bond issue totaling $150,000 to cover the price of the purchase of the Woodstock Club just west of Thirty-eighth street. The Union Trust Company purchased the bonds which bear four per cent interest. The park board announced that the property has been leased to the club until it buys new property. The rental price is $6,000 a year, which will cover the interest on the bonds.

Bond Issues Granted

Local bankers and bond buyers are interested in the announcement made by the state board of tax commissioners of authority granted to various counties in the state to make bond issues. County and township issues are attractive to many buyers. The following units were granted authority: Wells county, county bridges, $100,000; Scott county, Scottsburg, improvement of lighting system, $7,000; Huntington county, Wayne township, road, $9,400; Dearborn county, Harrison township, Schick road, $23,100; Bartholomew county, Hawcreek township, road, $20,700; Grant county, VanBuren township, road, $23,900; Madison county, Alexandria, general fund, $3,000; Shelby county, Washington township, road, $20,700; Randolph county, Washington school township, $2,000; Bartholomew county, Harrison school township, $1,000; Jennings county, Marion township, road, $14,500; Bartholomew county, Union township, road, $4,000; Bartholomew county, Harrison, Wayne and Ohio townships, road, $17,600.

Good Business Outlook

That the era of extravagance is passed and that the country is gradually returning to a safe and sane business basis, is the opinion of bankers who gathered recently at Washington for their national convention. The opinion seemed to prevail that while a new price basis would be arrived at, there would be some time before war levels would be entirely abandoned. The opinion was also expressed by several bankers that there must not only be a reduction in production costs but in food commodities also.

"The business man who makes a study of all conditions affecting his line will be successful," said one banker, "if he buys raw material to meet only his immediate needs and looks well to the granting of credit and keeping his assets as liquid as possible. Business today is a science and the man who uses haphazard methods is handicapped just that much."

Attractive Rail Issues

Bond buyers are interested in the announcement that the Illinois Central Railroad will issue a series of fifteen-year equipment trust gold certificates to the amount of $8,107,000. Authority for the issues has been granted by the interstate commerce commission. The certificates are to be disposed of at not less than 7.36 per cent of their face value, it was announced.

Other railroads have been granted right to make new issues, including the New York, New Haven & Hartford, which requested authority to issue at 7 per cent promissory notes to the amount of $2,000,000 and equipment and trust notes to the amount of $3,500,000, of which $2,800,000 is to bear interest at 7 per cent and $700,000 at 6 per cent.

The Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville line has been authorized to issue promissory notes amounting to $87,000.

Farmers Buy Coal Mine

Farmers up in Michigan know how to head off a coal famine. The state grange has announced that it has purchased a coal mine at Cumberland Gap, Ky., and will supply coal at cost to its members. The mines cost $1,000,000, the funds being provided by the grange.

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What's on Your Mind

O. D. Haskett (lumber dealer and past president, Optimist Club)—"I want to tell you Optimists I'm glad to be back on the bleachers with you."

* * *

Harry Pavey (credit man)—"Dry goods are going up."

* * *

Dr. Carl Winter (insurance)—"You get out of things just what you put into them. That's the law of compensation."

* * *

Harry G. Hill (musical arts)—"When you're right you can afford to keep your temper; when you're wrong you can't afford to lose it."

* * *

Roland Mellett (particular printer)—"I think it is the right thing to boost for football games played in Indianapolis by outside colleges."

* * *

Charles Evans Hughes (purveyor of Republican propaganda)—"The first thing we know Governor Cox will try to run on the Republican platform."

* * *

Paul P. Davis (attorney)—"Campaigning for office is as strenuous as campaigning on the French front."

* * *

A. L. Bock (merchant)—"Sure women are eligible to join the Chamber of Commerce. Let them come; it'll do them good."

* * *

George H. Weber (dairyman)—"Five thousand bottles of Weber's milk are now being served daily in the Indianapolis public schools."

* * *

John L. Lewis (president International Mine Workers)—"When it comes to political views nobody is authorized to express mine but myself."

* * *

Sam Trabue (secretary Democratic State Committee)—"I am going to rest after the campaign by trying twelve law suits."

* * *

Merrill Moores (congressman)—"I'll say that one American Legion Post can put on a diverting entertainment."

* * *

Sam Davis (meat dealer)—"It's fierce to have rheumatism, but worse when it comes at election time."

* * *

Don Hickman (jeweler)—"There is always plenty of soap on my show windows after Hallowe'en and it's easy to wash them."

Dramatic Club Opens 33rd Year

The Indianapolis Dramatic Club will open its thirty-third year Saturday night, November 20, at the Murat Theatre with the presentation of "The House of Glass," a play in a prologue and three acts.

When the club was first started by such leading spirits as Mrs. Evans Woollen, then Miss Nancy Baker; Miss Mary Shipp and Miss Mary Ellen Colgan, it was strictly a woman's club, but shortly after the first lady lost her mustache at a thrilling moment in a gala performance, men were admitted to the organization. Since its beginning four plays have been given each year and the excellence of the productions has been constantly increasing. Stuart Walker was once invited to a Dramatic Club play, and was so impressed with the work of several members of the cast that he was ready to offer them positions with his own company. Mignon McGibeny Burr, Marjorie Potts Vonnegut, Jane Noble Sheerin and George George are a few of the bright particular stars of past Dramatic Club performances. The club is one of the oldest dramatic clubs in the state; for there are only a few organizations in which sons and daughters of charter members are carrying on the dramatic work started by fathers and mothers.

The cast of "The House of Glass" will be particularly interesting to club members. Three persons in the play will make their first appearance before the club on the night of November 20—Mrs. Edward Bennett, Evans Woollen, Jr., and Thomas D. Stevenson. Four members of the cast will make their bow to the club after an absence of several years. Mrs. William B. Burford, who will have the leading part, has not been seen since she appeared as the wife in "Her Husband's Wife." Mrs. Walter P. Pfaff has not taken a part since she played in "Food." Kurt Vonnegut's last part was in "You Never Can Tell." R. Woods Johnston will again appear before the club after an absence of several years from the dramatis personae of club programs. The remainder of the cast includes Edward Bennett, Robert Brewer, Douglas Pierce, Hathaway Simmons, Jr., and Mrs. Douglas Pierce.

For some twenty years Dramatic Club plays have been produced under the direction of Mr. Harry Porter. Since Mr. Porter's death the club has decided not to employ a professional director but will select a director from its own ranks. "The House of Glass" will be presented under the direction of Walter Pfaff. Rehearsals began October 25.

The committee in charge of the play consists of Mr. and Mrs Austin H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Sayles, Mrs. R. Woods Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stein, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lilly.

The producing staff under Mr. Pfaff's direction are D. Laurence Chambers, stage manager; Garvin M. Brown, lights; Dr. John Ray Newcomb, scenery, and R. Woods Johnston, properties. This staff will have charge of the production of all of this season's plays.

The club will as usual give its performance for members and invited guests only, and after the play there will be a dance and supper at the Propylaeum.

The officers for the coming year are Mrs. G. Barret Moxley, president; Mrs. Hugh McGibeny, vice-president; Austin H. Brown, secretary; George Cox, treasurer. The directors are Mrs. W. C. Bobbs, Mrs. R. Woods Johnston, Dr. John R. Newcomb, D. Laurence Chambers, Mrs. Garvin M. Brown and Mrs. Walter P. Pfaff.

Woman, Patron Saint of Music

(Continued from Page 5)

did not rest until she gave the world a clear understanding of the depth of thought in the great works of her husband. She made her fame serve his, and considered the recognition of his qualities her own reward.

Gradually their perfect happiness became clouded by the illness of Schumann, and after much suffering he died July 29, 1856. He was buried in Bonn, near the tombs of Beethoven and Schubert.

As widow, Clara Schumann continued faithfully the work of her married life. Her many tours were still a means of performing her husband's music and she was able to know that her lifework was successful.

In 1878 she became the chief teacher of piano in a school founded by Dr. Hock at Frankfort, and one of her best loved and prized pupils was Mrs. Hugo O. Pantzer, of this city, who reveres the memory of her wonderful association with this gifted woman. Clara Schumann is recognized as the leader among women musicians.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

An interesting picture of three generations of the famous band master, John Philip Sousa I, II and III. This most famous of all bands will be at English's for one night only, Sunday, November 14.

The recognition of women composers and their inalienable right to do so has only been established in the last few decades. For instance, the opposition of Mendelssohn to the publication of his sister's works is well known, and the many trials and tribulations of Chaminade, the foremost French woman composer. Rubinstein, upon hearing some of her compositions, praised them highly, but added that he did not think women should be allowed to compose.

Taking the work of women as a whole, there are many worthy examples of all the large forms to be found among their compositions.

The women who have interpreted the works of the great composers are legion, and occupy positions of first rank in every branch of musical art.

In the art of interpretation we can choose none greater than our beloved Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and can justify this in no better way than by quoting the glowing poetic tribute from the New York Globe:

"Who came to us from overseas and got so glad a hand, she said the place looked good to her and quit her native land? Who since has made her voice each night resound from sea to sea and pulled a modest fortune for two hours of melody? Who calls her bairns the apple of her eye (you may note of lullabies her repertoire's not shy)? Who says that home's where woman fair can make the biggest dent—to leave it to the sterner sex to run the government? Who needs affect no. silly whims—esthetic flim and flam—although she is a real arteeste?—That's Schumann-Heink madame."

The emancipation of women in the realm of music has been a valiant struggle, and with the greater field of endeavor and recognition of her rights, not as rights, but her proven ability to deserve them, the woman musician may now take her rightful place with the greatest.

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Shop Tours

When Jack London's story, "The Little Lady of the Big House," was running in a popular magazine, one young woman who had been a great admirer of London's style in such books as "The Call of the Wild" was free with expressions of regret at his deterioration. The frequent references to the heroine's round knees were particularly obnoxious to Miss Critic, who even took occasion to remark on this expression at a meeting of the Writers' Club, of which she was at that time a member.

A young man, who had heard all about the importance of being earnest, and who took Miss C. quite seriously, endeavored to prove to the mistaken young woman that reference to round knees was not an evidence of deterioration, and even went so far as to cite examples from classic writ showing the interest of the old masters in the knees, round, angular or chubby as the case might be, of their heroines. Balzac's "Une Vieille Fille," with its masterly description of the old maid's leg, was dragged into the undignified discussion, and the case was argued in court and out. Little Miss C. dropped out of sight completely in the heat of the wrangle, and only last week her connection with the matter was remembered and the whole affair accounted for.

Like every argument on literary or other dispassionate subjects, this one was found to have its roots in a deep personal feeling, not too closely connected with the issue.

Miss C. and two of her friends were shopping last week. Both friends were wearing oxfords and heavy wool hose, which Miss C. admired in extravagant terms. She herself was wearing the thinnest of silk stockings with brogue oxfords similar to those worn by her companions, and for this incongruous combination she expressed a vigorous contempt.

"Mary, dear," said one of the girls "you are such a funny little thing. Why don't you wear wool hose if you like them so much? Your ankles are slim even if your face is as round as the full moon."

"My ankles are slim," wailed Mary, "but did you ever see my knees? They match my face, and if I put thick wool stockings on them this little tight skirt would be so full of knees that I wouldn't have room to walk. * * * What are you laughing at?"

And then the old story of London's round-kneed heroine was revived, and Mary's part in starting it was remembered. The truth came out, as it has a way of doing, to the discomfiture of the dealer in half truths, and Mary confessed that her objection had been not so much to the author's manner as to his matter.

The incident was not without its benefit, however. Mary was shown her friends' hosiery arrangements in some detail, and she is now profiting thereby. Both young women wore the new Vanity Fair knickerbocker which comes just below the knee. Its light jersey silk adds nothing to the circumference of the roundest knee, and its elastic shirred cuff just fits over the top of a woolen sock, which barely meets it and is held up in place by the rubber webbing in the bloomer cuff. Thus has Mary achieved woolen ankles and silken knees.

There is only a few places in town where women's socks, made with tight ankles and feet that fit, are to be found. Men's socks would do very well if they were fitted in the ankle, and children's three-quarter hose could be made to serve the purpose if they could be obtained in anything larger than a nine. But for genuine satisfaction and comfort, a few shops have a monopoly at present. One of these also carries the Vanity Fair below-the-knee knickerbocker.

* * *

Indianapolis comes into the ranks of important retail shoe markets with the establishing here of a shop which handles a nationally known make of shoe for men and women, a shoe which is designed for street wear, for real service, and which combines comfort with a not impossible appearance. Men's shoes have been handled for some time, but the addition of a line for women is recent, and many women will be glad to learn that a low-heeled shoe can now be bought here in town in sizes even for the thin foot, which does not make the wearer look as if she had traded feet with a doughboy. Each shoe is designed in three styles, the infiare, outflare, and straight models, and the shoes also come in combination lasts—that is, say, with an A last for the toe and a double A heel.

* * *

The long-looked-for paper suit has at last reached Indianapolis. Rather—to be exact—two paper suits have come to town, but not to be sold—simply for exhibition purposes. The manager of a local men's furnishing store secured several of the suits from a friend in London, who states that the suits are being generally worn among the poorer people of that city.

The person who expects to see an obvious relationship between the paper suit and the old-fashioned brown sugar bag or the striped candy sack will experience a shock when he examines these garments. They are woven of some sort of paper fiber and have the appearance of woolen cloth in every respect, except that the material is harsher and not nearly so flexible as woolen.

These suits were made to sell at $3.50 in London, but if they were manufactured there and sent to this country the cost would probably be about $7.00. The local shop, however, does not contemplate putting in a line of the paper suits. These are the first garments of the kind to be shown in the United States.

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"Hearts of Three"

The deeds of Jesse James or Captain Kidd, or Richard Coeur de Lion pale to a dull gray before the scarlet adventures of the Morgans in "Hearts of Three." This latest volume of Jack London's probably has more plot to the square inch than any other book that was ever printed. Why the book was not printed during the author's lifetime is not known to this bookworm, but perhaps after a reading of the thrilling tale the reader may form his own conclusions.

A foreword, signed by Mr. London and dated 1916, ostensibly explains the unique idea on which the book is based. An experienced scenario writer wrote the fifteen episodes which were to make up a serial movie thriller. As he finished each episode, he passed it on to Mr. London, who novelized it without knowing what he was going to have to do with his characters in the following episode. Summarized, the story tells of the adventures of a young man who is a descendant of the buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, in a search for the buried treasure of his ancestor. If there is one standard adventure which has been omitted from the tale, it can scarcely be missed, so profuse are the thrills that the scenario writer has provided. Mr. London has done the book up in real movie style, so that by concentrated reading you can see the pages flicker. He even masters the flash-back by the simple expedient of setting off the vision of olden days with a neat colon and a new paragraph. The vocabulary is suitably rosy; young Morgan glamours at his lady fair, and she flames back at him. Withal the tale races on coherently, intriguing your interest in spite of yourself.

Mr. London must have enjoyed himself immensely in writing this lurid movie novel. He has named one Spanish sheriff Mariano Vercara e Hijos. One of the leading characters is frequently distinguished, in logical movie fashion, as "the man in the white canvas pants." Many and various are the other touches which make this novel out-movie the movies. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"Main Street"

"Main Street" is the story of the conflict between a rebellious young woman filled with divine discontent and a typical small town of the Middle West overflowing with pride in its achievements. Carol has gone to college at a small school where at least those who hunger and thirst after knowledge have a chance to find it; she has lived in Minneapolis and enjoyed to the full its opportunities for further education and enjoyment in the world of music, art and drama, and she is a believer in books. She comes to Gopher Prairie as Mrs. Dr. Will Kennicott, the wife of a good, solid, small town physician, and at Dr. Will's loverly invitation, she prepares to reform the town, to lift it out of its small town barrenness and ugliness to a pinnacle of glory as the Small Town Beautiful. Results the inevitable clash. Gopher Prairie does not want to be uplifted; it does not even see the occasion for uplift talk in connection with the "finest town in the Middle West." Carol is aghast, hurt, and bewildered by this inexplicable attitude. Kennicott sees the town through the admiring eyes of the native, so, in Carol's reform work, he is only one more provincial to be enlightened and convinced.

Mr. Lewis' "Main Street" is remorselessly realistic. The blatant ugliness of village architecture, the stubborn narrow-mindedness of the townspeople, the inescapable and terrifying intimacy of Gopher Prairie's citizens, the town's merciless exploitation of the farmer, are excellently pictured as they dawn on the disillusioned eyes of Carol Kennicott. Equally well done is the portrayal of Carol's reaction to the deadening small town atmosphere. At first she wishes to reform the town en masse; then she narrows her aims to simply one perfect city hall; next she tries to reach the town through its woman's club. In alternate moods of conciliation and antagonism to Gopher Prairie's imperturbability, she storms the town, but all her efforts can not dent its cast-iron self-satisfaction.

Running away from the town to Washington's freer air brings her a saner perspective, and when she returns to Gopher Prairie she looks on it with more understanding eyes, but still without approval. Although she has succumbed to Gopher Prairie, she and the town will always maintain the oil and water relations of differing ideals. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.)

W. Somerset Maughan, author of "The Moon and Sixpence," stopped in New York recently en route to Australia. While there he arranged for the publication of his new book, "The Trembling of a Leaf," which will be brought out in the spring.

"Passenger," by Helen Dircks, is the title of a small volume of poetry which has been published this fall. Mr. Frank Swinnerton says of it, in his introduction, that it has "the greatest and most priceless quality any writing can have—the quality of a beautiful candor."

Retentive Impressions of the Biennial Convention

(Continued from Page 7.)

unusually gifted woman to appear before an Indianapolis audience.

II

Community singing was given a prominent place at the convention. The best professional leaders were present through the courtesy of Community Service, Incorporated, and Max Obendorfer, associate conductor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, was official accompanist. Fifteen minutes were given at the opening of each morning and evening session, with quite marvelous results, and the leaders of the music department were the liveliest of the live wires at the biennial. Mrs. Obendorfer, vice-chairman, made a strong attack on jazz and so-called popular music. At the opening of the war she sent out circular letters to the camps and learned that out of all the enlisted men one in ten likes good music. The last questionnaire, sent out just before the armistice was signed, showed only one in twenty liked the popular music. To use her words, "I made thorough investigation to see what the boys were getting and found the music on the shelves of the stores unspeakable. Ninety per cent of it would not be allowed to go through the mails if it were sent as literature, and from later investigation I believe that the publication of the songs current during the war was the work of German enemy agents who meant to show the United States that its people were not capable of producing good music.

Mrs. Obendorfer is an enthusiast on America's heritage in folk song, slave song, the negro spirituals, Creole melodies, Indian, and even cowboy songs. It is from this unlimited source of spontaneous song, she avers, that America is to find her greatness. Germany found her greatness in music by assimilating the folk songs of her neighbors and bringing them to light with a Bach, Hayden and a Beethoven. Speaking of our own native melodies, she asked, "Did you know the Kaiser had the most perfect collection of negro and Indian melodies in the world?" Long before the war he realized America's vast fund of original material and had the melodies collected and written out to his own satisfaction.

III

The Princess Watahwaso came from New York to interpret in song and dance the spirit of the American Indian. Allen T. Burns, director of the Carnegie Foundation, had given a most scholarly address on "Coercive or Co-operative Americanization," and had driven home the point that the immigrant must be made a partner and co-operative in his Americanization, not a beneficiary and a recipient alone. The princess followed and had taken her proper place by the piano at the side of the stage. She stood there only a moment, then said, "I must speak and can not be heard from here," and electrified the convention as she swiftly glided as on wings to the speaker's platform and made a powerful appeal for the education of the American Indian. With her eyes flashing and her face pale, in contrast with her streaming black hair, she said, "Is it not up to real Americans to talk some about Americans? We have heard much about caring for people on the other side, Letts, Slavs and Italians. Why not educate the American Indians and make them good citizens of the United States? Almost every Indian of military age volunteered his services for the army or navy. If he is willing to fight for America he is fit to be educated. I think it is time something is done to stop the encroachment on the life and the property of the American Indian.

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Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will meet November 12th at the home of Mrs. George Evans, 5019 North Meridian street. Mrs. Wilkinson will read a paper on "Pioneer Women of America" and Mrs. Carter on "Whither, Woman, Whither."

* * *

Mrs. Arthur E. Carr will entertain the Independent Social Club on November 9th.

* * *

On November 8th, Mrs. O. C. Wilcox will be the hostess for the Indiana Keramic Club, assisted by Mrs. Mary R. Garver.

* * *

The Irvington Coterie will meet with Mrs. Harvey Ferguson, 106 South Ritter avenue, on November 8th. Mrs. Fred D. Stilz will give a "General Survey of Indiana Literature," and Mrs. J. K. Kingsbury will lead the discussion.

* * *

The Irvington Tuesday Club will meet on November 9th with Mrs. William B. Farmer, 2214 Park avenue. Mrs. Curtis Hodges will talk on "The Americanization Problem," and the discussion will be directed by Mrs. W. A. Sweetman.

* * *

Mrs. L. J. Rothschild, 4924 Guilford avenue, will entertain the Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club on November 9th. "New York City—Downtown and Uptown," will be the title of a paper by Mrs. Lang, and "New York State" by Mrs. Denny.

* * *

The Monday Club will meet on November 8th at the Propylaeum. Mrs. W. E. Barton will discuss Current Events, and Mrs. Harry Slater, Current Problems.

* * *

On November 10th, Mrs. Thos. C. Clapp, assisted by Mrs. Georgia Magruder, will entertain the New Century Club. Mrs. Helen Fassold will talk on "American Home Life—Early and Modern," and Mrs. Laura B. Hancock will speak on "Home-Making and Its Importance as a Profession."

* * *

The Parlor Club will hold a guest meeting on November 8th at the home of Mrs. Edgar A. Brown, 1142 Broadway.

* * *

The Vincent C. L. S. C. of Indianapolis will meet with Mrs. W. J. Sumner, 2540 Central avenue, on November 8th. The subject of study will be "German Peaceful Penetration in Italy," and the program will be as follows: New Italy, Part II, Chapter III, by Mrs. E. L. Davis; New Italy, Part II, Chapter IV, by Mrs. M. Dowd; Current Events by Mrs. George Cheney.

* * *

The Writer's Club will meet at eight o'clock on November 9th at the Public Library Auditorium. There will be a discussion of two short stories contributed by members.

* * *

On November 10th the Zetathea Club will hold a guest meeting at the home of Mrs. J. W. Knipp, 2140 Central avenue. The reception committee is composed of Mrs. J. L. Sydensticker, Mrs. H. L. Brewer, Mrs. George B. Davis, Mrs. H. D. Merrifield, Mrs. Edward R. Zimmer and Mrs. G. B. Hoch.

Gossip of the New York Stage

(Continued from Page 8)

a rich Britisher, following the phenomenal run of the opera in London. One of the comedians in this piece was Johnny Slavin, who was recently the center of interest in the Lamb's Club scandal, which embroiled John McGraw, the baseball manager, and others in a fist fight. David Warfield was another original member of the "Belle of New York" cast, as was also Phyllis Rankin and Maria George, a little soubrette who went to London with the piece and is still there, doubtless, playing soubrette parts. The music of the "Belle" is tuneful and it was hummed, whistled and played all over the country in the late nineties.

Louis Mann is appearing in a revolutionary costume play, "The Unwritten Chapter", in which he has discarded his dialect and talks good English. The fact that almost every comedian has a desire to be a tragedian is illustrated in Mann's latest theatrical attempt—and he seems to be getting away with it. Probably he thinks that as long as Nat Goodwin could play Shylock he has the privilege to try something higher than dialect comedy. "The Unwritten Chapter" is interesting and well staged.

Because New York has been rebelling against the exorbitant prices theatres have been charging for the punkest kind of offerings, there was a rumor that the theatrical business throughout the country was in a slump. A. Erlanger declares that there have been too many outsiders, attracted by false profits, who have gone into the theatrical business and are now reaping the inevitable failures. "There is no more room for inferiority in the theatre than there is anywhere else," he said. "There is no occasion for alarm and no grounds for pessimism regarding the theatrical business," he declared. Other big producers took about the same attitude.

May Vokes is coming in for considerable approbation for her work in her new play called "The Bat," which is said to be one of the best low comedies seen here in a long time.

Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which starts out of here every autumn, is reported to be doing the biggest business of its career.

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Young Man's Fancy—Fox trot.

Gennett

Japanese Sandman—Fox trot.
My Little Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isles—Tenor solo.

Pathe

My Vision Girls—Tenor solo.
Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home —Tenor solo.

Victor

Just Like a Gypsy—Fox trot.
Tell Me, Little Gypsy—Tenor solo.

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Between Pennsylvania and Delaware

Sergeant George Winkler, of the morals squad, has his troubles just the same as other people. He recently made a raid on a home brew plant and confiscated a big bunch of suds. While hauling it to police headquarters in an automobile some of the bottles started to explode and when the bombardment was over, the flivver wabbled in its tracks. Tough luck, George.



Theatre Calendar

Week of November 8

English's—Walker Whiteside in "The Master of Ballantrae." November 8, 9, 10; David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," November 11, 12, 13.
Murat—Charlotte Greenwood in "Linger Longer Letty," November 10, 11, 12, 13.
Keith's—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Vaudeville.

The local theatrical season seems to be on in full force, now that the political campaign is out of the way. Local houses report business looking up. Guy Bates Post, who appeared at the Murat, packed the big theatre.

An attraction that is causing considerable interest to playgoers is "Mary," George Cohan's new musical piece, which created such favorable comment in New York. Most anything Cohan puts out has a "kick" in it, but this offering is one of the best he has produced in several seasons.

A number of "poor players" who appeared in Indianapolis last week were much interested in the campaign and many of them were seen at political meetings, which rather disagrees with the common understanding that thespians do not "take" to politics.

Many theatregoers will remember the actress, Lady Monckton, who was



David Warfield in "Return of Peter Grimm," English's, November 11, 12, 13.



Tierney and Donnelly in the "Seven Dances" at Keith's, week of November 8.

a titled society woman of England and who was the first of her class to go on the stage professionally. She made her debut in "Jim the Penman" and was known as an actress of great ability. She died recently at the age of 83 years.

Walter Hampden, the well-known Shakesperean actor, will start his season early in December, it is announced by the Shuberts, under whose direction he is starred.

The Greenwich Village Scandals is the latest "revue" show to be put in rehearsal in New York.

ENGLISH'S

Walker Whiteside will be the attraction at English's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 8, 9 and 10. Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling tale of adventure, mystery, romance and roguery, "The Master of Ballantrae," is Mr. Whiteside's vehicle, and in which he will play "James Durie," the hero-rogue of the story. This piece was from the Stevenson novel by Carl Mason of New York, and first revealed to public gaze a year ago. Mr. Whiteside achieved an instant success in the romantic drama, and presented it on tour throughout the season of 1919 and 1920. The character of "James Durie" is said to afford Mr. Whiteside ample opportunity for the display of his unquestioned genius, for it runs the entire gamut, from lightest comedy to the abject depths of despair; and from blackest villainy to the heights of filial love and devotion. The final climax is a stunning one; dramatic in the extreme, and in keeping with the Stevenson narrative.

Mr. Whiteside has surrounded himself with a cast of general excellence: Alexander Frank, W. Mayne Lynton, Maurice Barrett, James Macue, Basil West, Karhle Vose, Miss Sydney Shields, Miss Nancye Stewart and Miss Virginia Duncan will be seen in the important parts.

David Warfield and his supporting company, under the direction of David Belasco, will begin a three days' engagement at English's November 11, 12 and 13, in Mr. Belasco's most brilliant play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." Wide interest and discussion attended the first production, several seasons ago, of this exquisite drama, which was acclaimed the finest achievement of Mr. Belasco as a playwright and producer, and of Mr. Warfield as an actor, and its restoration to the stage this year is welcomed by all who love the theatre. Mr. Warfield's impersonation of Peter Grimm, who returns from the spiritual world to protect and to guide those whom he loved in this world, reaches to far greater heights than either his Von Barwig in "The Music Master," or his Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer." The role is one that demands beyond the highest technical skill, a wealth of human understanding and spiritual insight. These attributes Mr. Warfield brings to his impersonation in such measure that his Peter Grimm is accounted by the foremost critics as among the greatest figures of the modern stage.

Mr. Warfield's company includes in its membership Marie Bates, Miriam Doyle, Bertha Fiebach, Joseph Brennan, John Sainpolis, George Wellington, John F. Webber, Edwin Dupont, William Boag and David Malcom.

MURAT

According to Charlotte Greenwood, it's a great mistake for a comedienne to pay any attention to show or Shakespeare. She must just make up her mind to be funny and let it go at that, no matter what her family or Sunday school teacher may think.

Miss Greenwood, who comes to the Shubert-Murat, November 10, 11, 12 and 13, special matinee Thursday, Armistice Day, and Saturday, in Oliver Morosco's musical comedy, "Linger Longer, Letty," speaks from experience, as she started to be serious on the stage and made and awful mess of it.

"The reason so few women on the stage are genuinely funny," says the bean-pole comedienne, "is that they refuse to be or look ridiculous. For six years I took just that point of view. I wanted to be a great dramatic star or prima donna, but all that time I was fighting against nature. It took me all that time to realize that I wasn't built to shine as Ophelia or the Merry Widow. But when I did see the light, my good friends came running to me with tearful complaints and



Charlotte Greenwood in "Linger Longer, Letty," Murat, November 10, 11, 12, 13.

were very much opposed to my intention, but I had the crowd with me and that settled it. It was a beautiful girl who put me on the right track. Her name was Burnham. She was going into vaudeville, with beauty as her big asset and she wanted someone ungainly and funny looking, and from that I went straight up to stardom with a rush. I was in musical comedy less than two years, when my name went up in electric lights, so you see it pays to be funny. It's an old story, but still one that stage folks have learned by bitter experience. Bitter is no name for the tears I shed before I learned my lesson."

KEITH'S

A bill of unusual strength will be offered at Keith's next week, starting Monday.

The stellar attraction will be headed by Frances Pritchard, the popular artist, in her latest offering, "The Dance Duel." In this production Miss Pritchard offers a group of dances which are held together by a story which is unfolded by her and her associates while presenting the various numbers in terpsichore.

"Indoor Sports," a snappy satire on marriage, will be presented by Genevieve Frizelle, Mildred David, James Hunter and Edmund Dorsey. The plot of the playlet tells of the various methods employed by young women to get the man they love to propose to them.

From the London Coliseum comes Zomah, the unsolved mystery. This young woman does a mind reading act that is away above any similar act and one that has mystified London and the provinces for over eight months. She has been engaged as a special extra feature for next week. George Rosener, the well-known character actor, will have an important position on the bill with his character impersonations in an act which he terms "The Anthology of an Old Actor."

Bert and Betty Wheeler, two popular favorites with Keith audiences, re-

turn in a new act called "Bits of Everything." This aptly describes their act, as they do singing, dancing and imitations.

Frank Hurst and company will present "Alone at Last." He is a singer of both ballads and popular songs.

Samaoya, a Spanish acrobat, will offer a novel act of strength and agility, while Lorimer, Hudson and company of cyclists will contribute a novelty in the way of trick riding. A number of pretty girls assist Mr. Hudson in his act.

The Kinogram and the Literary Digest Topics will make up the motion picture portion of the bill.

LYRIC

There will be a splendid assortment of smart vaudeville novelties on view at the Lyrice next week, headed by "Apple Blossom Time," a refreshing divertisement in which singing, whistling and imitations are cleverly introduced. The Mast Kiddies, juvenile prodigies, in a sparkling routine of songs and dances; the Faden Trio in an entertaining oddity entitled, "Just Wait and See," which boasts of a surprise climax; The Brandes, expert equilibrists, offering sensational and difficult feats of head balancing; Wells and Boggs, in a well constructed playlet called "A Grand Army Man," said to be rich in quaint comedy, and affording a rare character study; Jolly Johnnie Jones, in his bounding wire novelty, "The Stage Door Johnnie," and as a special extra feature, The Swiss Singers, a quartet of yodeling vocalists. The screen contributions will include a slam-bang Fox farce, "Hold Me Tight!," the Bray Pictograph and the ever popular Pathe Review

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Marie Chomel, better known as "Betty Blythe," is doing some interesting features for "Heart O' Trade" here of late.



Walker Whiteside, who will appear at English's November 8, 9 and 10 in Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling tale of adventure, "The Master of Ballantrae."

Two Problems

In recent weeks the city of Indianapolis has entertained large conventions and speaking guests of national reputation. In all instances facilities for taking care of strangers within our gates have been woefully inadequate, not only as to housing accommodations for persons overnight, but as to hall accommodations. As a result there has been much inconvenience and some criticism. All of which leads up to a pertinent question:

What has become of all the plans for a coliseum or an adequate hall for the taking care of big meetings and conventions for Indianapolis?

Indianapolis must take some sort of action to provide this city with adequate hall facilities. Tomlinson Hall is far too small for anything but ordinary meetings. The state teachers know this to their disgust. In fact, the teachers have concluded to break up their convention into smaller units and send delegates to a state meeting, largely because the city had not the accommodations for a mass convention. This means that Indianapolis will lose as far as this particular convention is concerned.

When Senator Harding was here, only a few of the thousands of people who wished to hear him speak had that advantage. The same condition prevailed when Governor Cox was here. All of this is trite enough, but it is a reflection on our ability to take care of crowds.

Indianapolis has posed as a "convention city" for many years. The convention board of the Chamber of Commerce has done great work in bringing meetings here from which we gain considerable advertising advantages. Now that Indianapolis is growing toward the half million mark in population, a hall holding 2,500 or 3,000 people is a pitiful example of convention accommodations. The cry of high taxes is not a valid excuse for the city not taking the lead in this civic enterprise. There are some things that we must have. A coliseum or something similar is one of them. Cities like Kansas City, Cincinnati, Omaha, Columbus, Ohio, and others are well provided for in this way. Indianapolis is the only city of its size in the country with poor hall facilities.

Why not revise some of the many plans that have been in the making to take care of this question and push one to completion?

As one business man said: "If we don't get an adequate hall for big public gatherings we might as well withdraw our invitations asking conventions to meet here, or perhaps take the smaller and less consequential ones." This man is right. Indianapolis must have an adequate structure for big gatherings. At the same time it must have more hotel accommodations. With the prospective closing in the near future of the Denison Hotel and part of the English Hotel a big slice will be cut off our public housing. The question again arises: What are we going to do about it?

English's

Mon.-Tues.-Wed., Nov. 8, 9, 10 MATINEE WEDNESDAY

Augustus Pitou, Inc., presents

WALKER WHITESIDE

In Robert Louis Stevenson's Story of Adventure, Love, Romance and Mystery.

"The Master of Ballantrae"

Seats Ready

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat., Nov. 11, 12, 13 MATINEE SATURDAY

David Belasco presents

DAVID WARFIELD

in

"The Return of Peter Grimm"

By David Belasco

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Bundle Week for Armenian Relief

The week of November 8 has been designated by the state committee for near east relief as "bundle week" in Indianapolis. Laundry owners will lend their delivery wagon service for the work of gathering up the bundles of clothing to be used for the Armenians.

Fred J. Denny, president of the Laundry Owners' Club, has informed the committee that all drivers have been instructed to receive bundles of clothing during the week, and in this way every household will have an opportunity to contribute. The laundries which will aid in the drive are the Best, Crown, Excelsior, Fame, Gem, Grand, Krauss, M. & H. Co-Operative, Model, Progress, Sanitary, Sterling and Tiffany.

Well, anyway we won't have to read any more political advertisements until—the city election.

Joseph H. Shea, ambassador to Chile, will arrive in Indianapolis, his home, on November 5 for a visit.

400,000 Bass—Oh Boy!

By Thomas A. Hendricks

The long, free sweep of the arm, the whir of the perfect cast, the splash of the dowagiac in midstream, the moment of silence, the calm expectation, the sudden strike, the warning click of the reel, the rush of the silken line, the taut pull-up, the game struggle, and the final landing of three pounds of wiggly, kicky, finny, floppy, fighty black bass—man, oh, man, that is the real thrill! One such adventure makes a perfect day. Several make a perfect life.

To stimulate this thrill and to keep alive the soul of the Hoosier sportsman is the duty of the Fish and Game Division of the Department of Conservation of Indiana, acting under the immediate direction of George N. Mannfeld, superintendent, and it is for this reason that the state co-operating with the Marion County Fish and Game Protective Association maintains in Riverside Park today one of the largest and most scientifically managed fish hatcheries in the United States. There are thirty-one ponds in all in the Riverside hatchery varying from indoor swimming pool sizes to more than an acre in extent, and from these more than 400,000 small bass have been distributed throughout Indiana to stock rivers and lakes this past summer.

The fish culturist must be careful that there are more ladies than gentlemen in any one pond in order that any two gentlemen will not get into a row over any one lady. Now, Mother Bass is very much of a suffragist luncheon hound, and in fact, is the gadabout of submarine social circles. The old man does all the heavy duty. He guards the home nest, sees to it that the young children do not get astray before they are able to take care of themselves and all the time mother is out joy flopping in the shade of delightful lily pads and among the water rushes.

After the young fish are born, the culturist must distribute them in the thirty-one ponds, develop them, and finally when they grow to be several inches long, place them in ordinary ten gallon milk cans and deliver them throughout the state to stock rivers and lakes. The manner of distribution is far from haphazard. Applications for allotments of young bass, or fingerlings as they are called, must be made at the office of the fish and game department, and as the number of these applications is increasing each year, the request must be in the division office before the spring of the year in which the bass are expected. In 1918 220 applications were filled out; in 1919 there were 27, and in this year just past there were more than 300.

This fish hatching game is a business, an art, and a science all in one, for both Mr. and Mrs. Large and Small Mouth Black Bass are mighty temperamental and highly cultured personages. They require summer and winter accommodations; they demand and fight for their own separate nests and rights; they must have constantly running fresh water, and they eat all the time. Little wonder that the 184 small mouth and 141 large mouth bass, not to mention numerous blue gills, crappies, etc., keep William Bordenkecker, state fish culturist, and his wife on the go all year round.

Here are some of the things a fish culturist must do to keep his highly pampered aquatic customers contented:

He must inspect the animalcule life in each pond to ascertain if there is sufficient food supply to feed his boarders.

When spring comes he must change the Bass families from winter quarters to summer dwelling. Before doing this he must fit up at least three pools with little V-shaped box shields in which the fish may make their nests. The fish culturist must be very careful in the number of bass he transports from one pool into the other for if he turns in one more male bass than he has V-shaped boxes to the pool he will have a fight to the finish on his hand as each male bass will fight for a box.

Away from the careful guardianship of the hatchery the small bass suddenly finds himself dumped into strange waters far out in the wide, wide lake or river to fight it out for his young life. If all goes well and if no avaricious and larger neighbor "swallers" him head and all a la Jonah, or some thoughtless and unsportsmanlike human doesn't come around and seine him out of the shallows, he grows to be three or four inches long the first year. After that he plays about in almost perfect safety, sporting away the pleasant years like the prince he is until one fine day an unusually bright and at-

(Continued on Page 21)



RIVERSIDE STATE FISH HATCHERY
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ANNOUNCEMENT

Shubert Murat Theatre

Musical Calendar Season—1920-21

Sunday Afternoon Concerts

Song Recital, Sunday Afternoon, November 28
ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Piano Recital, Sunday Afternoon, January 30
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Prices—$3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Ten per cent war tax.

Series of Three Evening Subscribed Concerts

Tuesday Evening, December 21
Ballet Russe—ANNA PAVLOWA

Monday Evening, January 17
Song Recital—AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Thursday Evening, March 31
Orchestra—DETROIT SYMPHONY
OSSIP GABRILOWITCH, Conductor-Pianist

Prices—$9.00, $7.50, $6.00, $4.50, $3.00. Ten per cent war tax.

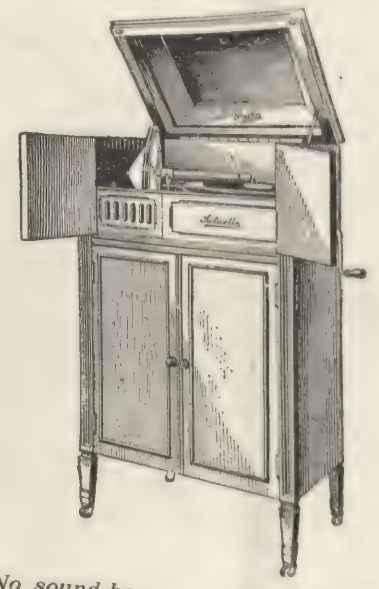
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Motion Pictures

Week of November 7, 1920.

Alhambra—Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell." Bryant Washburn in "A Full House."

Circle—Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley."

Colonial—William H. Crane and Buster Keaton in "The Saphead."

Crystal—Olive Thomas in "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Isis—Wanda Hawley in "The Beloved Villain. William Desmond in "A Broadway Cowboy."

Mister Smith's—Aileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride."

Ohio—Sam de Grasse and Una Trevelyn in "The Devil's Pass Key."

Regent—Tom Mix in "The Texan."

Alhambra

Bebe Daniels makes her debut as a full fledged star in "You Never Can Tell," a comedy drama which will be shown at the Alhambra the first half of next week. The piquant Bebe has won an enviable following since she first flashed on the screen in support of Harold Lloyd in comedy. Her beauty and talent attracted the attention of Cecil B. DeMille and it was not long before her ambition to do dramatic parts was gratified. Her success in "Why Change Your Wife?" and other big productions headed her toward stardom, and in "You Never Can Tell" she proves that she is fully entitled to her new honors. Completing the program there will be a Mutt and Jeff farce, the Fox news weekly and the singing trio, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz. On Thursday and for the rest of the week the attraction will be Bryant Washburn in a lively comedy entitled "A Full House."

Mister Smith's

Aileen Percy is starred in "Beware of the Bride," a farce-comedy to be shown at Mr. Smith's theatre the week of November 7. Pretty Aileen has just been married, and while her young husband is out of town she goes to a masquerade to meet an old friend, who promises he will wear a suit of armor. Another knight in armor appears on the scene and a gay party begins for the young wife. Harold Lloyd in "High and Dizzy," will add his part to the comedy bill.

Circle

Another honest country boy role falls to Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley," the feature at the Circle Theatre the week of November 7. Hosiah Howe with his mother and sister lives in peace on their farm until they are disturbed by the coming of certain guests to a nearby hotel. An unscrupulous adventurer finds valuable mineral waters on the Howe farm and tries to obtain the farm. Hosiah's sister falls in love with the villain and runs off to the city with him, and Hosiah himself loses his heart to the daughter of a wealthy doctor who comes to the inn. Hosiah manages to straighten out all these tangles, including his own love affair. A comedy called "The Toonerville Trolley," a Circlette of News, and selections from "Mary" by the Circle orchestra are on the program for the week. John Crawford, who is here for an extended engagement, will give several songs.

Colonial

Wall street furnishes the background for the story of "The Saphead," the current attraction at the Colonial Theatre; and one of its most thrilling scenes shows a panic on the stock exchange. William H. Crane and Buster Keaton are co-stars in the film, which features a rugged Westerner who has come to New York and become a power in Wall street, and his son, Bertie, who tries to win a reputation for deviltry in spite of his natural tendency to remain an innocent youth. Bertie hopes to impress his sweetheart with his wickedness, and his romance is very nearly wrecked by having some one else's wickedness attached to his name on his wedding day. A lucky fluke enables him to save his father's fortune and win back his bride. A comedy, a news reel, and music by the Liberty Quartette and the American Harmonists complete the bill.

Crystal

Olive Thomas will again be seen in Indianapolis in the last picture which she made before her recent tragic death. "Everybody's Sweetheart," which will be shown the week of November 7 at the Crystal Theatre, shows Miss Thomas in the role of Mary, a poor-farm girl, who runs away from the farm with John and the Corporal. Chance brings them to the home of a wealthy man, who believes Mary is his long-lost daughter. An unexpected incident reveals the real heir to the old man's fortune, and Mary's fortune's temporarily decline. In the end, however, Mary attains a position of wealth and happiness.

Ohio

Scenes of gay Parisian life, produced with unusual realism, are said to be features of Erich von Stroheim's production, "The Devil's Pass Key," which comes to the Ohio Theatre for the week beginning November 7. The story concerns an American author living in Paris with his extravagant wife, who becomes hopelessly in debt at the shop of an unscrupulous modiste. Expecting the woman to follow the Parisian method of getting a rich lover to pay her bills, the modiste introduces her to an American army officer. Touched by the plight of the unsophisticated young woman, the officer helps her to outwit the modiste and gain her husband's confidence. A Hall Room Boys' comedy, Screen Snapshots, and Literary Digest Topics are included in the program.

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Regent

"The Texan," from the book by James B. Hendryx, is the feature at the Regent Theatre the week of November 7. Tom Mix is seen as Tex Benton, a happy-go-lucky ranger whose six-shooter is set on a hair trigger. One trick after another gets him into a series of wild escapades. Romance overtakes him when he meets a girl from the East, played by Gloria Hope. She encourages him to win the world's championship in a rodeo, which furnishes the greatest excitement of the film. Robert Walker, Charles K. French, Sid Jordan and Pat Chrisman are seen in the supporting cast.

Our Costly Carelessness

American carelessness is almost an axiom. It is heard from every day. Indianapolis is no exception, and this carelessness involves everything from missing a club luncheon to the killing of human beings. A business publication in Washington recently investigated the fire problem in this country. There is a fire in the United States every minute with a fire loss of $300,000,000 a year and a fire loss investment of $6,000,000,000. In 1918 there were 20,000 new houses built and 211,000 dwelling house fires. There are five school house fires a day every day in the year. An average of 20,000 persons a year lose their lives in fire. The worst feature of the whole indictment is that a majority of the fires are preventable, but happen because of our carelessness.

400,000 Bass—Oh Boy!

(Continued from Page 20.)

tractive fly comes scooting right by his very nose. The old boy who thinks he is just about the wisest fellow in the watery realms falls for the brilliant beauty, and is vamped completely. There is a streak through the water, a flash, a sudden lunge, a moment of triumph, then the long bitter struggle, the inevitable capture. Three or four pounder that he is, he puts up one whale of a battle but in the end some happy fisherman goes home bearing him joyfully aloft to make a whole meal for friend wife, hollow kids, and a couple of neighbors.

Go to the Matinees

THE CIRCLE

CHARLES RAY

IN

"PEACEFUL VALLEY"

SPECIAL FEATURE

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A Digest of the Election

"We want a change" seems to have been the slogan of the American people at the election Tuesday. They got it. As this is written the indications are that Senator Harding will have at least 337 votes in the electoral college.

The next Congress will be Republican by a substantial majority in both the House and the Senate. The big question now facing the party is the League of Nations, and it is up to the leaders of the party to come to some kind of agreement on it. Will the Congress give Harding its support on the views he expressed during the campaign? What will the Johnson, Borah and Root element of the party have to say regarding the settlement?

Senator Johnson says the "league is dead" and that the big vote against Cox proved it. Statesmen favoring the league say that virtually one-half of the voters who supported Harding did so with the understanding that he would give the nation a league membership of some kind. The interesting question is, what will Harding and the Congress do?

The senatorial vote in Indiana showed that Senator Watson still has the support of the people of the state on his policies. He was returned for the "long term" of six years over Thomas Taggart by a big plurality.

Senator New has two more years to serve of his term. Senator Watson, at the last election was elected for the short term, beating Mr. Taggart, who had been appointed to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Shively, who died while in office. In the short term contest Taggart was beaten by Watson, and Tuesday was again beaten by the Rushville candidate for the long term.

The state contest recorded a big victory for Warren T. McCray over Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch for governor. McCray ran ahead of Watson in the number of votes polled, which indicated considerable "scratching" of Watson. Harding's lead in the state, as this is written, is estimated at 110,000, with a likelihood of it being increased. The vote in Marion county will show a republican plurality of at least 15,000, which is regarded as a loss as compared with the vote (male) of 1918, although the women's vote this year was largely republican. The negro vote was altogether responsible for the republican victory in the county. This vote established a lead the democrats could not overcome. Indiana avenue voted almost solidly republican.

The indications are now that the next state legislature will be as heavily republican as it was under the Goodrich administration.

Both democratic and republican state headquarters are satisfied with the verdict not only in the state but nationally. The democrats were surprised, however, at the way some states voted, California. for example, which cast her thirteen electoral votes for Wilson in 1916, flopped back to the G. O. P. column and Harding.

The result both nationally and state shows that the republican organization was far more efficient than that of the democrats, who apparently lacked money or else concluded there was no use throwing good money after bad. Leastwise they conducted their campaign on a "shoestring," but it must be admitted they made considerable noise at that.

National Chairman White of the Democrats has sent congratulatory telegrams to both Harding and Coolidge and to Will Hays, national G. O. P. chairman. Governor Cox has also congratulated the winners, so apparently everybody is happy—that is, as happy as they can be under the circumstances. It is now time for the country to get back to business and forget the election—until the next campaign, although it must be remembered that there is a city election coming. Party leaders say the result of Tuesday will have little, if any, effect on the city campaign, which will be fought out on local issues only, next spring.

Stories 'Bout Town

(Continued from Page 4)

ball diet for weeks, came to this veterinarian's office.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the stranger, proffering the dog.

The doctor examined the dog and said: "Bad case of the mange and the wrong kind of food."

"Can you cure him?"

"Yes, provided the dog is given the right care. He'll have to have two medicated baths weekly and the right sort of food."

The stranger shook his head. "I haven't facilities for bathing him—so we'll have to let him go."

The doctor suggested that many persons left their dogs in his care and that two stable boys occasionally took the job of tending to dogs needing extra care.

"All right, go to it," the stranger said, and the dog was left.

A week later the stranger called and found the "patient" doing nicely. "You'll cure him, doc," he said.

A few weeks still later the stranger called again, found the dog well and frisky. "What's the bill?" he asked.

"Well," said the veterinarian, "about $5 for me and $10 for the boys for bathing the dog and supplying the right sort of food."

"Too much," the stranger objected. "I won't pay it."

"All right," said the doc, "I'll keep the dog until you do."

"Keep him!" was the reply. "He isn't my dog. I found him out on the street," as he disappeared through the door.

Doc and his assistants sent the pup on his way—and he vanished like the stranger.

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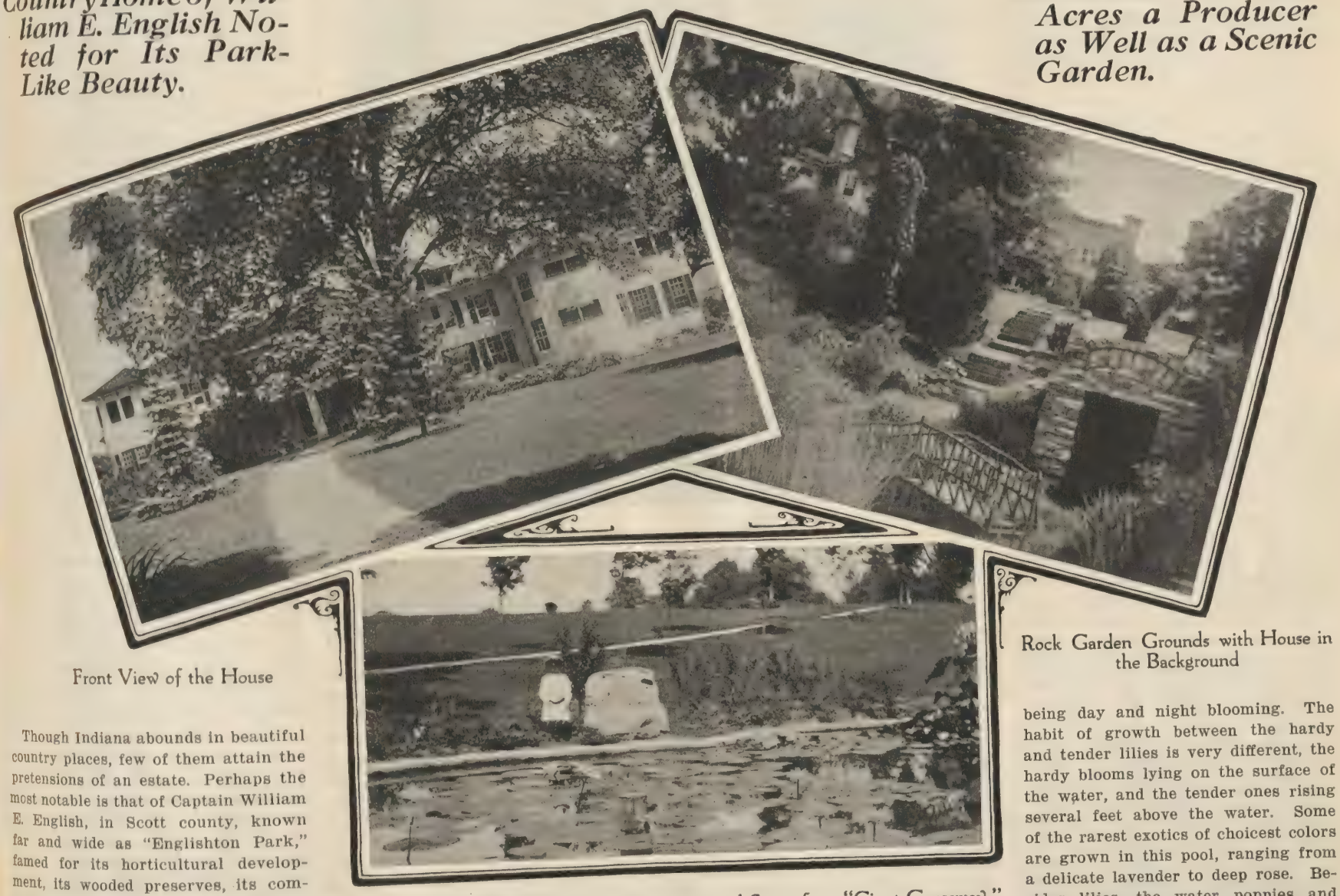
TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1920 — NUMBER 22

"Englishton"—A Hoosier Estate

Country Home of William E. English Noted for Its Park-Like Beauty.

Farmstead of 800 Acres a Producer as Well as a Scenic Garden.



Front View of the House

Rock Garden Grounds with House in the Background

A Part of the Lily Pond, Showing the Octagonal Stone from "Giant Causeway," Brought from Ireland.

Though Indiana abounds in beautiful country places, few of them attain the pretensions of an estate. Perhaps the most notable is that of Captain William E. English, in Scott county, known far and wide as "Englishton Park," famed for its horticultural development, its wooded preserves, its completeness in equipment for agricultural pursuits and for the fact that it has been the home of six generations of the English family.

Comprising some eight hundred acres of rolling land, stately forests and fertile fields, Englishton Park has ofttimes been called "the show place of Southern Indiana." Adjoining the little village of Lexington, eight miles north of the Ohio river, it is picturesque in its quiet dignity, impressive in its atmosphere of refinement and homelike in its simplicity.

It is a "show place" only in the sense that its natural beauties have been cultivated and enhanced by the skill and devotion of the horticulturist, and to students of this interesting science the twenty acres devoted to the park proper is a source of wonder and never-ending delight.

To the traveler who chances by, it would appear as if some fabled geni, stopping here to rest, had touched the spot with his magic wand and transformed it into an entrancing garden, transplanting with subtle wizardry rare plants, trees and shrubberies from all parts of the world, and adding as a final adornment a rock garden and lily pond that are not found in this part of the country.

The boulders in the rock garden are geologically very different from the usual Indiana formation, and were deposited in a valley on the place by some enormous upheaval ages ago. To geologists they are the only ones known to be west of a certain place in middle Ohio. The *raison d'etre,* for its location in the rear of the home, was a natural outcropping or ledge of stone, and around this was blasted over one hundred holes to form drainage for the Alpine rock-loving plants. The result is captivating and wholly surprising in this climate with its cold winters and dry, hot summers.

The lily pond lies in the front at the foot of a rolling lawn, and the effect is one that nature would envy. It is hard to conceive that the hand of man constructed such a beauty spot.

The feature of the pool is the Egyptian lotus and several of its colored hybrids. Both hardy Nympaes and tender lilies are grown, the latter being day and night blooming. The habit of growth between the hardy and tender lilies is very different, the hardy blooms lying on the surface of the water, and the tender ones rising several feet above the water. Some of the rarest exotics of choicest colors are grown in this pool, ranging from a delicate lavender to deep rose. Besides lilies, the water poppies and water hyacinths are used as edging plants to the plantations of nymphaes. No mere layman could attempt to go into details of the laborious, elaborate and original construction of this pool.

The planting around it is glorious at any season of the year, whether early spring brings its display of tulips and iris—not the ordinary iris of the usual garden, but the Spanish, English and Japanese iris—or fall the wonderful coloring of the shrubbery. In the summer the flowering underplants add their gay blooms. Evergreens in every variety and from every country in the world lend to the color effect, and most striking and rare are the golden Chinese vitaes.

The entire garden affords a real

(Continued on Page 20)

A Real Musician—And a Man

An Appreciation of one of Indianapolis' Modest Citizens by One Who Knows Him Well.

Alexander Ernestinoff, Quiet and Unobtrusive But With the Highest Ideals for His Art.

By Oliver Willard Pierce

In every large community there are always some men of mediocre ability who have the faculty of keeping themselves in the limelight and impressing a sense of their great importance upon the thoughtless mass. There are also always a few men whose work is so quietly and uniformly well done that the community is apt to take them for granted and fail to realize their essential greatness until their loss, through death or change of residence, brings home a poignant sense of what they had meant to communal life. The purpose of this article is to let readers of TOPICS know some facts which may surprise them concerning one of the latter—a quiet and unobtrusive man who for forty years has made Indianapolis his home.



ALEXANDER ERNESTINOFF

This portrait of Alexander Ernestinoff by Wayman Adams, received the Proctor prize at the National Academy of Design in New York. It was also exhibited at the Luxembourg Galleries in Paris, where it represented Mr. Adams in an exhibition of the work of American artists.

Alexander Ernestinoff was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, January 14, 1853. His father was a nobleman and a high official in the Ministry of Public Instruction. The young Sascha (affectionate diminutive for Alexander) attended a high class private school whose graduates were admitted without examination to the great universities. But this youth had other aspirations. He was obsessed by a consuming love of music and his ambition was to make its study and practice his life work. Inasmuch as music was never looked down upon as an insignificant profession in Russia, as it has been in some other countries, the elder Ernestinoff raised no objections to his son's desires and, at the age of fourteen, the lad became a student of the famous Royal Conservatory of St. Petersburg, an institution which has turned out an astounding number of great and celebrated musicians. His piano teacher was Nevè, a pupil of Moscheles; while, in composition, he came under the personal instruction of the Leonine Anton Rubinstein. Here he spent three industrious and fruitful years. His opportunities to see and hear the best were boundless and eagerly did he improve them. Whatever else may be said of Russia under the Czars, it must be admitted that, in the higher circles of St. Petersburg society, appreciation of the arts was of a high and sincere order. Especially was this true of music. The royal opera was surpassed by none in the world, with the possible exception of Paris. The Czar lavished huge sums on famous singers, a large and well trained orchestra and chorus and a sumptuous mis-en-scene. With such environment it is not surprising that a youth with strong natural leanings toward the dramatic in music should be fired with the no mean ambition to be a conductor of grand opera.

The high class student of that day in Europe never considered his education complete without faring forth upon his "wanderjahre" and in 1870 we find young Ernestinoff in Berlin studying conducting with Heinrich Dorn, first conductor of the royal opera there. Since, with the youthful artist, always what is far conquers what is near," he had cherished great expectations of the Berlin opera. He was surprised to find it distinctly inferior to that of St. Petersburg, especially in the ensemble. He remembers a particular performance of Faust when in the Kirmess (Fair) scene, the orchestra and the six groups of singers on the stage became so hopelessly entangled—or rather disrupted—that Dorn had to "rap off" and begin the whole act over again. However, Dorn was an able conductor and excellent teacher, furnishing his pupil with priceless experience and finally recommending him to the manager of an American opera enterprise who was in Berlin recruiting forces for an operatic season in New York and a tour of this country.

Thus, at the ripe age of nineteen, Ernestinoff found himself conductor of a full-fledged grand opera company, with all the responsibility for orchestra, chorus and soloists resting on his shoulders. In that same year, in St. Louis, he conducted the first Wagnerian performance ever given west of Chicago, and during the three years he filled this position he directed sixty-three different operas, grand and light—from Wagner and Verdi to Bellini and Flotow. At the end of this period the company disbanded—as opera companies have a way of doing—and I doubt not that by this time our friend was glad to change to a more settled and less strenuous kind of life. This he did in St. Louis, teaching voice in the Beethoven Conservatory and conducting various choral societies. Here, in 1875, he married Miss Amalia Kinklin and it was here that his two daughters were born: Miss Antoinette and Miss Helen, now Mrs. Robert Tyler.

In 1880 he came to Indianapolis as conductor of the Maennerchor. After two years he accepted a similar position with the Lyra, a society which was the forerunner of the present Musikverein. When the Lyra gave up its insufficient quarters and disbanded, preparatory to its membership being absorbed into the much greater organization of the then forming German House, Mr. Ernestinoff returned to the Maennerchor for a year. Then, the German House plans being perfected, he became director of its Musikverein—an honorable position which he has honorably held with great efficiency for nearly a quarter of a century. Under his baton the orchestra has reached a high degree of excellence; his personality and never-flagging enthusiasm has formed and held together a large chorus of good voices which his skill has trained to the adequate presentation of choral compositions of the first magnitude. Many noted soloists have appeared in these concerts and local artists have received generous recognition.

Of the remarkable artistic success he achieved during seven seasons of the Indianapolis Orchestra I have already spoken in a previous article in this paper. Also, of the splendid earnestness and devotion of its members. Its collapse was a civic calamity. But nobody was to blame. Musicians have to eat and pay rent like anybody else. When the war sent the cost of decent existence sky-hooting and our musicians were offered a living wage in places where the hours precluded the possibility of their further connection with the orchestra—why, of course, the orchestra had to go. It will never come again until some wealthy, public-spirited citizen so subsidizes it that its members, old and new, can be independent of the theatres and the nefarious movie houses and devote their whole time and energy to "this one thing" for a dignified remuneration. I still keep on hoping that this may happen while the subject of this sketch is yet with us; to re-create it, re-enthuse it, and leave his name with it, as did Theodore Thomas with the Chicago Symphony. He is the one man we have for such an undertaking. Walter Damrosch has repeatedly acclaimed his worth. One whole season he shared with this world-famous leader as guest-conductor at Ravinia Park. Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago have welcomed and honored him in the same capacity. But enough! I get loco when I allow myself to dwell on my passionate longing to see Indianapolis have a great symphony orchestra with Alexander Ernestinoff at its head.

As a conductor of opera his chief interest was naturally centered in the singers and their work. This led him to espouse voice teaching as his main branch of professional activity outside of conducting. Of the great number of his pupils not a few have achieved national fame. I will men-

(Continued on Page 14)

Operatic Stars Twinkle in Gotham

Metropolitan Opera Company, with Caruso, Harrold, Ponselle and Scotney in Cast, to Open November 15.

By Ona B. Talbot

After a month of preliminary concerts in New York, last week's presentation of no fewer than seven wholly different symphonic programs marked the full tide of orchestral activity, in what is expected to be a world's record season in New York, the center of musical affairs in America.

The National Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bodansky, conductor, began its season early in October; the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, first New York concert of this season was October 26; the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, gave its opening concert October 31; the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Monteux, conductor, made its first visit of the season on November 4; the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, opened its musical season November 11. The Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras will be heard later in the season. The "Children's Concerts," given on Saturday mornings at Aeolian Hall, by the New York Symphony Orchestra, begin November 13.

The Metropolitan Opera Company announces the opening of the New York season Monday evening, November 15. "La Juive," with Caruso, Orville Harrold, Rosa Ponselle and Evelyn Scotney, will be the opening opera. "Tristan and Isolde" will be sung in English the following Thursday. There will be one new opera added to the repertory—"The Polish Jew," by Karl Weis, the Czechoslovak composer, the libretto by Victor Leon and Richard Batka. It will be sung in English, the original being in Bohemian.

The increasingly favorable disposition of the Metropolitan Opera House management toward the English language is also indicated by the fact that, "encouraged by the excellent results of giving 'Parsifal' in English, two more of Wagner's music-dramas will be given in English, 'Tristan and Isold' and 'Lohengrin.'"

Jeanne Gordon, the young American contralto, whose beautiful voice and distinctive interpretation of Acuzena in "Il Trovatore," when the Scotti Opera Company gave its season of opera in Indianapolis last spring, is well remembered, has had the distinction of being assigned the role of Brangaene. Mme. Matzenauer will sing the soprano name part with Semabach as "Tristan." Mario Chamlee, the young American tenor, who made himself a favorite in Indianapolis as "Mario Cavaradossi" in Tosca with the Scotti Opera Company, has been assigned important roles for this season. Rafaelo Diaz, who has many friends in Indianapolis, is entering upon his third successful season with this famous institution, and will without doubt make great success in the important roles he will portray.

Two operas, which first were introduced to America by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, will be produced on the Metropolitan stage this season, Charpentier's "Louise," with Geraldine Farrar in the name part, and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier."

There is announced for production also, a new ballet, "Il Carillon Magico" by Pick-Mangiagalli. The creation is really a symphonic poem of exquisite workmanship, according to reports from Milan, Italy, where it first won its success, and the composer seems to be an initiator of a new and artistic form of Italian ballet. Mangiagalli's first attempt with an orchestral work was "The Golden Willow," a ballet which met with great success. There are a few new names among the singers. Chief among them is that of Emmy Destinn, the celebrated Bohemian soprano.

The Chicago Opera Company will open its season November 17 with a novelty, "Jacquerie," by Gino Marinuzzi, artistic manager and chief conductor of the company. This opera hitherto has been only heard in Rome and Buenos Aires. Lucien Muratore, the great French tenor, will be heard again this season with the Chicago company.

The return of Anna Pavlowa to the Manhattan Opera House, in New York City, was an outstanding pleasure to thousands last week. Her exquisite art proved as fascinating and as subtle as in her appearance in America ten years ago with Michel Mordkin as her dancing partner. The week at the Manhattan was all too short, for the eight performances were completely sold out, with hundreds standing and as many more turned away. There was an added disappointment when it was definitely announced that she would not be able to prolong her engagement because of the tour arranged to the Pacific Coast. Her manager admits that the receipts for the week were more than $50,000. The critics were unanimous in praise of her marvelous art.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, the conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, left his orchestra long enough to play a piano recital at the Aeolian Hall, in New York City, October 30. Richard Aldrich, of the New York Times, wrote of this concert:

"Mr. Gabrilowitch's playing is an external personal expression, fascinating in its purity, its clarity, its poetical feeling, playing of much distinction, insinuating rather than imposing, concerned solely with the spirit of the music. He possesses style in the finer sense; and his beauty of tone, subtle feeling for rhythm and polished mech-

(Continued on Page 14)



TEA *en famille*

Kubelik, Mme. Kubelik, the twins and Kubelik's manager, Hugo Gorlitz, in front of the castle.

Seven Symphonic Programs Kept Music World Agog—New Ballet Scheduled for Early Production.

Kubelik Has Returned to America

Jan Kubelik, the famous Bohemian violinist, after an absence of seven years has returned to America, but without the slightest change, we are told, since that first season in which he established himself as an idol. His fame has survived his silence, and from reports of the concerts he has given in St. Louis, Chicago, Boston and New York, at the Hippodrome, where he played to a capacity house, with hundreds on the stage on Sunday evening, October 31, he has not lost his place in the esteem of the American people. Critics have found new qualities to admire in his supreme art.

Jan Kubelik is a distinct and singular type. During the tragic years of the war he spent some of the happiest years of his life, because he was closed up in his estate near Zilina, in the Castle Bytcice. His home life has always been ideal. He has turned his castle in the mountains into a conservatory and university, and has a systematic form of education for his seven children, the older of whom is now sixteen and the youngest four—and all musical. Kubelik's idea of education is music, first, second and third, because he thinks music is the most beautiful thing in the world. "It is," he said, "the only Lethe wherein man may forget, as it is a life in itself. Sorrow and worry can be forgotten and, knowing what supreme joy it has been to me, I am not only willing but eager that each of my children should be an artist—yes, even a professional artist. In fact, I think it will be really amusing to have seven Kubeliks beside myself as artists in the field. I feel confident each will be an artist

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JAN KUBELIK

His return to America was a notable event. His appearance in Indianapolis is announced for April 10.

Householder With an Empty Coal Bin Has Something Coming to Him Besides Many Words.



If the shivering householder could only have a cellar stocked with all that has been printed pro and con on the coal situation he would have no burning question; his supply of fuel for the winter would be more than assured. This method of consumption of editorials, reports, and reviews of the coal shortage would no doubt bring him more solid comfort than milling through all that has been written about the question of fuel. One night the papers announce that everything is settled—the Coal Commission has done it. The next night the operators are heard from; who knows whether he'll ever get any more coal? Then comes the news that the nefarious operators have been indicted; the poor public's fortunes seem to be looking up. The optimistic householder proceeds to the telephone to order his coal, but when he asks for, say, ten tons of Pocahontas, he is lucky to get the two tons offered by the dealer.

The householder, the man who wants coal for the furnace in his own home, is wondering just where he stands on the coal question. If his coal bins aren't full now, what are the chances of getting a winter's supply? Can he get the particular kind of coal that his furnace requires—Pocahontas, West Virginia, Kentucky or anthracite—or must he accept the cheaper Indiana coal as being better than no coal at all? If he can get the coal he wants, in what quantity can he buy, and what price will he pay? And naturally, he looks to the Coal Commission for some solution to his problems.

The commission for Indiana naturally has jurisdiction only over Indiana mines. This means that its rulings will have very little direct effect on the householder's problem unless he is reduced to giving up all hope of getting eastern coals and decides to buy Indiana coal.

Indirectly, of course, he is interested in seeing that the cheaper Indiana coal is supplied to the public utilities, for his comfort will be seriously affected if the street car company, the electric light companies, manufacturing concerns, and public institutions do not receive the Indiana coal that they require. But exactly what has the Coal Commission done to insure a larger supply of Indiana coal in Indiana at a fair price?

A price has been set on coal at the mine so low that the operators have been moved to look elsewhere for markets that will bring them higher profits. Coal that might normally be sold in Indiana has been going to Illinois, Iowa and Ohio, where purchasers are willing to pay more than the Indiana Commission allows. Thus, in spite of the fact that more Indiana coal is being produced this year than last, the tendency is for a smaller amount to be offered in Indiana markets.

To offset this movement of coal to other states, the commission has ordered that a certain amount be mined for use within the boarders of Indiana—an apparently logical solution of the trouble. But coal men say that this amount set is no greater than the amount already being sold in Indiana markets, so the result of this impressive order is nil.

As for the indictment of the coal operators for conspiracy, it remains to be seen if any definite accomplishment will result from this action.

On the whole, then, the Coal Commission has been something of a farce, as far as the householder is concerned; a little excitement to keep his mind occupied, but with no serious results as far as filling his coal cellar is concerned. The man with the empty coal bin must look to other quarters for comfort.

Aside from his hopes for a mild winter, the householder has five separate and distinct reasons for feeling that his situation is more promising than it was a month or two ago. Each one of these reasons has a certain amount of fact as its basis, but only one of them is really the kind to tie to—the kind that even the pessimists will agree is based on cold facts.

In the first place, there is at the present time no apparent trouble between miners and operators. This statement is set down with fear and trembling, however, for nobody knows what may develop before this issue comes from the press. But let the householder get what comfort he can from the present amicable relations.

Secondly, operators have apparently accepted the commission's prices and are delivering coal on that basis—another statement, the comforting possibilities of which are weakened by the qualifying word—*"apparently."*

Production all over the country is undergoing an appreciable reduction, which decreases the demand for coal and should make the supply more plentiful. Since it is the factories, as a rule, that use the poorer grades of coal, this slackening in demand will help the householder but little if he still insists on getting the superior eastern coals.

A fourth reason for hope is that the railroad situation in general is promising. Freight is moving much more freely than it was two months ago. The optimist is ready to state that coal cars are being plentifully supplied to the mines, but coal men do not agree that they are getting all the cars that they need. Mines are working three days a week which could produce six days a week if only enough cars were supplied to the mouths of the mines to make this possible. So the railroad situation is not exactly such as to call for cheers just at present.

But the one real cause for rejoicing, the feature of the case which brings the man with the yawning furnace real hope that he won't be shivering in a frigid house when the first real cold wave arrives, is the fact that the priority orders diverting shipments of eastern coal to lake ports have been lifted and large shipments of this much-desired class of coal are at last moving in this direction. Pocahontas, West Virginia coals, and anthracite should now be much more plentiful in local markets than they have been for the last few months. Shipments that are now coming in are being sent out just about as rapidly as they arrive, but as empty coal bins are gradually filled, stocks in the yards of local retail dealers may be expected to be increased so that it will be possible to fill a full order for a fair quantity of coal instead of passing it out in one or two ton lots, as is being done at the present time.

The order giving priority to shipments of eastern coals to the lake ports went into effect on June 15th and it was supposed then that it would not be necessary to continue it in force for more than thirty days. Each time the fifteenth of the month has rolled around, however, it has been necessary to extend the period thirty days longer. The latter part of October it was found that sufficient coal had been shipped to these northern cities so that the priority order was no longer needed, and the ban was lifted. Since that time eastern coals have been coming into Indiana, and there is no reason now why any Indianapolis people should have any trouble in getting plenty of it for their immediate needs.

As for the prices to be paid for fuel—now that the Coal Commission has issued its ultimatum—there is little likelihood of Indiana coal prices fluctuating very much, a local dealer states, although it is possible that there may be a slight drop in the retail price around the first of the year. It is quite probable that there will be a downward trend in the price of eastern coal as more of it is sent to this market, but local retailers feel that this decrease in price will probably not be very marked until the first of the year.

There has been some discussion of the possibility of so much coal being exported as to affect domestic prices, but since only about 5 per cent of the total output is shipped out of the country, a very great increase in exports could be made without being felt in domestic markets.

The coke situation seems to be quite satisfactory for the man who is foresighted enough to order his winter's supply early in the season. Although a great deal of coke is said to be shipped to Cincinnati and Chicago on account of the better prices to be obtained there, the Citizens Gas Company has not refused to sell coke in Indianapolis in favor of out-of-town markets. Some people who have had difficulty in obtaining coke may attribute it to the fact that their dealer has underestimated his requirements when ordering his coke supply and has not contracted for a sufficient amount. Then when his contract has been filled and he needs still more to take care of his customers, it is possible that the gas company may be so tied up with contracts that it can not sell him more than the amount he contracted for. Safety first, then, means ordering early.

Pessimists and optimists are agreed on the fuel situation to this extent that there is little danger of anyone in Indianapolis having to freeze for lack of coal, if he has the money to purchase fuel at present prices.

Indiana Coal Seems to Be Shy of Indiana Markets, Though Tonnage Is Increasing.

In Defense of "Aphrodite"

By Katherine L. Winders

Indianapolis critics and theatregoers are soon to have the opportunity of witnessing the much ostracised, criticised, condemned and admired "Aphrodite." Probably no play of the American stage has ever had so many vaguely different opinions passed upon it. On one side one may read, "absolutely the most immoral, conscienceless thing ever staged." And on the other, "A dramatic and artistic gem. Nothing depicting the splendor of the ancient world has ever been so gracefully accomplished." And so what are we, who depend upon the press for our opinions, to believe?

One should be armed with arguments in its favor before seeing "Aphrodite" or he will get little satisfaction from the play. It is well to remember that "Aphrodite" is not of the "Follies" variety. It is not a girl and music show or a boudoir comedy. In either case I should censor the costumes and lines severely, but it is not, and therefore I do not. "Aphrodite" is a historic, spectacular production, a bit unconventional, perhaps, according to our modern standards, but by its incomparable beauty it is justified.

I would say to those of us whom the

(Continued on Page 21)

Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund H. Eitel and daughter Helen Jane, of Highland Park, Chicago, visited Mr. Eitel's father last Sunday.

* * *

Miss Carolyn Coffin is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Holliday in Pittsburg. Mrs. Holliday was formerly Miss Ruth Hubbard.

* * *

Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams has returned to the city after a three weeks' visit in Detroit with her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Spray.

* * *

A pretty wedding was that of Miss Myra Fischer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Fischer, and John W. Brown, which was celebrated the afternoon of November 23d at the All Souls Unitarian Church, Rev. F. S. C. Wicks officiating. The attendants were Mrs. Edwin C. Matthius, Miss Agnes Brown and Hugo Fischer, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have gone to New York on a wedding trip and will be at home after December 1st at 535 East Drive, Woodruff Place.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Fisher have gone to their summer home at Miami, Florida.

* * *

Miss Loretta Feeney has been visiting in Cleveland and Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hume are visiting in Santa Barbara, Cal.

* * *

Captain John M. Weir, son of Judge and Mrs. C. E. Weir, who has been stationed at Governor's Island since his return from France, has obtained a commission in the regular army. He recently joined his regiment at Camp Travis Texas.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas J. Owens was hostess last Saturday afternoon for a theater party in honor of Miss Helen Louise Rapp, a bride-elect. Miss Dorothy Haines entertained Saturday evening for Miss Rapp.

* * *

Thursday afternoon the Indianapolis Public Library staff entertained at tea for W. L. George, English author, who is traveling in the United States. Mr. George spoke before the Contemporary Club Thursday evening.

* * *

Miss Jessie and Miss Mary Bradshaw have returned to the city after a summer in California and Colorado.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Shortemeier have gone for a week's fishing trip at the northern Indiana lakes with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wasmuth of Huntington, Indiana.

* * *

Mrs. Nicholas J. Eastman will entertain with a bridge party Friday afternoon, November 12, in honor of Miss Louise Frenzel, bride-elect.

* * *

Mrs. Merritt A. Potter will head the committee to have charge of the sale to be conducted by the Caroline Scott Harrison chapter of the D. A. R. on November 24 at the Indianapolis Light and Heat Company. Home products, including jellies, jams, preserves and pastry, and autumn flowers, will be sold.

* * *

Mrs. Jay H. Keys of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Losey have left for their winter home in California.

* * *

The marriage of Mrs. Edith Lennard Wiley, of Indianapolis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Lennard of Metamora, and Lawrence Edwin Hess, of Indianapolis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hess of Wabash, took place at the First Presbyterian Church, on November 3. The ceremony was followed by a luncheon at the Claypool Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Hess have gone to California on their wedding trip and will be at home at the Cambridge after January 1.

* * *

Mrs. E. J. Phillips of New Castle, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. T. A. Randall.

* * *

Mrs. James A. Cruse was hostess for a luncheon and bridge party at her home in honor of Mrs. W. H. Wheeler of Mooresville, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will leave soon to spend the winter in Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Mrs. Edmund D. Clark has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Arnold M. Talbott, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Mrs. John D. Brosnan has returned to the city after visiting for several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Reynolds of St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Mrs. Alice M. French has gone to Milwaukee as the guest of the War Mothers at their annual state meeting November 9 and 10. Mrs. French assisted in the armistice celebration on Thursday and the unveiling of a monument to Milwaukee gold star soldiers. She will stop in Chicago before returning home.

* * *

Mrs. John H. Talbott has returned from a visit of several weeks in the East.

* * *

Mrs. Lafayette Page recently returned to Indianapolis after five months abroad with her daughter, Miss Ruth Page, who is now in New York filling an engagement with Adolf Bohm. Miss Page expects to come home for a visit after the completion of her engagement with Adolf Bohm.

* * *

Mr and Mrs. Harry H. Bingham announce the engagement of their daughter, Mrs. Aliene Bingham Booker, and Dr. Eugene Bishop Mumford.

* * *

Mrs. Philemon M. Watson was hostess for a debut tea for her daughter Katharine on Wednesday, November 10. Many of this season's brides and debutantes assisted in the hospitalities.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton T. Hayes announce the marriage of their son, Maurice L. Hayes, and Mary Lavender Borchers, which took place Wednesday morning, November 3, at SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will be at home after December 1 at 2329 North Capitol.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Margaret Louise Ahlering, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis I. Ahlering, of South Bend, formerly of Indianapolis, and Thomas Joseph Bates, of Indianapolis, was celebrated Wednesday morning, November 3, at St. Joseph Church, South Bend. Mr. and Mrs. Bates have gone to the East on their wedding trip and will be at home after December 1 in the Canterbury apartments, at Sixteenth and Central avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur Cortez Abbott of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her father, Mr. Charles W. Smith.

* * *

Mrs. James E. Watson arrived in Indianapolis on Monday, November 8, having come from Washington to join Senator Watson. On Tuesday Senator and Mrs. Watson were at Kentland as the guests of Governor-elect and Mrs. Warren T. McCray.

* * *

Mrs. Charles E. Coffin was hostess for a one o'clock luncheon at the Woodstock Club on Thursday, November 11, in honor of Mrs. Jay H. Keys of Terre Haute, who is the guest of Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson. Mrs. John N. Carey will give a luncheon at her home in honor of Mrs. Keys on Friday, November 12, and Mrs. Jameson will entertain with a theater party for her guest on Friday evening.

* * *

Miss Lucy McGee is visiting in London, England.

* * *

Mrs. W. K. Milholland has departed for a trip to Norfolk, Va.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McCarthy, of Detroit, Mich., are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. V. Converse. Mrs. McCarthy, who is a recent bride, was formerly Miss Hazel Burris, of this city.

* * *

Robert A. Conner, of Purdue University, returned home for a few days' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Conner. Robert Jones, of Seattle, Wash., and Verne Trask, of Indianapolis, were guests at the Conner home.

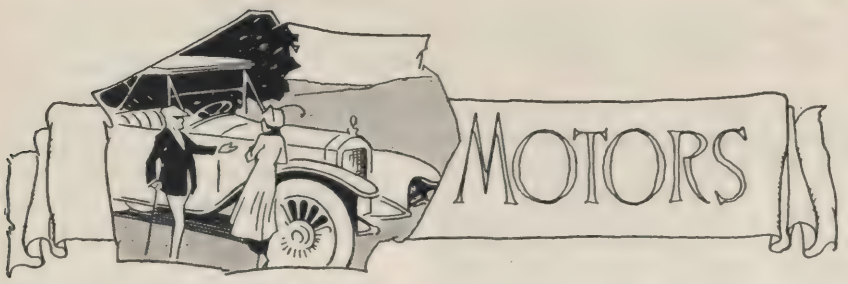
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Mlle. Theo Hewes will dance two classical solos at the West Baden Springs Hotel, Friday evening, November 12th, at the President-Elect Ball and Fashion Show to be given in the Atrium.



MISS ADAH E. BUSH

Warren T. McCray, Governor-elect of Indiana, has announced the appointment of Miss Ruth Bush as his private secretary. Miss Bush is the first woman in Indiana to ever hold a similar position, and one of the few in the United States so honored.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Every pioneer motorist, and to rank in this class ten years' experience with automobiles is all that is necessary, remembers the time when a car was considered only in the light of being a summer joy bus, just as a sail boat or a motor boat, and when winter came breezing in on us, automobiles, like boats, were carefully housed away until robins, April showers and house-cleaning time descended upon us again.

Garages and storage houses in those unenlightened times carried ads in the papers quoting rates for "dead storage," and these places were comfortably filled all winter with canvas-covered cars, jacked up from the floor so that the tires would not wear flat. Only a very few hardy or foolish motorists attempted to keep their cars in operation, and they surely had their work cut out for them. In those days carburetors were comparatively crude affairs, and even with the higher test gas, then in common use, it would take the combined efforts of half a dozen strong, muscular, persistent, strong-willed men to persuade a motor to start in any kind of cold weather. This operation consisted of cranking for an hour or so, taking out the spark plugs and priming with a pint or two of gasoline, pouring hot water over the manifold, priming with ether and mixing the whole with a generous measure of highly picturesque language, such as one uses when discoursing with an army mule.

But nowadays, thanks to the inventive ingenuity of our automotive engineers, the automobile owner is assured of continued and comfortable use of his machine through the winter months. He can now embark on a trip to the theater without having to rush out between acts and crank the pesky critter to keep it warm, or can enjoy an evening dance without reserving half the program for a shimmy with his motor.

In fact, nothing has been overlooked by the accessory makers to make winter motoring safe, sane and cozy. Here are just a few things that have been provided for winter use. First, carburetors are now much better than ever before and they will function equally well in July or January. Then there are gasoline vaporizing devices to attach to the manifold, which will vaporize the lowest test gas in the coldest weather; floor warmers that operate from the exhaust and will keep the feet of passengers warm even in an open car; side and tonneau windshields to break the wind and prevent back draft; steering wheel warmers for the driver's hands; electric radiator warmers to keep the water from freezing while the car is standing in the family garage; practical skid chains that defy anything short of the infamous ice ruts of last year; and dozens of other simple, inexpensive effective accessories, all of which do their part to make the modern motor car a twelve-month utility and not an eight-month plaything.

The work of the accessory engineers and inventors has been overshadowed to a large extent by that of the motor designers. The latter has something spectacular about it entirely lacking in the former. But, as a matter of fact, the accessory manufacturers have played a very important part in the development of the automobile of today. They have provided those little conveniences that have turned the job of driving an automobile from a task into a pleasure that even the least mechanically inclined driver may enjoy at all seasons of the year.

L. A. Mansfield, chairman of the membership committee of the Hoosier Motor Club, has made the announcement that twelve hundred new members have been obtained in Indianapolis since the middle of July of this year. According to Mr. Mansfield, this rapid growth of the club indicates that the motoring public of the city is appreciating more and more the club's accomplishments in improving road and motoring conditions in the state.

"Legislative work, extensive road making and touring and road information are things of outstanding importance for the club at this present time," said Mr. Mansfield. "Just at the present time the club is interested in more than fifteen separate subjects, including patrol maintenance of our most important highways, preventing the theft of automobiles, safe-guarding grade crossings and several other matters. We desire to make the Hoosier Motor Club one of the best clubs in the country, and we need the assistance of every Indianapolis motorist to do the many things that are now left undone.

* * *

More than 400 Indiana automobile tradesmen met in Indianapolis November 4 and 5, as guests of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, and formed the Indiana Automobile Dealers Association. N. H. Cartinhour, of Indianapolis, was elected president of the new organization; J. Cooper Props, of Muncie, vice-president, and J. F. Frohbeiter, of Evansville, treasurer. The secretary, who will also receive the title of general manager, has not yet been named.

Directors were named, as follows, to represent each congressional district. Those to serve for one year are: W. T. Johnson, Vincennes; J. T. Graves, Salem; A. T. Griffith, Columbus; W. E. Robinson, Terre Haute; Fred Bethard, Richmond. Directors for two years: Walter Duckwall, Noblesville; R. W. Wallace, Lafayette; F. W. Kelsey, Huntington; W. S. Becker, Ft. Wayne; William Nichols, South Bend. The three executive officers will represent their own districts.

The new organization will have its headquarters at Indianapolis.

During the meeting talks were made by P. E. Chamberlain, of Denver, A. V. Conners of Philadelphia; Harry G. Moock, general manager of the National Automobile Dealers Association; Ray Sherman, editor-in-chief of "Motor Age" and "Motor World." A special dinner and vaudeville entertainment were given by the Indianapolis Automobile Association the evening of November 4 for the visitors. R. V. Law, president of the Indianapolis Association, was toastmaster, and John B. Orman directed the entertainment. Robert E. Lee, of St. Louis, a humorist and widely known in the national motor industry, was the speaker.

* * *

The International Rubber Sales Company has taken over the Hurry Up Meridian Service Company.

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Tonneau Windshields

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A Mule-ish Controversy

The question is now, can Gustave C. Schmidt, president of the city council, get the mules out of the Shelby street barns by New Year's?

Mr. Schmidt appeared before the board of works the other day and delivered his ultimatum: "Mules out by January 1 or proceedings will be started." The members of the board intimated that the president of the council was doing some tall "grandstanding" for political effect, and was trying to put on an imitation of Lew Shank getting something done minus any particular Shankian characteristics.

Every one will agree that the women of the south side deserve the market for which they have been striving for a long time, and that the mules must seek another home. But where?

George Lemaux, chairman of the board, told Mr. Schmidt that the board had been trying for days to find a place to keep the mules, but to no avail. Of course the city can not hitch them along the curb—but they must have shelter.

That made no difference to the council president. He declared they had to be out by January 1 or he would take the stump in the south side on the proposition.

Thomas Riley, a board member, told Mr. Schmidt he was opposed to "you fellows trying to make political capital out of the south market proposition." And thus it went.

Mr. Schmidt's appearance before the board was rather an undignified way of getting action. The board of works is a quasi court, representing all citizens' interests. No one likes to be bulldozed or "bluffed" into doing things—and it appears that Mr. Schmidt possibly overstepped good manners, or at least ordinary diplomacy, in presenting the matter to the board.

Apparently, the board of public works is making every effort to get another barn for the city animals. Until that time it would seem to be reason to wait, inasmuch as the south side citizens have been patient this long. Perhaps Mr. Schmidt wishes George Lemaux and the other members of the board to pasture the mules on their respective lawns?



Eugene Cadou, an Indianapolis newspaper man, has sought the wilds of Gotham to further enlarge on his talent as a news writer, and incidentally to write a newsy column for TOPICS about things of interest in Noo Yawk.

Joe Reilly, former state chairman of the Democrats, says this talk about the demise of the Democratic party is a joke. "I've been in politics for many years," said the unterrified one, "and every election where the Democrats lost it was predicted that death was near, and we're not dead yet!"

Will Mahan is still wearing a tin elephant in his coat lapel. "It seems to scare the Democrats," was his explanation.

Dr. Morgan is taking things easy since the election and advises his Democratic friends to cease worrying —as it ages one so!

Rumor has it that an automobile company, working in conjunction with the conservation department of the state, may try a project of getting oil from shale in southern Indiana. Well, kale and shale seem to rhyme all right.

Citizens in the neighborhood of Prospect street and Nelson street are tickled because of the opening of the new Prospect Branch Library at this point. That this south side community is a reading neighborhood is indicated by the fact that more than 300 books were taken out the first day.

Warren T. McCray, Senator Watson and Ed Wasmuth were recent guests of the Optimist Club at a luncheon. No, they did not talk politics.

The Armistice Day program given by the Irvington Post of the American Legion must have been interesting, but not half as much as the celebration held on the city streets two years ago.

Company H of the Indiana Home Guards during the war held a reunion last week. Of course, they recounted the dizzy days at Gary during the strike, and possibly some of the old-time poker games. At any rate, Capt. Sumner Clancy and his troops did some mighty good service along with other of the Home Guards.

Arrangements between the city and the gas company have not yet been entirely completed. Maybe Gus Schmidt and Russell Willson are still feeling the effects of the election.

Sol Esarey does not particularly claim any virtues of supercourage, yet he addressed 100 or more club women recently on the subject of "Maintenance of Self-Respect," and it was a corking good talk, too, the women said.

It's dangerous to call a policeman a liar—even in court. Judge Walter Pritchard sent Pat Mullin to jail for ten days for putting Patrolman James Sheean in the Ananias Club in open court.

Elmer Gay, potentate of the Murat shrine, is preparing for a big ceremonial—the last one of the year, which will take place November 19. Camel's milk will flow and there will be plenty of other desert food, so the wise ones say.

Somebody has been wondering where John Holtzman went after the landslide. The fact is, he was caught with a lot of other democrats and has not yet dug his way out.

At any rate, Claris Adams can feel that he has earned a rest—and relief from publicity, since he has been succeeded as prosecutor by William Evans.

G. A. Braughton and his delegation of south side citizens who appeared before the park board have been assured that the board will co-operate in obtaining a park site in the vicinity of Kansas and South Meridian streets, for the south siders.

Sol Kiser is strongly of the opinion that the election will not hinder the growth of deposits at his bank.

Now that President Wilson has canceled all regulations regarding the licensing, importation, manufacture and storage of sugar, perhaps Stanley Wyckoff will be looking for another job. The cancellation is in effect November 15.

Will J. Dobyns, who likes to live in Southport, is now one of the directors in a new Indianapolis oil company with leases at Patoka, in Gibson county. The directorate also includes George Cornelius and Virgil Bolyard.

The North American Storage Battery Company of Indianapolis has increased its directorate from four to five members.

The Riverside Civic Improvement Association has retained Charles Remster to look after its fight against an amusement company seeking to open a park near the residential district in the Riverside community. They say amusement is all right—when it is not too close.



A Problem in Paving

A sentiment is developing in Indianapolis to the effect that the city as a whole should take over the paving of certain short stretches of streets where the adjacent property can not stand the cost of the paving. Why not? The city has outgrown the theory of "splendid isolation," as far as the various sections of it are concerned. What is of interest to one is of interest to all, say proponents of good streets.

However, there appears to be a rather deep-rooted sentiment among a few in this city against the plan. They take the position that when they have paid for the improvement of their own particular street they have "done their bit."

There is no law in the state providing for a general property tax for street improvement, but it must be done by the property holders, although the city is supposed to assume all future repairs. The old plan of a general property tax for paving was such that the city outgrew it on account of its tremendous growth and demand for better streets and a corresponding drain on its paving funds.

Augustus Lynch Mason, who took a prominent part in drafting the present city charter, and who was largely the author of the street paving sections of the charter, told a representative of Topics that in his opinion there was no way whereby the city could take over the paving of these small sections of streets without additional power being delegated to the board of works, whereby it could overrule action of protesting property owners, unless they were unanimous on the question at issue. In other words, he said the question of public policy should enter very largely into the question; that if arising benefits were such, he believed it would be good public policy to have such stretches of streets paved, the board ignoring remonstrances, unless unanimous.

It is said an effort will be made at the next session of the legislature to have the street paving law amended to take care of such cases, for example, as are now confronting Indianapolis.

One city official declared that the objections to this plan would be many, including that of the Barrett law, where many property owners either pay cash or take the time extension on paying for their street improvements. This official said that all these objections could be met; that in the case of the Barrett law, property owners operating under that law could

(Continued on Page 13)

Editorial

BETTER CAR SERVICE

Now that the service-at-cost plan has been abandoned by the city of Indianapolis as a solution to the financial problems of the street railway company, the question is asked: What will we do next?

Dr. Henry Jameson, chairman of the board of directors of the street railway company, concurs in the recommendation of Samuel Ashby, corporation counsel, that the service-at-cost plan be abandoned. Dr. Jameson has nothing to offer in the way of a solution.

It was found on examination of the plan in other cities that it was not practical, and, in fact, lost revenue for the companies trying it, because it cut down the number of passengers using the cars.

The petition filed by the city for the withdrawal of the plan said that "experience demonstrates that any increase in fares above the normal fare results in a very substantial reduction in the number of passengers carried and has a tendency at the same time to increase the cost of operation." This economic fact is true in any business.

It was further pointed out in the petition filed that "the result showed that the revenue derived from carrying ten passengers at 5 cents each is greater than carrying eight passengers at 6 cents each, or seven passengers at 7 cents or six passengers at 8 cents."

The review of the situation by the city shows, if it shows anything, that the finances of the company are in at least a fair condition. The petition before the public service commission recites that although the company had been operating on a 5-cent fare basis, it has not lost any revenue, but on the other hand has earned enough to pay operating expenses and a reasonable return on the fair value of its investment.

This is the company's side of the question. The public's side is that the street car service is extremely inadequate; it is inefficient and is working a hardship on the citizens of Indianapolis. The company needs more cars—more extensions to lines; a cross-town line; the doing away with down-town congestion in which it takes a car some 20 minutes or more to negotiate the loop; pay-as-you-leave system to facilitate quick loading and transit through the loop section during evening rush hours.

The public is always the goat in any controversy between municipalities and public service companies. It is getting tired of playing the "long-horned ruminant" in this particular case. It feels that now that the service-cost plan is abandoned and that the company seems to be on the right road to better things, it ought to begin to think about the public a little. Perhaps when the company's credit is re-established it may be able to do some of the things outlined above.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

EXPECTING RESULTS

The election upheaval has left a mass of conjecture in its wake. Political strategists have been trying to find an answer to the unprecedented vote received by the Republican party. After all, the answer is not hard to find, after an analysis of the vote in connection with events is made.

At the outset, neither of the old parties realized that the election would be a cataclysm. The Republicans prophesied victory from the start, but the claims were generally accepted as the usual pre-election talk for the purpose of influencing votes. The fact that the victors spent so much money and made such a thorough campaign refutes the idea that they expected any such results as followed.

The fact is the people wanted a change—whatever that may mean. The body politic is always in economic pain, and like the human in pain is looking for surcease. The last three years the people have suffered considerable "economic pain" through the exigencies of war. They laid many or most of their ills to President Wilson, who grew in public disfavor as time wore on, through his own acts, real or magnified by political expediency. A war party in power is never popular—thus with all these factors the fates had stacked the deck against the democrats. Contrary to general impression, the defeated party realized what it was up against, but hoped that the League of Nations issue would carry the party to victory.

President Wilson had the knack, it seems, of antagonizing a certain class of people—just as any man with positive convictions will do. The President played his own game rather than that of his party—with disastrous results. The question has been asked, How many voted for him in 1916 to permit him to have enough rope to hang the Democratic party in 1920? While this is a far-fetched view, there may be a grain of reason in it. As the New York Times has it, it was Wilson and not Cox who was defeated, and this probably is a good summing up of the situation.

WOMEN AND OFFICE

The announcement from Governor-elect Warren T. McCray that he has chosen a woman as his private secretary would have created unusual interest a few years ago. But now, with women taking as much, if not more, interest than men in questions of government, the announcement that Miss Adah Bush is to act as the Governor's private secretary, scarcely causes a ripple, except commendation for his good judgment.

Miss Bush, by the way, is a decidedly efficient person and comes from a family that do things. She served during the campaign as executive secretary in the Republican national woman's organization with headquarters at Chicago. For several years she has been Mr. McCray's secretary, assisting him in his private business.

Miss Bush, and Mrs. Julia Nelson who was elected to the state legislature, will no doubt make marks in their particular work. They apparently fit well into the scheme of things as they happen just now. If the women can put more efficiency and more dependability into public office they will come in for fervent thanks from a long-suffering public. The people need somebody who is stronger on performance than on promise. It is believed that the women will perform when they get in office.



HOME SPUN YARNS

Tom Wynne, vice-president and general manager of the Indianapolis Light & Heat Company, came out of the northwest some thirty-four years ago and adopted Indianapolis.

He was not looking for soft snaps—but plenty to do, and he found it. He was not only a trained electrician—but fortunately had been born one. Electricity and what it would do was a new thing for the Hoosier capital. There were no city lighting plants, but the Jenney Electric Company, who hired Mr. Wynne, saw possibilities in installing private plants in the middle west.

The first job young Wynne did after adopting Indianapolis as his home was to wire the old Bates House—then the leading hotel in the middle west—for a private Jenney plant.

The next year two men, Daniel Marmon and Charles C. Perry, had a vision of Indianapolis being lighted from a central plant. The vision was made practical. Enter Tom Wynne!

When the generator for the diminutive plant was bought Wynne was told to install it. The generator was taken to a stable—the first housing of the plant, and—but listen to the tale:

The stall where the generator was to be placed was occupied by a mild-eyed cow. Young Wynne booted the bovine out of the way, usurped the stall and set up the generator ready for business. Thus while the famous O'Leary cow of Chicago lighted up that city by starting a fire, the Wynne cow only delayed, for a short time, the lighting of Indianapolis by electric lights.

This story has been told many times with great gusto by the friends of Mr. Wynne as illustrating how a stranger from Minneapolis, "unhonored and unsung," came to Indianapolis and made a niche for himself which he has filled with honor to himself and with inspiration to his friends.

From a plant electrician and wire man Mr. Wynne moved up step by step until he has finally become the vice-president and general manager of the company in whose services he first acquired the ill will of a cow that he might boost its prestige.

Since that time he has accepted all the joys and vicissitudes the company had to offer, and has acquitted himself well.

As one employe of the firm phrased it: "Thomas Wynne has been an inspiration to every man who ever worked for the company. Speaking for myself, everything I am I owe to the good advice, sound judgment and inspiration of Tom Wynne."

Another employe said that when any worthy plan or proposition needed "gingering up" and more enthusiasm put in it, Tom Wynne was usually called in to "administer the oxygen"—and results followed.

His associates in business call him the "live wire," and point to the fact that he would permit nothing to stand in the way of giving Indianapolis what it needed—a real light plant—and one of the first in the country.



Attractive Issues

Now that the election is over and the result so overwhelmingly one way, business is beginning to take stock of itself. Eastern experts in commenting on the situation as it exists at present, declare there will be no boom just now in view of the fact that deflation in values has not yet run its course by any means.

This means that investors who are in the market for good securities ought to be able to pick up some very attractive paper. Already offerings are on the market in the way of railway equipment bonds which are being sold at a price to yield a fine return. Some of the larger railroad systems of the country have asked the interstate commerce commission for authority to issue bonds, notable among these being the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New York Central Lines, which are planning big issues with an interest rate of 6 per cent.

Indianapolis issues, including some industrials, are being sold at attractive prices. Street Railway stocks and bonds and gas issues appear to be in more or less demand at this time by those looking for future investment returns.

As the process of readjustment goes on many of these stocks will move up in price, the low points, according to all indications, will not be touched again—at least not any time soon. Local brokers are telling their customers that now is the time to get in on attractive offerings.

San Domingo Bonds

The Gavin L. Payne Company is offering a big block of San Domingo bonds, payment of which is guaranteed by a receiver-general of the customs department of the Island government, appointed by the President of the United States under a treaty. These bonds are quite attractive and will yield the investor slightly better than 10 per cent. It speaks well for Indianapolis that so many foreign securities find ready market here. No doubt it is gratifying to the many small governments that the protecting hand of the United States has been thrown round them enabling them to finance their needs, when otherwise they would go begging.

New Banking Home

The Bankers Trust Company is planning a new home at 138-140 North Pennsylvania street in the building formerly known as the Newton Claypool building, which was acquired by the company some time ago. The rooms now occupied by the Starr Piano Company will be remodeled into a banking room of latest design and convenience. The main room has a frontage on Pennsylvania street of thirty feet and will extend to a depth of 135 feet. The front of the building will be rebuilt with terra cotta while the walls will be wainscotted with marble. Two large vaults will be built in the rear room for the bank and for customers of the safety deposit section. It is said the work will cost about $100,000 and will be started some time after the first of the year.

Seek Big Bond Issues

Local bankers and brokers are interested in the announcement from Washington of the application made by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad for authority to issue $95,000,000 of 6 per cent bonds. Applications were received also from the New York Central Lines for authority to issue $7,000,000 of 6 per cent bonds.

Business Failures

According to the last report of Bradstreet and Dun there were 923 business failures in the United States during October, involving $38,914,650, against 463 failures in October a year ago, involving $6,873,966.

A Problem in Paving

(Continued from Page 11)

be excluded for a certain period of having to paying a general property paving tax. He said the law should be framed to limit the spending of paving funds, so that each section of the city would benefit at the same time. He declared that within twenty-five years all the streets and alleys of the city would be paved, and the question then would be the keeping up of repairs by the city.

Mr. Mason said he believed such a law might be held constitutional. He declared that the only way out of the dilemma was by giving the board of works more power in determining the paving policy of the city.

"We have tried several times to take care of this particular problem," he said, "but in each case we have met with the stiffest opposition to any plan but the one now in use." Mr. Mason called attention to the Massachusetts avenue paving case, of a few years ago, in which the city resurfaced the street on the ground of doing repair work—the courts having to decide the question of what was "repair" work—after once the street has been paved. The case was decided against the city.

There is no question as to the necessity of paving a number of short pieces of streets connecting main arteries. Traffic congestion is such that it can not be otherwise relieved.

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What's on Your Mind

Harry Tutewiler (county commissioner-elect)—"By the grace of God and Woodrow Wilson I was elected."

* * *

Charley Crawford (newspaper man)—"This next camel jaunt of the Shriners is going to be some event, take it from me."

* * *

Judge Lairy (attorney)—"Well, I was elected to stay at home."

* * *

Barclay Walker (musician)—"Keep your ears open for that next new song of mine—it's on the way!"

* * *

Doc Morgan (city health officer)—"It appears like there were a number of amnesia victims in Indianapolis on election day—they couldn't remember who Jimmy Cox was.

* * *

Tom Buskirk (Denison manager)—"I'll be lonesome for the face of a politician—now that the campaign is over."

* * *

Judge Taylor (former governor of Kentucky)—"My only regret is that old Kentucky went the way it did November 2."

O. L. Hittle (postoffice clerk)—"Wonder how many people will forget to address their Christmas packages before mailing them this year?"

* * *

Fred Hoke (manufacturer)—"I said it would be either a glorious victory or an awful defeat."

* * *

John Ruckelshaus (attorney)—"Improvements will be started on the Columbia Club one of these days."

* * *

Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch (physician)—"I have rubbed up the scalpel and repainted the shingle and am ready for business."

* * *

Warren T. McCray (addressing Optimist Club)—"I am a member of an Optimist club composed of 750,000 members."

* * *

Senator Watson—"I am in favor of the repeal of the excess profit tax law."

* * *

Walter E. Wilmoth (Republican state pilot)—"The way to pilot a political party to victory is to pick out the right party at the right time."

A Real Musician—And a Man

(Continued from Page 6)

tion only four: Marguerite Lemon, Helen Bertram, Mme. Cahier (Sarah Layton Walker), and Orville Harrold. Did space allow I could add many more important names.

Mr. Ernestinoff never taught otherwise than privately, until, at the founding of the College of Musical Art in 1907, he did me the honor of joining the faculty as head of the vocal department. For over eleven years I saw and foregathered with him almost every college day. This close association is one of my most cherished memories and enables me, perhaps, to speak of him, both as man and musician, with a deeper insight, a wider knowledge and a fuller appreciation than might another. In the Herron Art Institute, fortunately its permanent possession, hangs a portrait of him painted by Mr. Adams. It is a great picture, faithful, sympathetic and revealing. So, in closing, allow me to essay a verbal portrait of this unusual man, though, of course, necessarily on a very small canvas. * * *

Musicians are commonly supposed to be a very jealous and petty lot. In many instances this is only too true; although, taken by and large, I don't know that they have anything on doctors, lawyers and preachers in that respect. But my friend Sascha and the ogre of professional jealousy have never met. They wouldn't know each other if they passed on the street. During the long years of his leadership of the Musikverein many local soloists have appeared whose selection was largely in his hands. The programs of that society will bear witness that it made no difference to him with what school, society, church, social set or previous condition of servitude they were connected. The only question he ever asked was: Will they add to the musical value of the program?

The answer to the question was the final arbitrament in the matter. Also, no man of strength of character is without enemies or, at least, envious detractors. Naturally, Ernestinoff has had them in the local profession. But it made no difference to him in arranging his programs. More than a few of such jealous and spiteful brethren and sistern he has calmly put on his concerns and given them just as painstaking accompaniment and co-operation as he could to his best friend. In all the years I have known him I never heard him speak a spiteful or belittling word about the person or performance of a decent musician. Of course, to crass ignorance when combined with bluff and bombast he is brusque and merciless. But would you have it otherwise?

His fund of humor is inexhaustible and he would rather miss a meal than a good joke. No less deep is his sympathy with the unfortunate, his patience with the earnest but ungifted learner. And his modesty is almost a crime against himself. Yet it is real and utterly unaffected, an essential part of his being. For several years we worked side by side as officers of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association. There is an excellent opportunity, in the service of this organization, to find out those who are really concerned to labor for the good of the cause and those whose only interest is personal advertisement or other form of self-seeking. In every office which he filled, from president down, Mr. Ernestinoff gave freely and unsparingly of his time, money and labor. The value of his official work was only surpassed by the intangible but inestimable influence of his personality on the morale of the membership.

Always, in every professional relationship, he has stood like a Gibraltar for the good and true in his art. The passing years have failed to dim his idealism; the sinister pall of spiritual ennui and artistic "blague" has never enshrouded him. Like the rest of us, his ears have been assailed with the "popular song," the ragtime and the jazz. But he has never said: "What's the use?"

But enough of the details of this portrait! Let us draw back into a good light, where we can get the proper perspective, and take in the whole picture in one encompassing glance. This is what we see: *Alexander Ernestinoff is even greater as a man than as a musician.*

Operatic Stars Twinkle in Gotham

(Continued from Page 7)

anism are a delight in a world where subtlety, distinction and polish are none too common."

This gifted Russian is said by conductors to be one of the three greatest pianists, and pianists acclaim him a superb conductor. It is the good fortune of the music lovers of this community that they will enjoy the privilege of hearing him in both capacities when the Detroit Symphony Orchestra appears here on March 31, when Mr. Gabrilowitch will conduct the orchestra and play the Rachmaninoff piano concerto.

The Scotti Opera Company has just finished the most successful tour it has ever enjoyed. The genial impresario, Antonio Scotti, must indeed be happy. Scotti is one of the world's finest examples of eternal youth and eternal ambition. He has won the adoration of the American public, as one who has given his utmost as an artist and singer, and who has turned his energies to benefiting the art and artists of this country.

The many friends of Oliver Denton, the brilliant young American pianist, whose distinctive playing in the May Festival last spring won him many admirers, will be glad to learn of his splendid success in his first New York recital of this season on October 23. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a large audience, and many encores were demanded. To quote in part one of the reviews is of interest:

"With Brahms, Mr. Denton was in his element. Temperamentally, the pianist is almost ideally suited to Brahms, Beethoven and Liszt.



KUBELIK AND MME. KUBELIK

An interesting picture of the noted musician, showing his preference of conveyance. Taken in front of the castle.

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Shop Tours

Once more the woman with low-heeled shoes comes to the fore. A couple of months ago we were deluged with inquiries concerning the maker of shoes for women who want their dress shoes and party slippers to be made with heels just as low as their flat heeled walking shoes.

Now we are happy to be able to call attention to a shop which has in its stocks, ready to wear, the same sort of shoe that has had to be made. There is no doubt about the superiority of the ready made shoe, in general, over the one which must be made up. The satisfaction of seeing how it looks before it is purchased is comparable to the buying of a suit ready made. If a correct fit can be obtained, the effect of the shoe or suit is seen at once, while there is some uncertainty if it has to be manufactured.

With their usual remarkable persistence in believing that women do not know their own minds on the question of high-heeled shoes, the manufacturers have conceded nothing in the establishment of a shop where low heeled pumps insizes up to six are for sale. They do go so far as to make up the shoes, but never will they admit, not to speak of advertising, that they are for women. No, indeed, these shoes are for children, and can be found only in the children's shop. If a few ridiculous females want to buy these shoes, the manufacturer can only pity them for their chuckle-headedness.

The fact is that feminine Indianapolis has descended in such numbers on the new children's shoe shop at Ayres' that already some lines are short in certain sizes. And the shop has hardly been open a week.

The single "number" representing party slippers has been well chosen by the buyer in the new shop. Of course, since it is a children's shop, there must be complete lines of soft baby-shoes, square-toed little boots for the young rascals who kick through anything less durable than copper, and at least a dozen varieties of bedroom and bath slippers. Which leaves room in the rather limited space on the fifth floor for only one style of party pump. But by reason of its cut and material, it is capable of some changes in appearance, and can be used for a great number of purposes.

It is a medium, round-toed patent leather pump, low heeled, cut upwards on the sides to form what is known to the shoe trade as the Theo tie. It makes a very attractive dress shoe for afternoon wear just as it is, and worn with a fawn colored spat it is correct for wear on the street with a velvet or duvetyn suit. Decorated with a sparkling cut steel or brilliant buckle, it is ideal for evening wear, and for the very fancy, an extra ribbon may be added to tie around the ankle, the instep tie joining with the added bow to give a very gay, fly-away effect.

If none of these variations is acceptable, and if you are willing to wait two or three weeks for a white kid pump, a black kid or bronze tie on these lines, you have only to order it from the stocks at the factory. It is even possible that satin pumps of the same pattern may be obtained, though no positive assurance of this can be given as yet. A couple of dollars is added to the price of the shoes if a different leather is ordered, but even so, the ten-dollar mark is not reached. and if you happen to have buckles of your own, you can have a very dressy shoe for the most modest price heard of in these parts for many months.

Each year as the holiday season approaches, the thousand and one useless gifts which lure the feminine eye with their dainty, silly prettiness begin to sprout on department store counters. There's the beribboned and flowered dainty that looks like a highly ornamental fly swatter, but which is really a long handled powder puff. There are the fifty-seven varieties of fancy coat hangers that could be useful if they were only stripped of their superfluous decorations. There are the fancy pin-cushions, whose styles and shapes have been changed seventy times seven times, but which still are as far from being useful as the one Mrs. Noah gave Shem's wife at the Christmas celebration on the ark.

It's an enormous relief then actually to find something dainty and pink and blue and capable of serving in the capacity of a gift that really could be used by the recipient. Several downtown shops are showing sashes which have all the daintiness of an ornamental thimble case, but still have the added merit of being really wearable. One delicate little girdle is made of pastel shades of pink and green—the green almost a turquoise. The ribbons are twisted to go about the waist and caught at side and back with clusters of puffy little satin flowers.

WHY PICK ON ONE?

The reform bug was particularly infectious around election time. Even the little old woman who sells papers on the steps of Christ Church and from other points of vantage round the Circle found a mission as a side line to the paper business.

A young woman dressed in a fall suit of fashionable cut, huge fur collar, tight coat with flaring lines, and skirt becomingly short, swung down the street toward the old woman.

"Dearie," announced the vender of papers with disapproval in her eye, "your skirt's entirely too short."

"Oh, do you think so?" gasped the chic young person, in the weak voice of one utterly flabbergasted.

"Yes, indeed, honey," the newspaper woman went on eagerly. "I've heard two men speak about it twice this morning. They think skirts are scandalous short."

This preachment gave the young person time to recover herself; she gasped with indignation; gathered those offending skirts about her; made a vicious grab for the nearest shop door; and the smart slam of the door put the final period to her unexpressed but eloquent opinion of the reformer.

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Blind

The chief weakness of Ernest Poole's latest book, "Blind," lies in the fact that it has too great a range, too wide a scope. To begin with, there are so many characters that it is almost impossible to keep Louise and Lucy and Dorothy from being mixed up; then the story spans the time from 1875 to the present and attempts to carry all its many characters over that period of nearly half a century, giving each one a philosophy of life and a changing philosophy at that; the scene shifts from America to Germany, to Russia, and to France; the book combines story and propaganda, and suffers by being neither an interesting story nor a convincing argument—at least not for very long. The author has too much to do, and, granted that condensation were possible, he has not condensed wisely but too well, for he has left out the detail that would have made his characters vivid and real enough to command sympathy, and he has put in endless talk.

The story is told by a soldier returned from the European war, who has been blinded by a steel splinter cut in the temple. To help in the development of a normal mental vision, which may perhaps induce normal physical vision, the soldier author in his darkness writes out the story of his life and the life of his family. The blindness which is the theme of the story is shown in the philosophies of the various characters, and the war is the touchstone which brings out the views of each in sharp relief.

The story is too obviously written to give the author just this opportunity of exposing the many possible outlooks on life, and of showing up the various stages of mental progress by which the narrator of the story arrives at his present philosophy. The son of an aggressive American who is rapidly building up a huge fortune, the hero passes from college to newspaper reporting. His friendship for a rising young surgeon, and a year's sojourn in the East side tenement district, color his views with radicalism. Success as an author and playwright causes him to drift away from actual contact with the radical element, and a visit to Germany and Russia as newspaper correspondent and later a year in France as a soldier further change his views. The final analysis shows him to be a socialist but not a Bolshevik, a believer that the ideal state of affairs will be brought about, not by a suden upheaval like that in Russia, but by "the Great Slow Revolution" which has been going on for centuries and will continue in the future, sometimes by forward moves, sometimes by retrogressions, but always with a forward trend. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

In Chancery

To anyone who plunges into Galsworthy's "In Chancery" without a previous acquaintance with the history of the Forsyte family, the opening pages of the story must recall the endless "begats" of Genesis. This new chronicle of the Forsyte family is a sequel to "The Man of Property" and "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" and is the second romance in the life of Soames Forsyte, the man of property. But Soames' is not the only romance; there are three others. Galsworthy is a master at handling his four separate stories, and at keeping the various members of the Forsyte family vivid and real. A very few words make even old Aunt Juley and Hester real, and the dozens of other relatives pass through the story like the background of irrelevant relatives that come into every separate phase of a family history. Of the numerous more important characters, Old James is excellently portrayed, Winifred and Dartie, Val and Joly, young Jolyon and Irene and June, are all people, living and real. But Soames' is the most vital story. Having lost his lovely wife Irene in a previous book, he realizes that he has made a grave error in failing to divorce her at the time of her erring, thus getting his neck out of chancery and leaving him free to marry again and carry on the dynasty of respectability and solidity of the Forsytes.

A visit to Irene to arrange for the divorce reawakens his passion and his reluctance to give up definitely any of his possessions. He is unsuccessful in his pursuit of Irene but he must have an heir, and though the getting of the divorce is an agony for him, he goes on with it and marries a beautiful and sensible French girl. The overpowering urge of the Forsyte instinct for possession in every action of Soames is admirably and subtly shown, overtopping every other instinct.

Galsworthy, as always, is the master of a smooth and colorful style. His technic in managing his large cast is admirable, and interest in his wide-range story seldom flags. One wonders how long the Forsyte Saga is to run on, for his last sentence, an artistically perfect touch to the Soames character, leaves a beautiful opening for another volume in the family history. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Dramatists, particularly bedroom farce artists, have overlooked the laugh-making possibilities of a Broadway hotel fire. That is, one which results in no serious consequences. Only a few mornings ago four hundred guests of the Imperial Hotel, Thirty-second street and Broadway, fled pajamaed, old-fashioned night-shirted and otherwise clad, from the fourth floor of the building to the street, when smoke of a considerable thickness filled the hotel. Among the more elaborately attired was Clinton Brainard, president of Harper & Bros., the book publishers, who donned a frock coat over his pajamas when awakened, and left the building tout de suite. Although the elevators ran throughout the commotion, the guests, dressed in garments hastily caught up and worn over their night clothing, spurned the artificial locomotion and dashed down the stairs into the lobby. Guests at the McAlpin, McAlpin Annex, the Alcazar Hotel and others dwelling in the neighborhood were aroused. The scene reminded former soldiers, who were stationed in Paris, of the strange tableaux in the Metro stations and abris when the sirens sounded the warning of an approaching squadron of Gothas.

"As rich as a prohibition agent," is a popular saying on Broadway. Manhattan's wet belt can no longer be called sub rosa. It starts with the fashionable clubs and restaurants uptown, skips about through the table d'hotes in the Thirties, assumes the volume of an inundation in Greenwich Village and reverts to the pre-Volstead days not far from Park Row. Prices are unbelievably low in comparison with Indianapolis quotations. Good whisky may be obtained for $6 a quart, and there is a little bar on Cherry street near the "L", where a time-honored brand sells at $8. Single drinks cost fifty cents at this place. Policemen walk into the saloon and drink with the regular customers and there is no attempt at camouflage. In Greenwich Village, where patrons must pay for decorative "artistic" paraphernalia, drinks cost seventy-five cents.

The heyday of the shimmy is long since past, but an elephant which does the dance perfectly is still one of the biggest hits at an institutional Broadway spectacle. And her name is Jenny.

Because he said the sight of beautiful furs on a woman's costume maddened him when he was out of a job, a cook stabbed the well-dressed mademoiselle as she was leaving a taxi in front of a downtown hotel. He told the police that he had never before seen the victim of his assault.

The Hotel Pennsylvania, said to be the largest hotel in the world, has announced a reduction in the prices of food served in its cafes and dining rooms. A ten to twenty per cent cut is made in the price on oysters, fish entrees and many vegetables, salads and desserts served with a la carte meals. In addition, a $1.50 club luncheon and a $2 club dinner are to be served. The hotel has always maintained a seventy-five cent club breakfast.

"I'll pay you when Frank Bacon quits playing in 'Lightning,'" is a good way to dispose of election bets made under the gentleman's agreement system as opposed to the spot-cash basis. In spite of the fact that the show has been running since August 26, 1918, it is impossible to get a seat unless you reserve it several days in advance. Its phenomenal run has established a Broadway record.

The fiacre driver was waiting his fare in front of the Friars Club. Three jovial souses emerged from an adjoining table d'hote and enticed the horse chauffeur to take them home in great state. After the arrival at their destination he demanded and received a large retainer. Then, in a spirit of levity, he said, "If you give me another dollar I won't go back for that guy."

Although the inebriates were obviously unconcerned in the future movements of the cabby, the temptation was too great. The dollar was passed; the drunks entered their lodgings and the cabman drove away.

In Justice to Leo M. Rappaport

In a recent issue of Topics we expressed our opinion of the people who are moral cowards on the subject of prohibition, being quite positive in their views when in conversation with their friends, but who are not sufficiently courageous to give expression for publicity.

Leo M. Rappaport, president of the National Personal Liberty League of Indiana, takes exception to our having unwittingly included him as one of the silent thinkers, and we are glad to be able to correct this error, and quote him as follows:

"I really feel that no particular expression from me is required, even at this time, for the reason that I accepted the presidency of the league when it was formed and still hold that position. I have presided at every meeting which the league has held, including the mass meeting at Tomlinson Hall, and have repeatedly given public expression to my views. These views have been published in the daily newspapers of the city and any one who has followed the affairs of the league knows that I have at no time hesitated to state where I stand in the matter."

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Fortnightly Literary Club will meet at the Propylaeum on November 16. Miss Frances Morrison and Miss Gertrude Baker will read papers on "Some Younger American Poets."

* * *

Mrs. Will R. Dunkle, 2923 Bellefontaine street, will entertain the Fortnightly Study Club on November 15. Mrs. George L. Davis will read a paper on "The Democratic Revolution of the Thirties," and Mrs. W. C. McMahan on "Andrew Jackson." Winston Churchill's "Crossing" will also be read.

* * *

The Indianapolis Woman's Club will meet at the Propylaeum on November 19. A paper on "The Wesleys" will be read by Gertrude Taggart, and conversation: "Strong Mother of a Lion Line" will be directed by Meta C. Levey.

On November 15 Mrs. W. H. Ghere, 323 South Noble street, will be the hostess for the New Era Club.

* * *

Mrs. J. K. Jones, 1932 North Delaware street, will entertain the Woman's Research Club on November 15. Mrs. Carrie L. Pray will discuss "Current Events."

* * *

The Ideal Embroidery Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Harvey Hand, 902 Woodlawn avenue, on November 17.

* * *

The Vincent C. L. S. C. will meet on November 15th with Mrs. P. H. Yant, 2102 North Delaware street. The subjects of study will be "Administration and Taxation; Labor and the State," and the program will be as follows: New Italy, Part II, Chapter V, by Mrs. J. D. Ely; New Italy, Part II, Chapter VI, by Mrs. J. S. Berryhill; Current Events by Mrs. J. T. Rainier.



An Open Fire

It was a cold, pretentious looking house as we approached, but upon entering, found it cozy and home-like. The master was quite proud of it and took a pride in showing it to me and the woodsman, especially the inviting looking fire-place with its pile of logs ready for lighting.

I was interested—for an open fire, when the frosty nights are turning trees from green to gold, is an attraction that can not be resisted. Dancing flames on a wet or a cold night are worth waiting for.

An open fire recalled camping days—and days in a certain farm house on a hill—a house with a cavernous fire-place—that fairly ate wood—unless you were expert in building open fires.

* * *

My host fiddled with the stack of wood in his fireplace for a few moments and then touched a match to it. * * *

But the second generation away from a fire-place knows little about what sort of a fire fits it. What does it know about backlogs? The backlog is the foundation of the fire—it must be of goodly size and of sound timber. Then the next piece of importance is the fore-stick, which also should be of relative size as compared to the backing. The fore-stick sets at the front of the fire on the "dog-irons" and between it and the backlog the "filling" is placed. Thus when the fire is lit, the center burns bright and hot and there is good cheer and stimulation. Good dry hickory or driftwood give zest to a fire-place fire if there is a solid black-oak backlog against which to build. * * *

"Now she goes," said the host, as he sat back on his haunches after lighting the fire. It was a thin, hesitating flame. The fire was not properly laid and of course would not burn—minus a backlog—as the old gray-haired woodsman thought it should. Nor did the blaze have the proper fuel—though the host bought the best he could get. But the hard, scalybark hickory logs were absent—the kind that crack like tiny pistols and send up brilliant sparks as they burn; the aromatic smell of sassafras was lacking—as was the honest burning qualities of the oaks and the florid flaming of the sycamore and beech. * * *

"This fire-place stunt is a new one with me," said the host to the old woodsman.

"Yep, it seems so," said the woodsman, chuckling good-naturedly as he watched the efforts of the thin blaze to grow into a real fire-place fire. "Seems to me you're handicapped as to fire-place wood?"

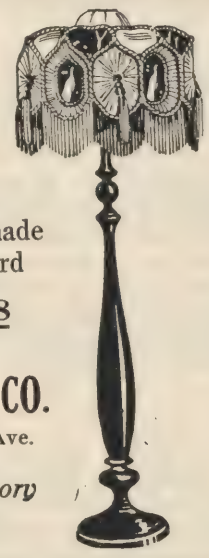
The host admitted that he was. "Dad wanted this thing built," he said, "so I built it. I guess it's good to look at—Dad thinks so. He said if he was going to live with me he'd like to have a fire-place—he'd never been able to afford one on the farm, but now that there was oil on the old place he did not see why we couldn't trade some of it for a little wood and have an old-time fire at least once a week. Pretty good idea—eh, what?"

The old woodsman laughed—and then sat silent for a few moments. He was thinking, he told me afterward, of the time when he had to saw so many logs of wood each day to keep his father's fire-place burning. * * *

"Well," he said, enigmatically, to the host, "some people are never happy unless the band is playing * * * I don't blame your father. When I was a kid a fire was the first thing I ever remembered I wanted."—C. S. G.

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The advance man for "Aphrodite" has come out with an authoritative pronunciation of the name of the show. Not Aphro-dight, or Aphro-dit, or even Aphro-ditty. The correct and proper way to pronounce the lady's name is Aphrodite—to rhyme with nightie.



Theatre Calendar

Week of November 15

English's—"Dear Me," November 15, 16, 17.
"Clarence," November 18, 19, 20.

Murat—Al Jolson in "Sinbad," entire week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

Henry K. Burton, local theatrical manager, producer and publicity man, is taking his first vacation in three years. Mr. Burton is spending a few days in Martinsville as one of a party including ex-Mayor and Mrs. Samuel Lewis Shank, former Street Commissioner Joseph N. Hogue, Mrs. Hogue, Mrs. J. M. Barton, secretary of the Central Amusement Company, and Mrs. Burton. He is renewing old acquaintances in Martinsville, as he was city editor of the Martinsville Daily Reporter and the Weekly Republican some years ago.

Mr. Burton is one of the busiest men engaged in theatricals in Indianapolis. In addition to acting as publicity director for the Lyric, Alhambra and Isis theatres he is associated with his brother in the Burton Theatrical Booking Offices in the Board of Trade building. He writes for magazines and the stage under the pen name of "Henry Kent," and was the author of the musical comedy version of "Roger Bean," which he produced this year, later disposing of the rights to Walter Ross, who now has the show on tour. He controls the stage rights to "Abe Martin" by arrangement with Kin Hubbard, and is now engaged in writing a new musical show, "Feather Your Nest," which will be produced next season. Charles Francis Roberts will furnish the musical score. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Burton have, during the past year, turned out a number of successful song hits, among them being "Walkin' the Baby," "Ann Arbor Ann" and "Onward, Indiana," a swinging march number.



GRACE LA RUE AND HALE HAMILTON

In a John Golden presentation, "Dear Me," at English's, November 15, 16, 17.

Gus Sun, head of the circuit of vaudeville theatres which bears his name was in Indianapolis this week conferring with Charles M. Olson and Edward G. Sourbier. Mr. Sun is interested with the Indianapolis men in the ownership of the magnificent new Rivoli Theatre in Toledo, which is managed by S. Barrett McCormick, formerly managing director of the Circle theatre.

A sumptuous orgy of color and beauty, which fairly makes the spectator gasp and thrill under the spell of its bewildering splendor, is "Aphrodite," the mammoth spectacle which F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest will present at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, Indianapolis, for one week beginning Monday night, November 22, with matinees Wednesday, Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) and Saturday. Never in the history of the modern stage has any dramatic offering scored the sensational triumph that was registered by this gorgeous spectacle at the Century Theatre, New York, last winter, and this season at the Auditorium in Chicago. In the latter city, recently, "Aphrodite" played to the biggest receipts ever known in the history of the Auditorium.

"Aphrodite" is a staging on a colossal scale of the glories of ancient Egypt, employing 300 people in its presentation and a scenic equipment which requires a special train of eleven baggage cars for its transportation.

It took five years to prepare "Aphrodite" for the American stage. The story is from the original novel of Pierre Louys, a Frenchman, who wrote the book twenty-five years ago. The late Camille Erlanger composed the grand opera, "Aphrodite," based upon this book. The Chicago Opera Company sang it last winter in New York for the first time, with Mary Garden appearing in the role of Chrysis, the Galilean courtesan. The version in dramatic form, which theatregoers will see at the Shubert-Murat, is from the French drama by Pierre Frondaine, produced in Paris at the Theatre Renaissance, Paris, in 1914. Morris Gest saw the French production and purchased the play for America. George Hazelton adapted it and E. Lyall Swete was responsible for the staging, although David Belasco took charge of the rehearsals for the final two weeks of preparation.

The mail order sale, which has been going on at the Shubert-Murat, is already of such proportions as to forecast one of the most sensational engagements in point of interest and receipts that has ever been recorded in the annals of Indianapolis theatricals.



AL JOLSON AND MARGARET MACK

This ever-popular comedian, in his new vehicle, "Sinbad," will appear at the Murat week of November 15.

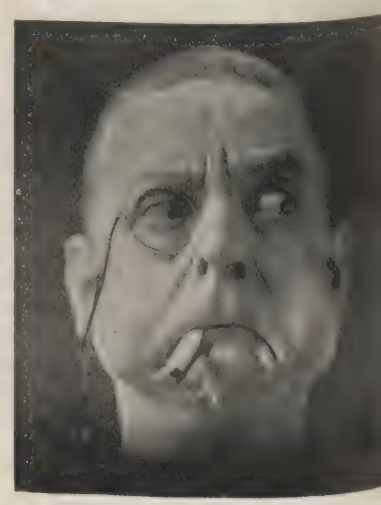
ENGLISH'S

John Golden will present at the English's Opera House here for three days only, commencing Monday, November 15, with a matinee Wednesday, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton as co-stars in an optimistic comedy with music, entitled "Dear Me," described as a comedy of characterization and conditions surrounding the inmates of a home established for artistic and literary failures by a rich man whose son has failed ignominiously as an art student in Paris. In this home is a maid-of-all-work called "April," whose quaint philosophy and optimistic views of life serve as a tonic in rejuvenating the failures, and as a means of emancipation for herself from a home drudge to a position of fame and affluence. "Dear Me" comes here fresh from a five months' successful engagement at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, en route to Broadway and carries the original cast and production.

MURAT

Al Jolson, the unanimously elected president of comedy and song, will enter upon his engagement in the Winter Garden's oriental extravaganza "Sinbad" at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, commencing Monday night, November 15, matinee Wednesday.

The occasion for the popularity of Al Jolson and "Sinbad" is not far to seek. Besides being a comedian of extraordinary abilities, he surpasses



ED. E. FORD

While he is billed as the "Australian Paradoxical Physiognomist," he is in ordinary parlance a pantomimist, illustrating his own stories, at Keith's week of November 15.

anybody known to the American stage as a singer of comic songs.

Even without Jolson "Sinbad" would be a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, and this for the reason that Harold Atteridge has provided an extravaganza of the first quality, and because of the unusually fine company of artists supplied by the Messrs. Shubert. And all this does not take into account the fourteen magnificent settings through which the inimitable Jolson frisks and frolics, capers and carols, producing gales upon gales of laughter. Then, too, there is an ensemble of feminine beauty unequaled since the days of the Grand Caliph. In fact, all the gorgeous glitter, glory and glamour of the Arabian Nights is presented upon a scale of magnificent magnitude hitherto unknown on the American stage. The principal members in Mr. Jolson's support are: Misses Helen Ely, Leah Norah, Sue Creighton, Clara Carroll, Elsie Eckert, Margaret Mack and Ma-Belle, the famous dancer; Messrs. Franklin A. Batie, Francis Lieb, William Burns, Eddie Lynn, Samuel Critcherson, George Thornton, William Dunn and Lawrence D'Orsay, the well-known former legitimate star.

B. F. KEITH'S

Music and comedy predominate on the vaudeville bill arranged for Keith's, opening Monday, November 15th, with Harriet and Marie McConnell holding the top position. Hazzard Short is presenting the McConnell sisters in his new song production entitled, "Thrills and Frills," which these ladies are offering in an artistic manner. As a comedy contrast, Joe Morris and Flo Campbell have a laughing hit, "The Avi-ate-her," written by Joseph L. Browning, and offered for laugh purposes only. Bessie Remple will be seen in a skit, "His Day Off," from the pen of Frances Nordstrom. Ed. E. Ford is styled "the paradoxical physiognomist," and his facial expressions given in connection with his stories are said to be exceptional. A real vaudeville diversion will be presented by Ray Fern and Maree, which includes some travesty, a few songs and a great deal of comedy. Charles McGood and Company are society equilibrists with some original ideas in their marvelous work. Daniels and Walters, two well-known "old timers," have an act which never grows old, while Mlle. La Toy and her models will present a canine novelty out of the ordinary. The usual Kinogram weekly and Digest Topics will be shown.



McKAY MORRIS AND PAULINE ARMITAGE

In "Aphrodite," appearing at the Murat, week of November 22. McKay Morris is well known here through his association with Stewart Walker the past several seasons.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

This popular March King will play at English's Sunday, November 14th. Music lovers will welcome this opportunity to hear Lieutenant-Commander Sousa in his own compositions.

LYRIC

The world-famous Picchiani troupe, known as the "Catapulting Sextette," comes to the Lyric next week. The Picchiani's have one of the greatest acrobatic acts in existence. They literally catapult one another through the air with remarkable speed and precision, furnishing thrills that stir even the most jaded amusement seeker. The bill will also include Robert Sherman's production of Whitney Collins' striking playlet, "Pinched," based upon an actual occurrence in Chicago's celebrated "morals" court. The characters are a kindly judge, an erring girl on trial, a young attorney and a quaint country squire. The "Skating Macks," whirlwinds on rollers, who specialize in dancing on skates; King and Rose, in an entertaining pianologue; Jack Lee, monologuist and imitator; Josephine Harrity and Company in a comedy offering introducing original "upside-down" dancing; "Waiters Wanted," a clever singing skit; and a Mack Sennett farce entitled "His Youthful Fancy," will round out the show.

Kubelik Has Returned

(Continued from Page 7)

in his or her own way. They all play piano, and most of them violin, too.

Kubelik avers that teaching his children is the joy of his life. He does not give them a set method, so that one plays like the other, as all have different characteristics, so they all have something different to express. He is particularly careful not to impress himself upon them so strongly as to rob them of their own individuality.

Mr. Kubelik expresses a great love for teaching, and would be interested in a great talent, wherever he might find it, and expects some day to teach. He thinks, however, it will have to be in another incarnation, and he hopes to have several, for he can not see how a person can compose as much as he likes, play in public as much as he likes, and teach as much as he likes, in one lifetime.

On his first American tour, Jan Kubelik appeared at English's Opera House on January 15, 1906. This concert has always been one of the high lights of my musical endeavors for bringing the best to the Indiana music lovers. The next year Mr. Kubelik opened my series of subscribed concerts, and his last appearance here was February 28, 1912, under my direction. At the close of that season he went to Prague. Therefore, it is with extreme pleasure that the announcement of his playing here on Sunday afternoon, April 10, is made.

ENGLISH'S

Mon, Tues., Wed., Nov. 15, 16, 17
Matinee Wednesday
Evenings, 50c to $2.50
Matinee, 50c to $1.50

3 Nights Beginning Thursday November 18
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Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

By Jonathan Brooks

Wabash rooters enjoyed the DePauw-Centre football game at Washington Park the other day more than anybody else in attendance. What few Centre rooters were present were callous to a little thing like 34 to 0, and DePauw supporters found small consolation in the fact that the Methodists fought a game, glorious battle. But Wabash followers enjoyed themselves immensely. There is nothing a Little Giant likes so much as seeing somebody wallop DePauw, except the sight of Wabash doing it. Wabash won't have a chance to do this until next week, and DePauw fans say Wabash won't have a chance even then.

One Wabash rooter, especially, had a good time. He kept up a running fire of caustic comment on the Methodists from the time the game began until well along toward its close. For example, when a DePauw man was carried off the field against his protest, this Wabash supporter yelled:

"Who is this terrible battler refusing to leave the fracas?"

Shortly after the laugh that this sally provoked had died out, Centre scored again, and the Wabash man called out:

"Thirty-four points and the game's young yet. Poor DePauw!"

Then a DePauw rooter, staid and dignified, but unable to stand the taunts any longer, rose up.

"Say," he inquired, "Do you remember the Chicago score?"

The Wabash rooter was taken aback. The DePauw man pressed his advantage:

"Chicago 41, Wabash 0."

Everybody within hearing laughed, for all knew that Centre could, or should, wallop the Maroons of Chicago. It put the quietus on the wild Wabash fan.

DePauw deserves credit for the fact that every man who went in against Centre played a hard fighting game. There was no shirking anywhere. Captain Ogden, Galloway, Gipson, Vandevoort, Red Adams and all the rest of the many who essayed to stop Centre did their best. The first half was a battle, all the way, DePauw averting disaster on several occasions by rising to great heights in defensive football. Centre held to a battering, smashing attack, however, and gradually wore down the Methodists. There was one fault displayed by DePauw that should be remedied. It cost a great many yards and several points last Saturday. It is poor tackling. Nearly every Methodist, instead of shooting at ankles, shins and shoestrings, was trying for chin-holds and shoulder snatches. Centre's alert backs, wiggling and wobbling in the most approved political style, refused to be stopped by tacklers patting their shoulders or clutching headgear.

Captain Bo McMillin, of course, was the shining Centre light. His passing was above the ordinary, and his open field running very good. He starred especially on a run that threatened to skirt the ends, but cut in to thread its way back through the middle of the field. McMillin was either on the verge of going stale, however, or was saving himself. He never seemed to be trying his utmost. Weaver and Roberts, the other two Centre stars, played well also. But without McMillin, Centre could not have beaten the Methodists.

Bill Herschell and Roltaire Eggleston, and their respective better halves, enjoyed the bill immensely from a box back of the west dugout.

Hez Clark and Jack McKay collaborated very neatly in running the game.

Fred Millis is a Hanover man, but the excitement of the game and the duties of managing the show proved too much for him. His cigar went out.

Indiana University football fans have been fussing over the Notre Dame game for days and days. The Irish (and the football god also loves the Irish, the same as everybody else that watches them play the game) have made a splendid record this year, as usual. With the possible exception of the Army, Indiana has the best eleven Notre Dame has met. The Crimson has a sturdy defense, tackles hard and low, and possesses a good open field, forward passing attack. Saturday's game should be a thriller.

Five Indiana alumni, as enthusiastic as the rest, have tried to be a little more practical in their enthusiasm, and have offered trophies to Indiana players for individual feats of valor. They have promised cups to the Crimson warriors making the most tackles, blocking the most kicks, intercepting the most forward passes, making the longest run and recovering the most fumbles. The idea is to stimulate individual play even beyond the point where the normal desire to humiliate Notre Dame might carry the Big Reds from Bloomington. The Alumni offering these cups are Hays Buskirk, Dr. Louis Segar, John Mellett, Walter S. Greenough and Herman Deupree, president of the local alumni association.

A Hoosier Estate

(Continued from Page 5)

botanical study such as one can get only at the Arnold Arborelenies near Boston, our national botanical garden, yet Englishton Park is planned with such care as to entirely eliminate the fact that it is a botanical garden. It is impossible, in this space, to enumerate the various rare trees and shrubs. Who has seen the ring curled willow, or the Arbelias, or eight varieties of snowballs grown in one garden, as well as almost every native and foreign tree known—from China, Japan and Europe?

An interesting feature of the grounds is one of the celebrated Octagonal stones of which the "Giants Causeway" in the north of Ireland is formed. Captain English had it shipped over while on his last trip to Europe. Above it swings a basket in which grows native shamrock originally gathered in Ireland.

The development of the estate from a country homestead to its present palatial status was a labor of love and the spirit thereof seems to ever hover over it. The site was settled by the English family in 1832. It consisted then of 350 acres, and among Captain English's treasures are the original land grants signed by Presidents James Monroe and Andrew Jackson. The present house was built by Major Elisha English, father of the Hon. William H. English, and grandfather of Captain English in 1840, and it forms in the main the handsome colonial mansion of today. Standing upon a sloping knoll it overlooks the park and affords a sweeping view of the surrounding country—a portion of the state rich in historical tradition. Eighteen miles away treads the first railroad built in Indiana, from Madison to Indianapolis, and in sight of the house lies a part of the estate where Morgan's raiders camped o'er night on their memorable ride through the southern part of Hoosierland during the Civil War.

Though additional wings have been added to the house and it has been modernized in every respect, they have all been built around the original and conform with Captain English's desire to keep the house, his birthplace, intact and to preserve it, insofar as possible, in its ancestral state. It now contains a total of twenty-two rooms, four of which are luxuriously, modernly equipped bath rooms.

For a few years Captain English used it as a hunting lodge, but with the acquisition of greater acreage the task of turning it as well into a more extensive agricultural estate was begun.

Stone fences were constructed from beautiful blue limestone rock quarried on the place. A strata of stone as extensive as that found around Bedford exists in large quantities in Scott county, but it has never been seriously worked, for the reason that it is very hard and more difficult to cut than the Bedford stone.

Adequate water supply for the house, grounds and barns was a necessity and was assured by the building of a dam down to solid rock which filled a reservoir or artificial lake some five hundred feet back of the home grounds, approximately 150 feet square, excavated through solid slate and having an average depth of 30 feet. This is fed by natural springs and the water pumped from a power house into a 15,000 gallon tank which stands sixty feet in height on top of a hill, the highest point on the place. After being filtered it is fed by force of gravity through mains leading to the house, barns and various parts of the grounds. Fire protection is also

(Contiued on Page 21.)

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Motion Pictures

Week of November 14, 1920

Alhambra—Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious"; Mary Miles Minter in "Eyes of the Heart."

Circle—Carter DeHaven in "Twin Beds."

Colonial—Nazimova in "Madame Peacock."

Crystal—Alice Joyce in "The Vice of Fools."

Isis—Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell"; Bryant Washburn in "A Full House."

Mister Smith's—Fatty Arbuckle in "The Round Up."

Ohio—Rex Beach's "Going Some."

Regent—George Walsh in "The Plunger."

Alhambra

Wallace Reid starring in "Always Audacious," a picture based on Ben Ames Williams' story, "Toujours de L'Audace," will be the attraction at the Alhambra the first half of next week. It is an out-of-the-ordinary production in many ways, chiefly for the reason that Mr. Reid plays two distinct and different characters, those of a millionaire clubman, and a clever crook. Both men were born on the same day and are as alike as two peas. Many complications ensue when the crook shanghaies the millionaire and seeks to gain possession of his immense fortune. In one of the scenes in the picture Mr. Reid fights a battle with himself, a most remarkable bit of double exposure photography. Margaret Loomis is his leading woman, and the cast also includes J. M. Dumont, Clarence Geldart, Rhea Haines, Carmen Phillips, Guy Oliver and Fanny Midgley. A Mutt and Jeff comedy, the singing trio, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz, and the Fox News Weekly will complete the program. On Thursday, and for the rest of the week, the attraction will be Mary Miles Minter in "Eyes of the Heart."

Circle

"Twin Beds" has reached the screen in the form of a Carter DeHaven comedy, which will be shown at the Circle Theater the week of November 14. Mr. DeHaven plays the part of amorous Signor Monti, whose wife is determined to keep the temperamental tenor in the straight and narrow path. Young Harry Hawkins and his pretty young wife live in the same apartment with the Montis, only on the floor above. When Signor Monti returns to the wrong apartment after a night of dissipation, serious complications begin. Everybody suspects everybody else, and the familiar bedroom farce riot to escape from the tangled mix-up keeps the Hawkins couple and the Montis in a state of wild excitement. In spite of threatened battle, murder and sudden death, all four survive and the end is not tragic.

A Lyman Howe film novelty, "A Few Musical Moments," a Circlette of News, a Bruce scenic, "By Schooner from Skagway," and an overture by the Circle orchestra, three movements from the "Ballet Russe" by Luigini, complete the program.

Colonial

Those who like Nazimova best as the gorgeous woman of the world, the exotic creature elegantly gowned and brilliantly head-dressed, will have an opportunity to see her in just such a role in "Madame Peacock," the attraction at the Colonial Theatre for the week beginning November 14. On the other hand, those who admire Nazimova most as the appealing youngster, the doughty little poor girl, will find Nazimova in such a part in "Madame Peacock." For the first time since the "Red Lantern," Nazimova plays a dual role: Jane Goring, a brilliant stage celebrity; and Gloria Cromwell, a shy, stage-struck girl who longs for the heights that Jane has already reached. It is said that Nazimova herself pronounces this her best picture since "Revelation."

Charlotte Merriam will be seen in the comedy, "A Seminary Romance," and the current news review will be shown. A special musical program will be given by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers.

Crystal

In "The Vice of Fools," Alice Joyce is seen as one of a quartette who are all in love, but no two with each other. It is understood that Marion and Cameron are to be married. The arrival of Diana, a frivolous and flirtatious debutante, alters the situation. Further complications result from Granville's passion for Marion. The tangle seems to be hopeless, but Marion's clearheadedness and unselfish efforts to right matters finally straighten out the four-cornered love story. The role of Marion, it is said, offers Miss Joyce many opportunities to appear at her best.

Mister Smith's

"Looming up as big as the West, 'Fatty' Arbuckle in 'The Round Up'." This is the way the press agent announces the play which will be shown at Mister Smith's Theatre next week, and there seems to be some truth in his statement. In the role of Sheriff Slim Hoover, "Fatty" Arbuckle appears in his first feature drama, a picturization by Tom Forman of the stage play. The scenes are laid in Apache land, and in the development of the story, Indians, renegades, frontiersmen, and young women, figure in large numbers. A love story, a mystery, and several fights keep the action up to a high rate of speed. In the cast supporting Mr. Arbuckle are Tom Forman, Mabel Julienne Scott, Irving Cummings, and Wallace Beery.

Ohio

The wager of a big cattle ranch against a sheep ranch upon the outcome of a foot race is one of the excitement-producing elements in "Going Some," the feature picture at the Ohio for the week of November 14. Before the race, oil is discovered on one of the ranches, and the question arises of whether it will be fair to carry out the original terms on which the bet was based. Obviating the necessity of legal assistance, nature allows things to take their normal course. The action leading up to the final denouement makes a story of absorbing interest. "Going Some" is a Rex Beach story.

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THE CIRCLE

TWIN BEDS
"No Sleep, but Plenty of Laughs"

"A Few Musical Moments"
Lyman Howe Film Novelty

Bruce Scenic
"BY SCHOONER TO SKAGWAY"

CIRCLETTE OF NEWS

CIRCLE ORCHESTRA OVERTURE

THREE MOVEMENTS From "BALLET RUSSE"
"CZARDAS"
"VALSE LENTE"
"MARCH RUSSE"

A Hoosier Estate

(Continued from Page 20)

thus afforded. Incidentally this body of water furnishes excellent sport for the family and friends as a small boat is kept upon it, and it is well stocked with black bass, rock bass and other game fish. An electric light plant, a steam heating plant and an ice plant are other conveniences that form a part of the equipment.

A force of from fifteen to twenty-five employes is at work on the estate the year 'round under the direction of a superintendent. The farm yields a general run of crops with tobacco and alfalfa as specialties. Stock raising is also carried on with herds of Shorthorn registered cattle and Duroc hogs.

Captain English spends a larger portion of his time at Englishton Park during the summer months personally supervising the farm work. He is usually accompanied by his only child, his daughter Rosalind. He is always to be found there during the hunting season, the estate being well stocked with native, Hungarian and Southern quail, together with an abundant variety of rabbits, squirrel and other small game. He is a devoted sportsman and a fine shot, as is his daughter also.

Captain English always keeps five or six fine setter and pointer hunting dogs on hand, who are fed, housed and generally looked after in a most careful manner. But the most interesting and tenderly cared for animal on the place is "Santiago," Captain English's old war horse that he rode through the Santiago campaign of the Spanish-American war. "Santiago," who is now some twenty-six years old, was wounded on the shoulder during the battle of Santiago by a piece of shrapnel shell, causing him to fall with and on his rider, seriously injuring him and sending him to the hospital for several months. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was wounded by a bullet from this same shell, and one of Captain English's most valued possessions is a copy of Colonel Roosevelt's book, "The Rough Riders," upon the fly leaf of which he wrote in his own familiar hand: "To Captain English, who was seriously injured as a result of the same shrapnel one of the bullets from which touched me. Theodore Roosevelt, August 20, 1899."

"Santiago" is getting so old that he can no longer eat corn or hard food, but is fed soft mash and as tenderly cared for as a child in every way. The large barn in which he and some twenty other fine horses and mules are stabled is a very handsome and perfectly equipped structure, not surpassed by any other in the state.

In Defense of "Aphrodite"

(Continued from Page 8)

bourgeois term "high brows," those who will go to see "Aphrodite" simply to be better filled to condemn it, to bear in mind that Venus de Milo isn't exactly dressed for a Dakota winter, nor is "Magdaline" of the famous picture, "Magdaline at the Tomb." Yet these are representatives of the best that has been achieved by the schools of sculpture and painting. And the same aforementioned "high brow" would scorn the idea of missing an opportunity to see them, to comment, nay, to rave for the thousandth time upon the purity of their art.

I do not want to make a plea for the "poor condemned theatre." That would be unoriginal as well as fruitless, but let me ask, wherein does the difference lie?

The Weekly Potpourri

Newspaper reports are that the coal supply in Indianapolis is far short of the requirements of the trade and that retail dealers are unable to meet the demand of consumers. If you attempt to buy any Indiana coal you will soon find there is very little of this kind on the local market. A flat owner, who burns about 150 tons a year, attempted to buy his supply at steam prices, as he usually does. First, he had days of trouble trying to find a siding in the city for the unloading of the coal. After at last securing this convenience he discovered that the wagon mine, which had promised him fuel, had contracted all its coal—at least it said it had. The result was that he had to buy from an Indianapolis retailer and pay $11 a ton for coal he was wont to buy for $3 to $4 a ton. He declares the "close combine" among Indianapolis retailers is responsible for his trouble.

Is the Volstead act functioning in this city? Apparently not, for bootleg booze and plain "white mule" seems to be plentiful. The other night the police morals squad rounded up the biggest still ever found by the local police. Stills used to be associated with black whiskers, dank virgin forests and beetling mountains. Now they can be found in the summer kitchen on a city street. Boy, page the "revenooers."

The Moyer Clothing Company sustained a heavy loss by fire early the other morning, most of the stock being destroyed with a loss of probably $75,000. This is one of the fires that the United States has every minute of a 24 hours, and we talk about waste!

An item buried in the columns of the daily press spoke about the state planning to set out 500 trees at Turkey Run picnic grounds. This recalls the assertion made a few years ago that Indiana was gradually being denuded of its forests and no effort being made to reforest these tracts. It is gratifying to know that an effort is being made to reforest the state's waste land at least. Many farmers over the state have at times set out forest trees, and the spirit of tree planting is growing.

The Red Cross Chapter of Indianapolis has planned for a membership campaign within the next few days. It will be under an all-women's organization. Of course, you'll join?

Automobilists will rejoice to know that the State Highway Commission is planning to build 120 miles of paved roadway in 1921. There will be a link of fifteen miles between Kendallville and Ligonier and a four-mile stretch between Fort Branch and Haubstadt, connecting up with the state road between Terre Haute and Evansville. A bridge costing $400,000 will be erected across White River at Hazelton, thus connecting up the north and south systems of roads in Indiana.

A woman attempted to abandon her young baby at the Union Station the other day. She told a disjointed story about another woman exchanging babies with her, and aroused considerable sympathy at the time for her plight. She later admitted the plan to abandon her own flesh and blood. It is difficult to understand the motive that would cause a mother to commit such an act. It is the generally accepted theory that a mother would brave any hardship for her offspring. Perhaps this mother would, also, in her lucid moments.

W. L. George, an English novelist, who spoke recently before the Contemporary Club, predicted a uniform dress for women. Evidently Mr. George does not know American women very well, and their antipathy for dressing like their neighbors. His theory is fine, but like the League of Nations, it will not work out in practice.

The case against 124 coal operators and coal miners on the charge of conspiracy to boost coal prices and restrict output has been continued in the Federal court, district of Indiana, by Judge Anderson, after partly investigating charges made against Attorney General Palmer that he was "suppressing evidence" given in the civil case against the miners when the government obtained an injunction against them preventing a tie-up of the mines last spring.

Judge Anderson took the position that after the grand jury had returned true bills it was up to the government to prosecute the defendants. Attorney General Palmer was not at the hearing last Monday, but was represented by Judge Ames, formerly first assistant to the attorney general. He denied that there was any "understanding" between the government and the defendants as to the admission of certain evidence in the proposed prosecution. Judge Anderson continued the case until January 10, and said he would investigate further and see whether the attorney general had been guilty of contempt of court. Meanwhile, the people are hoping for more coal, or at least a continued spell of warm weather, and guessing that the conspiracy case will be tried.

Once more the hopes of the "wet" element have disappeared as "snow on the desert face." The election spelled defeat for the beer and wine amendment in the forthcoming congress. At least that is the prediction made by Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-saloon League. He said there are not enough "wets" in congress to make any sort of a dent in the Volstead act.

Our old friend "Family Patent" flour is hitting the toboggan. Minneapolis dispatches say that flour prices are continuing their downward slide and have reached what millers say are prewar prices. On carlots the price last quoted was $10 a barrel. However, this decline has not yet been felt to any extent in Indianapolis—either in flour or bread.

The Meredith Nicholson home, 1500 North Delaware street, has been bought by Carl A. Taylor, vice-president of the Taylor Carpet Company. Mr. Nicholson will take up his residence in the country where he dotes on bucolic scenes. Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Stalnaker have also bought a country home, acquiring property from Albert Leiber, situated on north side of White river in Washington township. It consists of fifty acres, and is a typical country estate.

Now that contracts are let for about $400,000 worth of motor fire apparatus, Dwight Ritter is sleeping better at nights. This latest contract will completely motorize the fire department. The contract, together with an ordinance providing for a bond issue to cover the cost, has gone before the city council, called in special session, for approval. The Stutz Fire Engine Company, of Indianapolis, was awarded contracts amounting to $321,715. Two eastern firms also participated in the award. Mr. Ritter, as city purchasing agent, had charge of the negotiations. The change means the passing of the horse as a motive power for fire apparatus in Indianapolis.

The Street Railway Company has asked authority to charge 2 cents for a transfer, in order to meet present emergencies in finances for enlargement and improvement demand. The petition filed with the Public Service Commission says the charge will be an "emergency" one. If the company can really provide better service, so badly needed, perhaps the public will grin and bear it for a time at least.

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AFTERNOON AND EVENING

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1920 — NUMBER 23

Seeing the "J. P." in Real Life

Some Difference Between the "Gol Darn Ye" Type of Squire and the Modern Justice of the Peace.

The City Constable Has His Life Enlivened by Serving Writs and Subpoenas When They Are Not Wanted.

By Beatrice Sherman

The most widely advertised function of the justice of the peace is to furnish comic relief in the good old-fashioned novel and melodrama. The eloping couple dash into Squire Corntassel's office, where he's been explaining to little Nell about the mortgage on her home. The squire removes his hobnailed boots from the top of his desk, gives the embarrassed young couple an honest rustic stare, expectorates accurately in the direction of the stove, and 'lows, "Wal, so you folks want to get hitched?" And that's the squire.

The constable is an individual who brings the eloping couple to the justice under different circumstances. Their noble steed, or speedy roadster —depending on the year of our Lord when the story takes place—is rushing madly through the night when a lantern ahead, a rope across the road, and a raucous voice shouting orders to "Halt, in the name of the law," bring their mad flight to an end. The voice belongs to the constable, who proceeds to entertain with vociferous pomposity as he leads them to the court of justice to "tell that to the squire."

But Indianapolis justices of the peace and constables don't run true to type, and not many of them would recognize themselves in the stagey, bookish gentlemen who keep audiences and readers from going to sleep by their pompous, rustic airs. Perhaps Indianapolis suffers because she has no true country squires. Of course, there's the Justice of the Peace in Irvington, and others out in the outlying districts, but they're only suburban, not really country. Our J. P. courts are most numerous along Delaware street opposite the Court House. They have little in common with the standardized stage type of squire, but they're all the more interesting for that.

Go up any one of the narrow stairways leading into the old buildings along Delaware street, keep your eye cocked for the J. P. sign, and you're pretty sure to find at the end of the hall, or on some dark corridor, an office that represents the habitat of the justice of the peace as he flourishes in Indianapolis. The place is dingy, the windows opaque, and tobacco smoke hangs in the air. A huge desk of ancient design, topped by a cupboard section filled with countless pigeon holes, stand against one wall and a row of rickety chairs are lined up opposite. Behind a railing is the squire's desk, a tall roll-top affair, a veteran piece of furniture, but younger than the other monster desk. Here the squire meets all comers.

Beyond this ante-chamber is the court room, just like any office room, only rather dustier. No pictures of blind justice with the scales in her hand, no dignified furniture. The middle of the room is filled with chairs, of the kitchen variety, and the collapsible kind that are so much in vogue with undertakers. At one end of the room is a small platform about eight inches high and just big enough for the squire's desk and chair. The one luxurious feature of the room is a large wicker baby carriage, which stands in a corner, in transit from one nursery to another.

It may be that you will find the Delaware street squire a small, shriveled minion of the law, or a big, well-fed person who is apt to be called "Judge." But question him about his work, about the interesting cases that come to his attention, and he's almost sure to say that there's nothing exciting about his work—dull, routine, just the same every day. Just then the phone interrupts him. He explains the call. "A man left town without paying his grocery bill. Grocer wants to attach his furniture. Man is in Chicago now and we've got his goods. Caught them as they were leaving town on trucks. Holding them. Charges are going to be over forty dollars a day for the goods being held in trucks, with the men who are driving them. Pretty expensive." But this isn't entertaining to the squire, though it may be to the man in Chicago.

Though the justice of the peace may insist that his job is a monotonous one with few thrills in it, he has to admit that the constable and his deputies have a good deal of excitement mixed in with the everyday routine of serving summonses, writs of replevin, writs of restitution, etc. While they aren't the constables of old-fashioned melodrama, they have an up-to-date brand of excitement that should prove perfectly good material for the movies.

The constable doesn't exactly look the part. He isn't the lanky Yankee of the village constabulary force, and he isn't the plaid-shirted hero of the Western photoplay, but he has advantages that make a Cuban election seem tame. For days he may go quietly about the execution of his duties, and then have three or four blood and thunder fights that would permanently knock out an ordinary mortal. Again, each day for two weeks he may have a daily fight with the dependable regularity of a tropical shower, and then come on barren times when everybody renders due and proper respect to the representative of the law.

One of the biggest factors in bringing business and trouble to the constable is the time payment plan. With the frenzy of shopping strong in her soul, Mrs. Smith buys a new phonograph. She is highly pleased with it, makes a payment or two, and then as her interest in the new plaything wears off, so does her punctuality in making payment. She hates to pay for this thing that she's been using so long, but on the other hand she hates to give it up. The phonograph company requests respectfully that payment be made or goods returned, but she can not make up her mind to do the one thing or the other. Then Mr. Constable is called in, Mrs. Smith is impressed with the majesty of the law, and immediately settles up for the balance due, or else submits to the superior powers of Mr. Constable, armed with a writ of replevin, and gives up the music box.

But sometimes the matter is not worked out so simply as this. A colored family bought a beautiful new davenport, for which they had a great affection, which was not, however, expressed in cash terms. Constable Otho H. Denton, who has separated many an unpaid-for article from its insolvent but aggressive possessor, was detailed to replevin the davenport. He was admitted to the home of the colored folks, but when they found that he had come on the nefarious errand of carrying off their well-loved davenport unless they paid for it, they were filled with wrath. They locked him into the room with the precious davenport and defied him to take it away. The constable was not to be disposed of in this unceremonious fashion. He began shooting wildly in all directions, and when the family unlocked the door to find out what sort of a comedy was going on, they discovered the redoubtable Mr. Denton removing the davenport in sections via a second-story window. It is to be doubted if the davenport was worth much when it come out of the ensuing fray, in which butcher knives, meat cleavers and axes figured. But at least Mr. Denton had the satisfaction of knowing that the colored folks were not reclining on that unpaid-for davenport, laughing at the law.

Another source of trouble for the constable is the family who won't pay their rent and who won't vacate. One family was warned repeatedly—in fact, six days in succession were they invited to move—and each time they pleasantly promised to leave, and each succeeding day found them still in possession. So at last, they were "set out." Their household goods and chattels were set out in the street, the doors and windows of the house were nailed shut so that the evicted tenants could not return. The constable states that in this case no sympathy need be wasted on the homeless ones, for they left their goods on the street for several weeks, and camped out on porches in the neighborhood until some place "turned up" where they could stay.

Automobile cases nowadays provide most of the excitement. Constable Frank Bray and his deputy were assigned to replevin an automobile which a soldier at Fort Harrison was using. It was during the war and the fort was packed with soldiers. Said the constable to his deputy: "It'll be nothing but committing suicide to go out to the fort and try to get a car away from a soldier," and so they decided to investigate the matter first. The deputy went out to the fort, found his man the proud possessor of a big touring car, and inquired if it was for sale. Yes, the soldier would sell; and the deal was soon made. The car was to be brought to town the following day, and the buyer was to have the money ready.

At the appointed time and place the following day Constable Bray was

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The Art of Staging a Ballet

Fokine, One of the World's Greatest Dancing Masters, and His Work With Aphrodite Ballet.

American Girls Are Receptive and Most Enthusiastic of All Pupils, Is Great Russian's Verdict.

By Beatrice Sherman

Their admiration is a well balanced reciprocity affair. Fokine, one of the greatest dancing masters in the world, has said, "The American girl is the quickest and most enthusiastic pupil I have ever taught." And the American girl who succeeded in being admitted to the ranks of Fokine's ballet has said of Fokine, "He's just wonderful."

Michael Fokine was formerly the ballet master of the Russian Czar's Imperial Opera House in Petrograd. He was engaged by Comstock and Gest to come to this country for the enormous task of staging the Lesbian ballet in "Aphrodite," which will be seen at the Murat Theatre the week of November 22. His task was difficult, not only because of immense work required in staging the ballet itself, but also because Fokine had always before worked with the trained pupils of the Russian Imperial Ballet School and with European students who did not have to be instructed by means of the English language.

During the first week that Fokine was in America, he worked furiously. For twenty-four hours after his arrival, he spent almost every minute studying the story of "Aphrodite," absorbing its atmosphere, and planning the ballets which were to fit into the structure of the play and add to the interpretation of the story of the courtesan of ancient Alexandria and her love affair with Demetrios.

Some Russian music was needed for the perfection of the ballet. At first it seemed that Russia was the only place that could supply it, but finally, after a thorough search in this country, it was found that Walter Damrosch and Monteux, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, owned the music. It was borrowed and Fokine went on with his development of every step and movement of the dance. Music, setting, and movement were perfectly synchronized.

Then came the work of selecting the dancers from the wide assortment of prospective candidates for the ballet Dancers with experience and without, wealthy women and stage-struck girls, graceful and graceless, all applied for the honor of working with the great Fokine. To each dancer was assigned a number, regardless of age, color, or previous dancing experience. Then each possessor of a number, for she was that and nothing more to Fokine, danced solo before the master, and he made his selections ruthlessly. Some dancers of established reputation were rejected, some mere novices accepted; some dancers were taken after one trial, others danced several times before the final verdict was given. More often than not, the younger, untrained dancers were chosen, for these prove more pliable and apter in learning.



MICHAEL FOKINE

An unusual photograph showing the great dancing master out of costume—teaching two American girls the art of interpretive dancing in the brilliant Aphrodite ballet which he arranged.

With the chosen sixty, work began on the Aphrodite ballets. Fokine would show the dance, then have each step and position duplicated, and before the first lesson was over, he had worked through more than half of the ballet, which is the feature of the Bacchanalian revel in the second act.

Fokine is enthusiastic over his work with American girls. He finds them brighter and quicker to learn than his own countrywomen. "I have taught in Russia, in France and in England," he says, "and I must compliment the average American girl upon her grace, agility and, what is more important, her intelligence. She remembers what she is told once. I do not have to explain and explain over and over again.

"I had the difficult task of selecting from more than two hundred girls the sixty who were to appear in 'Aphrodite.' Some of the applicants were experienced actresses, veteran toe dancers, experienced prima ballerini, young women with reputations. But these I rejected instantly. I said 'My dear young ladies, you are far too clever. You have been taught so much in the wrong way that you can not unlearn what is now instinct with you. I prefer to teach young girls who have not been taught dancing in the wrong way.' So I picked out beginners—nearly all of them—and by working day and night, I accomplished the desired result, because these young girls, too, were clever, and also flexible, plastic, adaptable."

As for the opinion of one of the young plastic things who helped Fokine create his marvelous ballets, she has her full share of enthusiasm. "Mr. Fokine," she repeats, "is wonderful, simply wonderful!" This in the words of Miss Loretta Van Meter, the Indianapolis representative in the ballet.

"Mr. Fokine doesn't speak much English, and it was dreadfully hard to understand him, so he kept an interpreter at his elbow all the time. The only trouble with that was that while the interpreter understood Fokine all right, he didn't speak much more English than Fokine himself! But you can understand what is wanted all right.

"Fokine has regular schoolboy eyes, and a dear smile, and he was very kind and patient and encouraging when you did things right. But he roared like a lion if you made mistakes. But we all think he's just wonderful.

"We worked awfully hard while we were rehearsing—from ten until four or four-thirty, with just a little time off for rest and lunch at noon. Fokine made you unlearn everything you'd ever learned before. Instead of toes and knees out, it was toes and knees in, and oh, but it was hard. I danced until my poor feet were blistered and I longed for the cast iron feet of 'the barefoot boy.' But the work's fine and I love it."

While the ballet was at work, many were the requests from society people for permission to watch the rehearsals. But such requests, even though emphasized with pecuniary inducements, were refused; work—team work and hard work—was the order of the day, while Fokine created the "Aphrodite" ballets.



It was not the barber but the man in the chair who was doing the talking.

"After it was over, the cruise of the John-boat, the 'Robert E. Lee,' that summer was the most pleasant—and profitable—vacation I ever had," he said.

"My two boys had been 'off their feed' all winter and under a doctor's care. It was when I decided to be the 'doctor' that I hit on the plan of building a boat and taking a summer cruise.

"I built the boat from material I found around the house and a little new lumber, working at odd times, at a very small cost. About the middle of June, one Friday, I announced to the youngsters that we'd leave on our cruise the following Monday.

"I had chosen my route and decided that a fork of White river would supply the proper cruising territory. Saturday I shipped the boat to a little village on the river some thirty-five miles from Indianapolis, at a cost of less than $1. Then I packed for the journey Monday.

"In an old trunk which fit in the middle of the boat as a sort of an upper deck, I put in a 9x11 tent, cooking utensile, blankets, waterproof cloth, fishing tackle and changes of clothing for us all. * * *

"We reached the village, launched the 'Robert E. Lee,' stowed the trunk and additional food supplies I bought at the village, and shoved off.

"The river was unknown to me—nor did I have the slightest idea of

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Italy—Home of the Immortals

Noted for Producing Dramatic and Musical Prodigies and Poets of Fire, in Both Ancient and Modern Times.

By Ona B. Talbot

The contemporary drama of Italy is known to the English-speaking public through the work of comparatively few dramatists. The genius and tradition of Italian drama traces its development from its inception in the work of Manzoni, through its development at the hands of Cossa, Marenco and their contemporaries, to its culmination almost seventy years later in Verga, Giacosa, Praga, Butti and Bracco.

To the average Italian even today the representative dramatists of his country are not the prose writers of social plays, but poets—Gabriele D'Annunzio, Sem Benelli.

There is one notable exception to the statement that art and popular drama have always been separate in Italy, and that exception is the greatest of all Italian comedians, if not distinguished of all Italian dramatists—Carlo Goldoni. His Commedia dell-'Arte is a true comedy of manners, and he was so successful in retaining the elements dear to the people that "Good Goldoni," "Papa Goldoni," is the best beloved and the most truly popular of all the Italian playwrights.

The Italians have by nature many gifts as actors, vivid, expressive faces, musical, flexible voices, and a hereditary tradition of great and clever acting, so great as to justify Italy's boast that she has the world's greatest histrionic tradition. She can name half a dozen lofty geniuses. While most of these belong to the old school, there are none of them that rival the name of Duse, modern of the moderns, and the greatest actress of modern times. Her fame rivals and even dims that of Sarah Bernhardt.

Eleanora Duse is a child of the theatre. For three generations her family entertained the theatregoing Italians.

Born October 6, 1859, in a railway train, when her parents were on their way to play in Venice, she endured every hardship in her youth. Her first stage appearance at a very early age was as Cosette in "Les Miserables." At fifteen she made her official debut in the company of Cesare Rossi as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." D'Annunzio has recorded her triumph in some of the most beautiful pages of "Il Fuoco," whose heroine, La Foscarina, is said to be Duse. She, however, made her national reputation in Zola's ghastly tragedy, "Theresa Raquin," with this triumph the art of acting in Italy is said to have had its rebirth.

Bernard Shaw saw Duse in London in 1895 when she was at the height of her powers. His analysis of her talent is so just and fair that it seems likely to stand as the ultimate estimate of her worth.



ELEANORA DUSE

A child of the theatre, Eleanora Duse is acclaimed the greatest actress of modern times, not excepting Sara Bernhardt. She is the idol of the Italian populace. She may again visit America.

"When she comes out on the stage you are welcome to take your opera glass and count whatever time and care has so far traced on her. They are the credentials of her humanity; and she knows better than to obliterate that significant handwriting beneath a layer of peach bloom from the chemist's. Duse is not in action five minutes before she is a quarter of a century ahead of the handsomest woman in the world—Duse, with a tremor of the lip which you feel rather than see, and which lasts half an instant, touches you straight to the very heart; and there is not a line in the face or a cold tone in the gray shadow which does not give poignancy to that tremor.

"Duse produces the illusion of being infinite in variety of beautiful pose and motion. Every idea, every shade of thought and mood expresses itself delicately but vividly to the eyes, and yet it is impossible to catch any line of an awkward angle.

"No physical charm is noble as well as beautiful unless it is the expression of moral charm, and it is because Duse's range includes these high moral notes, if I may so express myself, that her compass, extending from the depths of a mere predatory creature like Claude's wife up to Marguerite Gautier at her kindest, and Magda at her bravest, so immeasurably dwarfs the poor octave and a half on which Sarah Bernhardt plays such pretty canzonets and stirring marches."

A turning point in her public as well as private life was her acquaintance with Gabriele D'Annunzio and to her his debt is unmeasurable. Poet, romancer, dramatist, orator, archaeologist, politician and aviator, he is at one and the same time the most and least Italian of artists. One's first impression of him, and one which probably remains in the memory longest is that he is an artist to whom the virtues, faith, hope and charity, are meaningless terms.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose real name is said to be Rapagnetta, was born in 1864 on board the yacht Irene, in the Adriatic Sea, not far from Pescara. While his ancestry is clouded in a becoming mystery, it is said that he is a Hungarian Jew, and some biographers speak of his "Dalmatian" origin. He spent his childhood with his parents at Ferravilla al Mare in Abruzzi and went to school at Prator, in Tuscany.

He is past master of the Italian classics, a study which has given him a vocabulary so enormous that it has been necessary to publish a D'Annunzio dictionary, a work of two volumes.

When Duse toured America her portrayal in "Francesca da Rimini" of the name part as a human tragedy was of tremendous power, her voice rich and musical beyond praise. A recent rumor has it that she will again visit America, for which the gods be praised!

It was my great privilege to be present at the performances of "Magda" in the Metropolitan Opera House, "The Dead City" and "Francesca da Rimini" in Chicago, at the time of the last tour of Eleanora Duse in America. Realism in the stage production of "Francesca da Rimini" was carried to the highest degree. In the garden scene real American Beauty roses were used in great profusion, and their fragrance permeated the entire house. The company was brought from Italy in its entirety and all the plays given in Italian, and such acting I have never seen before nor since,

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Eleanora Duse, Acclaimed Greatest Actress of Modern Times—Caruso and Toscanini, World-Known Masters of Music.

Schumann-Heink Coming Nov. 28th

There is but one Schumann-Heink and the glory of her art can never be put into words. The world knows her and marvels at her; thousands upon thousands worship her; all hearts are gladdened by her presence and warmed by the infinite love that radiates from her generous spirit.

The hundreds of Schumann-Heink devotees of Indiana will again pay homage to her on Sunday afternoon, November 28, at the Murat Theatre when she will be heard in recital under the direction of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association.

Many are the titles that have been used to describe the incomparable Schumann-Heink. "The Great Mother Heart" is one of the most fitting titles, when she sings the "Pirate Dreams."

Pirate Dreams

"The old rocking chair is baby's boat
Adrift on a dreamland sea;
And baby and I are a crew afloat,
All cozy and snug are we.
We rock and hum a crooning song,
Like a wind in the sails at sea,
But pirate dreams before very long
Capture baby, boat and me.

Oh baby! the chair some day will be
A boat for another pair;
For you with your baby will sail the sea
Within the same rocking chair.
And as we rock and hum and sing,
So you will go singing, too,
And pirate dreams with sweep and swing,

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Chorus Girl Type Is in the Minority in the Indianapolis High Schools, Investigation Shows



To generalize is one of the easiest and most inviting diversions that mortal flesh is heir to. It is appallingly easy for the average individual to jot down one or two facts in his cerebral notebook, and from these meagre facts to draw stupendous conclusions. Figuratively speaking, he notes that two and two make four, and goes about thereafter sagely observing that four is the answer to any additional problem. He travels to another country and remarks that several and sundry of the natives regale themselves by chewing tobacco; and he returns to his native land and informs his fellow countrymen that the American, like the grasshopper, is an inveterate tobacco chewer. He notices in a group of girls coming out of a high school several who wear elephantine ear puffs, artificially flushed complexions, expensive and gaudy clothing; and he proceeds to inform his community that the high school girl is a wild woman whose extravagant make-up equals that of the chorus girl. The sad feature of this merry sport of specious generalization is that too many honest and sincere people, who have no way of gathering facts for themselves, believe the fallacious generalizations that are continually being handed out.

Exaggeration is the twin brother to the sin of jumping to conclusions. It is so pleasantly easy to embellish one's generalizations for the edification of a credulous audience that few can resist the temptation. It's far more original and entertaining to persuade oneself that two and two make five than to stick to a modest four; the tale then expands to the extent of implying that five is the universal answer. Instead of sticking to the mild generalization that all Americans chew tobacco, it is much more entertaining to state that all Americans chew tobacco all the time. And as for the high school girls—"My dear! the way they dress makes Theda Bara look like a Quaker girl," is a remark sure to secure attention, regardless of the accuracy of the statement.

And thus through the twin vices of promiscuous generalization and exaggeration has grown the legend of the Modern High School Girl. She is a sensational little monstrosity who wears a coiffure so swollen that she can scarcely get her hat on; she has a complexion that is a painting in red and white; she wears georgette blouses, short, tight skirts, jewelry and a fur coat; she goes silk-stockinged and slippered in the coldest weather. She is of the species Wild Woman. And she doesn't exist; at least, not in Indianapolis.

A visit to any one of Indianapolis' three high schools fails to show up one single, solitary specimen of the advertised Modern High School Girl. That maiden is as legendary as the Lorelei. For the most part the high school girls of Indianapolis are suitably and becomingly dressed, and "sensational" or "conspicuous" is the last adjective that one would select to characterize them. As they pass through the school corridors, they appear to be wholesome, sensibly-clad, self-respecting young persons. Dark wool dresses, middie suits and one-piece dresses are the rule. Complexions *au naturel* with noses lightly dusted with powder and occasionally cheeks flushed by November winds are generally in vogue. Hair in curls or braids down the back, or hair put up in becomingly youthful style is the accepted style of hair dressing. On the whole, our Indianapolis high school girls are as wholesome and modest and attractive a group as any one could care to meet. A recent visitor to one of the schools, the wife of a doctor in Johnstown, Pa., remarked on the simplicity and modestly appropriate appearance of the girls, and regretted that Johnstown high school girls were not up to Indianapolis standards.

Of course, there are exceptions to the general rule in high school girl attire. There is, of course, a minority in each of the schools who do dress in exaggerated fashion, who do use excessive amounts of powder and paint, who follow the styles so closely that they are often ahead of them. But these are so few compared with the generally safe and sane costume of the majority that they are hopelessly outnumbered, and even the most wildly costumed of these silly little girls is scarcely the exotic creature who has been heralded as the Modern High School Girl, the young atrocity who has been making people wonder "whatever are we coming to?"

The problem, therefore, of reforming the Indianapolis high school girl's costume can scarecly be regarded as gigantic; but certainly those girls who offend against standards of good taste in dress should be guided in the right way. In all three Indianapolis high schools they are being looked to; but always in a quiet, unostentatious, publicity-shunning way. Indianapolis schools have tried to avoid the sensational reform measures which have made various Indiana small town high schools famous.

The Shelbyville ban on the bare knee has been widely advertised. The stringent Fort Wayne ruling against huge puffs, rouge, thin blouses and skirts shorter than ten inches, has had even wider circulation. But these high-handed measures, as reported by the press, would scarcely seem to be efficacious methods of promoting dress reform. Any youngster, male or female, who is autocratically prohibited from doing a certain thing or wearing a certain kind of garment, is pretty sure to find that to achieve heroism in his own eyes and the eyes of his schoolmates, he needs only to violate that ruling. This youthful tendency to revolt against dictates of authorities as to costume was displayed in the wide vogue of the prohibited Sam Brown belt among army officers, and the hazardous lengths to which an enlisted man would go for a chance to appear in leather leggings. Authoritative and public mandates against unbecoming dress are scarcely the proper means to achieve general dress reform in the small minority in the schools whose attire requires reform.

It has been suggested that a simple solution for the difficulty would be the general adoption of a high school girl's uniform, a middie suit or a Peter Thompson dress, simple and girlish and suitable. No doubt this suggestion would be highly approved by W. L. George, who lectured here recently before the Contemporary Club, on fashions in women's dress, and strongly recommended the adoption of a uniform for women. The objections to the uniform for the high school girl are innumerable. A uniform becoming to one girl could hardly be expected to make every other girl look her best. Witness the uniforms adopted by the Y. W. C. A. and the Women's Motor Corps during the war. Some women were stunning in uniform and others were impossible. A universally becoming uniform is an impossibility.

Then there's the matter of expense. A uniform might cost Mary much more than the price of the material which Mary or Mary's mother could make into a becoming school dress. So in some cases a uniform would work a hardship in the matter of expenses.

Another objection to the uniform is that it doesn't always make for uniformity. In the army, in church organizations, wherever uniforms are the rule, always the wealthier individuals manage to secure suits of better quality, though the same pattern, as others who are not so blest financially.

Then the uniform is not educative There is no merit in dressing suitably, if the suitable costume is a compulsory uniform. How could a girl develop any taste, any sense of the fitness of costume, if her costume were prescribed for her? Dress is a legitimate means of self-expression, and a uniform for the high school girl would deprive her of one means of developing spiritual backbone, the capacity to express herself freely in her costume.

Anyhow, one high school principal states that a uniform for the school girl is an impossibility—that school authorities would have no right to enforce it. So that's that.

As for methods in Indianapolis high schools of attaining a uniformly suitable costume, without the requirement of a uniform—the work of inspiring higher ideals of dress is left largely in the hands of a dean of girls. Some seven or eight years ago this position in the high school was first created in the Chicago high schools under Ella Flagg Young as superintendent. As in the case of the dean of women at a college, the high school dean looks after the interests of the girls in all matters of school life. The dean of girls deals individually with any girls who do not dress suitably, and without any general lectures or public discussions of her problem she helps those girls who need her assistance in establishing standards of dress. On most questions Indianapolis deans are very fair and broad-minded. They do not object to a dusting of powder on the nose, to girlish experiments in the latest vogue of hair dressing, to pretty and stylish dresses. For there is nothing inherently vicious about the dull finish on a youthful nose, a slightly exaggerated ear puff, or a 1920 frock.

But the occasional foolish little girl who whitewashes her face with liquid powder, uses rouge in large quantities, and patterns her hair after a Vanity Fair cartoon, is soon called into conference with the dean of girls and submitted to an educative rather than a disciplinary process. As a rule, she is quick to accept the standards of the high school majority, for the requirements of the deans are "true and righteous altogether."

The dean as well as the school girl often suffers from being misrepresented. For example: Last winter during a recurrence of the flu, one of those inexplicable school girl fads suddenly appeared—a vogue for thin stockings and light weight pumps. This silly fashion, together with flu germs and bad weather, was working havoc with school girl health. As a preventative for further onslaughts of flu, the dean of one high school announced that any girl coming to school in thin stockings and low shoes would be sent home—an application of the "eventually-why-not-now" principle. The ruling was successful as a health measure, and flu cases decreased. But the matter was given wide publicity and the true inwardness of the ruling was distorted. "High school prohibits silk stockings" was the twist given to the ruling by the newspapers, and little stress was laid on the fact that the ruling, not against silk stockings but against thin stockings and low shoes, was a health measure and not a question of fashion. It is such distorted publicity as this which makes more difficult the schools' problem of promoting sensible dress.

Another difficulty which the school

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Average High School Maiden Is Minus Paint, Powder and Puffs and Freakish Clothing.

Notes of Society

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Grosset, of New York City, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bobbs. November 7, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbs and Mr. and Mrs. Grosset went to French Lick, where they spent the week, returning to the city on the 14th. Monday afternoon Mrs. Bobbs entertained for her guest with a tea.

* * *

Friday evening, November 19, the Drama League will give a reception for Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon, who have returned to Indianapolis with "Clarence."

* * *

Miss Mary Reynolds has returned to the city from New York and will spend the winter here with her brother, John B. Reynolds.

* * *

Mrs. Charles E. Coffin entertained fourteen guests at an informal luncheon at the Woodstock Club on Thursday, November 11, for Mrs. Jay H. Keys, of New York, who is visiting Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson.

* * *

Miss Helen Louise Rapp and Miss Louise Frenzel, brides-elect, and Miss Madeline Dolfinger, of Los Angeles, Cal., were honor guests at a luncheon-bridge on Thursday, November 11, given by Miss Aileen Lefler. Miss Dolfinger is spending the winter at the Lefler home.

* * *

Mrs. W. D. Long gave a program of Southern readings Thursday evening in Thorntown and Friday evening in Greenfield.

* * *

Miss Katherine Downs is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. P. Downs, before going to San Francisco to assume the position of head dietitian at the Letterman General Hospital.

* * *

Mrs. E. A. Hunt and daughter Helen have departed for their winter home in Florida.

* * *

Mrs. Jaquelin Holliday departed Friday, November 12, for a visit to New York. In Pittsburgh, she joined Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Holliday and their guest, Miss Carolyn Coffin, of Indianapolis, and the party went to Princeton for the Princeton-Yale football game. Miss Coffin returned home Tuesday, the 16th.

* * *

Miss Frances Morrison has returned from Ashland, Ky., where she attended the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Eba and Dean Gilfillan, of Ironton, Ohio.

* * *

The Twigs will give their second annual costume ball November 23 at the Independent Ahtletic Club.

* * *

Mrs. Kenneth P. Edwards and daughter Marjorie are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar D. Bohlen.

* * *

Recent visitors to French Lick from Indianapolis include Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Lemcke, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Roemler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Kealing, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Foltz, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson and Miss Julia Landers.

* * *

Miss Mary Dyer Lemon, of the Indianapolis Public Library, spoke at Shelbyville last Saturday before the Woman's Club on "Our Library, Its Architecture, Books and Folks."

* * *

Mrs. Augustus Coburn and family will occupy the Holliday home during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Jaquelin Holliday.

* * *

Mrs. Charles C. Rauh gave a luncheon on Friday, November 12, for twelve guests in honor of Mrs. J. B. Murphy, of Chicago, who was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. James Gordon Murdock. Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs James Gordon Murdock gave a dinner at the University Club, followed by a theatre party, for Mrs. Murphy. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Rauh, Mr. and Mrs. S. T Murdock, Gordon Murdock, and C. R. Black, Jr., of New York. Mrs. Murphy returned to Chicago on Sunday.



Photo by Bachrach

MISS ROSEMARY PFAFF

No youthful singer of Indianapolis origin has received more praise than Miss Rosemary Pfaff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pfaff, formerly of Indianapolis. She was noted as a child musical prodigy and has appeared in many concerts and entertainments in this city.

On Friday, November 12, Mrs. Nicholas J. Eastman entertained with a bridge party in honor of Miss Louise Frenzel, a bride-elect.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Howland, of Denver, Colo., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bunting, on the way to New York City to visit their daughter, Jobyna, who is a member of the "Gold Diggers" company, and their son, Olin, who played in James Montgomery Flagg's photoplays.

* * *

Mrs. Clifford L. Lambert, of Woodruff Place, gave a tea Thursday afternoon, November 11, for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rice W. Lambert, who was married in June.

* * *

Mlle. Theo Hewes went to West Baden, where she danced at the fashion show last week.

* * *

H. C. Dockwiler and sister, Miss Eleanor R. Dockwiler, have returned from a trip to North Carolina, Florida and other southern states.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Holt have gone to Chicago for a short stay, after which they will go to Portland Ore., and Seattle, Wash., for a visit. They will spend the rest of the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cooper will leave soon for their winter home in Florida.

* * *

The attendants for the wedding of Miss Kathryn Wood, daughter of Mrs. Mary Wood, and Edwin Howard Bassett, which will be celebrated on Wednesday evening, November 24, at the Central Avenue M. E. Church, will be Mrs. Lawrence G. Luckett, Mrs. Irene Rupert Leonard, Mrs. L. B. Templeton, Mrs. Hugh Knippenberg, Miss Cornelia Allison, Hugh Knippenberg, L. B. Templeton, Alex. Thompson, Maurice Donnelly, Jr., and Dr. Wade LeRue. The Rev. O. W. Fifer will read the service, after which there will be a reception at the Independent Athletic Club.

* * *

Mrs. Anna Berner announces the engagement of her daughter, Anna, to Clifford J. Williams. The wedding will take place Saturday evening, December 25.

* * *

John Feeney has gone to Florida for the winter.

* * *

Mrs. E. K. Root, of Hartford, Conn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Steele.

* * *

Mrs. J. G. Drummond has returned from a ten weeks' trip in California. While in the West, Mrs. Drummond visited at Los Angeles and Auburn with her sister, Mrs. Anna Melmberg.

* * *

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Nina E. Curry, of Columbus, Ind., to Mark B. Franklin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Franklin, of Irvington, which took place at 4 o'clock, November 11, at Columbus. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin will be at home with the bridegroom's parents.

* * *

Miss Blanche Stillson, Mrs. James Carter and Mrs. Don Tullis went to Greencastle on November 13 to attend the house warming at the Gamma chapter house of the Alpha Phi fraternity.

* * *

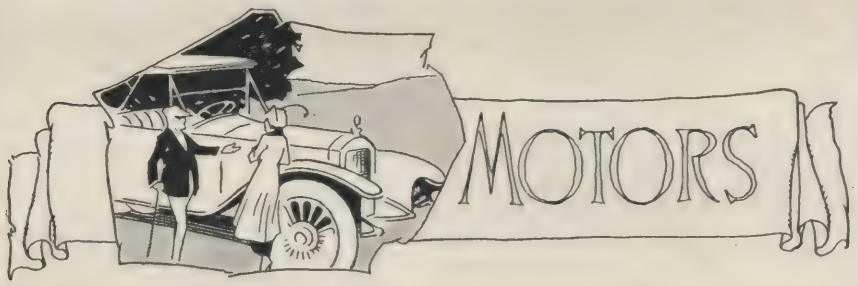
Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Miss Gertrude J. Baker and Miss Rosemary C. Baker gave a chrysanthemum tea on November 13 at the Woodstock Club for Miss Anna Caroline Crane, of Crawfordsville, who is visiting Mrs. Anderson, and for Mrs. John Chandler Dallam, of Schenectady, N. Y., who is the guest of the Misses Baker.

* * *

The Indianapolis Dramatic Club will give its first performance of the season on Saturday evening, November 20, presenting "The House of Glass" at the Murat Theatre. After the play, there will be a supper and dance at the Propylaeum.

* * *

The members of the Athenaeum gymnasium are planning a bazaar for December 3 and 4 for the benefit of the classes to be sent to the national gymnastic and athletic tournament in Chicago. There will be booths for fancy work, Christmas cakes and canned goods. A Ford automobile will be given away. This is the first bazaar given by the "gym" in five years and elaborate preparations are under way to make it a success.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Now that the election, which you point to with pride or view with alarm, depending upon the emblem you pulled on November 2, is a matter of history, the next political sporting event on the calendar is the session of the general assembly, which will begin in January.

With or without just cause among a large part of our people, the biennial meeting of the legislature has come to be regarded much in the same light as the measles, mumps or whooping cough; that is, as an inevitable unpleasantness that just must be undergone and we hope it won't be too painful or leave any lasting bad effects.

This year the feeling of apprehension is perhaps even greater than usual, for past experience has taught that when one political party goes into office on a landslide and the opposition is reduced to a helpless minimum and the consequent fear of an organized hard fighting minority is removed, that there is a volcanic eruption of fool bills among the legislators. For example, many Hoosiers still remember that it was not so very many years ago that a sage from downstate somewhere or other in all seriousness introduced a bill asking the Indiana general assembly to overrule all the mathematical sharks from Euclid down, and declare that the circle could be squared according to a formula carefully prepared by himself.

From advanced rumors flying about it seems likely that legislative freaks of the 1921 legislature will be directed largely at the automobile owner. There will be bills requiring everything under the sun from chasing motor cars off the highways to forbidding the use of horse-drawn vehicles.

As a plain matter of fact there is no great amount of automobile legislation needed and the average motorist will be fairly well contented if the legislature adjourns without doing him any injury. The average owner of a car would be mighty happy if the authorities would just enforce some of the laws now on the statute books instead of cluttering up the records with a batch of new ones. For example, if some means could be devised to keep automobile thieves on the penal farm after they are landed there it would cause no small amount of rejoicing. The same can be said for the enforcement of the glaring light law and the law requiring horse-drawn vehicles to carry a light at night.

Failure to enforce this last has become a really serious menace to night travel. Any motorist can tell of narrow escapes from collision with some buggy or wagon that suddenly loomed up out of nowhere without the trace of a light. The peculiar part of it is that as a general rule the owner of the vehicle takes an antagonistic attitude toward carrying a light and seems to regard it as a great favor to the autoist, when as a matter of fact it is really a matter of his own personal protection.

But there is one piece of legislation that should be enacted—a law requiring motor trucks with bodies that cut off all vision to the rear to carry a mirror so placed as to give the driver a view of the road behind him.

Closed in as they are, drivers of these trucks have no way of knowing whether or not they are being trailed by a car that wants to pass, and in the roar of their own motors it is impossible for them to hear the pleading honk of some pleasure car begging for the road. The slogan, *Il ne pass pas*, was an admirable and marvelous one at Verdun, but it is wholly out of place on the highway. Many states already have a law to this effect and every motorist in Indiana who has trailed a lumbering truck down a dusty, narrow road on a hot summer day vainly watching for a chance to slip by will contribute to a fund to erect a monument of heroic size to the legislator who will put such a law on the statute books of the Hoosier state.

* * *

John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, makes the following report on the recent meeting of the National Automobile Dealers' Association of Indiana held in this city:

Fifty-one towns in Indiana were represented at the meeting.

Two hundred and twenty-five guests were present at dinner given by the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association in the Riley room of the Claypool Hotel during the convention.

One hundred and one applications for membership were in during the convention.

* * *

Through the courtesy of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association headquarters will be maintained in the office at 338 North Delaware, where all communications to the association will be received.

* * *

A general meeting of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association will be held Monday evening, November 22, at 8 o'clock, to vote upon and consider the adoption of amendments to the association by-laws. R. V. Law president of the association, will name three directors to nominate candidates for election to the board of directors. These new directors will be elected at the regular annual meeting of the association in January. The naming of candidates by the nominating committee does not prevent any five members of the organization from putting a competitive ticket in the field.

* * *

The Ray Automotive Company, 204 Hume-Mansur building, has taken over the Indiana distribution of the Kelly-Springfield truck. J. C. Ray, formerly connected with the truck department of the Fisher Automobile Company and the Martin Truck Company, will head the new concern.

* * *

The Central Motor Parts Company, 409 North Capitol avenue, is a new company which will carry a complete line of Continental motor parts as well as a complete line of Borg & Beck clutch parts.

* * *

The Indianapolis Auto Heater Company, located at 2411 North Illinois street, has been made distributor of the Francisco Hot Blast Auto Heater.

* * *

Airplane mail service for Indianapolis under the contracts awarded Alfred W. Lawson, of Milwaukee, by the Postoffice Department, will start within the next month or so, according to Robert E. Springsteen, Indianapolis postmaster. Airplanes from Pittsburgh will arrive in Indianapolis at 1:30 o'clock every afternoon except Sundays and days following holidays, and those from St. Louis will arrive at 12:10 o'clock on the same days. The planes will carry 1,500 pounds of mail and will make the trip from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis in four and one-half hours and from St. Louis to Indianapolis in three hours and ten minutes.

* * *

Red reflector warning signs have been placed at Stop 4 on the Honey Bee traction line and the Big Four railroad where the Rev. and Mrs. James A. Nipper of the Wheeler Rescue Mission were killed recently when their automobile was struck by an interurban car. These new signs can be seen plainly by approaching motorists two blocks before the crossing is reached when automobile headlights are at ordinary brightness. Warnings have also been placed at Thirty-fourth street and Fall Creek where five sets of tracks cross the road, and on Massachusetts avenue and the subway at Thirteenth street, where numerous accidents have occurred.

* * *

Persistent rumors that the Ford Automobile Company has purchased the Nordyke & Marmon plant here has brought forth the following statement from Arthur R. Heiskell, treasurer of the Nordyke & Marmon Company: "No offer has been made and the two companies have never engaged in any discussion of a proposal to sell the plant here. There is nothing to it."





Nobody is going to begrudge Burt New, Charley Sallee and others their joy in the hope of what the Democratic party is going to do within the next four years.

* * *

Frank J. Wright has been elected to head the State Chiropractors' Association. Wright is the right man for the job.

* * *

C. C. Trueb has poured a little joy into the life of the traveling public by his announcement that the Commercial Express will run through Dayton to New York instead of Piqua, and the train between Indianapolis and Jacksonville will be again put in service November 29.

* * *

Will Hays missed a perfectly good lunch at the Columbia Club recently by failing to show up in time. John Ruckelshaus thought he was going to have to dine alone, but Ed Wasmuth arrived and saved the situation.

* * *

It has been intimated that Governor-elect McCray will ask for the resignations of Phil Zoercher and Fred Sims from the tax board when he assumes office. Both men were recently reappointed by Governor Goodrich.

* * *

Alva Rucker, who can always make a good speech, spoke to the members of the Credit Men's Association on Armistice Day at a luncheon. Alva thought it a relief not to have to make a political speech.

* * *

Sergeant George Winkler "shot 'leven" when he arrested eleven crap shooters the other day, but he "came out on nine" when he herded the gang to the police station and found two had escaped en route. Loaded dice, sergeant.

* * *

One of the most important questions which has been before Mayor Jewett in a long time is, where is his $150 overcoat? The mayor attended the jollification meeting of the Indianapolis Athletic Club at the Claypool Hotel Thursday night and somebody beat the mayor to the coat. At this writing the police force had a lot of clues, but no coat.

* * *

Walter Greenough is the temporary secretary of the War Memorial Board without salary. Incidentally, the permanent secretary will receive a salary of $6,000 a year. Don't push, boys.

* * *

Maybe Dave Porterfield will be interested in knowing that Kansas City loaves of bread are to be 10 per cent larger in size. Dave's interested in anything about bread.

* * *

Thomas Taggart has gone hunting—but not for votes. He left a throng of politicians at his French Lick Hotel and joined Governor Cox, of Ohio, and Senator Pat Harrison for some shooting in Alabama.

* * *

Demarchus Brown, state librarian, recently addressed the Bar Association on the subject of baseball. Lawyers like to "put it over" as well as pitchers.

* * *

Hugh McK. Landon has put up a trophy for the Bankers' bowling contingent to strive for during the season now opening. Now watch 'em fall.

* * *

The Indianapolis live stock market is always "alive," according to Del Benson, who has been at the "yaeds" since the first shoat crossed the gangplank.

* * *

Ed Remy is to be deputy state auditor under William G. Oliver when he takes office as chief.

* * *

Joseph H. Shea, ambassador to Chile, who was expected to arrive at his home in Indianapolis this month has advised friends that he will not come to Indiana before next spring, owing to duties that will hold him at his post.

* * *

Stanley Wyckoff says the people must remember the bread the bakers are selling is made out of flour costing $11 to $12 a barrel. As if we could forget it!

* * *

Like the army in France, which outgrew its space and pushed the enemy back, so has the American Legion headquarters outgrown its headquarters and has taken another floor in the Meridian Life building.

* * *

George Lemaux has smoothed out the mule situation. He told the women of the south side that the mules would be moved as soon as the city could build a barn for them—which will be some time next spring—and the women have graciously accepted the situation. Wonder if this satisfies Gus Schmidt?

* * *

Some of those delinquent taxpayers, who remembered the "penalty" added to their taxes, will not be able to muster much sympathy for Edward Sourbier, former county treasurer, who has had to return $2,059 as illegally collected.

* * *

George Mannfeld, superintendent of the Riverside fish hatcheries, has recently been presented with seventeen fine bass—but not for eating purposes. He will use them in propagating work.

* * *

The Optimist Club in a congratulatory message to the Indianapolis Athletic Club, calls it the "second most optimistic organization in the city."

* * *

John J. Swan told the real estate board that he favored a re-routing of street cars that industrial employes might get to their work with more ease. He ought to tell that to William E. Balch.

* * *

Charley Orbison, prohibition director, has informed the "extra dry" (thirsty) crowd that the recent ruling of the United States Supreme Court about keeping liquor, lawfully acquired, in storage other than the home, does not help any in Indiana if it conflicts with the state law.

* * *

Capt. Charles Dunbeck, in charge of recruiting for the marine corps in Indiana and Kentucky, has been presented with the Navy Cross for distinguished service overseas. Captain Dunbeck enlisted in Indianapolis in 1907. He was cited by Secretary of the Navy Daniels for extraordinary heroism in action near St. Etienne, France.

* * *

The Rotary Club heard a New Yorker speak on "Shall We Hang the Radicals?" We hasten to explain that nothing personal was in the mind of the speaker—and the attendance was good.

* * *

The annual evangelistic meetings are now on at Keith's Theatre at noon each day. Roltaire Eggleston never has to go to church during these meetings.

* * *

Hanging crepe is most unpleasant for TOPICS, but we are obliged to say that Indiana turkeys are scarce this fall.

* * *

A prospective bride and groom can cash in on their wedding if they will get "hitched" at the Pure Food Show, December 6. Phil Kerz is on the lookout for such a couple—don't all speak at once.



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Editorial

ENTER THE REPAIRMAN

Traffic experts in New York have concluded that a majority of the motor accidents in New York are due to something defective in the cars, and hereafter the police will flag all automobiles which in their opinion need repairs.

The hard-boiled motorist will immediately conclude that a conspiracy has been formed between the city and the repairmen. But, after all, there is a bit of wisdom in this latest attempt to cut down traffic accidents in Gotham. Police statistics show, it is said, that 60 per cent of accidents result because of defective brakes, steering gear and lack of non-skid appliances. Skidding is one of the most common faults and is due to improper equalization of the brake bands.

Every New York patrolman has been empowered to stop cars and make an inspection. If defects appear, the driver will be compelled to seek a repair shop, or at least leave his name and address with the police, who will later check up and see if the repairs ordered have been made.

And thus one by one the prerogatives of a driver are being curtailed. The man with a ramshackle car that creaks, groans and "swears" at the driver will have to seek the byroads or stay in the garage. The owner who "intends" to have his brake bands tightened—and never does it—will either invest in some repairs or ride the street cars or a taxi.

An Indianapolis repairman said if such an order went into effect in this city automobile traffic would not be cut down to any extent and that repairmen would not be going to Florida for the winter on the strength of new business. The experiment in New York will be watched with interest by other cities. It is a notable fact that very few traffic accidents in Indianapolis are due to carelessness in regard to lack of essential repairs on motor cars. Possibly repair jobs cost more in Gotham than they do in Indianapolis.

APPLE STORY

Indiana is an apple state—but her fame in this regard is not near so well known as it should be. True, we have the annual apple show, but that is of primary interest to the grower rather than the general public—the consumer of apples.

People go into "raptures" over the big apples from California and Washington and other western states; from Michigan and New York; from Ohio and the Berkshire Hills, but none of these is better, and many not so good, as the fruit from the hills and rolling lands of Hoosierdom.

There seems to be a peculiar characteristic of Indiana soil to produce an apple of exceptional flavor. While the fruit is not so large as that grown in some states, it is large enough in size for all purposes, even for exhibition. It has a peculiarly engaging savor that appeals to even persons who are not prejudiced in favor of apples.

Apples from the west coast have a flatness of taste that is noticeable to lovers of Indiana apples. Horticulturalists say that a cold climate is peculiarly conducive to apple flavor, taking into consideration, of course, the fact that the climate is such as to permit full fruition.

Possibly in the future the apple growers of Indiana will be formed into an association, like that of the citrus fruit growers, for the purpose of telling the consumer the merits of the Indiana apple. It is a story worth telling.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

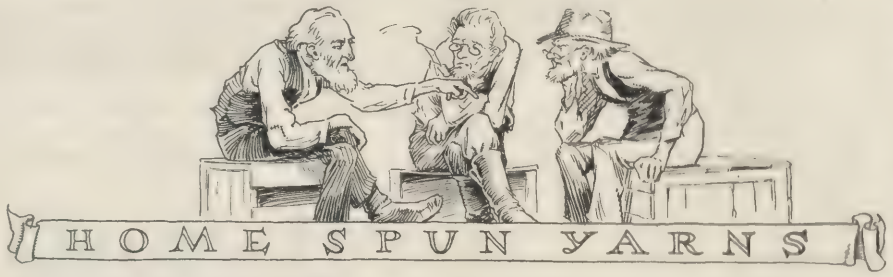
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MAIN 2382

INDIANA GRUB

Indiana will not starve this winter. The corn crop, which is now being gathered, will total almost 200,000,000 bushels. While we are not good at "figgers," we can estimate the size of the stack of corn cakes this corn would make if ground into meal and made into batter.



December 1 is printed in red on the calendar of William H. Blodgett, staff correspondent of the Indianapolis News. It was on that date thirty-three years ago that he came to Indianapolis from Richmond and obtained a place as police reporter for that newspaper. He had been a general utility reporter on a Richmond paper, and when he left for Indianapolis to put new ginger into methods of newspaper reporting, some one in that good Quaker town told him that he should array himself in fashions which became his journalistic station.

He so arrayed himself.

When he applied to John H. Holliday, then "big boss" of the News, for a job, "Billy" Blodgett wore a silk plug hat, a sack coat of cloth woven in noisy check patterns, a red necktie, and carried a cane with the handle crooked over his arm.

Fancy "Billy" Blodgett in a plug hat, sack coat, red necktie, carrying a cane and everything!

He has a good many newspaper records to his credit.

In point of service he is the oldest newspaper reporter in Indianapolis. He has written more "copy" than any newspaper man in the history of Indiana. I'll declare that to the world. He has literally written miles and miles of it. He began with the News back before typewriting machines came into use on newspapers, and he ground out yards and yards of copy with a lead pencil or stub pen—some of which printers and proofreaders could decipher and at some of which they guessed.

He introduced the title of "Staff Correspondent" into Indiana newspaperdom.

Without doubt he knows more men in Indiana and knows them better than any other man in the state. His work as police reporter gave him wide acquaintance with police and detectives, and he knows by name countless men, past and present, of the Indianapolis underworld.

From police reporting he branched into reporting railroad news, and in the years he followed this line of activity he became acquainted with hundreds of railroad presidents, general managers, engineers, conductors, firemen, train dispatchers, brakemen and switchmen.

It became as easy for him to borrow a private car and a locomotive to pull

(Continued on Page 20)

Editorial

In the matter of buckwheat, the yield will stand at about 280,000 bushels, which would mix up a tremendously big "stack of buck." Then there are "Irish" potatoes; the yield which totals 8,640,000 bushels will insure plenty of "boiled, baked and mashed" for everybody. There are 360,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, which augurs well for "candied sweets" on the menu.

The apple crop amounts to better than 6,000,000 bushels as against 1,700,000 bushels last year. Just imagine the apple pie and dumplings that can be got out of this quantity of apples! Sugar beets and sorghum crops are better than usual, which will insure plenty of sweetening.

While the wheat crop is now a matter of history, the supply of grain for white bread is a record breaker.

And whisper this low—the Hoosier tobacco crop is the largest on record and of extra quality. So, after finishing your Indiana meal, light up the old briar and breathe a thankful prayer that you live in one of the best states on earth.

FIGHTING FOR COAL

Citizens of Indianapolis, and the state as well, are much interested in the working of the new coal and food commission created by the last special session of the legislature. Several suits have been filed against the operation of the commission, but it appears to be functioning.

The latest effort against the orders of the commission is an injunction sued out by the McClellan Coal Company of Terre Haute, seeking to prevent the enforcement of an order by the commission which made it mandatory that the coal company supply a certain quantity of coal to Indiana consumers. The injunction was granted on the allegations of the company that it had contracted its full output of coal, and to carry out the order of the commission would mean the loss of these contracts.

This incident goes to show that the establishment of the commission's authority will be opposed, either because coal concerns are against it, per se, or else they will not want to sacrifice present contracts, as in the Terre Haute case.

The public is not particularly interested in a fuel fight, but it is interested in getting a coal supply without fuss or trouble. It is understood in coal circles that the coal market is particularly "soft" at this time and that prices have been tumbling right and left. Eastern coal prices at the mine since the lake priority order has been rescinded and foreign export business letting up, due to the settlement of the British coal strike, have dropped sharply. There is, then, no reason why the Indianapolis coal supply should not be adequate and cheaper. If the state coal commission can help in this respect, its aid will be welcome.



Buying for the Future

A lull pervades the securities market in Indianapolis, due largely to the approaching holidays and the fact that trading has slowed up on account of readjustments taking place.

The last call of the stock exchange for the week showed no change in quotations with the exception that Liberty bonds were weaker owing, it is said, to lack of demand. However, brokers are pointing to the fact that there are a number of good local issues which can be bought at attractive prices just now. Gas securities, Street Railway offerings and local bank stocks are continuing as the favorites of those who wish stable stocks with a tendency toward appreciation.

Comparative quotations of most of the leading eastern stocks show that they lost ground during the week just closed. These conditions, of course, were more or less reflected throughout the country as regards many other securities. Indiana municipal bonds and road bonds, which have always been favorites among Indiana investors, are quiet and no new issues are being put out now, owing to financial conditions. However, as one Indianapolis banker said, there will be much road building the coming year and there will be a number of attractive issues to be offered to the public.

Eastern bank statements indicate that the financial condition of the country is good and that after complete deflation has taken place, there will undoubtedly be an upward tendency in stocks and bonds. Brokers, for this reason, are pointing out the wisdom of investing now while prices are down around the bottom. Buying for the future is held as a pretty good tip just now.

Moving Forward

According to reports from commercial agencies, price readjustments are moving forward with considerable celerity just now, although it is pointed out that the evidence of improvement is not very broad or very deep just at this time. Wholesale and jobbing trade is quoted as "slow" and retail trade "fair." There does not seem to be a further increase of unemployment, although there is a further extension of short time in operation. Indianapolis is one of the few cities of the country which is anyways near normal as to industrial conditions.

Would Tax Bonds

It is said that a suit may be brought to invalidate a section of the law passed by the last special session of the legislature which exempted the bonds of the state board of agriculture from taxation. It is said that if the bonds again became subject to taxation there may be some difficulty in finding a market for them. If no market should be found, it is pointed out that the board might be forced into a receivership.

Gets Promotion

Clarence A. Kinney of the Security Trust Company has been promoted to be assistant secretary of the company by the directorate, according to an announcement by Riley C. Adams, president of the company. Mr. Kinney will have charge of the savings and banking department. He formerly had charge of the collections and foreign exchange department. He has been with the company for seven years.

Railroads Rule Good

Local brokers are commenting on the fact that new low levels have been reached in Wall street on industrial stocks. It is said that 150 individual issues have established new low records for the year during the last week. It is noted that while most of the industrials have been reaching new low spots, railroads have been more than holding their own, for the reason that investors believe that under the new law and higher freight and passenger rates railroads are among the good buys being offered at present.

Opens Bond Department

The Peoples State Bank has organized and equipped a bond department to meet the demand of local investors and for the accommodation of banks in the state wishing high grade securities.

Raymond D. Jackson, former assistant sales manager of the Fletcher American Company, will have charge of the new department, which will be operated as a part of the trust department now under the direction of Clarence R. Weaver.

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What's on Your Mind

Henry Campbell (capitalist)—Indianapolis is only my home by adoption. I have lived here twelve years, and I thank God that I chose Indiana as my state.

* * *

Harry Levinson (hatter)—Just wait until I get my new store in the Loew Theatre building opened!

* * *

Henry Spaan (defeated candidate for Congress)—I am still a Democrat.

* * *

Harold Haven Brown (director Art Institute)—Every human being is an artist to a greater or less degree.

* * *

Maholm E. Bash (jurist)—I am not a candidate for the mayoralty nomination, because the law prevents judicial officers from resigning and accepting administrative offices.

* * *

Henry Dithmer (manufacturer)—I'm going to be elected president of the Kiwanis Club if it takes all the votes in town to do it.

* * *

Ed Wasmuth (state chairman G. O. P., to Fred Schortemeier)—Let's take a vacation.

* * *

Fred Schortemeier (secretary G. O. P. state committee, to Ed Wasmuth)—Fine. I think we've earned it.

* * *

Carlin H. Shank (county commissioner)—Say what you want to, but Tom Kelly knows more about road specifications than any one else around here.

* * *

P. T. Jenkins (man about town)—The main reason why so many women are going into politics is because they want more men to boss.

* * *

A. L. Block—It's worth $100 to become a Girl Scout "daddy."

* * *

Walter Greenough (Fletcher Savings and Trust)—Have a smoke; it's a boy of the regulation weight and lung power.

* * *

Lemuel Bolles (National Adjutant American Legion)—No soldier who went through the hardships of battle suffered more in war than did the President of the United States.

* * *

Harry Krause (merchant)—You can't get ahead of the East Washington street merchants for progressiveness.

* * *

Bob Zehliche (Shriner chef par excellence)—I'll say that most of the Shriners' appetites have not yet returned to normalcy.

* * *

John Mellett (author)—Those who missed the Indiana-Notre Dame football game missed the best one ever staged in Indianapolis.

The Woman's Bank an Innovation

Mrs. Hoosier of Small Town, Indiana, had taken her guest down to see Small Town's new bank. The guest was unquestionably impressed with the architectural grandeur of the institution. She looked long and deep at the imposing interior and then sighed, "My, isn't it beautiful? Reminds me so much of Grant's Tomb."

As a matter of fact, all that was needed to complete the lugubrious tomb-like atmosphere was the awesome purple light and the twin sarcophagi. This grewsome effect so reminiscent of a tomb or a museum may have been an asset to the bank by way of impressing men who banked there with respect for the institution and fear of violating its regulations. But it is a question whether any woman was ever tempted by its cold beauty to remove her money from the "first national bank" and start a regular banking account.

This frigid and forbidding atmosphere was for a long time an inevitable feature of every bank, large or small. But as women became more and more active in business, and banks became more and more friendly in their attitude toward their clients, the handling of women's accounts grew to be an important feature of many large banks. The Guaranty Trust Company of New York and the Old Colony Trust of Boston have installed departments exclusively for women in order to give special service to their women customers. The Fletcher American National Bank of Indianapolis has followed suit, and has met the increased requirements of its women's department by the expansion of that department into a complete bank in itself on the first and second floors with special entrance on the Market street side of the building.

The atmosphere of this exclusive women's bank is friendly and inviting. The banking room itself is walled with light Italian marble, and the decorations on walls, ceilings and chandeliers are in quaint wedgewood effect. Even the little wall lights over the desks at the side of the room are decorated in the blue and white wedgewood pattern. The room has an undeniable dignity, but blue and white decorations and real sunshine dispel any signs of the old-fashioned bank gloom.

A further friendly feature of the bank is its hospitable second floor. A small private elevator gives access to these rooms which are in English design of the Georgian period. The woodwork and general treatment is in white, the hangings are of soft tapestries, and the floor is of Rangoon teakwood in wide planks separated by a narrow inlay of ebony. The furniture—cabinets, desks, chairs and tables—is of antique mahogany. Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher supervised the selection of the furnishings while in Boston, and the artistic effect is the result of her personal interest.

The large assembly room may be used for meetings of committees and boards of directors of women's organizations, and reservations may be made through Mr. Frank F. Wocher, manager, or Miss Florence Coffin, assistant. A check room is also provided for the convenience of Miss Indianapolis when she goes banking. If many offices were as beautifully and invitingly furnished as this little bank, it would be easy to see why girls leave home for business.



WOMEN'S WAITING ROOM

This interior view shows the perfect taste in a waiting room for women, as developed by the Fletcher American Bank.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 8)

must combat in improving the standards of dress is the unsatisfactory pattern set by women of the community. Girls who are not old enough or experienced enough to select a really refined and well-dressed woman as a pattern are only too apt to model themselves after the average Indianapolis woman, who frequently powders to excess, rouges, and in other ways disqualifies as a model for the younger generation.

A girl in a small town high school in Indiana, who herself was impeccably attired and complexioned, was distressed because a teacher was always "picking on" a schoolmate who was prone to use rouge with a lavish hand. The tactless teacher, unable to cure the girl of the rouge habit, in desperation informed her that she looked like "a painted woman of the streets." The self-appointed champion of the "picked on" girl decided to investigate the painted woman of the streets and see if the epithet was justified. She came to Indianapolis with her father on his next business trip and observed the women to be seen on the streets. Seven out of ten of them she found wore rouge, and she decided that surely not all of these could be really bad. She returned her verdict to her friend as evidence that rouge was not irrevocably linked with badness. With rouge so widely used among women, respectable women, of the city, it is small wonder if the high school girl is sometimes misled into the belief that the use of rouge in large quantities is really quite right and proper. The silly little girl who uses paint in profusion is scarcely to be blamed; her mother may be doing the same thing.

High school authorities are doing their best for high standards in dress, as in all other respects. And yet the community is slow to give them deserved credit and is quick with blame. An overdressed girl or an immodestly dressed girl is quickly branded as a high school girl. Although she may be a member of a Sunday school, though her father may be a well-known business man, though her mother may be a prominent club woman, though the family belongs to a certain section of the community, it is the high school and not the church or club or neighborhood that is associated with her errors or bad taste.

The high schools and the high school girls of Indianapolis are, of course, not perfect; but they have both gone so far in the right direction that they deserve the hearty approval of the community. Exaggerated and untrue criticism of the high school girl may be entertaining, but it is unquestionably unwise and unjust. A slur on the high school and the high school girl is a slur on the community. Fair play for the high school girl grants her recognition on her own merits as a wholesome individual and not condemnation for the faults of a few conspicuous offenders against good taste.

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Shop Tours

The corner store was undoubtedly originated as a thing of pure usefulness, but its successor, the mighty department store, seems to exist as much for beauty as for utility. Certainly more than half of the departments in our stores in Indianapolis devote a great deal of money, energy and news print to prove that they have the most beautiful articles of their kind to be found in town. Utility is in many cases a secondary consideration.

The energy thus expended can hardly be regretted when the results are considered. Americans, like their Anglo-Saxon, Puritan, Teutonic or other practical ancestors, are too prone to hard utilitarianism, and the present tendency toward the softer, lovelier things of life, even if the beginnings be in nothing more important than clothes for women, are rather to be encouraged than suppressed. Mr. W. L. George, who advocates a uniform for women, and who told one woman that her approval of the hundreds of blue serge suits seen daily would better be regret that they did not number millions, is entirely out of touch and sympathy with the general trend toward the beautifying of clothing for men and children as well as women. The stress placed on beauty by local shops is to be commended for its uplifting effect on a gray and dreary world.

Advertisements of beautiful things may be followed up to eminently satisfactory conclusions in a number of recent cases. One shop which advertised a new kind of embroidered georgette crepe was entered with some misgivings as to beautiful effects, for georgette has been so done to death that adding embroidery to the tale of its misuses seemed the last horrible insult to its lovely fabric. However, it proved to be as gracious an embellishment as it is new. The background colors are wisely chosen in light and neutral shades, and the embroidery, delicate in line and color, runs along one edge, which in a skirt would form the hem edge. Two patterns are obtainable. One is a simple wheel design, with sprays between the rounds, and the other is a somewhat more elaborate arrangement of natural forms. Both designs are shown on a number of different colors, and both have gold thread sparingly used.

Over dark materials these flouncings would make charming and simple afternoon frocks, and over brilliant or pastel shades, the much-used metal cloth, or the new shaded metal cloth, they would be the last word in evening or dancing dresses.

* * *

For dressy wear, either afternoon or evening, a Washington street shoe shop is showing a solitary but very good looking model in black satin. It is for the young girl, and for the woman who refuses to encumber her path with her own high heels. The popular sandal, seen so frequently in high Louis heels, is copied exactly, with a strap across the instep and another around the ankle. But this shoe has the modified Louis heel, the type that flappers call the baby Louis. And the toe is slightly less pointed than that on the high-heeled shoe, which is also shown at the same shop. The price is unaccountably lower for the baby Louis heel, mamma's satin boot costing $12, while daughter's is but $9.

* * *

While the ostrich feather doesn't play the star role in the millinery drama that it did in days of yore, it is showing a strong tendency at present to return to the scene of its former triumphs, playing a different part. Occasionally one sees a majestic cluster of the species of plume known as willow on the impressive headgear of a grande dame who doesn't condescend to change the style of her wardrobe to the tune of the changing fashions; now and again, a cheerful little Chin Chin sailor is saucy enough to sport a tiny tip or two on its upturned brim; but the glory of the huge ostrich plume, as exploited in the portrait of The Girl in the Gainsborough hat, is no more.

Any article of dress except the hat is apt to receive its fair share of feather adornment. Evening dresses, fancy afternoon gowns, capes, and even shoes, sport a feather trimming of curling ostrich feather fibers. But the widest variety and the greatest number of novelties are to be seen in fans and evening bags.

Indianapolis stores are showing bags for evening use so feather-covered that they look almost bird-like. The frame is generally of tortoise shell, and the handle a chain of the same material. Linings are white silk, fastened to the bag with tiny rosebuds and equipped as usual with mirror and coin purse. The curling feather ends make a soft, fluffy-looking bag that resembles an exaggerated powder puff or a hybrid muff-purse. Colors are orange, green, deep blue—any shade to match the fan. One particularly fetching bag has a V-shaped center on each side, made of silk the same shade as the feathers, and gaily braided in gold.

Fans of more brilliant hue than any seen off-stage for a long time are being shown in the shops. Gorgeous flame-colored plumy fans, jade green, soft henna, turquoise blue, American beauty, and candy pink feathered fans, are to be found in various styles—single plumed with long ivory or tortoise-shell handle; or, like ancient Gaul, divided into three parts; or, again, with the full half-moon spread of fluffy feathers.

One shop displays some fans in more modest sizes, not too large to be carried at the matinee or by the miss of flapper age. They are not much larger than the fans of gauze and spangles, and they are attractively soft and downy. One in particular is of a dull raspberry shade, which is set off prettily by the dark color of almost-black tortoise shell sticks. Many of these novelties will no doubt do duty as Christmas gifts this year.

Tucker's Forty-second Anniversary

5,200 Pairs
Women's Gloves

From the finest manufacturers in the world—beautiful French National Kidskin Gloves, African Capeskin Gloves—every conceivable style.

It is economical to buy for use now, for Christmas and for next Spring. These low prices will not soon be offered again.

The biggest event of the year at Tucker's is to be marked by much lower prices on our standard merchandise. We have taken nearly a year to prepare for this occasion---carefully choosing and buying those dress specialties that we felt would be in demand.

The result is that we have an amazing display of beautiful gloves in many styles, for women, men and children, and wool hosiery and silk underwear,---things that are hard to get elsewhere.

LOW PRICES FOR TEN DAYS
November 18 to November 27

Tucker's
Since 1880
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18 North Meridian

"Distinction at Small Cost"

Just South of the Circle



Roaming Through the West Indies

A new excursion for the armchair traveler is conducted by Harry A. Franck, "Roaming Through the West Indies." Mr. Franck's travels in the past have been vagabond affairs, tramps through the inaccessible places that the ordinary tourist misses. This latest jaunt, however, is undertaken in more respectable style. Mr. Franck cavils at noisy and dirty and expensive hotel accommodations, travels by train and automobile, visits the places which one really should visit, and altogether behaves in more conventional style than in any of his previous volumes. This rebellion against his publisher's and reader's demands for tramping trips is due, apparently, to the fact that Mr. Franck has acquired a wife and, to quote his own dedication, "a son Harry, who joined us on the way."

In spite of these two very good reasons for keeping to main traveled roads, Mr. Franck has made his book lively enough for the keenest excitement seeker who ever traveled the seven seas in another man's book. After the traveler leaves Ford-riding, tourist-ridden Havana, the real entertainment offered in Haiti begins. A wild fiasco of a Christmas celebration for the little pickaninnies and the political bosses at Port-au-Prince; the thrilling adventures of the American marine in pursuit of the cacos—the Haitian bandits; the capture of Charlemagne, the greatest of the bandits, by the strategy of one Herman Hanneken, United States Marine; the history of the black King of Haiti, Christophe, and his made-to-order nobility; these and many other accounts of West Indian history past and present make this volume of "roaming" far from dull.

Conditions as they exist in the United States' possessions in the West Indies meet with the author's disapproval. In this connection he ceases to be a mere roamer, retailer of interesting history and portrayer of picturesque people and things. He describes American methods of governing and assisting in our West Indian population and he is vigorous in expressions of disapproval.

The chief charm of this book, as of all Mr. Franck's travel books, is its power to carry the reader along, to make him see Havana, and Barbados and Fort-de-France, and breathe their atmosphere. (The Century Company, New York.)

Invincible Minnie

The amazing thing about Minnie is that every woman who reads of her devastating career is rather shocked to realize that she feels like Minnie herself. Exactly what this universal attribute of Minnie is, it would be hard to say. Certainly it isn't admiration of Minnie that makes every woman feel a kinship for her. Perhaps it is the thorough plausibility to Minnie of everything that she does, the completeness of the Minnie viewpoint on all of Minnie's actions. But even a governmental survey based on the results of innumerable questionnaires wouldn't succeed in exactly classifying the universal Minnie quality.

There is something appallingly real and understandable about everything that Minnie does, even her blackest actions. One might say she is unscrupulous if Minnie only knew the meaning of the word scruple. But Minnie is as unmoral and, incidentally, as irresistible as a force of nature. She is a force of nature—a litle ordinary looking woman who gets whatever she desires as inevitably as water flows downward. She is held back by no warnings of conscience, for what Minnie wants is right to Minnie.

Her success in attaining her desires is at times astounding to the reader, and still he must realize that getting what she wants is the only possible outcome for Minnie's machinations Minnie is inefficient, stupid, homely commonplace, inclined to slovenliness, even—most damning adjective to be applied to a woman's appearance—dumpy. Yet feeble Grandmother Defoe, hard-headed Mr. Peterson, brilliant and beautiful sister Francis, and beauty-loving Lionel, are all equally helpless in Minnie's hands. She is unbelievable, but you have only to look about you to see some one who is more or less Minnie.

"Invincible Minnie" is the first novel by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, and Mrs. Holding has made Minnie unforgettable as well as invincible. The chronicle of Minnie's career is told in a simple, inconspicuous style which serves merely to present Minnie. At times, Mrs. Holding is moved to voice a little word of pity or sympathy for the victims who come in Minnie's way, but such expressions of pity are superfluous—in Minnie's wake are downtrodden mortals obviously enough pitiable. There is an occasional creaking in the mechanism of the story which does not, however, impede Minnie's progress in her appointed orbit. "Invincible Minnie" is a big book, and one that should not be missed. (George H. Doran Company, New York.)

Life is just one week after another. Following the seven-day Girl Scout campaign, we are now in the midst of Children's Book Week, an institution fostered by the joint efforts of the National Publishers' Association and the libraries of the country. In honor of the occasion, L. S. Ayres & Company are expanding their book department to include a juvenile section, an artistically frescoed alcove, attractively arranged to meet the needs of its young patrons. This section occupies the space once consecrated to the soda fountain, a change which may or may not be an encouraging sign of the times.

The aim of Children's Book Week is to promote the idea that children as well as grownups are entitled to their own libraries. Propaganda in the form of very attractive Jessie Wheeler Wilcox posters of children in their very own library, are being used in the campaign. The public libraries are arranging special children's programs for the week, to stimulate the buying of books by and for children. In Ayres', Stewart's and the New York Store bookshops, there will be representatives from the public library, who will assist children and adults in the selection of books suitable for young readers.



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Italy—Home of the Immortals

(Continued from Page 7)

not even in the Max Reinhardt theatres in Europe.

Through the unparalleled generosity and spirit of sacrifice, through his devoted and chivalrous attitude during the years of war, Arturo Toscanini, Italy's greatest living interpreter of music, has since the war become a national hero, each one of his appearances being regarded by the Italian people as a public festival.

To restore to the Scala its old-time splendor, Toscanini has drawn about him such a variety of collaborating forces as to seem almost miraculous. A group of citizens, without requesting any privileges in return, have offered the millions needed for the renovation of the buildings adjoining La Scala in order to give the theatre more space and the proper surroundings in keeping with the entirely modern architectural plan. The guiding spirit of all this is Toscanini, who has already voluntarily undertaken the task, and who is now about to offer the American public the first proof of what his work of reconstruction has accomplished with La Scala, for the orchestra with which he is undertaking his present American tour is the expression of his very self. It is a rare good fortune that on Sunday afternoon, February 6, at the Murat Theatre, we will be privileged to pay homage to his great genius and abundant humanity.

In the world of song Italy also holds the foremost position, Enrico Caruso, tenor, and Amelita Galli-Curi, coloratura soprano, being the living examples at this time—a discussion of either is superfluous—their very names being the essence of golden song.

Because of inadequate theatre capacity, it has been my misfortune to have to refuse at least four contracts for Caruso to appear in Indianapolis, but my optimism has not been dimmed by these disappointments, and I am still hoping for a fine arts building.

Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in her first North American recital under my direction on February 8, 1916, and the following year in April, and will be again heard on January 17, 1921, in the second of the three evening subscribed concerts.

Schumann-Heink Here Nov. 28

(Continued from Page 7)

Will take baby, and boat, and you."

And when she sings "Death and the Maiden," Fr. Schubert:

(The Maiden)
Pass onward—oh, pass onward,
Wild man with skinless bone!
I'm but a girl
Away then and leave the young alone.

(Death)
Give me thy hand, my fair and tender child;
As friend I come, and not to chasten.
Be of good cheer! I am not wild;
To sleep within these fond arms hasten.

The following is the complete program which Mme. Schumann-Heink will present, assisted by George Morgan, a young American baritone of sterling worth, and Katharine Hoffmann at the piano:

I.

"Ah, Rendimi"_____Mitrane
_____Francesco Rossi
Mme. Schumann-Heink

(Continued on Page 17)

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will meet on November 26 with Mrs. Witt Hadley, 3560 Ashland avenue. Mrs. Silberman will read a paper on "The Constitution," and Mrs. Doan on "Congress Today."

* * *

On November 24 the members of the Inter Nos Club will meet at the home of Mrs. R. E. Repass, 150 West Maple Road, Mrs. A. T. Cox will give a talk on "Women in Industry" and Mrs. J. H. Grimes will furnish a musical program.

* * *

"Authors of Pioneer Days" will be the subject of discussion at a meeting of the Irvington Coterie on November 22, at the home of Mrs. Theo. Kingsbury, 5858 East Washington street. "Hoosier Schoolmaster" will be the subject of a reading by Mrs. W. L. Ewing, and "Hoosier Mosaics," by Mrs. E. Wilson.

* * *

On November 23, the Irvington Tuesday Club will meet with Mrs. William Forsyth, 15 South Emerson avenue. Mrs. H. E. Barnard will talk on "The Labor Question," and Mrs. O. C. Neier will lead the discussion.

* * *

The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will hold an open meeting at the home of Mrs. E. C. Rubush, 150 East Forty-sixth street. Papers will be read by Mrs. Yockey on "Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington," and by Mrs. Culbertson on "Woman as a Citizen."

* * *

Mrs. O. N. Torian will read a paper on "The Spirit of America" before a meeting of The Monday Club at the Propylaeum on November 22.

* * *

On November 24 Mrs. Helen Fassold, 5 University Terrace, will entertain the members of the New Century Club. She will be assisted by Mrs. Otis McCracken. "Influence of Household Decoration on the Character of Children" will be the subject of a paper by Mrs. M. T. Scudder, and "Home Duties of Members of the Modern Family" will be the title of another by Mrs. Charles Graul.

* * *

Miss Della Dearborn will entertain the members of the Parlor Club on November 22. Papers will be read about "Women Poets."

* * *

The Writers' Club will hold a guest meeting in the auditorium of the Public Library at 8 o'clock, November 23. A special Thanksgiving program will be held.

* * *

The Zetathea Club will hold a Thanksgiving program at the home of Mrs. H. J. Sneden, 651 East Thirty-second street. Miss Ida Jones will speak on "Women of the Bible," and Mrs. Knipp on "Poetry of the Bible." The report of the Federation delegate will also be given.

* * *

Hostesses for a meeting Saturday afternoon of the Magazine Club at the home of Mrs. A. J. Clark, 621 North New Jersey street, include with Mrs. Clark, Mrs. B. J. Coerper, Mrs. P. C. Curnick, Mrs. L. K. Babcock and Mrs. C. L. McIlvain. Interesting talks will be given by Mrs. H. W. Rhodehamel on "Women in the Medieval Castle," Mrs. Mary Brown on "Rise and Influence of the Communes," and Mrs. J. A. Johnson on a "Story of Brussels."

* * *

"Current Events," related by Mrs. C. A. McCotter, and "Literature of Japan and Educational System," discussed by Mrs. E. W. Rogers, will form the program for a meeting of the Culture Club, November 19, at the home of Mrs. Walter N. Carpenter, 926 West Drive.



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Always a favorite with Indianapolis audiences, she will sing at the Murat Sunday afternoon, November 28.

Schumann-Heink Here Nov. 28

(Continued from Page 16)

II.

Recitative
Aria "Benvenuto"----------Diaz
Mr. Morgan

III.

(a) When the Roses Bloom (1778-1825)----Louise Reichardt
(b) Over the Steppe----------A. T. Gretchaninoff
(c) Indian Spring Bird----------Thurlow Lieurance
(d) "Vale" (Farewell)----------Kennedy Russell
(e) Pirate Dreams---Charles Huerter
(f) Little Fidget------Eugen Hildach
Mme. Schumann-Heink

IV.

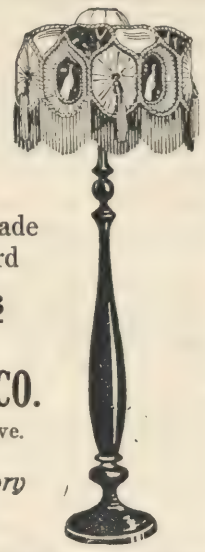
(a) Pilgrim's Song-----Tschaikowsky
(b) Mai----------Reynoldo Hahn
(c) Madrigal---------Gaston Lemaire
Mr. Morgan

V.

(a) The Young Nun-----Fr. Schubert
(b) The Trout----------Fr. Schubert
(c) Death and the Maiden--------Fr. Schubert
(d) The Erl King-------Fr. Schubert
Mme. Schumann-Heink

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Open YOUR account with the strong and growing
Peoples State Bank
MARKET STREET
Between Pennsylvania and Delaware

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

where we were going. We intended to travel down stream for at least two weeks and do nothing but fish, eat and sleep and enjoy ourselves.

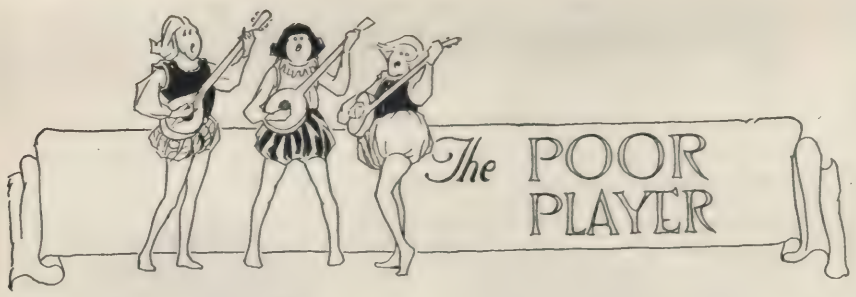
"And such a cruise! It was as if we were pioneer explorers, seeking some fabled land. * * * The first day we landed about sundown on a shady, willow-grown sand-bar—an ideal place for a camp. While the boys prepared to fish I got supper—bacon, eggs, corn-cakes; stewed fruit and coffee—and the youngsters displayed real hunger for the first time in months. Later, we pitched camp on the warm sands, got our beds ready—and then fished! And a fine mess we caught. * * * The moon was at its full and the river like molten silver. We stripped, bathed and then sought our beds and fell asleep almost at once, lulled by the myriad night sounds and the gentle lap of the water on our sandbar. * * *

The next morning we were all awakened at the first break of dawn by a thousand or so song birds which twittered songs in all the keys. * * * The trot line I had set the night before, on being "run" provided about twenty pounds of channel catfish of varying sizes—gleaming yellow fellows whose flesh is like silver when cooked. * * *

And so it went from day to day. We made landing wherever we liked, and stayed as long as we wished—each day bringing new adventures and new scenes. And fish! We caught more than we wanted daily. * * * Encamped at a bridge across the river for two or three days, we sold enough fish to give me the idea of selling them all during the rest of our cruise—which I did. I made it a point to establish camp near enough a public road to catch the traveler, who was usually ready to buy. * * * The first two days I sold $10 worth, including $5 worth to a grocer.

"At the end of two weeks we were about 100 miles from home. * * * It had been a great vacation and we hated to end it. I sold the boat for twice what it cost me and in computing my expenses and what we had earned from the sale of fish and the boat, I found that I had actually made money on the venture—and had my vacation free! In addition, my two youngsters were sound and well. * * *

"We had our trunk hauled to a railroad station, and, reluctantly bidding goodbye to one of the pleasantest summers we had ever known, got aboard a train and arrived home, brown as berries, with a new and deeper meaning of what God's big outdoors means."—C. S. G.



Theatre Calendar

Week of November 22.

English's—Robert B. Mantell in Shakespearean Repertoire.

Murat—"Aphrodite."

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

Who Remembers When—

Dickson and Talbot, some thirty years ahead of the times, produced the first stage play in which Abraham Lincoln was the chief character, under the title of "Abraham Lincoln?"

"Jersey" Wishard, the affable manager of the Indianapolis Bill Posting Company, was an actor?

Ad. Miller was the avaunt courier for "Creosus," the great race horse?

Henry Burton and Bill Shewmaker were the stars of a stock company at "Spring Lake Park?"

Roltaire Eggleston was a magician?

Phil Brown managed "Kissel's Garden?"

Gilmore's "Zoo" was going big?

The Empire was in its prime?

Alf. Hanson was a lightning ticket seller?

Ed Bingham was a sporting editor?

It was said that George June opened more oysters and closed more shows than any man in the country?

Nelse Trowbridge was a star box office man?

Fred Myers was a vaudeville comedian?

The colored policeman in the gallery of the old Park Theatre used to rap on the seats with a cane and yell: "Hats off, gents?"

And "Bee Line Bob" was a familiar character around the theatres?

* * *

Prices for "Aphrodite," though higher than ordinarily, have by no means reached the superlative. In New York and Chicago five dollars was the price. In St. Louis, the last booking before Indianapolis, four and a half was the top price. Indianapolis is fortunate, in comparison with these other cities, to be able to get a close view of this immense production for three dollars and fifty cents, graduating to the balcony, one dollar and fifty cents. Considering the quality of the attraction and the cost of staging it and moving it, the price is far from the profiteering class.

MURAT

In all the history of stage achievements, nothing so thrilling, so daringly beautiful and poetic can be compared to "Aphrodite," the mammoth spectacle which F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest will send to the Shubert-Murat for the week beginning Monday night, November 22, with matinees Wednesday, Thursday (2:20) and Saturday. New York flocked to it all of last season, where, at the Century Theatre, it was the oustanding dramatic sensation of the year.

Employing a cast of 300 people and with ten scenes of gorgeous beauty, "Aphrodite" is a romance of ancient Egypt, depicting the love of Demetrios, a sculptor of Alexandria, for Chrysis, a famous Galilean courtesan. Demetrios has modeled a statue of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, of such surpassing beauty that he adores the marble with a hopeless and pure love in which no thought of worldly passion ever enters. He, in turn, is loved by Berenike, Queen of Egypt, but remains cold and impassive to all her advances until suddenly the spark of real love is awakened in him by Chrysis, who mistrusting him, demands three crimes as proof of love. First, the theft of the Rhodopis mirror, which once belonged to Sapho, now owned by Bacchys; second, the ivory comb of Queen Nitocris, three thousand years old, worn by Touni, the high priestess, the theft of which requires her murder; and, third, the sacrilege of the Temple of Aphrodite by stealing the seven strings of sacred pearls which decorate his own statue of the Goddess. Demetrios commits the three crimes; but in a dream the statue reveals herself in all her purity to reawaken his lost ideals. He repulses Chrysis, who, compelled to wear her three gifts in public, meets the inevitable punishment for these crimes.

The same tremendous cast and gigantic production which thrilled and fascinated theatregoers last season in New York, and recently shattered all known records for theatrical receipts at the Auditorium, Chicago, will be brought to Indianapolis intact, requiring, as it does, a special train of eleven cars for its transportation.

Members of the cast, not including the chorus, ballet and subordinates, are Frederick Macklyn, Guy Hinter, W. Clay Inman, V. L. Granville, Alfred Hemming, William Betts, William Holly, Wallace Jackson, Patricia O'Connor, McKay Morris, Dan Quimby, Arnold Van Leer, Roy Trott, G W. Collingon, Mark Loebell, Georgiana Decker, Dorothy Earle, Gladys Belin, Helen White, Florence Barr, Dorinda Adams, Maude O'Dell, Pauline Armitage, Mildred Walker, Claudia Wheeler, Blanche Boizon, Dorthy Chesmond, Darathi Bock, Alma Rosine, Adelaide Fritz Allen. Clarence Redd, Valarie Sargent, Marion Morehouse, Margaret Townsend, Carmen Larm, June Jordan, Louise Wright, Salome Clark, Estelle Emery, Margaret Royce, Pauline Markham, Mildred Cort, Nancy Mayo, Seneta Meeks, Leona Kiefer, Cecellia Zimmerman.



SCENE FROM "APHRODITE"

McKay Morris as Demetrios, the Greek Sculptor, and Pauline Armitage as Chrysis, the Courtesan, in one of the most dramatic scenes of the much heralded production, "Aphrodite," appearing at the Shubert-Murat, week of November 22nd.

ENGLISH'S

Robert B. Mantell, who is always a welcome visitor to Indianapolis theatres, will be the Thanksgiving week attraction at English's. He will be seen in a role he has never played in Indianapolis, in the many years he has been coming here, that of melancholy Jacques in "As You Like It," the sprightliest of the Shakesperean comedies.

He will bring with him a company of unusual excellence and two new scenic productions, said to be picturesquely lavish.

The production of "As You Like It" was presented for the first time this season at Toronto with Miss Genevieve Hamper playing the part of Rosalind.



GENEVIEVE HAMPER

Supporting Robert B. Mantell in Shakespearean Repertoire, appearing at English's, week of November 22nd.

Miss Hamper was given flattering notices by the critics for her portrayal of this famous character. Mr. Mantell, one of the few actors of genius since the days of McCready, scored decisively as Jacques and his impersonation was pronounced one of the best ever seen of this character.

His other new production will be "Louis XI," in which this noted actor makes a startling presentation. Sir Henry Irving made this play by Casimer Delavigne popular. Mr. Mantell, however, is said to have departed considerably from the Irving method of presentation.

The repertoire for the week will be in order named: "Louis XI," Monday night; "Hamlet," Tuesday night; "Richelieu," Wednesday night; "Julius Caesar" on Thanksgiving afternoon; followed at night by "As You Like it"; "Macbeth," Friday night; "Merchant of Venice," Saturday afternoon, and "Julius Caesar" again Saturday night.

B. F. KEITH'S

Bothwell Browne, who was starred in "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," in which the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls appeared, has come into Keith vaudeville with what is perhaps the most sumptuous and pretentious revue in the annals of the two-a-day. With his sisters, Mildred and Dorothy, and a company numbering about a score, he will present what he calls a "somewhat different diversion," and is billed at Keith's for the week commencing November 22.

Other attractions of the week's program include Brown and O'Donnell in their "Profiteering for Fun." The Four Readings, sensational jugglers of human beings, are next in the line-up for stellar honors. Paul Cunningham and Florence Bennett offer their newest song recital, "Songs and Interruptions." Loraine Howard and Verne Sadler have a comedy skit, "Wedding Belles," with a musical accompaniment. Guy and Pearl Magley are dancers of the better kind and have a routine that is new and

iginal. The Vivians are sharpshooters who present some marvelous feats in marksmanship. The usual Kinogram weekly and the Digest Topics will be shown to round out the bill.

Lyric

Vaudeville's most gorgeous revue, "A Rainbow Cocktail," will top the Thanksgiving week bill at the Lyric. It is described as a melodious fantasy, glittering with girls and resounding with music and song. "Boy Wanted," a unique comedy skit that moves at a rapid gait; Conway and Fields, a nifty song and dance pair; the Roof Garden trio, two men and a girl whose offering is billed as "Roof Garden Follies;" Phesay and Powell, eccentric entertainers; Fields and Robinson, a team of comedians known as "The Gloom Chasers;" the LaSilvians, novelty aerial artists, and Anita and Stanley, musical funmakers, will complete the show. A Fox film farce, "His Noisy Still," the Bray pictograph and the Pathe review will also be shown.

Seeing the "J. P." of Real Life

(Continued from Page 5)

he inquired of the unsuspecting soldier. "Well, he just went over to the bank to get the money. Come on over and we'll find him."

No sooner had they rounded the corner till the crafty deputy, the Napoleon of the constabulary force, appeared on the scene, got into the waiting car and drove off.

When constable and soldier were fairly out of sight of the car, Mr. Broz gently broke the news of his trick to the soldier. "I might as well tell you right now. You ain't got any more car than a rabbit. My partner's got it over to the garage right now, so you might as well settle up." And what could the man of war do but follow this sage advice?

Probably the most hazardous case on record was the attempt to get an automobile out of a garage on a writ of replevin. Constable and deputy appeared ready for the fray, unable to devise any strategy that would get them the car by diplomatic methods. They tried pleasant words and coaxing manners, but no one on the garage force seemed willing to aid the representatives of the law. So these two stalwart citizens proceeded themselves to move the cars from in front of the automobile they were after, and make ready to drive it out. But no sooner were they ready to start up when the garagemen shoved back the obstructing cars and with increasing truculence, defied them to take it out. Hostilities became serious when a colored man pulled an eight-inch knife on the deputy. At this the constable grabbed his revolver and warned the garagemen that he was prepared for battle. The defenders of the car then armed with monkey wrenches, hammers and knives, and the fighting deputy got mad. "If you don't use your revolver on these boys I will," he shouted, and grabbing the gun he began shooting wildly. One bullet ricocheted from the cement wall of the garage, and hit one of the attacking force on the leg. Howls of anguish and fright warned the comrades that one of their number was got. The defense immediately weakened and in the excitement the besiegers mounted the car and drove off with honks of victory.

Serving summonses and subpoenas is another department of the constable's work, and while it isn't apt to be as dangerous as serving a writ of replevin, it often requires well-planned startegy to find a man and serve the summons. A man employed in a shoe shining parlor was to be subpoenaed, but it seemed impossible to catch him at his place of business; he was always out. The constable returned for a final attack. "Jones in yet?" he asked.

"Nope, just stepped out."

"Sorry. I did want to pay him this five dollars before I left town. Guess it's too late."

But before he got to the door Jones had appeared, smiling and ready to take the money. Naturally, he got the subpoena instead.

As a matter of fact, the court of a justice of the peace is the proper place for clearing up all minor offenses, and keeping the criminal courts from being cluttered up with trivial matters. The squire grinds through his petty cases, turns over important matters to the criminal courts, and is ably aided and abetted in dispensing justice by his trusty henchmen, the constable and the deputy.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If the next issue of TOPICS does not reach you at the usual time, please remember that Thanksgiving holiday has caused a delay of one day, and your newsboy will deliver your copy as soon as possible.

Topics

is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

We have produced all numbers of this magazine from the first.

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PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY
309 East Ohio Street
INDIANAPOLIS



This is not a picture of Bothwell Browne, but one of his bathing beauties, who is said to be as versatile a terpsichorean as she is aquatic.

ENGLISH'S

Thanksgiving Week STARTING MONDAY NOV. 22

ROBERT B.

MANTELL

AND

GENEVIEVE HAMPER

Monday—Louis XI
Tuesday—Hamlet
Wednesday—Richelieu
Thanksgiving Matinee—Julius Caesar
Thanksgiving Night—As You Like It
Friday Night—Macbeth
Saturday Matinee—Merchant of Venice
Saturday Night—Julius Caesar

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Indianapolis, Ind.

A Close Up of George Beban

He doesn't wear a plaid shirt and corduroy trousers, heavy boots and an old cap; he doesn't play an accordion or grind an organ; and he doesn't have a trace of an Italiano accent (at least not while being interviewed). But after you've had a chance to observe him carefully, you realize that this correctly attired gentleman, with the sparsely thatched head, the dignified and black-ribboned nose-glasses, the properly pressed business suit—in spite of the fact that he has been living on trains since he left the coast, and the brand new brown shoes which still squeak a little—this really is George Beban.

He dropped off the train for a few hours Monday afternoon on business in connection with his latest picture which Mr. Lieber, manager of the Circle, announces will be shown at his theatre some time within the next few months. The picture is called "One Man in a Million," and it is while discussing this play and his part in it that Mr. Beban begins to look like himself, the Beban of the stage and the screen.

"You see, this Giuseppe, he has the right philosophy of life—he's just a poor old East Side Italian, but he's got the cheerful, happy, helpful, unbeatable attitude toward life that makes him help the other fellow. No Pollyanna stuff—but the spirit that makes him say, 'When harda luck, he come an' keeck you down—jus' get up an' laugh—then he be 'shamed an' run 'way.'"

And as he says his lines of the play, with the soft accent and the illuminating gestures and the friendly hunch of shoulders, you can see that this really is George Beban.

"Yes, I have the part of this down-on-his-luck man, who says to his worse-off neighbor, 'Next time you hoongry, come over to my house, take pots luck with me.' He's so sympathetic and kind-hearted that when he gets the job of keeper of the dog pound, he won't let any of the dogs be killed." Warming up to his subject, Mr. Beban goes on: "It's a great story, entertainment, laughs, thrills tense moments, and the stuff that makes a story go, but there's no sex appeal, nothing salacious, nothing unwholesome."

This leads up to the subject that is nearest Mr. Beban's heart—or rather, on his chest. He objects to the effect which the sex play, the salacious picture is having on movies in general. Decent people, he says, go to a play of that kind and are so disgusted that they wash their hands of the movies. But he insists that all the motion pictures aren't that kind and not all the successful pictures are that kind. He calls to witness the clean but entertaining, absorbing stories of "Humoresque," "The Miracle Man" and "Earthborn," a picture which has not yet reached Indianapolis, but which is meeting with as great success in the West as any of the plays he thinks should be banned. He thinks that people like the good, clean, wholesome picture, and he is out to prove it—or rather to call people's attention to the fact that it has already been proved.

When his picture comes to the Circle, he is coming with it. (Also, he is going to bring George Beban, Jr., alias Bob White.) He promises some sort of a surprise in connection with his second visit to town—he won't tell just what—but one gathers from his scorn of the movie actor who is introduced by a faultless dress suit, paraded down the aisle, and pumped by the arm by an admiring crowd of fans, that he will not make his appearance "in person" in such fashion. Maybe he'll make a vehement speech voicing his belief that a "regular show" doesn't need a sensationalism and lewdness to get it across; maybe he'll hold an open forum discussion with his audience; maybe he'll sell them chestnuts; but at least one person in Indianapolis will be surprised if Geore Beban's zeal to save the movies from going to the dogs doesn't at least prove entertaining.

Home Spun Yarns

(Continued from Page 12)

it from a general manager of a railroad as it is for an ordinary man to borrow a screwdriver from a neighbor. On one occasion he took the entire editorial force of the News—about forty people—on a free trip to Chicago, going by rail to Michigan City, where he coaxed a steamboat captain to take the party across Lake Michigan to Chi and back. On another occasion he took the same party over the Lake Erie & Western to the beach at Sandusky, Ohio, and on another for a trip to Cedar Lake, Ind., where the party lived on a special train for two or three days. Still another of these jaunts was to St. Louis.

Then came the interstate and state railroad commissions, which shut off the practice of free joy riding over the railroads of the country.

From the railroads "Billy" Blodgett turned his newspaper talent to politics. He writes with his left hand, and he can write about Republicans and Democrats as easily as about Socialists or Prohibitionists. He knows thousands of men of all parties, from Governor of Indiana down to township trustees and road supervisors. Whether he is a Republican or a Democrat is not clear to most people who know him well.

One of the best pieces of reporting he ever did was when many years ago he traveled with the Wallace circus in Indiana and wrote a series of letters on sawdust life among the performers under the "big top." Blodgett-like, he knew every soul in the Wallace aggregation—from Ben Wallace, the owner, down through the list of clowns, tumblers and bareback riders, to the canvasmen and stake drivers.

He will celebrate his thirty-third anniversary with the News by writing a column for it.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

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Motion Pictures

Week of November 21

Alhambra—Ethel Clayton in "Sins of Rosanne;" Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend."

Circle—Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower."

Crystal—Alice Joyce in "The Vice of Fools."

Colonial—So Long, Letty.

Isis—Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious;" Mary Milés Minter in "Eyes of the Heart."

Ohio—Something to Think About.

Regent—William Farnum in "The Scuttlers."

Alhambra

Ethel Clayton comes to the Alhambra the first half of next week in "The Sins of Rosanne," a drama revealing the double life of a girl who sold her soul for diamonds. The scenes are laid in the famous diamond fields of Africa, one of the most notable of these being a great garden fete near Kimberley, in which Miss Clayton appears garbed as the Queen of Sheba. Her costume in this scene is declared to be the most dazzling and valuable ever devised for a motion picture. A Mutt and Jeff cartoon, Dorsey, Peltier and Schwartz in new songs and the Fox news weekly will complete the program. On Thursday and for the rest of the week the attraction will be Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend."

Circle

Richard Barthelmess, who played the Chinaman in "Broken Blossoms," and who is featured in the Griffith version of "Way Down East," has the leading role in "The Love Flower," a Griffith picture, which will be shown at the Circle Theatre the week of November 21. Carol Dempster, a new star, plays Stella to Barthelmess' Sanders. Stella's father's misfortunes furnish the complications for the piece: First, he is sent to jail on a false charge; then he finds his wife untrue and kills her lover—accidental, of course—so that he is exiled to a small island, where he evades the police. Stella, secluded with her father, meets few people, but falls in love with Sanders, a plantation owner on a neighboring island. Stella's anxiety for her father's safety makes her distrust Sanders, and many are the adventures necessary to bring the picture to a satisfactory close. "An Autumn Fantasy," a baby ballet arranged by Miss Gertrude Hacker, is the special attraction for Thanksgiving week. A Circlette of News, a comedy, "The Toonerville Trolley," and music by the Circle Orchestra, are included in the program.

Colonial

"So Long Letty," the screen version of Oliver Morosco's stage success, which was the predecessor of "Linger Longer Letty," will be the feature attraction at the Colonial Theatre Thanksgiving week. Two couples who have been married but a short time are neighbors. One husband, with a gay disposition and a strong penchant for clothes, soon discovers that his wife prefers comfortable house dresses and loves to cook home food. The other husband, who doesn't care for bright lights and clothes, learns that his wife is keen for cabarets, Paris gowns and restaurant food. They decide that divorce is the proper thing, and each wants to marry the wife of the other. But they hadn't figured on the women. Walter Hiers, Grace Darmond, Colleen Moore and T. Roy Barnes are the principals in the cast. Charlotte Merriam will be seen in a comedy, "Watch Your Husband," and there will also be a current news review and a program of music by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers.

Crystal

Four young people, all in love, but no two paired up, prove again in "The Vice of Fools" that true love never runs smoothly. Alice Joyce as the true and noble sweetheart of a misguided young man, stars in the picture, which will be shown the week of November 21 at the Crystal Theatre. Marion, played by Miss Joyce, is to marry young Cameron, but debonair Diana arrives on the scene and Cameron succumbs to her vamping. A young man named Granville falls madly in love with Marion and gives the final touch to the tangle. In spite of the folly of the other three members of the youthful quartette, Marion manages to right matters and bring her love affair to a successful conclusion.

Ohio

An unusual triangle forms the basis of the plot of "Someting to Think About," the picture to be shown at the Ohio Theatre the week of November 21. A young woman, the daughter of the village blacksmith, returns home from school to find that a wealthy young art student who is her neighbor has fallen in love with her. Since he hesitates to propose to her because of the fact that she is crippled, the young woman does the proposing herself. During her engagement, she falls in love with an athletic young villager and runs away with him. A Paramount magazine reel, a Christie comedy, and Literary Digest Topics complete the program for the week.

Regent

A thrilling tale of the sea is "The Scuttlers," the feature attraction at the Regent the week of November 21. The story on which the picture is founded was written by Clyde Westover, and William Farnum is the star, supported by a cast of well-known players.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

"Abie, here's a classy song for our act that'll knock 'em dead. Listen at that vamp. Ain't it a lulu?"

Tin Pan alley, on Forty-sixth street, just off Broadway, is the cradle of all that is good and bad in jazzy vaudeville and revue music. Here all day men in shirt sleeves drum out the tin-pan tunes in a haze of tobacco smoke, rhyming "love" with "dove," spinning lyrics of "wondrous eyes," "baby smiles" and similar twaddle, accompanied by mediocre refrains, which seldom smack of originality. Oftentimes, they are thinly-disguised imitations of popular hits. One Broadway song hit is an absolute steal from Chopin, which probably proves that the classics are not immune. Aspiring song writers, who live in gas-lighted rooms and copy music to make the daily bread, complain that the whole industry is under the control of uneducated men, who have no elementary sense of music. They are said to be responsible for the wholesale output of miserable contemporary popular music. One of the most successful song writers in New York is said to have asked a friend how to spell the word "suggest."

When the King of Memphis lost his whiskers, the contralto and various Egyptian soldiers their weekly stipend, there wasn't any "Aida" for grand opera lovers at the Lexington Opera Association's theatre the other eve. Members of the cast objected to being paid by check and the king was unable to find his whiskers. The audience waited until about ten o'clock when the word "no show" was announced. Then a small riot ensued and policemen, not Egyptian, but New York cops, were called to quiet the angry mob.

It may not have been premeditated, but a large department store on Thirty-fourth street screens its windows at night only down to the point on the models where the silk stockings protrude from the skirt.

Wool, velvet and feathers are to be the ingredients of the winter hats for women, according to Fifth avenue shopkeepers. Nice soft bumping when the car stops suddenly, if the hatpins are eliminated.

Here comes the groom and the bride, too. Why? Because the hotel managers of New York City are about to lower the price of bridal suites. The innkeepers say that everything else is going down, so why not honeymoons?

War profiteers are far from popular in Father Knickerbocker's estate. The sweet epithets of "greedy vultures" and "crawling ghouls" were applied to them by a Fifth avenue church pastor, who is also chaplain of an American Legion post, in a sermon in which he consigned them to the "deepest pit of hell."

Bronx Park habitues are not afraid of a cold winter because the beavers have demonstrated to their complete satisfaction that normalcy will be the chief characteristic of the cold season. The supply of young saplings, on which the beavers of the Zoo thrive in winter, is only normal, park employes say. When severe weather is in prospect the beavers are said to collect a large store of the saplings.

The toy vendor was working Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street. A policemen elbowed through the crowd and struck him in the back. Then the bluecoat unloosened a stream of profane words for the edification of the women nearby. The sidewalk peddler moved on after packing up his trinkets.

Another policeman helps children across West Forty-second street on their way to a kindergarten. The newspapers carry stories of rescues and thrilling exploits by policemen every day.

It all depends on the cop.

Hester Bailey Danse Recital

Miss Hester Bailey, who was recently seen in TOPICS, dancing to the musical strains of a Victrola, gave a dance recital Friday evening, November 12, at the Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts. Miss Bailey was formerly a pupil and assistant of Mlle. Theo Hewes and is now head of the department of dancing at the College of Music and Fine Arts. Although Miss Bailey has been with the school only since the beginning of the fall term, and some of her pupils have as yet had very little training, the recital was very creditable. Dorothy Alice Coleman, Aline Hogan, Juanita Waldon, Lucille Cordes and little Marjorie Jane Maginnis and Artie Gibson were on the program for dances, all of which were composed and originated by Miss Bailey, who gave a toe dance and a very pretty "Danse de Printemps." Miss Bailey was assisted by Miss Mary Harter, Louis Broaddus and Pasquale Montani.

Go to the Matinees

THE CIRCLE

Special Thanksgiving Program

D. W. GRIFFITHS'
"The Love Flower"
The Triumph of Beauty

Autumn Fantasie
With Baby Ballet

CIRCLE COMEDY
"The Toonerville Trolley"

CIRCLETTE OF NEWS

The Weekly Potpourri

Indianapolis celebrated Armistice Day, but in a vastly different fashion from what it did two years ago. On the present occasion decorum marked the day; two years ago, the city was wild with delight and gave itself over to an unrestrained jollification in victory over the Germans.

The second celebration was largely of a social nature, the principal public feature being a special observance held by the American Legion of Marion county at the state house on the evening of Armistice Day. Maj.-Gen. George W. Reed, commander of the Fifth Army Corps, and his staff attended the state house celebration, which included a presentation of a medal to a wounded veteran, symbolic of the homage the nation pays to all veterans. The festivities included a dance in the state house rotunda, attended by many overseas and ex-service men in uniforms. The city hall and some of the courts observed half holiday in commemoration of the event. Armistice Day bids fair to become as popular a holiday as the Fourth of July—and the two are similar in import.

Members of the board of trustees of the War Memorial Commission inspected the proposed site of the memorial building last week, now occupied by the School for the Blind and St. Clair Park. It is probable that the commission will ask the incoming legislature to condemn for additional park purposes the two squares of ground lying between the site and University Square. Perhaps some of the grandchildren of the World War veterans will get to see the memorial building.

Candidates for office have been filing their expense accounts with the clerk of the court. It cost Merrill Moores $810 to run for Congress and Winfield Miller $113 to run for state senator. George Hardin, Democratic candidate for commissioner, spent $600 to make the race—and draw a blank. J. Raymond Schmidt, Prohibition candidate for attorney general, spent nothing and received the same.

Oysters are in season—and so is the "oyster louse"—not that the "succulent bivalve" is afflicted with parasites, but that there is a parasite shaped like an oyster which is attacking and killing shade trees in Indianapolis. The service division of the Indianapolis public parks announces that hundreds of trees are so afflicted and will be killed if not treated. The park board will supply any information wanted about treatment.

The report of the state board of examiners concerning the office of the county treasurer shows incidentally that with the salary and fee system now in vogue, this office is one of the best in the state from a financial viewpoint. Mr. Sourbier's salary for 1918 was $25,000, plus fees, salary of school city treasurer, etc., brought the total up to $78,108.17 in 1918 and $88,320.75 in 1919. Mr. Sourbier explained that out of these amounts approximately $39,000 was expended yearly for salaries and other office expenses. The report of the examiners failed to show how much the treasurer received from interest on Barrett law and other so-called trust funds. The question is being asked among various citizens, is the office of treasurer of Marion county worth almost as much as is paid the President of the United States? In any event, no one can say the treasurer is not well paid.

According to gossip, considerable reform tax legislation is to be asked for at the next session of the legislature, especially as regards the state automobile tax law and the statutes extending the powers and duties of the board of county commissioners and county council. One suggestion for motor car legislation is to have a gasoline tax, a vehicle tax and a straight tax law—the revenue raised by it to be used for road maintenance. The gasoline tax would be collected from tourists as a sort of toll for using the improved roads. It might be noted, however, that any new-fangled taxing is not going to get very far in Indiana —for a while at least.

Another death from an automobile mishap has been chronicled in Indianapolis. This time an elderly man was struck and instantly killed while crossing the street. Witnesses say that the driver of the car was not to blame—that is, he was not indulging in fast driving. But it is the same old story—a majority of automobile drivers imagine that all the necessity for caution rests with the pedestrian and not with the man at the wheel. As a matter of fact, it is a divided proposition; each should exercise a due amount of caution. but where one doesn't the other is expected to go even farther than is expected of him.

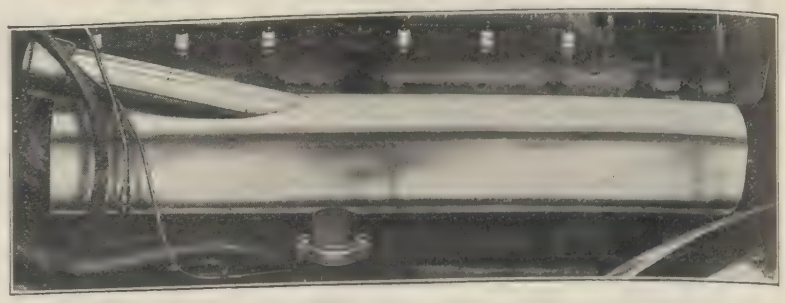
Judge Lahr of juvenile court says: "Prayers, preaching and Sunday school will not make a bad boy good," but he admits they help. "It takes some work along with it," continued the judge, in discussing a case recently brought before him. The court remarked that going to church on Sunday and loafing all week and not going to school will not work reform among thoughtless boys. They have to have work as the real cure. Boys that prefer cigarettes to algebra can't get very far, he declared. Judge Lahr has held many times that parents are largely to blame when their children get off on the wrong tangent, and says it is largely the result of lax discipline or none at all.

Evidently the "kitchen still" and the makers of white mule, as well as the peddlers of contraband booze of all kinds, are going to find it a little tougher going from now on. The county grand jury has returned four indictments for blind tiger activity.

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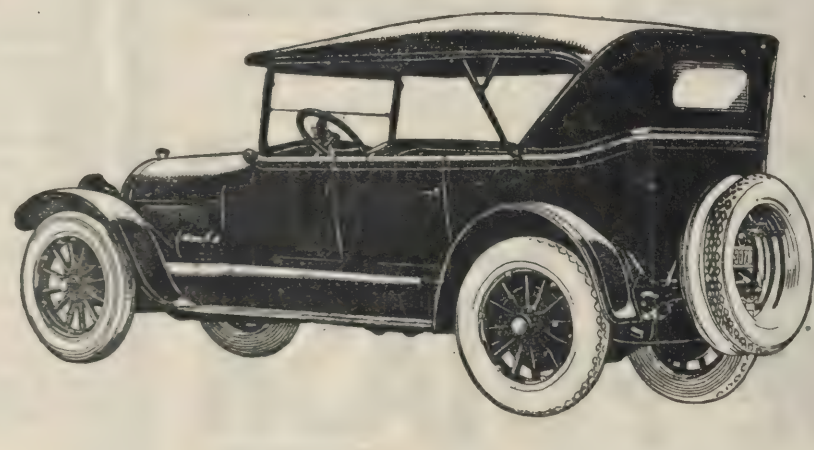
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1920 — NUMBER 24

Athletic Club Now Assured

Permanent Organization Now Being Completed and Organizing for Second Membership Campaign.

Having effected a permanent organization, the Indianapolis Athletic Club officials are now busy appointing committees and organizing an office force, preparatory to opening the subscription books for the second 1,000 members of the club.

The board of directors, at a recent meeting, raised the membership fee to $350, and members entering from now on will be charged that rate.

Henry F. Campbell, president of the club, said that it would be some time during December before the club's books would be open and solicitation for the second 1,000 members started. He said that already a number of applications on the new fee basis had been received.

Mr. Campbell has appointed a membership committee and a site committee, approved by the board of directors, who will make a report some time near the first of the year on the location of the club house. The directors are reticent as to the location of the club, but said it would be downtown and that several sites were under consideration.

At this time the club has approximately 1,300 members. Included in the list are the most representative men in Indianapolis. "There are other representative citizens who have not yet sent in their application," said a member of the board, "but we are expecting them to do so soon. In fact, I don't see how they can stay out, after knowing what the club stands for."

It has been the policy from the time of the club's inception until now that it should be representative of the best thought in Indianapolis, regardless of politics, religious or business affiliations. It was at the Columbia Club last March that the subject of such an organization was broached to a number of business men who happened to be dining there.

It is to the honor and courage of some fifty business men of Indianapolis that they agreed to finance a plan whereby Indianapolis could be "felt out" on the club proposition, or disclose whether such an organization would meet with the approval of the leading men of the city. One of the supporters of the project offered to contribute $1,000 to find out the sentiment on the subject if nine other men would make like contributions. Henry F. Campbell and Harry Stutz were the first to get behind the plan, and from this nucleus the organization grew. At the first meeting there were present George J. Marott, Harry C. Stutz, Henry F. Campbell F. H. Wheeler, Herbert L. Bass, L. H. Wainwright, Dick Miller, Hal Hornbrook, Wallace Lee, Alfred Glossbrenner and Henry P. Angel, organizer of Cleveland.

This meeting was followed by a ways and means organization and the appointment of a founders' committee, which provided the sinews for the work of organizing.

From that time, early in the spring, until now, the work of boosting the organization has been going on. Now that its culmination is at hand, the club virtually assured, Indianapolis will have another vote of thanks to give to some of its representative citizens.

The need of such a club is too obvious to need discussion. It will provide a place where the best thought of the city can meet for the discussion of matters directly relating to the welfare of every citizen. It will provide a place where guests of members can be taken and entertained in a metropolitan spirit that will appeal to them. The club house will be one of the most handsomely

Need of Such an Organization Emphasized by Leading Men of City Who Have Applied for Membership.

appointed in the middle west, if not in the whole country; it will have every modern convenience and will be a credit to the capital of Hoosierdom.

Under the charter the men will not have the exclusive use of the club, but provisions have been made for the women and even for the children of members.

Members do not have to be athletes to belong, but the club is designed to offer all that is best in physical attainment to the business man who stands in need of such "medicine." Even his diet will be looked after by the club.

The club primarily stands for the best in amateur athletics, and will sponsor such events from the sport side and not from the commercial angle. The point, however, is emphasized that the club house will be a meeting place where the best inter-

(Continued on Page 19)



Photo by Moorefield

INDIANAPOLIS ATHLETIC CLUB BANQUET

Does Indianapolis want an Athletic Club? This picture is the corroborative evidence of the enthusiasm manifested by the members at the Jollification Dinner held in the Riley Room of the Claypool Hotel, which was attended by over 600 members.

Is Indianapolis Musically Cold?

Music Lovers Have Worked Mightily to Change This Condition and Are Succeeding to a Degree.

College of Music and Fine Arts Has Done Much to Warm Up Appreciation for Local Talent.

By Beatrice Sherman

Indianapolis has often been charged with being unappreciative musically, of being rather lukewarm in its support of the musical arts, slow to become enthusiastic until it is sure that enthusiasm is in order, and in general, lacking in the warm, welcoming attitude in which music flourishes. The sad part of the charge is that there is a great deal of truth in it. Of recent years there has been some improvement in this respect, so that many a music lover has been kept back from vigorous criticism by the fear that a slowly blossoming tendency might be nipped in the bud by chill disapproval. But even this increase in musical appreciation seems to benefit only the outsider. A great artist, whose name has been widely advertised, who bears the stamp of approval of New York and London and the continent can now find a fairly warm reception here—but the musician of talent, who has always lived in Indianapolis, or who comes unheralded by the press agent, is apt to find the city unappreciative of his work. It is just another case of the prophet who is without honor in his own country, or any other country where he comes unannounced and in an unobtrusive way.

Always, however, there is the saving minority who do appreciate what is good, and who are willing to spend their efforts prodigally to uplift musical standards in the community, not only occasionally, but daily. Some of these choice spirits, musically speaking, are working together in the Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts. The aim of the school has always been to develop a high grade of American musicians, to develop the talents of its students, and to increase the general average of musical appreciation throughout the community. Like a good many other noteworthy institutions in Indianapolis, the college has gone on with its fine work for years, with but little public recognition of its merit. Indianapolis has accepted it as a matter of course that we should have one of the finest musical colleges in the middle west, and also that we should continue to let it go on with its work with a rather meagre award of public appreciation.



HARRY G. HILL
President, Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts.



JUNIOR ORCHESTRA IN RECITAL
Miss Olive Kiler directs this orchestra, which is composed of students, whose work meets the standard requirements for membership.

The college is now in its fourteenth year, having been established in 1907 by Oliver Willard Pierce, who was at that time the leading pianist in the state. The building used by May Wright Sewall for her Girls' Classical School was bought by the college. The curriculum at that time included three departments, piano, voice and violin. Of the three teachers in the voice department, Alexander Ernestinoff and Arnold Spencer are still members of the faculty, men who have done a great deal in developing the musical talent of the city.

Great emphasis at that time was laid on the piano, and the six members of the first graduating class were all piano students. Miss Blanche Dunn, now Mrs. Paul Brown, who was a member of the first small class, began teaching in the school the next year after her graduation, and has been a teacher in the school ever since.

In 1917, the College of Musical Art, as it was then called, was sold to the Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts, with Harry Granison Hill as president. Dr. Hill has had long experience in educational work and was president of a large chautauqua and lyceum bureau. This bureau is still maintained, drawing upon the faculty and the senior students for its talent.

With the expansion of the name of the school, there was a simultaneous expansion of the curriculum, and necessarily some changes in the faculty. After Mr. Pierce withdrew from his position as head of the piano department, the school was fortunate enough to secure the services of Pasquale Tallerico to stop this gap in the ranks of the faculty. Mr. Tallerico had won a splendid reputation as a concert artist, and had appeared as soloist with the symphony orchestras of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Indianapolis and other cities. For two years Mr. Tallerico did fine work as a teacher in the college, but, perhaps, because the walls of the city were not plastered with advertising matter announcing his arrival, he was not accorded the general recognition in the city which he deserved. The few appreciated Indianapolis' good fortune in having this artist here, but the many ignored him.

Consequently, when Mr. Tallerico received a very good offer from the Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore he accepted it, and the city lost an able musician.

Again, however, the school was fortunate in being able to get a big man to head its piano department. Willoughby Boughton, a favorite student and assistant teacher of Lhevinne, comes the first of the year to fill this position.

Horace Whitehouse, who will also come to the school with the beginning of the year, was instrumental in getting Mr. Boughton to come to Indianapolis, for these two men have been co-teachers in the same school for the past nine years, with the exception of a short interim of about a year. Mr. Whitehouse, who is a graduate of the New England Conservatory, will be vice-president of the school, organist and choral director.

Frank Ronald Evans, who is also a piano teacher of wide experience, and a graduate of the New England Conservatory, joined the faculty last September.

The violin department also has a new director, Rudolf Kafka, for five years the student and assistant teacher of Sevcik, the world's greatest violin teacher. Mr. Kafka will be heard in recital early in December.

In the vocal department, Mr. Ernestinoff and Mr. Spencer will continue the work that they have been doing for a great many years in the city.

It is to be hoped that the newcomers to the school, and for that matter, the old members of the faculty as well, will receive the appreciation which they deserve, that Indianapolis will not take that deprecatory, provincial attitude that is so damning to progress. "They can't be remarkable artists, or they wouldn't come here and stay in our town." Indianapolis should convince itself of the fact, so often reiterated for advertising purposes, that "Indianapolis is a good town," musically speaking, and that there is no reason why the outstanding artist should not find a congenial environment in the city, if its citizens will do their share, if they will think for themselves on musical questions and not wait for the verdicts of other cities before acclaiming true musical merit. If the city is to gain the power of discriminating appreciation, there can be no tying to ready-made standards. Every person who studies music adds to general average of power to appreciate what is good.

In line with this thought, Dr. Hill has as a pet project, which he plans to inaugurate when the opportunity arises, a course in musical appreciation for the general public—not to be limited to the students at the college.

Other new courses which have already been added to the curriculum are the violoncello, the cornet, trombone and baritone, by Walter Reuleaux, Frank H. Kessler and Rocco Cassiero, respectively, all of the Circle Orchestra. Pasquale Montani teaches the harp, flute, saxophone, drums, traps, xylophone and marimba. In response to the trend of the times, courses in banjo, guitar or mandolin, taught by Mansfield Patrick, are also offered.

Under the "Fine Arts" part of its name, the school offers instruction in reading and dramatic art, dancing, English and short story writing, Lyceum and Chatauqua coaching.

Within the last three years the enrollment of the school has increased from 418 to more than 1,000. This has resulted in a congestion at times in the school which has been relieved by the affiliation of the college with the Herron Art Institute for the art work, and with the Paris School of French for instruction in the modern languages. Even so, the building is generally taxed to capacity, and it seems not improbable that the school may outgrow its quarters if the present rate of growth continues.

(Continued on Page 22)

Wealth of Talent for Music Season

Pavlowa with the Ballet Russe and a Symphony Orchestra to Open Concert Season.

By Ona B. Talbot

"One of God's greatest charities is Music."—Lowell.

The twentieth season of subscribed concerts under the Fine Arts Association direction gives every promise of being the most distinguished, in point of attractions presented, as well as the enthusiasm of the concert-going public. The subscription list is larger by many hundreds than ever before. This is obviously significant of the development of musical taste in the community, not only for an occasional concert, but a desire to hear all that will be presented throughout the season.

After five triumphal years in Mexico, Central and South America, Spain, Portugal and London, Anna Pavlowa, the "incomparable" returned to New York October 19, the tenth anniversary of her American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, at which time Michael Mordkin was her dancing partner.

Much has been written about her dancing. It has received the highest possible tributes. Before it existed even it was praised. Recall the dialogue of Emeron and Margaret Fuller, and the dance of Herodias's daughter as told in the pages of Flaubert. In these then was prophecy. All that has been written about the "poetry of motion" is applicable to her. Today she remains the greatest classical dancer of the time. Karsavina once rivaled her. Credible report from London has it that Karsavina, who never visited the United States, is not what she was. At the Paris Opera there is Zambelli, no longer young, but still great. What other contemporary names could be mentioned on the page with Pavlowa?

Mlle. Pavlowa brings with her the Ballet Russe with which she has been surrounded for five years. Her dancing partner is Alexander Volinine, long familiar to the followers of the dancing art. Besides providing an especially organized symphony orchestra under the directorship of Theodore Stier, the costumes and other equipment have all been brought from London.

The programmes submitted for selection, for her two performances here on the afternoon and evening of December 21, the matinee being an extra engagement, and the evening programme the first of the three evening subscribed concerts, include eleven ballets and thirty-two divertissements; among them some of the old favorites like "Amarilla," "Chopiniani," "Giselle" and "Snow-flakes." The new ones are "Autumn Leaves," "The Fauns", "Mexican Dances," "La Peri" and "Thais."

* * *

When in the course of musical events a world-famous artist, already believed to have reached the "towering peak of supreme accomplishment," attains new heights of artistic success, adding to a career already resplendent with glory, triumphs surpassing even her former achievements, it makes musical history for the ages. Tributes to the supreme art of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, who will give a recital here on Monday evening, January 17, the second of the three evening subscribed concerts, will be recorded in the years to come in the "annals of the great."

It is not alone the glory of her voice, the perfection of her technique, the intelligence of her interpretations, not all of these wonderfully combined, that make Galli-Curci as great as she is. She radiates the personality of a deep, strong soul; she carries an "atmosphere" that holds; she has the indefinable quality that makes every note significant—that is the essence of true art—bearing a real musical message in every offering.

* * *

As many spectators as the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City is intended to hold attended the premiere on Monday evening, November 15, to hear Caruso, Ponselle, Scotney, Harrold and Rothier in "La Juive," which means that exactly 4,207 persons attended the performance. Of that number 3,527 viewed the opening comfortably seated, and 500 more stood through three glorious hours after many of them had stood twice that long waiting to get in. When the standing limit of 500 had been reached a crowd of 500 more disappointed ones had to leave the precincts of the opera house.

Those who got in paid prices varying from $2 to $200 for the privilege of participating in the opening performance of the season, the thirteenth under the directorship of Gatti Casazza. The smaller figure represents the cost of standing room, and the larger was the premium paid by an enthusiastic patron whose fancy for operatic first nights knows no limit. The top price for an orchestra chair on an opening night is $10.00. The man who paid the $200 had the satisfaction of knowing that his seat was the record for the season of 1920-21.

Society lived up to its brilliant traditions. Those who have helped for many years to make fashionable vogues in the "golden horse shoe," as the parterre row of boxes, controlled by the owners of the opera house, is nicknamed, were all there.

Chicago's opera season of 1920 opened on Wednesday evening, November 17, and also gives promise of being the most notable in the history of opera in the west. The season opened with the American premiere of Gino Marunuzzi's lyric drama "Jacquerie." Marinuzzi is the brilliant young conductor of the Chicago opera, and the one Campanini himself named as his successor, and who contributed much to the joy and success of the opera last season.



ANNA PAVLOWA

Famous Russian artist, with her ballet Russe, who recently arrived in America for another tour, which includes Indianapolis, December 21.

Music in the White House

There is a tradition that George Washington was something of a virtuoso on the flute, but a recent investigator, Miss Frances R. Grant, has discovered a letter from the first President to Francis Hopkinson, composer of "Hail Columbia," in which Washington regrets that he "can neither sing nor raise a single note on any instrument to convince the unbelieving." The stern and rock bound Adamses were equally free of melodic achievements, although John Quincy Adams did manifest lyrical tendencies in his almost forgotten verse.

One of Jefferson's biographers hands down a suitable bit of two-edged musical criticism in the remark "that his violin was a never-ending source of delight to him." Benjamin Franklin not only played harp, guitar and violin, but also devised an elaborate set of musical glasses known as the "armonica," which he hoped would displace the piano.

Abraham Lincoln never has been thought of as musical, yet singing affected him deeply. A story has come down with history from an old negro servant in the Lincoln family. One day, when the cares and sorrows of state were unusually heavy, Lincoln walked through the streets of Washington, his head bowed in thought and his hands clasped behind him. On passing a schoolhouse he heard a group of children singing. He stopped, took off his high beaver

(Continued on Page 15)

Youthful Offenders, Usually Victims of Lax Parental Discipline, Tell Judge Lahr Their Troubles.



Increase in Juvenile Court Cases Does Not Mean Decrease in Morality But More Vigilant Officers.

JUVENILE COURT
Room 20

The big black-lettered sign on its dirty white background is attracting capacity audiences to Judge Lahr's court these days. The youthful miscreant and his unhappy elders are giving the judge plenty of work to keep him in the court room all day long.

Almost any morning, about nine or ten o'clock, the big crowd assembles in the waiting room in the east end of the court house basement. The two long files of hard park benches are filled with the daily harvest for the juvenile court. The colored contingent is prominent—the ancient black mammy, oozing easy tears down her chocolate-colored cheeks as she sits beside her small, stupid-looking granddaughter, who has been called before the "jedge;" the thick-headed young habitue of the poolroom, who looks like an illustration for "The Boy Who Should Have His Adenoids Removed;" the husky workingman, fidgeting in his seat as he watches the clock and thinks of the time he's being docked, and meditates what he'll do to his hookey-playing son when he gets him back home; the pretty, faded little mother, drooping under a large blue-feathered hat, sniffling and using her soiled handkerchief and patting the weazened little boy beside her; the nice-looking red-headed lad, who looks over the congregation with curious glance, rather enjoying his unusual situation and wondering what the judge'll look like; a widely varied group, conversing in low tones when they first arrive, but gradually succumbing to the soporific influence of the heat and the bad air, and sinking into a semi-stupor, from which they are aroused by a probation officer's opening the court door and calling the names of those who are to appear in the next case.

One day last week the contingent called for one case was unusually large. "John Smith, Harry Jones, Babe Wood, —" and so on down the long list read the officer, until some dozen small boys had filed into the court room, followed by a troop of anxious parents.

"What's this?" said the judge, "a gang?"

"Not exactly," explained one of the officers. "Some of them know each other and some don't. But they all live in the same neighborhood, and they've all been doing about the same thing."

Then the affidavits against the young offenders were read.

"John Smith, you are accused of having stolen from a barn on 2345 Blank street a revolver, two quarts of whiskey, and two jugs of syrup. Did you do that?"

"Yessir," affirmed the minute lad on the end. "Me and m' brother."

As the other affidavits were read, it developed that this small circle of Indianapolis lads were fair rivals for Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. They had stolen a canoe, several revolvers, a number of shotguns, a rifle, an inner tube (for swimming purposes), a camera, a doctor's case, a flashlight, and shells—all the materials to set the stage for a Mark Twain story. Barns, houses, automobiles, furnished the loot, and when the gang got tired of any of it, they sold it.

The fruits of their labors were evidently enjoyed at a camp on Fall Creek, where the "desperado game" was played. In spite of the fact that parents were able and willing, in most cases, to furnish food, the young brigands foraged the neighborhood. The health regime required, for one thing, that of a morning scouts be sent out to get a pint of milk and a half pint of cream for every one in the camp at the time. Then, upon occasion, a bakery was robbed to provide "pies, and candy, and stuff." Syrup, glycerine and whiskey were also on the list of captured goods.

As the catalogue of crimes was called out, each offender against the law admitted his share in the general guilt. One officer and then another contributed to the full category of misdemeanors against each boy.

The gang had had a wild and woolly time. They had emulated the James boys and the modern movie hero of a western thriller, and they were there to see what the judge would do about it. And the judge was impressed.

For perhaps the first time, the seriousness of the situation began to weigh on some of the boys and on some of their parents. Then Judge Lahr talked of sentences, and in accordance with his custom, he made them pretty heavy, but in most cases suspended them, giving the culprits and parents both a chance to see what they could do.

When cases such as this come up frequently, when the court is packed from day to day, when session after session the court works overtime, all of us folks who don't have any direct contact with the juvenile court—who have never been in court or had a relative there—we are vastly impressed with the terrible increase in youthful crime.

What will happen to the future race, we think, if our boys and girls are already treading the primrose path? The laxity of morals that we have observed since the war, is it to go on increasing till the crime wave reaches even the infants of five and six years old? What a pass the city is coming to, if the children are making the juvenile court a busier place at present than it ever has been before?

There is some foundation for such questionings. The war has had its effect in crime increase in this country, as well as in others, though probably not on such a large scale as has been imagined. Then, too, as the city has grown larger, as housing has become more and more of a problem, as the city has grown further away from the small town system of life, the family influence is weakening. These things account somewhat for the increase in juvenile misdemeanors.

But, as a matter of fact, increased work for the juvenile court does not necessarily mean increased wickedness on the part of the youth of the nation. Many things which were entirely overlooked ten years ago are now brought to the attention of the court. There are several reasons for this condition of affairs.

Since the prohibition amendment went into effect, the number of men brought into court for child neglect and failure to support their families has greatly decreased. The year before prohibition came, 619 regular, down-in-the-gutter drunks were up before the court on account of child neglect. The first year of prohibition, there were seven or eight such cases. As a result of the decrease in drunkenness, which this record shows, a great many policemen, whose duties formerly consisted in rounding up the day's crop of drunkards, now have time to look after cases of a different nature, many of which are matters for the attention of the juvenile court.

Another factor in the matter is the recent appointment of policewomen to the local force. These women have sharp eyes, are especially quick to observe cases concerning children, and the policemen, who formerly may have felt such cases not worth attention, are following up the example of the feminine police in order not to be outdistanced.

The ideal state of affairs, of course, would be no business at all for the juvenile court, but any time this side of the millennium, a busy court is apt to be a sign of a city that is watchful of its children and doing its best to set them in the right path.

There is more variety to the cases that belong under the jurisdiction of the juvenile court than the average citizen dreams of. Any case in any way connected with a child is handled in this court. Not only cases of delinquency of children, truancy, stealing, sending in false fire alarms, gambling or being in gambling rooms—but cases in which adults in any way contribute to the delinquency of children are also handled by the juvenile court. The problem of the girl and the automobile, the city parks, the shiftless parent—all these come to Judge Lahr's court for solution.

There are a great many people who never have direct touch with the court at all. Judge Lahr often says that as he goes around the city, talking and visiting, he has to remind himself that there are good men and good women and model children, even if that class does not figure largely in his court.

But there is one respect in which even these people have a connection with the court. They are all taxpayers, and part of their money is required to support the machinery of the court. If a great many people are required to make this machinery run, it means a bigger expense for the community as a whole. And from this point of view a busy court means increased expense. On the other hand, if each year's quota of youthful transgressors is trained in the way that it should go through the help of the juvenile court, the citizens of Indianapolis may feel that any money invested in a juvenile court is well spent.

Old Tobacco Pouch in Danger

It is high time that the generalissimos of the Personal Liberty League organized a second army of defense. While the P. L. L. and its cohorts are gallantly waging a battle against prohibition under the standard of light wines and beer, our precious personal liberty is being vigorously attacked on another sector. There are those who would take our tobacco from us. Yea, verily. We have with us this month a new assailant of personal liberty—the No-Tobacco League. This organization, which has just been added to the ranks of those who are going to make the world good whether it wants to be good or not, originated in Indiana. That is to say, the organization took its present definite form through the efforts of Dr. Homer J. Hall, of Franklin, Ind.

The first step in the onslaught on the national tobacco pouch is to be a process of education to enlighten the country as to the evil effects of tobacco. Of course, it will be impossible to cite the dramatic incidents which the liquor question offers; there will be no heartrending examples of the man who comes home and beats his wife after having smoked ten strong

(Continued on Page 20)



Miss Ruth Page returned to the city last week and will be at home with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lafayette Page, until January.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Horner, Elizabeth and Harold Horner left last week for Los Angeles, Cal., where they will attend the wedding of Miss Adelaide Godfrey of Hollywood and Benjamin Horner on November 27. Miss Horner will be maid of honor and Harold Horner will be best man. While they are in California, they will visit Mrs. Joseph Taggart, who was formerly of Indianapolis.

* * *

Mrs. Nicholas H. Long has returned from an extended trip in the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Habig and son Robert have gone to Miami, Fla., to spend the winter.

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Bloss, of Mansfield, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. H. E. Rasmussen.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Stockwell have gone to spend the winter in California.

* * *

Miss Harriet Dean will come from California in December to visit her mother, Mrs. Ward H. Dean.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Helen Louise Rapp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trumann C. Rapp, and Glenn M. Tindall, of St. Louis, was celebrated November 18 at the home of the bride, Rev. G. M. Smith officiating. The attendants were Mrs. Frank C. Kellie, Miss Rita Thornton, of St. Joseph, Mo., Truman Kellie, Loren Jenks and Lynne Rapp. Mr. and Mrs. Tindall have gone to Chicago for their wedding trip and will be at home after December 1 at 1729 Missouri street, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Mrs. Alfred P. Conklin and Miss Mildred Mary Conklin entertained with a tea the afternoon of November 18. In the receiving line with Mrs. Conklin and her daughter were Mrs. Edward H. Greer, Mrs. Frank B. Wynn, Mrs. U. G. Baker, and Mrs. Quincy A. Myers. Mrs. Carl F. Walk and Mrs. Niles Chapman presided at the tea table, and Mrs. Josephine Link, Miss Cordelia Allison, Miss Rosamund Van Camp, Miss Mary Freda Brown, and Miss Dana Ritchie assisted.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic M. Ayres have gone to New York.

* * *

Thursday afternoon, November 18, a charming tea was given at the home of Mrs. Benjamin Marks by the members of the study circle of the Local Council of Jewish Women in honor of Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown. Mrs. Ferd Meyer and Mrs. Isaac A. Lewis presided at the tea table, and Mrs. Herbert Selig, Mrs. Jacob Wolf, Mrs. Benjamin Rothschild, and Miss Augusta Joseph also assisted in the hospitalities.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Phillips Goodell, of Loda, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Baker during the Thanksgiving holidays. Mr. Goodell returns to his home Sunday, November 28, but Mrs. Goodell will spend a week here as Mrs. Baker's guest. Wednesday, November 30, Mrs. Baker will give a luncheon for her guest at the Woodstock Club, when thirty-five guests will be entertained.

* * *

A pretty wedding was that of Miss Louise Charlotte Frenzel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Frenzel, and Raymond Brownell Nicholson, of Richmond, which was celebrated Wednesday evening, November 17, at the Frenzel home, the Rev. M. L. Haines officiating. The attendants were the bride's sister, Mrs. Hamlin Scott, matron of honor, Miss Mary Jeanette Lilly, maid of honor, and Burton Carr, of Richmond, best man. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson have gone to Cuba for their wedding trip, and on their return they will be at home in Chicago.

* * *

Mrs. Richard Barnum and Miss Mary Upton, of Waukegan, Ill., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wells.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Margaret Ritchie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Ritchie, and Claude S. Connor was celebrated Thanksgiving Day at high noon at the Claypool Hotel, the Rev. William B. Farmer reading the service. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Jones. A wedding breakfast was served in the Florentine room after the ceremony.

* * *

The Indianapolis Center of the Drama League entertained with a tea and reception for Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Kelly at the John Herron Art Institute, November 19. In the receiving line with Mrs. John T. Wheeler, president, were Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Randle Dean, W. W. Woollen, William N. Otto and W. E. McDermott. Assisting in the hospitalities were Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Tracy, Mrs. Robert H. Tyndall, Mrs. E. M. Fife, Mrs. Jack Harding, Mrs. Herbert Foltz, Mrs. W. D. Long, Mrs. Oliver Willard Pierce, Sidney F. Dailey and Edwin Harmon. Mrs. Hadley Green, assisted by Mrs. R. O. McAlexander and Mrs. W. W. Woollen had charge of the tea table. Tea was served by Miss Josephine Harman, Miss Amelia Henderson, Miss Arthelia Carter, Miss Mary Wheeler, Miss Margaret Carter, Miss Katherine Stuckey and Miss Elizabeth Fauvre. Gregory Kelly gave a short talk on his hopes and plans for his stock company, which will be at English's Theatre next summer.

* * *

Mrs. Lewis Watson, of Washington, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Benjamin D. Walcott.

* * *

Mrs. Herman W. Kothe has returned from a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Guy M. Walker, of New York.

* * *

Miss Sara Lauter has gone to New York to visit her sister, Miss Flora Lauter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gall, of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gall.

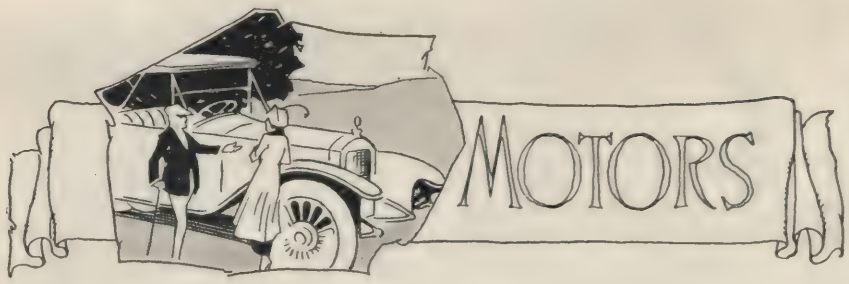
* * *

The marriage of Miss Frances Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hill, to Eugene Arms, of Lansing, Mich., will be celebrated at the Hill home at 8:30 o'clock Saturday evening, December 11, the Rev. George Savary officiating. Mrs. Clarence E. Weir, Miss Ruth Bozell and Miss Helen Thornton have been hostesses for recent social affairs for the bride-elect. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wheldon entertained Sunday evening for Miss Hill and Mr. Arms, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boicourt Thursday evening, November 25. Mrs. Eudora Kuhns and Miss Dorothea Krull will entertain Saturday evening, November 27, and Mrs. Frank Hill Sunday, Novem-

(Continued on Page 20)



Dorothy and Madeline Campbell, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, in "The Wood Nymphs' Dance."



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Arthur Morton Daringsworth III went off to the great war early and stayed late. When he blew back into Indianapolis in the fall of 1919, after being "demobbed," Art's first words were: "Well, they certainly have played h—— with Meridian street." According to Art, what the Germans had done to Belgium was mild alongside what the automobile industry had done to Meridian street. In scarcely three short years wrecking crews had turned the Appian Way of the Hoosier capital into a regular Chemin des Dames!

The Daringsworth home had stood a bit gray, but most majestic and very comfortable among its broad lawned neighbors along Meridian street since the days of Arthur Morton The First, almost a half century ago, and in rest billets just before going back into the front lines, Arthur The Third often had visualized the broad street and the roomy old homes set far back from the curbs. Naturally, strain and circumstance had made these visions more or less idealistic, and so poor Art was far from ready for the jolt he received when he breezed up Meridian street and found his home hopelessly surrounded by automobile concerns.

Flanking him on the right wing was the new salesroom of the Slokomobull Company. Covering him on the left front, where a long soft stretch of neighborly lawn formerly ran to the sidewalk, was a towering brick structure with a sign that covered the better part of one entire outside wall and read: "The Snappy Service Station—Personal Service Our Motto." Across the street, jammed smack-dab against the sidewalk, was the pride of all this mushroom-grown motor row of Indianapolis, a new, white, myriad-storied salesroom, storage building and repair shop of the state distributors for the Fierce-Sparrow motor car—and eventually, on the very spot where the aristocratic home of the Daringsworth's had stood so long, was to be built a mammoth filling station that was to pour forth countless gallons of Lottapep gas for thirsty machines all day and all night.

Thus has the automobile business swallowed up the old residence district of Indianapolis well beyond Eleventh street north on Meridian, and thus, day by day and year by year, it crawls slowly northward toward Sixteenth, relentlessly shoving away time-honored l a n d m a r k s. Though, for the greater part, this change has come well within the last seven years, so compelling has been the movement, and so thorough has been the transformation, that scarcely any one is able now to remember many of the old family residences that are gone.

Working from downtown north, who remembers what stood on the ground where the Eclipse Manufacturing Company, the W. R. Wheeler Company and the Huff Buick Sales Company, 424-428 North Meridian streets, now are? Even the oldest timers may have forgotten the quaint little frame home of Frank M. Kirkpatrick, carefully covered with vines and neatly encircled with flowers. It was in this yard that the pawpaw tree, made famous by Bill Herschell's poem stood and blossomed, the last tree of its kind in the downtown district.

Right across the street was the home of Judge Martindale, the first Meridian street residence to go before the avaricious automobile industry. There now stands the Steinhart Motor Truck Company and the Miller Rubber Company salesrooms. On the southwest corner of Meridian and North streets, not so very long ago, stood of the home of Myron Spades, formerly known as the Abram Hendricks residence. That spot is now occupied by the Quick Tire Service Company. Passing across North street, and sticking to the same side of the street, right opposite the Blind Institute grounds, still stands the home in which James McMiles and family lived, but now it is transformed, as most of its neighbors, into a business building and is occupied by the I. Wolf Auto Parts & Tire Company. Just beyond this, at one time stood the first Christian Science Church ever in Indianapolis, on approximately the same ground now taken up by the Bearings & Accessory Company and the Meridian Service Company, whose street numbers are 646 and 650.

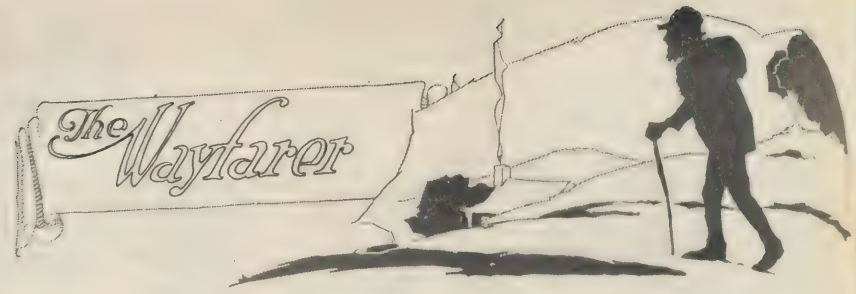
The home of William A. Rhodes, remembered by so many for the beautiful Scotch collie that was always so friendly and never far away from his post, stood on the ground where the Lexington Motor Salesroom now is; and at 848, on the corner lot, was the Otto C. Guedelhoefer home, now only a memory since the construction of the Charles E. Stutz Sales Company.

As complete as are all these changes, perhaps the most startling has been at Eleventh and Meridian streets. Here, on the southeast corner, is the brilliantly-lighted salesrooms of the Nordyke & Marmon and the Kelly Springfield Tire companies. Cater-cornered from these, white-walled and wide-windowed, stands the really beautiful E. W. Steinhart Company building. On the southeast corner stood the Augusta Severin home, and on the Steinhart property was the large-lawned home of Dr. Orange L. Runnels.

One old landmark of the street still remains here, the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church. The church was vacated several months ago and the property is for sale, and probably it will not be so very many moons before some modern automotive business concern will raze the present building and place another giant construction in its stead.

Continuing north, at 1132, is the United Motors Company, on the property once owned by General George Chapman, afterwards by William Dugdale and later by Joseph A. McGowan. The new Lexington quarters are in course of construction across the way, where there stood only this time last year the red brick home of Henry Knippenberg. At 1219-25 is the R. V. Law Company, where once were the homes of Henry C. Atkins and William Pertle Herod, the latter later being the home of Clarence A. Kenyon.

Many other changes have taken place and many old homes are gone, forgotten and unnamed here in this brief summary. On and on northward plows the automotive giant and probably will continue on his headlong rush. Some say he will reach Sixteenth street, some say he will reach and even cross the creek, and some say that the horizon alone is his limit.



God's Acre

We had stopped at the cross roads. Far above the valley on a long, yellow hill, of a late October afternoon, a caravan of perhaps a dozen vehicles was slowly approaching.

"It moves like a funeral," said my companion, although I saw no hearse. As the procession approached, I discovered that it was a funeral—and we bared our heads.

A weather-beaten farm wagon, drawn by a pair of stolid farm horses, rumbled slowly by. The bed of the wagon, I noticed, was filled with new hay—the thin fragrance coming to us as the vehicle passed. On the hay reposed, in dignified simplicity, an oaken coffin—bare of flowers and the usual gewgaws that adorn this final shroud of the dead. Two men, as weather-beaten as the wagon, sat in the spring seat, silent. We waited until the end of the procession, and then after a few minutes followed.

"A queer funeral," I said to my companion, "more like one in the pioneer days." He agreed. . . .

As we neared the cemetery of a country church, a farmer leaned on a fence watching the funeral cortege. We stopped and I again remarked on the queerness of it, especially as to the absence of a hearse.

"There's a pioneer woman in that coffin," he said. "She was one of the first settlers in this community and had lived here seventy years. Before she died she requested that no hearse be used and that us neighbors make her coffin, which we did. She said she wanted to be carried to the graveyard in the old farm wagon on a bed of hay—and you see that was carried out. . . . Yes, she was a good woman. . . . all her relatives have been dead years and years. I guess she sorto got lonesome. . . I know I would." . . .

We drove slowly to the cemetery. The sun was just slipping down behind a band of trees that seemed to circle the horizon. Crickets and other insects had started their evening songs—soon to be stilled by the autumn frosts. At the graveside a white-haired preacher was saying a prayer—his voice seemed to blend with the other sounds of the cemetery. The prayer done, the few words said and strong arms with ropes slowly lowered the coffin into the yellow hole. . . . The pine lid on the outside box was adjusted and soon the thud of falling clods told that the grave was being filled. Not a mourner moved during this ceremony. When the grave was filled, the gray-haired minister again intoned a prayer. . . .

Late evening was at hand. The sun had dropped out of sight behind the rim of woods. . . . Shadows stretched imperceptibly. . . . it was at a moment when it seemed as if every living thing—grass, insect and bird was silent. . . . Presently the preacher said "Amen." . . .

A soft October wind sent a whisper through the grasses—the crickets resumed their interminable drone. . . far across the valley the bark of a dog came quite plainly. . . . a crow, flying low, gave a strident caw as it noted the moving people, redoubled its speed and was lost in the shadows of the approaching evening. Night had come. . . .

We entered our vehicle. My companion observed: "I don't believe I would be lonesome if I was buried in a place like that . . . did you notice how still it got just as that preacher said 'Amen?'"

But all I could think of was the impressiveness of the scene I had just witnessed. "It makes you feel solemn, not lonesome," I said.—C. S. G.



Harry New is being boosted for a place in the Harding cabinet. If he is made postmaster-general the Democrats can get even with him by complaining about their mail.

* * *

Evans Woollen has been elected president of the Indiana State Conference of Charities and Corrections. The old saying that if you want anything done, go to a busy man, is true in this case.

* * *

The official count of the votes cast November 2 shows that Ed Jackson, for secretary of state, again led the Republican ticket, with a plurality of 176,735, which shows that Ed is some little leader.

* * *

Cheer up. The reports on growing crops in Indiana, made to the secretary of agriculture, show that weather conditions have been favorable, and wheat, rye and other crops enter the winter in fine condition. George C. Bryant is the statistician for Indiana.

* * *

Warren T. McCray, governor-elect, has been asked to address the Fair Exhibitors' Association in Chicago. Well, the new governor has won enough of "firsts" to tell an interesting story.

* * *

Walter B. Stern, building commissioner, in his report shows that building in Indianapolis slumped last week, indicating that the usual fall and winter apathy is on. He says the housing situation remains serious.

* * *

Indianapolis is bidding welcome to Dr. Virgil E. Rorer, the new pastor of the Meridian Street Methodist Church, just installed. A dinner was tendered him by the men of the church at the Columbia Club last week.

* * *

George Spiegel had a busy time last week conferring degrees on various candidates at the fifty-fifth reunion of the Scottish Rite bodies of the Valley of Indianapolis.

* * *

Roscoe Shultz, custodian of the state house, will be retained at least during the coming session of the legislature, thus escaping the clean sweep planned by the McCray administration.

* * *

George Snider, sheriff-elect, thinks a little scripture will not hurt jail prisoners, and he has announced that he will institute a series of Bible studies after he has taken office. The "Thou shalt nots" will probably be administered in homeopathic doses.

* * *

Woodburn Masson, Democratic member of the Marion county election board, thinks he ought to have his salary, even if the Democrats were beaten, so he has brought suit to collect $1,000 he says is due him for his services as a member of the board.

* * *

A burglar entered the home of William Reed, but after seeing Mrs. Reed in an upstairs room fled. Evidently the burglar was uncertain as to the Reed's at home day.

* * *

Henry Stegemeier ought to be able to pay those election bets, inasmuch as he was only fined $10 and costs on the charge of pool selling in police court.

* * *

John C. Loucks, chief of the fire department, has been appointed as a member of the municipal research committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Chief Loucks will be a valuable member of the committee.

* * *

The East Washington street branch library has reopened after being closed for a week on account of repairs.

* * *

It begins to look like William R. Secker will make good his promises for the addition of eight more stories to the Lincoln Hotel. It is announced that plans for the addition are being drawn and that work will begin about the first of the year. This will make the Lincoln the most imposing hotel in the city.

* * *

The "Talk Exchange" meets daily at a table for lunch at the Columbia Club, and prominent among the attendants are: Otto Haueisen, Neal and Leonard Campbell, Foster and Gil Clippinger, Chester Jewett, Ed Kriel and Ed Wuensch. Great questions are settled daily.

* * *

Merrill Moores has been wandering around the corridors of the Peoples Bank Building here of late. It is supposed that he is looking for a place to hibernate after Congress adjourns.

* * *

Dr. E. B. Mumford is recovering from the result of a fall on a slick sidewalk recently. He was found insensible within a block of his home by two nurses from the Methodist Hospital. Doc's lucky. Everybody who meets with an accident can't have two nurses at hand as soon as it happens.

* * *

E. M. Costin, general manager of the Big Four, has received his first Christmas gift in the delivery of thirty-nine new locomotives of the seventy which had been ordered.

* * *

Eugene Bullett, formerly connected with the Indianapolis chapter of Red Cross, but late of Canton, Ohio, has been named as private secretary of Congressman-elect J. H. Himes of Canton. He is a brother of Clarence J. Bullett, personal representative of Robert Mantell, the actor.

* * *

Frank Shellhouse has resigned as colonel of the First Regiment, Indiana Brigade, Knights of Pythias, military department. He has been head of the regiment for fourteen years—but he won't get a pension.

* * *

Two former governors of Indiana, Samuel M. Ralston and James P. Goodrich, rode the goat at the initiation of candidates into the Sahara Grotto last week. It is said that the goat had about all it could do in handling these two hefty candidates. There were 123 other candidates initiated.

* * *

Members of the Dunlap Club, an organization composed of representatives of the Federal Savings & Insurance Co., were guests of the company at a dinner on the occasion of the club convention held last week. Ed Jackson made a speech, as did Charles F. Remy, and there was plenty to eat for all.

* * *

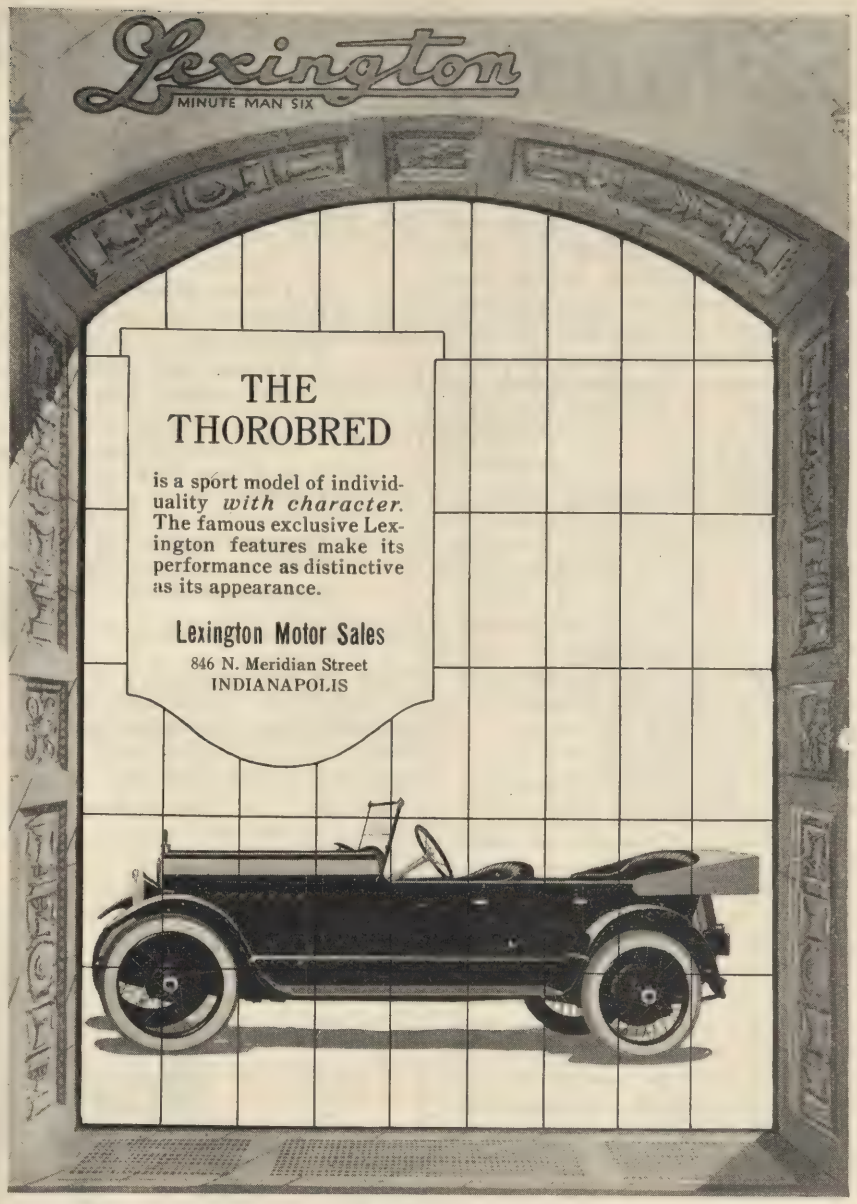
Chicken thieves have been busy here of late and when the police had a call to a number on Broadway the other night, they responded. The thief, however, was of the four-legged variety in the shape of a rat. After shooting the tail off the rat, the police went back to the station to await another call.

* * *

Harry O. Chamberlain has been formally sworn in as judge of the circuit court, having been elected November 2. The job, however, is not new to Judge Chamberlain, as he has been filling the unexpired term of Judge Ewbank, now a member of the supreme court bench.

* * *

The Van Briggle Chemical Company has changed its name to the Celery-Vesce Company, which is more suggestive of anti-headache.



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MAIN 2382

THE GAS CONTRACT

The city council is to be commended for refusing to accept the amendment to the gas company's charter that users of gas appliances be made last on the priority list of gas consumers, and penalized for using gas when forbidden. There is a class of gas consumers who are dependent on gas for heat, and it is not right that they should be deprived of this privilege.

In commenting on the agreement submitted by the board of works, J. Dorsey Forrest, general manager of the company, insists that it should be remembered that the proposal is not for the benefit of the gas company, but entirely for the city and gas consumers. This is perhaps true, but, at the same time, the contract is such that gas for industrial purposes has priority over gas for heating. It is recognized, of course, that gas for industrial purposes is legitimate, but no more so than for any other purpose.

Mr. Forrest, in his statement, denies that people who use gas for heating are entirely dependent on it. He says there are "no such cases in Indianapolis." He says some may not have laid in a supply of coal, or have persisted, after four years, in depending on gas for heating. How true this is we have no means of knowing, but the guess is that many people, through force of circumstances, are absolutely dependent on gas for keeping warm, despite its scarcity.

While it is all right to safeguard the community, why not have a gas company that can provide an adequate supply of gas? Other cities seem to be able to provide plenty of gas to their consumers. The truth is, the local company's plant is inadequate for the demands made on it—and the solving of the problem is simple enough: an enlarged plant. Until that time, it is probable that conservation measures are necessary, but even these should be fair to all consumers.

DON'T BE HASTY

The collapse of the three-story annex to the Manual Training high school, in which one person was killed and twenty-one injured, was a deplorable affair. An inquiry into the accident is now being made. It is well that the public refrain from passing snap judgment in the matter until the blame is officially placed.

The school commissioners who let the contract believed that they were obtaining the best talent possible for the job. The Jungclaus Construction Company, the general contractors, has a reputation of reliability and conscientiousness not only in their home city, but elsewhere. Herman Scherrer is an architect of ability and has a number of big jobs to his credit. Hetherington & Berner, who had the contract for the steel work, are men of solid reputation who have done much building in Indianapolis and the state. All of these men have business reputations, which are great assets in their business life. It is not fair to any of them to blast their reputation by thoughtless condemnation. It is not likely that any of them would leave anything undone that would cause a tremendous financial loss as well as a loss in business prestige.

These firms, however, must depend largely on the makeup of their force of workmen for reliability, and the error of any one of their foremen, sub-contractors or other lesser employes should not be a reflection on their business responsibility, although they must bear the brunt of the criticism.

As to whether the stone-lifting derrick was too heavy for the partly braced superstructure, or whether it was not properly guyed to keep down vibration, is not known at this time. But whatever the cause of the collapse, the official inquiry should determine in justice to the contractors having the work in charge. By the process of elimination it is likely that an error of omission, or commission, will be charged against some employe who did not do his duty thoroughly. But whatever the cause, and whoever is at fault, the fact should be made known in justice to business men of high standing associated in the work. Until this is done the public, always quick to condemn, should withhold judgment.

STREET CAR PROBLEMS

Digging up public sympathy for the poverty-stricken street car company is a hard job—even though that sympathy is more or less deserving. Dr. Henry Jameson, chairman of the board of directors, in a statement a few days ago, said there were two items entering into the general expenses of the company that were unforeseen and that must be met. One of these items was the increase in price of coal and the higher taxes. these two items running up the monthly expense account an additional $50,000.

With this in mind, Dr. Jameson advocates the two-cent transfer charge, to be in force until legal steps can be taken to compel the interurban companies using the city car tracks to pay additional rent for this service.

Dr. Jameson, in his statement, said he was not trying the street car case through the press, but that he wanted the people to know about conditions. There would have been none of this trouble, in all probability, if the car company had taken the public into its confidence a few years ago. But now, in view of the past political activities of the company the public-be-damned policy and the poor service now being given, it is pretty hard for the public to shed any tears over its present misfortunes. The public knows it will have to pay—either directly or indirectly—for whatever improvements in service are made, and it is quite certain that the public will insist on having a say-so as to how this will be paid. At any rate, there is a decided feeling against the two-cent transfer charge, even as a temporary expedient. Opinion is expressed in many quarters that inasmuch as the company has worried along this long, it can afford to worry until the interurban companies agree to pay a larger rental for the use of the city tracks. For the sake of all concerned, however, it is hoped a real solution to the city's transportation problem may be found soon. The needs of the city demand it.

Pennsylvania street as a retail center continues to gain new shops. John D. Brosnan has announced that his company will occupy the second and third floors of the new Loew Theatre.



HOME SPUN YARNS

There are two of the Jewett boys—Charles and Chester. One is mayor of Indianapolis and when he plays it is at his farm for pure-bred swine at Arlington, where he has a herd leader said to have cost ten thousand dollars. He is Charles.

One works at selling stocks and bonds to pay expenses, and when he plays it is with a bundle of golf clubs. He is Chester.

Charles gets his name and picture in the newspapers much oftener than does Chester, and, as a consequence, he is the more widely known of the two.

The Jewett boys are not twins, although they are about the same size and, to one not well acquainted with them, they bear close resemblance. One could wear the clothes of the other without a misfit. Charles is two years older than Chester.

A day or two after the election Chester was, following his daily habit, wending his way to a session of the Indianapolis Stock Exchange, where he goes to "defend" his bids on bonds and stocks in which he directly deals. At Market and Pennsylvania streets, near a cigar store, he was hailed by a stranger.

"I owe you a cigar," affably said the stranger, "and I might as well pay it now as any time. Come on in and get it."

"If you owe me a cigar, this is the first I have heard of it," said the mystified Jewett.

"Oh, yes, I do," insisted the strange man. "Come on and I'll pay it."

By this time they were within the cigar store. Since it was but one cigar that was to be forthcoming, Chester selected a good one—not a five-cent one that sells for a quarter. He nibbled off the end and as he applied the gas lighter inquired:

"How do you happen to owe me a cigar? I'm sure I do not know why."

"I lost it to you on the election," said the stranger.

"Who do you think you made the wager with?" inquired the man behind the counter, who knows both of the Jewett boys.

"I made it with the mayor of the city of Indianapolis," responded the stranger. "I guess I know the mayor of this town," he added with some emphasis.

"Then you have paid the wrong man," said the clerk. "You have paid a Jewett all right, but he's the brother of the mayor."

But it was too late to give back the cigar. The end had been nibbled off and lighted, and "Chet" Jewett continued his way to the stock exchange to defend his bids on his stocks and bonds.

How many election wagers Chester has collected on the strength of resembling Brother Mayor Charles cigar clerks saith not.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.



Money in the Country

Financiers are interested in the recent statement of all the national banks of the country, which shows a slight reduction in resources as compared with the first half of the fiscal year. The total deposits in the country were $16,751,956,000, a reduction of $403,465,000 as compared with the June call. States showing the largest increase in deposits in country banks were: Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Ohio California. Those states showing reductions were: Connecticut, Minnesota, Oklahoma and Texas.

Securities Are Quiet

Eastern securities markets report "selling" campaigns are now prevailing and liquidations are in full force. The approaching holiday season seems to have affected the country generally as far as the financial situation is concerned.

Locally, trading is quiet, with some of the speculative stocks showing declines. Most of the better class investment securities, however, are holding their own, although some issues can be bought at very attractive prices. Two or three of the Liberty bond issues have shown declines, not only in the East, but in Indianapolis, and there is some trading in these issues, investors taking small blocks for substantial holdings.

Some of the traction bonds have shown a weakness, due to tight money, and buying of these issues is reported.

The news from Washington that leaders of the majority party have already made tentative plans for readjusting taxes is being received with considerable interest. It is said that the tentative plan of action has been submitted to various bankers over the country and has met with approbation.

The tightness of the money market has caused business men to do some worrying over meeting the December installment of federal taxes. Daniel C. Roper, foreign internal revenue commissioner, in a recent speech took the stand that the government ought to allow business men who have been hit by the decline in prices to have a little leeway in the payment of these taxes. It is understood that a measure will be introduced into Congress postponing this collection for six months. It has also been proposed that Congress extend the "net loss" provisions of the revenue act to permit business men who have recorded losses this year through shrinkage of values to deduct these losses.

Indianapolis business men who come under this provision are watching the outcome with considerable interest.

Rail Issues Coming

"I don't recall whenever the local securities market has been as quiet as it is now," said an Indianapolis broker, in discussing the local market. "There seems to be a dearth of a certain class of securities that staid investors demand—good sound paper that will weather most any financial storm. The reason is that private corporations have not had a chance to compete with government financing until a short time ago. Now that money is tight, this financing is still held in abeyance, although there are more frequent issues of good railway paper, now that the roads have been returned to the owners."

The New York Central Lines, Pennsylvania, and one or two other eastern lines have been putting out, or contemplating doing so, big issues of equipment bonds which bear attractive interest rates. Some of these securities will be offered later on the local market.

New Bank Building

The National City Bank has let the contract for the erection of a fourteen story bank building at 112 East Washington street, adjoining the Odd Fellow Building. The announcement was made by James M. McIntosh, president of the bank. The first two floors and the basement will be devoted to the bank's business and the rest of the space for offices. It is estimated that the cost of construction will be approximately $1,000,000. Hoggson Bros., of New York and Chicago, were awarded the contract.

The new building will have a frontage of 45 feet on Washington street and will be modern in every respect. The Washington street front will be of limestone construction for three floors and gray face brick for the next nine floors, with the top stories and parapet of terra cotta.

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What's on Your Mind

John Lederer (publisher)—I've got a perfectly good snow shovel, but I am constitutionally opposed to shoveling the beautiful.

* * *

Newton Todd (broker)—I know of one retailer who is making money. He told me so.

* * *

Chester Jewett (bond salesman)—I paid fourteen dollars for a pair of shoes with paper soles.

* * *

George Jackson (plumbing supplies)—Slippery Gulch is going to be one of the slickest shows ever seen in Indianapolis.

* * *

Foster Clippinger (Fletcher American Company)—Even though Christmas is coming, people are buying a few securities now and then.

* * *

H. H. Friedley (state fire marshal)—With an annual fire loss of $6,000,000, it is time that Indiana was doing something to prevent fire waste.

* * *

Charles F. Kennedy (secretary Board of Agriculture)—The State Board of Agriculture will not be removed from the state house.

Charles Remster (attorney)—The operation of a public dance hall in Indianapolis is in violation of a wartime city ordinance, which has not been repealed.

* * *

J. H. Armington (weather observer)—I'm trying to give Indianapolis the best kind of weather.

* * *

Philip Zoercher (state tax commissioner)—I am sitting tight and saying nothing.

* * *

George Elliott (broker)—I see where New York food prices have been reduced 10 per cent. Every little helps.

* * *

David Matthews (R. R. inspector Public Service Commission)—There were 184 deaths from railroad accidents in Indiana for the fiscal year closing September 30.

* * *

Bill Herschell (member of the melodion trio)—The girl scouts had "Daddy's day," and then comes along the French orphans' society with "Poppy day." Who's the mother of all these inventions?

Frank J. Zimmerer, Maker of Batiks

By Bessie Hendricks

In the rush of city life and the importance of big businesses, artists and their studios may seem, at casual thought perhaps, not especially essential to a city's running gear, but beauty indoors and out is a vital factor toward happiness and high standards, and artists are interpreters of it.

There are a number of studios down in the heart of the business world, in Indianapolis—oases in the general strenuousness—not places of idleness, as that might be interpreted, though there are possibilities, temperamental and perforce, in that direction—but places of dreams where individual lives are lived and expressed in the various phases of the art of live mass and color.

The fifth floor of the Union Trust Building has long been the home of studios. Once Theodore C. Steele, William Forsyth and J. Ottis Adams painted there. Its unbroken succession of artist groups has won for it the name "The Latin Quarter."

Wayman Adams, winning many laurels in eastern cities, still holds his Indianapolis studio in the State Savings and Trust Building. Miss Olive Rush worked in it in his absence until her departure for New Mexico in July. Then Mrs. Emma Sangernebo fell heir to the use of it. At present, Mr. Adams, in the city for a few weeks, is at his old easel again.

Now another studio has been introduced into the Indianapolis artist world. Its presiding genius, Frank J. Zimmerer, art director of the Circle Theatre, whose very interesting work in decorations, posters and stage settings for the theatre are familiar to its many devotees; his long batiked frieze over the doorway, the batiked shades on the lights in the corridor, the often-changed settings of the stage and other decorative touches that give a distinctive individuality to the place.

Mr. Zimmerer's studio is unique; its walls reach up endlessly, hung with long atmospheric draperies above and beyond the warmer tones of batiked hangings and cushions. A large pendant lamp with a mellow toned shade glows in the late afternoons and evenings.

He is the maker of very choice batiks. Many of them sail to England, and it is an interesting fact that they sometimes sail back again as decorations from "Liberty's of London," a name to conjure with!

The studio is not the workshop. Mr. Zimmerer works high up in the Circle Theatre Building. The workshop is interesting, but the studio is the place of dreams, where the artist sees designs for decorations yet to be.

He is opening its doors to friends that are and friends to be on every Sunday afternoon, with the added charming hospitality of a cup of tea.

Mr. Zimmerer is a comparative newcomer in Indianapolis. Some years ago he went from the Nebraska home of his boyhood to the Chicago Art Institute. Then he spent four years in Missouri, teaching and finding himself. As he puts it: "In Missouri I learned what I wanted to know, that I must follow the call of the brush."

Then he went to Paris. His interest in the Glasgow School of Painters led him to the Paris studio of Miss Jessie King (Mrs. E. A. Taylor), the Scottish illustrator and decorator, some of whose exquisite color decorations and pen drawings have recently been in the Lieber galleries. He studied decoration under her.

The theatre was always uppermost in his mind, with its creative possibilities for the painter, and the appearance of Lord Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain" crystallized his ambition. He made sketches for settings for it, later, in England, showing them to the author himself. Now the sketches made by him for six of the plays hang in the entrance hall of Castle Dunsany, in County Meath, Ireland.

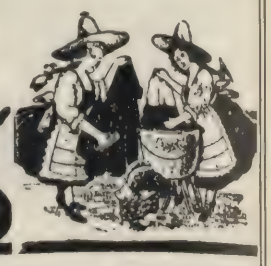
Mr. Zimmerer recalls with pleasure a little coincidence—or call it what you will—of the first evening of a visit he made in Dunstall Priory, the author's summer home in Kent. Lord Dunsany brought out a birthday book of quotations selected and written down by himself, opened it at random and handed it to his guest. The date on the open page was the date of Mr. Zimmerer's birthday. The quotation under it came like a psychic sanction of the art of his dreams. It was from "The Kitchen Tales of Mrs. Clegg:"

"When he came into the house he found an old witch wearing a red cloak, sitting in a corner by a harp. She neither saw nor spoke to Arisary, but her eyes stared out over the golden plain of Heiliostaken. Only an old black cat watched him closely. He went up to the harp and idly touched its strings. 'Why,' he said, 'I was born to play this harp.' 'That is what the world is waiting for you to do,' said the black cat sharply."

When Mr. Zimmerer returned to New York in 1915, Stuart Walker was assembling his "Portmanteau" players for their first season. Hearing of interesting scenic designs in the portfolio of Frank Zimmerer, he arranged a meeting with the artist which resulted in his affiliation with the players as art director. During his three years with them he designed no less than one hundred and fifty settings, and sometimes went before the footlights as an actor.

He found time during the New York sojourns to be associated with the Neighborhood Play House, in the lower east side of the city, established by the Misses Lewisohn, wealthy women interested in settlement work. He planned and directed for it, and worked with its community players. During his second Indianapolis season with Mr. Walker, the Circle Theatre Company persuaded him to accept the position as art director, where he remains.

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Shop Tours

The woman who shivers when the first winter winds begin to blow and who hates to wake up to the first snowy morning because she knows that a white world means a red nose and blue lips, has something to be thankful for this year—though she may not have mentioned it in her prayers Thursday morning. Thick, warm, woolly blouses are the latest vogue in women's wear—blouses that not only look warm and breeze-proof, but really give that "snug-as-a-bug-in-a-rug" feeling. Of course, for dress-up occasions the filmy georgette is still in good standing, but the heavy wool blouse is coming into its own.

Duvetyn is the favorite and incidentally the most expensive of the heavy-weight blouse materials. Nearly all of the shops are showing a few models in duvetyn but no one shows a very wide range of styles. The richness of the material itself necessitates simplicity in the design of the blouse; and nearly all are short—either just to the waistline, or a very short way below. A dull sand-colored blouse is trimmed with a piping of dull red at neck and cuffs and has a tiny yoke embroidered in yarn and trimmed with beads of the same shade as the piping. Another just-to-the-waistline blouse that is made of dark brown is trimmed with a heavy design in tan wool yarn. This blouse is almost basque-like in design, wrinkled slightly about the waist, and of the sort that slips on over the head, side fastenings at the belt and a short opening at the front of the blouse giving the necessary entrance and exit.

A rather different style is a combination of duvetyn body and georgette crepe sleeves, both materials of the same shade of dull tan. The feature of this blouse is a high rolling collar, lined with a bright blue-green, and trimmed with a starry design in small bronze beads.

* * *

Blouses more in the smock style, and considerably lower in price are of wool jersey, a material that has a way of coming in odd shades, soft pinkish grays, grayish blues, and heathery browns. Belted styles, trimmed with silk embroidery, are favorites in jersey.

* * *

The falling prices of all commodities are very fairly indicated in the drop taken on the cost of dress goods and dresses ready made. Every store in town has had a sale recently in which dresses could be bought at pre-war prices. And the dresses are not cheap and shoddy, but are identical in quality with those which cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars last winter.

One shop featured a wide variety of frocks at the uniform price of twenty-nine dollars. For this modest sum one might purchase a serge or tricotine business dress, very severe and chic with white organdie collar and cuffs; a velour or other soft woolen generously besprinkled with beads or heavy braiding and embroidery; or a dinner or afternoon gown of crepe de chine, soft satin, or a combination of some soft silk with georgette could be bought at the same price.

The newest thing in skirts, which naturally comes at a somewhat higher figure, is nevertheless quite modestly priced. Skirts, as all the world has observed, have grown steadily shorter and narrower, and ladies have taken short steps both from necessity and modesty. But now they can step right out, for the newest frocks show skirts with a circular cut, very short, and very full. The familiar gathered straight skirt which has led the field for so long will likely drop out of sight when the circular skirt becomes popular, for it is made with smooth fitted hips, and gathers have no place on smooth hips.

If fitted hips become an actuality instead of a dream of the best Parisian dressmakers, corsets will come into their own. The uncorseted figure is absolutely incompatible with smoothly fitting skirts, and Irene and Madam Lyra are waiting for authentic information with baited breath.

* * *

Pretty delicate bracelets of silver links and cut beads are to be found in the jewelery department of several shops.

One ridiculous but intriguing little bracelet is a black silk cord with a dangler on each end—one a rosy pearl (imitation, of course, but none the less inviting to play with) and the other a dazzling triangular sparkler of scores of shining diamonds (also imitation, but, nevertheless, shining). Not exactly one of the family jewels, but, all the same, a pretty toy.

The ladylike person who always wears a veil is generally possessed of an order-loving disposition. She wants every hair in place, and no dangling ends of a veil spoiling the tidy, ship-shape effect of her silhouette. A new veil that will bring joy to her heart is to be found in one of the local department stores—a soft, silk, medium-meshed veil, shaped to fit, so that it narrows off at the ends, leaving narrow manageable ends to be tied into a knot so small that it can be tucked out of sight without any difficulty.

Challis, all wool and something less than a yard wide, is with us once more, and women who missed it during war times are finding it doubly useful now that it is back. The light allover patterns in dainty colors make adorable children's frocks and are pretty in house gowns for mother; and the creamy, wide-spotted designs can be used for bed jackets and long negligees. At least one professional woman has found it at once pretty and appropriate for office wear in the darker geometric patterns, and its lightness, combined with warmth, makes it thoroughly comfortable for November days.

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Music in the White House

(Continued from Page 7)

hat and stood silently in front of the building, listening to the song. As he listened the deep lines of care left his face and he seemed to be taken away from his burdens. Then the song ended and Lincoln continued his solitary stroll through the byways of the capital.

General Grant is the victim of many anecdotes which exploit the non-aesthetic side of the man. The famous tale about knowing only two tunes—"one is Yankee Doodle and the other isn't"—has been applied to him. David Bispham in "A Quaker Singer's Recollections" tells how, on one occasion, the general was compelled to sit through a glee club concert. The enthusiastic hostess asked the President what song he would be pleased to hear and the answer was, "Anything you please; I don't know one note from another."

Grant's tone deafness and indifference contrasted sharply with the attitude of Rutherford B. Hayes, who was a devotee of folk songs. Shortly before his marriage, Hayes wrote a letter to his fiancee in which he observed that "with no musical taste or cultivation myself, I am yet so fond of the simple airs that I have often thought I could never love a woman who did not sing them."

More recently music has been finding a home in the White House—chiefly through the influence of the women relatives of the Presidents. President McKinley was not himself a musician, but his niece, Miss Mabel McKinley, was a successful composer, and made headline appearances in vaudeville, presenting her own songs. Mrs .Taft is a great lover of music, and in her youth in Cincinnati made several concert appearances. For many years she was president and guiding spirit of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Theodore Roosevelt used to lament that he had no musical accomplishments, and it is reported that he could not carry a tune. On his tours about the country, he was wont, when in a reflective mood, to hum; listeners finally decided the tune to be "Garry Owen." However, he liked to hear Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms on the piano, and on one occasion he characterized Walter Damrosch's setting of "Danny Deever" as a "bully song."

The present regime has been exceptionally musical. The President, according to David Bispham, has "a tenor voice of considerable power and sweetness," and his daughter, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, has won for herself a recognized place on the concert stage. Miss Wilson has done a noble work, by her generous aid to young American musicians. Her White House musicales have not been devoted alone to appearances of singers and instrumentalists already celebrated, but the young and talented unknown have also found a hospitable reception there.

And—if we take a pointer from Isabel, we might well believe that the popular melody in Washington after March 4th will be "The Fisher's Hornpipe."



A Man to His Mate

Anyone who is squeamish about a fight, or who does not care for the Jack London type of story with its brutal and realistic detail, had better steer clear of J. Allan Dunn's latest book, "A Man to His Mate." It is full of rampageous sailor men who have one fight after another, grabbing each other by their wild red beards, bashing in brittle nose bones spitting out snags of teeth punching in eyes, doing everything that isn't approved of by the Marquis of Queensbury and only stopping the fray when the back cover of the book closes on them. However, if you can stand the carnage, you will find this yarn of the sea highly entertaining.

A big burly sailor gone snow-blind and a waterfront reporter from the San Francisco Times are unwelcome visitors on board the Karluk, which is sailing for an enormously rich gold mine on one of the small uncharted islands of the north. Lund, the sailor, had discovered the presence of the mine on the island, and on a previous trip with the Karluk had piloted the ship to the shore, only to be left on an ice floe when snow blindness overtook him. Having marvelously escaped death in the north, he returns to San Francisco in pursuit of the Karluk, and with his reporter friend, Rainey, gets aboard and insists on his share of the gold when this second expedition reaches the mine. The entire voyage is just one continual struggle between the warring elements of the crew that mans the boat—a setting which shows Lund up as a superman in the way of fighting. And the craze for the gold is at the bottom of nearly every fight.

There is a girl in the story, the skipper's daughter. Although the romance of the wooing of the only woman aboard is a minor matter as compared with the gripping tale of the gold hunt, Miss Peggie has a way of getting into the fight at the crucial moment, popping off her gun or handing over a belaying pin, which is sure to save the day for the right side. The book tells a good yarn in a rapid-fire way that keeps you reading on to the end. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)



A MAN TO HIS MATE

"Rainey caught sight of a ghastly face, a mouth that shouted vainly for help in the pandemonium, and was instantly stoppered with strangling brine, pop-eyes appealing in awful fright as Sandy was washed away in the cascade."

Flappers and Philosophers

The engaging but not altogether relevant title of F. Scott Fitzgerald's latest book, a collection of short stories, is "Flappers and Philosophers." This second volume shows the same deft and vivid use of words that distinguished Mr. Fitzgerald's first novel, "This Side of Paradise." For the most part these tales are crisp, entertaining, and well-told. Several of them have the bona fide O. Henry kick, the final bang that closes the story with surprising but irrefutable finality. "Head and Shoulders" and "Dalrymple Goes Wrong" are the prime exponents of this type.

"The Cut Glass Bowl," a history of the fatal influence of the wedding gift of a rejected lover on the life of a beautiful woman has a cleverly worked out plot; but the cleverness is so obvious that it sticks out and spoils the story. There is none of the Hawthorne mellowness about this staring symbolism. "Four Fists" also suffers somewhat from the over-effectiveness of its clever plot scheme.

The rest of the volume is made up of flapper stories which Mr. Fitzgerald does with evident enjoyment and gusto—the ultra-smart flapper, the romantic flapper, the stupid, forlorn flapper—he does them all, and each one better than the one before—clearly, deftly, and with no waste of words. The lover of the short story will welcome this volume with its original flavor and its clever, pithy style. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Dramatic Club Presents First Play

The Dramatic Club turned out in full force for its first play of the season, which was presented November 20th at the Murat Theatre. Even General Nivelle attended the performance, arriving after the second act accompanied by Bowman Elder—but that's another story.

Everybody who was present—and nearly everybody was—found play and players highly entertaining. Those out in front talked vivaciously about what a good time the audience was having, and the players gave sufficient evidence of their enjoyment of the evening in the gusto with which they walked the boards.

The play, Max Marcin's "The House of Glass," is a mystery and crook combination, which tells the story of a woman who had a very difficult situation to handle. Her husband was a man who believed that every wrong-doer should receive full punishment. Her past included a prison sentence in New York City for the theft of a diamond necklace. The woman was innocent, but she had to keep her husband from discovering that she had a criminal record and had broken her parole. The play was not particularly a dazzling one, but in the hands of a well-balanced company under the direction of Walter Percy Pfaff, it furnished a very satisfactory evening's entertainment.

The honors of the performance went to the ladies, for Mrs. William Burford and Mrs. Pfaff did the most notable work of the evening. As the woman with the past, Mrs. Burford gave a splendid performance, particularly in the difficult scenes where she gracefully handled the triple task of converting her stiff-necked husband to broader views, playing the charming hostess to his business friends, and keeping her past decently buried. Her scene with the chauffeur, who suddenly appeared in her home for the first time since the two had been convicted for robbery, was done with admirable control and restraint. Mrs. Pfaff got the most out of her part as the ferretting landlady, who irresistibly angled secrets from her young boarder. Arrayed in the coquettish curl-papers, baby-blue boudoir cap, magenta flannel dressing jacket, and sagging black skirt that bespeaks the tribe of cheap boarding-house keepers, Mrs. Pfaff was perfect as the wiley landlady.

Evans Woollen, Jr., who appeared for the first time in a Dramatic Club performance, played the derby-hatted, cigar-chewing detective, who directed his henchman, the sombreroed Russell Johnston, to show the prisoners how fearfully he could hisssssss. Mr. Woollen gave a consistent and even performance, with little of the exaggeration and bombast to which such a part temptingly leads.

The role of the unrelenting but loving husband of the beautiful Mrs. Burford was probably the most difficult in the piece, with a particularly difficult scene in which the husband hears his wife's confession of a prison record. To stand and say nothing, and simply to show by gulpings or hand-clenchings that a terrible inward struggle is in progress is no mean achievement, and Hathaway Simmons was scarcely equal to it. An indistinctness of enunciation also detracted from Mr. Simmons portrayal of the unrelenting but affectionate husband.

Kurt Vonnegut and Thomas Stevenson did creditable work as the friends and business associates of the family.

The performance was very smooth with very little audible creaking of mechanics, but the tension of interest would have been much higher if cues had been picked up more quickly and the action speeded up. The play was, with very few exceptions, well cast, and there were no glaring defects in even the minor characters. Austin Brown was a realistic and solicitous Jap with a fine mastery of the explosive "Yissuh" of the oriental; Mrs. Edward J. Bennett was a properly brow-beaten caricature of the boarding house slavey; Mr. Bennett got the trunk in on schedule time; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pierce "buttled and maided" with an English air; and the only disturbing element in the dignified performance of the Governor of New York as played by Mr. Pfaff was a faint glow of red round the edge of his snowy locks.

The entire production was thoroughly entertaining and the grip of the actors on their audience was attested by the fact that when the unhappy leading lady soulfully forgave the repentant chauffeur and bade him a sentimental farewell, the house was so silent that you could plainly hear the faint tinkle of the cocktail glass

(Continued on Page 17)



Scene from Act 1 of "The House of Glass", as given by members of the Dramatic Club. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Edward Bennett, R. Woods Johnston, Evans Woollen, Jr., Edward Bennett, Mrs. Wm. B. Burford, Jr., Mrs. Walter P. Pfaff, and Robert Brewer.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Seventh District Federation of Clubs held its November meeting on Friday, November 18, at the Odd Fellow building, Mrs. John Downing Johnson, chairman, presiding. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. C. W. Field, Mrs. Harvey Van Doren having been inactive in club work for some time, due to the recent death of her mother and husband. Mrs. A. J. Clark gave the treasurer's report and also reported on the work of the health board. The federation's health work is part of the city-wide campaign against contagious diseases. Mrs. David Ross of the motion picture committee reported that her board intended to see that more children's pictures were produced, especially during the holidays, and mentioned that one fairy picture which they were going to have was the "Wizard of Oz." A report of the recent convention of the Indiana Federation of Clubs was then read by Mrs. Howard Passel.

Mrs. Philip Zoercher of the legislative committee gave a report of the legislation which the federation is to work for this year. The national organization has endorsed four bills which it will back; first, a bill for creating a department of education in the cabinet; second, a bill for establishing a maternity and infant hygiene division in the Department of Labor; third, the Rogers bill which provides for independent citizenship for women, regardless of the nationality of their husbands; fourth, the Fess bill to increase vocational appropriation to cover training of home makers.

The state program is even larger. The legislation which the federation will push will provide for a woman on the Industrial Board; an all-time health officer for the smaller towns and rural districts as well as the larger cities; better laws for women in industrial work, including legislation to enforce an eight-hour day for women in industrial work and to fix a minimum wage; laws in regard to child labor and school attendance specifying that any child who works must have passed the eighth grade in the school and be at least sixteen years old; preservation of sand dunes and other places of historic interest. Mrs. Zoercher and Mrs. Christian of the legislative committee will talk before various clubs in the federation on legislation before the session opens.

Dr. Augustus R. Hatton of Cleveland, Ohio, field director of the National Municipal League, gave a talk, earnestly advocating the support of a bill to provide that any town or city in Indiana may inaugurate either the commissioner plan or the council-manager plan of city administration, and it was the latter plan that Dr. Hatton particularly advocated.

Mrs. M. F. Ault made a plea for the clubs to assist in the work of the Marion County Tuberculosis Association, especially in providing transportation and lunch money for children who can not afford to pay these expenses and still should go to the outdoor schools. Mrs. Ault also called attention to the coming sale of Christmas stamps to begin the week of Thanksgiving.

* * *

The Aftermath Club will meet with Mrs. P. H. Yant, 2102 North Delaware street, on December 2d. Mrs. C. S. Rhoads will read a paper on "Flora and Fauna," and Mrs. J. F. Haines will give a book review on "The Twice American."

* * *

The Fortnightly Literary Club will meet at the Propylaeum at half-past two o'clock on November 30th. Miss Ruth O'Hair will discuss the advantages of "New Schools for Old," and Mrs. Frances M. Kelsey will speak on "What the War Taught in Education."

* * *

The Fortnightly Study Club will meet on November 29th at the home of Miss Mary E. Cotton, 2818 Ashland avenue. Mrs. W. S. Kirby and Mrs. W. R. Dunkle will discuss "The Evils of State Sovereignty, the Rights of Women and Children—Divorce Laws." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt's letter to the Governor of Vermont will also be read.

* * *

The Home Economics Club will be entertained on December 3d by Mrs. W. J. Marks, 3311 North New Jersey street. Mrs. Marks will be assisted by Mrs. Frank Fitch, Mrs. Edward Ferger, Mrs. Earl Hollingsworth, and Miss Hazen Hibben. "Elimination of Waste" will be the subject of a paper by Mrs. H. B. McColley; Mrs. W. J. Marks will review Lessons XIII and XIV, and demonstrations will be given by Mrs. Herman Rogge and Mrs. E. H. Emerick.

* * *

The Indiana Vassar Club will have as its honor guest Thursday and Friday, December 9 and 10, Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar college.

* * *

The Ideal Embroidery Club will meet on December 1st at the home of Mrs. G. A. Davidson.

* * *

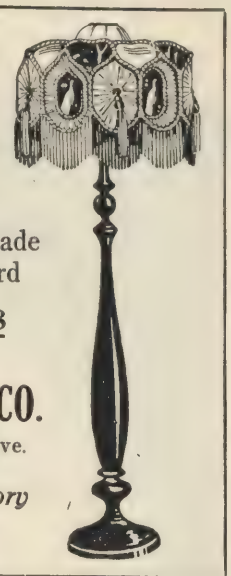
The Indianapolis Woman's Club will hold a meeting at the Propylaeum on December 3d. Grace Julian Clarke will read a paper on "Men, Women and Events," and Ethel Elizabeth Cleland will direct the conversation along "Political Types."

* * *

The Vincent C. L. S. C. of Indianapolis will meet with Mrs. J. W. Bloor at 2719 College avenue on November 30th. The subjects of study will be "Notable Men of Italy; The People's War," and the program will be as follows: New Italy, Part III, Chapter II, by Mrs. J. T. Rainier; New Italy, Part III, Chapter III, by Mrs. Charles Railsback; Current Events by Mrs. C. D. Renick. Mrs. B. W. Gillespie will read a postponed chapter, New Italy, Part II, Chapter VII.

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The programs for the Woman's Department Club for the week of November 29th are as follows:

Department of Art, with Mrs. Samuel Elliott Perkins leading, will meet from 10 to 11:30 a. m., December 1st. Subject of study: The founding of the mendicant orders. Their rapid development and its effect. The lives and influence of St. Dominick and St. Francis.

Department of Business Women will meet at 8 p. m. on December 2d. Two papers will be read: "We Two" by Miss Helen Sinclair, and "Some Indiana Women" by Miss Isadora Kessler. Vocalist, Miss Ruth Sterling.

Dramatic Club Presents First Play

(Continued from Page 16)

being escorted off stage by the pussy-footing butler.

The well-rounded performance showed the effect of Mr. Pfaff's diligent and efficient direction. The members of the cast and the committee in charge of the play showed their appreciation of Mr. Pfaff's work by presenting him with a large, richly-embossed, silver cigarette box, and an ivory cigarette holder mounted in gold.

* * *

General Nivelle was being entertained at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, Saturday evening and was apparently enjoying himself until Mr. Bowman Elder happened to mention to him that among the festivities in Indianapolis that night was a performance by the Dramatic Club. "How interesting," said the General in a regretful tone. "I should have loved to see it for I frequently take part in amateur theatricals myself." Mr. Elder thereupon volunteered to escort the General to "The House of Glass," and the offer was immediately accepted. Which accounts for the playing of the Marseillaise at the end of the second act.



Theatre Calendar

Week of November 29th

English's—"It's Up to You," November 29, 30, and December 1. "The Girl in the Spotlight," December 2, 3, and 4.

Murat—A Potash-Perlmuter Series, "His Honor the Mayor," Entire Week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

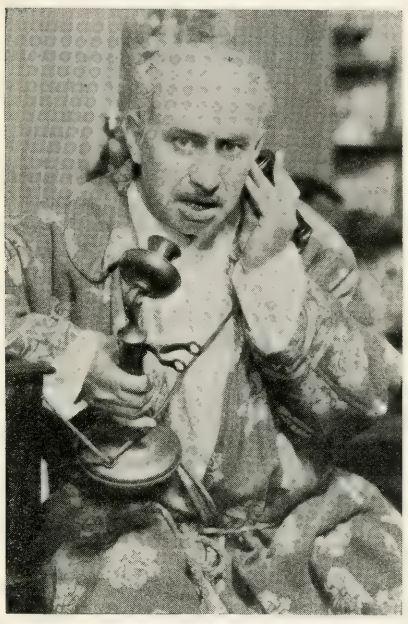
Lyric—Vaudeville.

ENGLISH'S

A new musical comedy with music composed by the late Manuel Klein, hero in the war and composer of much of the music for the New York Hippodrome spectacles, is "It's Up to You," which comes to English's for three days beginning Monday night, November 29.

Among those best known in the cast are Douglas Leavitt, star of the original "Take It From Me" company; Zella Rambeau, star of the original companies of "Fifty-Fifty," "Oh Boy" and "Sunshine" with Richard Carle; Barrett Carman, featured in several "Passing Show" revues; Harry Short, Ruth Mary Lockwood, Rex Dantzler, Florence Hope, Florence Earle, Ruth Oswald, and Wakefield and Lyons, the acrobatic dancers. Madeleine Dare, another dancer, is also listed in the cast.

John L. McManus wrote several numbers in "It's Up to You," rearranged some of the Klein songs and will personally conduct the augmented orchestra during the engagement in Indianapolis.



BARNEY BERNARD

Creator of role of Abe Potash of the famous Potash-Perlmutter series, now appearing in "His Honor, Abe Potash." Booked at the Murat for the entire week of November 29.



MARY MILBURN

New prima donna discovered by George W. Lederer, who will appear at English's December 2, 3 and 4 in "The Girl in the Spotlight."

After a few weeks on the road the attraction goes to Chicago to settle down for the winter.

By special arrangement, Victor Herbert has positively consented to conduct the augmented symphony orchestra for the opening performance of his latest and gayest musical sensation "The Girl in the Spotlight," which is to be presented at English's December 2, 3 and 4, by George W. Lederer, with the original cast and production intact—just as it was seen during the past summer at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City.

Harold Skelly, Eddy Dowling and Matt Carr are the three leading comedians. Skelly was last seen here in "The Night Boat." Dowling was one of the big hits in last season's "Ziegfeld Follies," and Matt Carr has an international reputation equal to that of his brother, Alexander Carr.

Mary Milburn is the new prima donna, who created a veritable sensation in New York. Julia Kelety was the original "Merry Widow" when it was first done in Vienna; Minerva Grey, the eccentric comedienne of the company, hails from London, where she appeared in prominent roles at the Gaiety Theatre. Ben Forbes, the tenor, is the protege of Victor Herbert.

Others prominent in the cast are Agnes Patterson, Eunice Sauvian, John Hendricks, the well-known basso; John Reinhard, Neil Moore; two very beautiful and clever young dancers, Lillian Young and Geneva Mitchell; the well-known comedian, William Cameron, and Evelyn Grieg, who is said to be another Mrs. Vernon Castle.

MURAT

Most theatregoers know about Potash & Perlmutter and Barney Bernard, who created the role of Abe Potash. Bernard comes to the Shubert-Murat Theatre the week of November 29 in his new play, the fourth of the Potash-Perlmutter series, called "His Honor the Mayor." The play is from the pens of Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, and was written especially for Mr. Bernard.

A. H. Wood, who is to present Mr. Bernard, has given him the same supporting cast as appeared all last season at the Bijou Theatre in New York, including Mme. Mathilde Cotterly, Lucille English, Robert Cummings, George Barnum, James Spottswods, Martin Alsop, Harold Vosburgh, Ted W. Gibson, Stanley Jessup, J. F. Morrisey, Bertram Miller and William Vaughn. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

KEITH'S

A vaudeville bill of unusual strength will be offered at Keith's next week, starting Monday afternoon, with popular bargain matinees daily. The program will be headed by Wilbur Mack and company, in a playlet with songs and music written by Mr. Mack, called "Two Is Company." This is a little musical comedy of the snappy, peppy style. It is the story of a flirtation at a country club, with a sparkling dialogue and clever lyrics. One number is a golfing song that is said to be one of the best that has been offered in many seasons. Ethel McDonnough will present an original sketch, which is from the pen of Miss McDonnough herself, called "Milady's Busy Day." It is a satire on how hard the average society woman works doing nothing. An act that will appeal to the children as well as the older folks is Fink's mules, who come billed as "Vaudeville's Equine Joy Fest." Stephens and Hollister come in a new offering, "Back in Beverly Hills." Tony, the wandering violinist, is a musician of rare ability, but keeps the audience guessing as to whether he is a boy or a girl. A novel equilibristic act will be contributed by Evans and Perez. The Kinogram and the Literary Digest Topics will be included in the bill.

LYRIC

The Orrin Davenport troupe, America's leading equestrians, will be seen at the Lyric next week as a special feature attraction of an unusually attractive vaudeville bill. The Davenports, three pretty girls, and two men, are real aristocrats of the circus world. Two well-trained horses are employed in the act, and the riders perform all the familiar feats of bareback riding that are such an important part of the circus. Another added feature will be Dot Marsell, singing comedienne and her "Rag Pickers." Miss Marsell warbles syncopated melodies a la Sophie Tucker, and is a favorite with Lyric patrons. Ergortia and Herman, European entertainers who sing, dance and perform acrobatics; the Harvey-DeVora trio in their ever popular "Darktown Cabaret" skit; Millar and Capman, comedians, who claim to be just a little bit different from the rest; Weir and Crest, character funmakers, known as "The Yank and the Wop," and the Three Alex, sensational perch and ladder equilibrists, are among other acts that will complete the show. Fatty Arbuckle in "A Reckless Romeo," the Bray pictograph and the Pathe review will be shown on the screen.



FLORENCE EARLE

In "It's Up to You," appearing at English's, November 29, 30 and December 1.

Sigma Alpha Iota Musicale

The Zeta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota of the College of Music and Fine Arts gave the second musicale of the season in the Louis XV parlors of the Claypool Hotel Sunday afternoon, November 21st. The program was exclusively of French compositions and was given by Blanche Clark Miller, harpist, Maud Krause, violinist, Louise Essex, violoncello, Olive Kiler, violinist, Adah Strong, pianist, and Marion G. Williams, vocalist. Miss Jean Stewart gave a musical monologue assisted by Miss Dorothy Brown at the piano.



LOULE HOLLY

Supporting Wilbur Mack in the musical comedy sketch "Two Is Company," appearing at Keith's week of November 29th.

Play by Little Theatre

The Little Theatre Society of Indiana presented their second program of the season Friday night, November 19, at the Masonic Temple. "The Blind," a drama by Maurice Maeterlink, was excellently done; Mrs. Eugene Fife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert Schofield, Miss Florence Farman, Estal L. Taylor, and Fred Heckman were included in the cast. "Aria da Capo," a satiric tragi-comedy by Edna St. Vincent Millar, was creditably presented by H. L. Earnest and Russell Stuart, Ralph Ballou, Elsa Goett and Edward LaShelle. Stuart Walker's "The Medicine Show" was played by Dr. Henry Jameson, John Moffat, Thomas Flaherty, J. Lloyd Wayne and Maude Swift Anthony. "The Home of the Free," by Elmer Reizenstein, was the fourth play on the bill, presented by Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Miss Pauline Taylor, Ralph F. Thompson and Otto Walter Lieber.

A group of almost twenty water color sketches by J. A. Seaford is at present on exhibition at the Women's Department Club at Seventeenth and Meridian streets. The exhibition, which is open to the public every day except Sunday, will continue until the first of December.

Mr. Seaford is a former Indiana man, who is living at present in the East. He recently built a home in Malden, Mass., near Boston, and he spends his winters there. Half of the year he spends in Indiana and he has done some charming scenes in the older part of Richmond. He has done a great many fine architectural bits, and he has often sketched while in Indianapolis visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Coate or with Dr. A. W. Brayton. "The Market Place," one of the pictures in the present exhibition, is really a scene near the Indianapolis court house; another is a view of the monument here.

Previous exhibitions of his work have been held at the home of Mrs. Alvin T. Coate, and they have been very successful. For this latest exhibition and sale, the Women's Department Club has offered its building. The pictures are reasonably priced and of unusual value.

To Visit Old Home

The following interesting letter has just been received by Ona B. Talbot from Mme. Charles Cahier (Sarah Layton Walker), formerly of Indianapolis, daughter of Mrs. Anna Walker, and sister of Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Sharpe and Mrs. Percy Hammond, of this city. It says in part:

October 20, 1920.

Munchen-Germany-Koniginstrasse, 5 Hocp.

"My season of 1920 and 21 has started out very auspiciously. I am now having a tournee in the big towns in Germany, having started in Munich with two concerts. I will return there for appearances in the former Royal Opera House. In December I will sing in Vienna and the big towns in Austria and Hungary. January and February I am engaged for the "Wagner Festivals" in the Royal Opera in Madrid, as well as a concert tournee in the large cities of Spain. Then up through Italy and Switzerland to Vienna for appearances at the opera for March and the beginning of April.

"The whole summer we will spend again at Nosund, on the west coast of Sweden, and the end of September we hope to sail from Gothenburg, with the Swedish line, for America. I say 'hope,' for there are many factors to be considered in connection with my coming over, but I am trusting that all may be worked out satisfactorily so that I may be able to come and see all my dear ones, and many friends, to whom I send greetings, Very sincerely yours,

"SARAH CAHIER."

It is hoped that Mme. Cahier will return to this country next season. Her position in Europe after six years of continued success is a very distinct one, and her own countrymen are eager and anxious to hear her again. If she comes to America, Mrs. Talbot assures the Indianapolis public that she will present her in recital.

Athletic Club Now Assured

(Continued on Page 5)

ests of the city will have consideration. For this reason the organizers are securing a membership that will most truly represent the city, regardless of any affiliation.

President Campbell said that in his opinion the campaign for the second thousand members will be closed within a few days after it is opened, inasmuch as there already is a demand for applications. The recent "jollification" dinner held at the Claypool Hotel, and attended by some 600 enthusiastic citizens, augurs well for the future of the club.

At this dinner short speeches were made by a number of citizens who emphasized the need of such a club, and for the necessity of closer cooperation between citizens in fostering the spirit of understanding between all sections of a "no mean city."

It was also pointed out by some of the speakers that Indianapolis had reached a point where something must be done looking toward an extension of its transportation problems and other civic enterprises, which means so much to the progress of Indianapolis.



Mme. Charles Cahier (Sarah Layton Walker) in her sailboat "Orphee" in which she is spending the summer off the coast of Norway and Sweden.

ENGLISH'S

MON., TUES., WED.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY

The Twin Sister to The Sweetheart Shop

William Moore Patch Announces

It's Up to You

1921's Biggest Musical, Laughing, Girlie Comedy.

Prices: Nights, 50c to $2.50
Matinee, 50c to $2.00

THURS., FRI., SAT.
MATINEE SATURDAY

Special—Mr. Victor Herbert will positively conduct the augmented orchestra opening night.

VICTOR HERBERT'S MUSICAL COMEDY SENSATION

THE GIRL IN THE **Spotlight**

Original cast and production intact, as produced by the George W. Lederer Company.

Prices: Night, 50c to $2.50
Matinee, 50c to $2.00

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Lunch for Fifteen Hundred

By Lannes McPhetridge

Preparing lunch for fifteen hundred men and women a day means no more to Miss Clara Fisher and Miss Lou Jane Roberts than it means to a home woman to prepare one for a man with a variegated appetite. As managers of the Fletcher Cafeteria they have for some years been purveyors for thousands of doctors, lawyers, business men, bank clerks, office and store employes downtown who, on the stroke of 12 noon, or soon after, file in single line, each with tray in hand, by the steam-tables and food counters, where good things to eat are spread in tempting array.

Fifteen hundred men and women make up an average day. When a convention, like the public school teachers, comes to town, the number may swell to eighteen hundred, with two thousand as the extreme. But to the two managers and their force of young women, fifteen hundred are no more trouble to provide for than a dozen would be. An increase in numbers simply means an increase in portions.

A cafeteria does not just run itself. It is a place of system, of established methods, with trained employes to get the methods in motion in the morning and keep them going through the day. At this particular cafeteria there are ten or twelve hundred men and women who go there day after day, and who can not be catered to with dull monotony, but who must have a variety of foods. There are some items, like roast beef, vegetable soup and a few other old standards, which are on the list every day. Then there are other items for certain fixed days, and these bring in patrons who know when the "specials" are to be served. There are a lot of little menu ideas worked out in a cafeteria to bring folks back every day, and other folks two or three times a week.

Miss Fisher and Miss Roberts know the primary food markets of Indianapolis as well as any young women in the city, and better than most of them. Day by day they search the resources of the commission houses for vegetables and fruits. They buy their meats from the larger packers. Three times a week they order ninety dozen eggs—and eggs is eggs these days, for they are paying seventy cents a dozen for them at present. Then, too, there is the milk man, the butter man and the grocery man to be dealt with every day—dealt with on a wholesale scale.

Six meats and fish are on the Fisher-Roberts menu every day. Always there is roast beef and one kind of fish. Pot roasts are on the list for Mondays. Baked ham is a feature on Tuesdays and Saturdays. New England dinners are a prime favorite on Thursdays. Baked chicken pie comes with Friday.

Farther along the steam-table are potatoes—Irish and sweet—and they are served every day. Along with them are four other kinds of vegetables.

All the fruits of the season are on the fruit counter in winsome array, often twenty different kinds, grapes being one of the year 'round standards. Fancy ten or twelve kinds of salad to select from on a home menu at meal time! But this is the number that appears on the Fisher-Roberts menu day after day.

Eight kinds of pie a day—oh, boy! And one or two kinds of fruit cobbler. More pumpkin, custard and cherry pies come out of the oven of this cafeteria than any other in a day. The demand for custard pie is a chief reason for buying ninety dozen eggs every other day.

Vanilla ice cream is another prime favorite, two helpings of it to one of strawberry being served.

Gas and electricity are the great helpers in making it possible to feed fifteen hundred or more people a day, the gas doing the cooking in the kitchen and keeping foods hot on the steam-tables. Electricity runs the ice-making machine. Washing dishes after fifteen hundred people a day—just try to imagine it! A dish-washing machine with electricity as its motive power makes it possible in a cafeteria.

The two buyers not only search the food markets with diligence to supply the daily menu, but watch it for prices. "The cafeteria makes every saving possible on food prices," Miss Fisher said, "and passes the savings on to the patrons. But there is such a variation in the prices that it is difficult to make the reductions show when a patron reaches the cashier. Two items of food may be lower one day, but the reduction may be overbalanced by increases in two or three others. Food makes up 63 per cent of the cost of operating a cafeteria. That is much too high. But food prices are coming down—just when, it is difficult to say."

Notes of Society

(Continued from Page 9)

ber 28. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will give the bridal dinner Friday evening, December 10. Miss Helen Shell and Miss Isabelle Davidson will give a luncheon Friday afternoon, November 26, and Mrs. E. O. Fosdick and Mrs. Ralph Stevenson on Saturday afternoon, November 27.

* * *

Mrs. Almus Vinton, of New York, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hurty.

* * *

The Players' Club presented their opening bill on Tuesday evening, November 23, at the Odeon. The cast for the first play, "The Clod," was composed of Mrs. Charles McNaull, F. R. Kautz, Robert Daggett, Dr. Charles W. Myers and Smiley N. Chambers. "The Man in the Stalls" will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Romney Willson and Walter Lieber. There will be dancing after the program. The committee in charge includes Dr. and Mrs. John Ray Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKay and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Miller.

Old Tobacco Pouch in Danger

(Continued from Page 8)

stogies; there can scarcely be any instances of the poor man's family being thrown into the street because father spent all his money for cigarettes; but there are other angles on the situation in regard to tobacco which will no doubt be just as interesting. In the process of showing the evils of nicotine, full many a rabbit will no doubt be requisitioned to stick out its tongue for the fatal two drops. How often, in the course of lecturizing the state, will the awful fate of Ulysses S. Grant be cited as an example of death due to cigars? (Or will it be advisable to use a President in this connection, thus defying the "king-can-do-no-wrong" theory?) How many reform school careers will be traced to the use of the vile weed? The campaign of education is being carefully planned, and the organization undoubtedly means business.

After the initial bombardment of propaganda is over, the plan is for the army to advance to the matter of legislation—and legislation which will be enforced—for the outlawing of tobacco. But the league is patient and this step in the work will come later.

Here is a situation that calls for a large fight. Certainly the folks who have not been satisfied to accept the ultimatum of prohibition without a last fight, will not sit quietly and have their tobacco taken away from them as if it were a stick of candy and the smoker the proverbial baby. The inveterate cigarette smoker, the devotee of the thick brown cigar, the lover of the pipe—will all these gentlemen stand by quietly while the No-Tobacco Leaguers abscond with their tobacco? Surely it is a brave man who will attempt the task of putting the prohibition ban on tobacco.

And yet there are people in Indianapolis who not only put their shoulders to the wheel of the No-Tobacco wagon, but who, moreover, announce blithely that they believe the wagon will go. Mr. Orrin Jessup, long and favorably known in the real estate business in Indianapolis, is one of the backers of the league and its treasurer. Mr. Jessup courageously states that he is optimistic for the success of the movement. "Some people are calling us cranks and dreamers, but the pioneers in the prohibition movement met with this same kind of opposition. I believe that the no-tobacco movement will be just as successful as the prohibition campaign, and that it will not take nearly so long a time to rid the country of tobacco as it did to get rid of liquor. It will take years to combat the smoking habits built up among soldiers during the war.

There is no way of accurately forecasting the finish now. Many people said prohibition would never come, and yet it is an accomplished fact—on the statute books. Whether or not tobacco will go the way of strong drink it is hard to say, though the chances seem scarcely with the No-Tobaccoites. At any rate, a great fight may be expected between the Personal Liberty League and the No-Tobacco League—and may the best league win.

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Motion Pictures

Week of November 28

Alhambra—Charles Ray in "An Old-Fashioned Boy;" Billie Burke in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Circle—The Scoffer.

Crystal—Harry Carey in "Sundown Slim."

Colonial—Elaine Hammerstein in "The Daughter Pays."

Isis—Ethel Clayton in "The Sins of Rosanne;" Charles Ray in "An Old-Fashioned Boy."

Mister Smith's—H. B. Warner in "One Hour Before Dawn."

Ohio—Something to Think About (Cecil De Mille).

Regent—Buck Jones in "Just Pals."

Alhambra

"An Old-Fashioned Boy," a comedy drama that serves the versatile talents of Charles Ray, will be presented at the Alhambra the first half of next week. Mr. Ray appears as a youth having rather staid and old-fashioned notions about girls and love making. When he becomes genuinely infatuated with an up-to-date miss, who permits him to kiss her, that settles affairs so far as he is concerned. Straightway he plans a cottage just for two, and even proceeds to build a bungalow and furnish it throughout before taking the young lady into his confidence. When he discovers how far he has gone on the assumption of their "engagement" she puts a damper on his enthusiasm by giving him to understand that he was entirely too presumptuous. Just when it appears as if he will have to occupy the house all by himself Charlie concocts a scheme which results in the girl, and several others including himself becoming quarantined in the place. No end of funny situations follow and the hero, of course, comes off victorious in the end. Ethel Shannon is the girl in the case. A Mutt and Jeff comedy and the Fox news weekly will be subsidiary attractions. On Thursday and for the last half of the week Billie Burke will be seen in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Circle

"The Scoffer" is a photoplay with a story which is faintly reminiscent of "The Miracle Man" in the bigness of its theme and its exploitation of the power of faith. A notable cast, including Mary Thurman, James Kirkwood, Noah Beery, and Ward Crane, present the picture, which will be shown at the Circle Theatre the week of November 28. Wayne is a young doctor whose life is embittered by a prison sentence for a criminal operation which he did not perform. He has the opportunity to save the life of a child whose spine is injured, but he refuses to perform the necessary operation. When challenged to prove his claim that he is as great as God, he consents to operate, but his work is interrupted by the arrival of a mob who believe that he is butchering the child. In his extremity Wayne prays to God; the child's life is saved, and the scoffer's faith restored. A Larry Semon comedy, "The Suitor;" a Circlette of News, and the "Militaire Polonaise" (Chopin) by the Circle Orchestra, complete the program.

Colonial

The story of a girl who married the man who had been jilted by her mother is told in "The Daughter Pays," the feature attraction at the Colonial Theatre the week of November 28. Elaine Hammerstein is starred as the daughter who marries to retrieve the fallen fortunes of her family, only to find that her husband married her simply for the opportunity to make her life miserable and to revenge himself on her mother. In this role, Miss Hammerstein does some of the finest acting of her career, it is said. The star is supported by a strong cast, headed by Norman Trevor. Chester Conklin will be seen in his latest comedy "A Hard-Boiled Yegg;" the current news review will be shown, and a special musical program will be given by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers.

Regent

The story of a man's great love for his friends is "Just Pals," starring Buck Jones, which will be featured at the Regent Theatre the week beginning November 28. Jones discards his usual role of cowboy but nevertheless performs the usual number of stunts. The story deals with the lives of a dejected "nobody," a boy waif, and a beautiful school teacher, who are thrown together in a small town on the border-line between the wheat and cattle countries. One of the most exciting scenes is the fight between Buck Jones and a band of bank robbers.

Ohio

For the third time in eight weeks, the Ohio Theatre management is continuing a motion picture production for a second week. The popularity of "Something to Think About" has prolonged its stay in Indianapolis to two weeks, continuing until December 5. It is a Cecil B. DeMille production, from the story by Jeanie MacPherson, who provided the scenario for such plays as "Joan the Woman," and "Male and Female." It deals with the story of Ruth Anderson and her two lovers; David, the sensitive cripple, whose wealth can not compensate for his deformity, and Jim, the husky young son of a farmer, who temporarily wins Ruth from David. The cast is a notable one, including Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Monte Blue, Julia Faye and Theodore Kosloff.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

New York police court records are full of accounts of ingenious ways to make a living without the inconvenience of labor. A well-dressed young man was arrested by two detectives in the McAlpin Hotel as he asked the clerk for a room. It developed that his game was to linger near the desk and watch the numbers on the room keys as they were turned in by the guests. Later he would ask for the key from the busy clerk, step in the elevator and proceed to loot the room. He admitted to the detectives that he had found the business exceedingly profitable in a number of downtown hotels, including the Claridge.

The college pal crook was also discovered the other day. He is a young man who, dressed in quiet collegiate style, called at the home or office of men whose sons are in college. He told the victims that he was a friend of their hopeful and then narrated some plausible incident of college life. Generally, he wore a fraternity pin. After the introduction came the embarrassed request for a short-time loan to get back to college. And in many cases it was made. Obviously, the loan was never paid back. He is believed to have obtained the information about the particular students from fraternity house servants or from men and women who work in the dormitories.

Imported revenue officers are charged with responsibility for a short period of watered wine in a number of French restaurants last week. The astute say, however, that the vin ordinaire speaks with normal authority this week, following the return of the Federal sleuths to their respective domains. The unexpected visit did succeed in hiking the price of hootch up to ten dollars a quart, it is said.

"Cut his lip,
Gash his jaw;
Leave his face—
Raw! Raw! Raw!"

These touching lines are the product of the poet laureate of a New York barber college. They form the college yell.

There seems to be a special providence which takes care of New York drunks. They stagger out into the traffic, skid by high-powered motor cars, lurch up the stairs to the "L" stations, and teeter on the edge of the platform without disaster. The types vary from the belligerent inebriate, who sees a fancied grievance in every act of persons about him, to the jovial souse, who wishes to share his precious sunshine with the great human race.

One of the best views of Manhattan's evening electrical display, the most wonderful in the world, may be obtained from the prosaic deck of a Jersey ferry boat. The highest buildings on Manhattan Island stand out with all the bright lights; the fresh river air fills the lungs and life isn't so bad after all.

Americans are proverbial souvenir hunters. During the recent unpleasantness, Rheims, Soissons and Verdun lost many stones and more valuable articles which now repose on Kansas what-nots. The peace-time chaser has been the despair of many Broadway hotel managers. The silverware department is the heaviest contributor to the zeal for mementoes. Restaurateurs say that spoons, knives and forks move with magnetic precision to the pockets of guests. Several restaurants no longer inscribe their names on their silverware, but mark it by letters and numbers.

A more effective measure is to furnish inexpensive "favors" at each table bearing the name of the restaurant and the date. Restaurant owners who have operated this system of "favors," such as little wooden hammers, which may be used to call waiters and for strenuous applause, say their loss in silverware and other table fixtures is negligible.

Wind blew with such velocity in Brooklyn the other evening that it carried a man from an "L" station platform to the street below.

New Packard Agency

Lon Hinckley, manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, has announced that the Citizens' Motor Car Company of Cincinnati has leased the sales rooms at 31 West Thirteenth street and will have the exclusive agency of the Packard cars and trucks here. Mr. Hinckley will be the manager of the new concern. The Packard was formerly handled by the Fisher Auto Company.

Romus F. Stuart, secretary of the local civil service board, has been retired in accordance with the old age requirement act. Henry M. Trimpe will succeed Mr. Stuart.

The Circle
On The Circle

"The Scoffer"
An Allen Dwan Production

Larry Semon Comedy
"The Suitor"

Circle Theatre Orchestra
Overture
"Militaire Polonaise"
By Chopin

Circelette of News

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

It is announced that the Hotel English, under the management of the Watson-McMahon interests, will come to an end November 30. The hotel, however, will continue under another management, the Watson-McMahon company having leased the Jefferson hotel at Peoria, Ill. It is well that the English continue as it has been, a popular Indianapolis hostelry. The tearing away of part of the building to make room for a motion picture theatre will not be done for some time yet, owing to financial conditions. Indianapolis needs all the hotel room it can get. With the addition to the Lincoln hotel now under consideration, the city will have fair accommodations for a time at least.

The Ellenberger golf course is to be abandoned by the city after December 1, according to notice sent the Ellenberger heirs. The park board has made a game effort to retain this beautiful pleasure place and it is to be regretted that the $60,000 worth of bonds to buy it could not be sold. Irvington people who have received much pleasure from this golf course will await with considerable impatience the word that the park board has been able to buy the tract. It is understood that the board will reopen the deal if an agreement to this effect can be made.

In connection with the midwinter meeting of Indiana Republican editors, a "love feast" will be held, to which all leading Republicans will be invited. This "love feast" is a biennial event and is particularly appropriate this year in view of the fact that the party will have some things to "iron out" and some harmonizing to do between certain factions who seek control of the next session of the legislature. Democrats are mean enough to say that this love feast will be quite necessary at this time and in the interest of harmony all weapons should be checked at the door.

The Riverside Civic Association, which represents several hundred property owners in the vicinity of Riverside Park, have handed in a petition bearing 1,000 names, protesting against the erection of an amusement park in this neighborhood. These people feel they are within their rights in protecting their homes against the encroachment of undesirables who would be attracted to the amusement park. They have their money invested in homes and do not want to jeopardize their investments. The matter is now before the Board of Safety, which will confer with the Park Board on the legal phases. Meanwhile, the community is girding its loins for a continuation of the fray.

A fireman's college and convention is scheduled for Indianapolis beginning November 29, for the purpose of instructing firemen of Indiana to combat the $6,000,000 fire waste that has been eating into the resources of the state. Skilled firemen from the larger cities will be here to instruct the visiting delegations on how to fight fire as well as to safeguard property from the flames. Firemen will be taught how to rescue people from burning buildings and the modern methods of fire fighting. Anything that can be done to check the tremendous fire waste in the state ought to receive the best co-operation from every citizen.

Peter Volo, a sensational racing stallion with a record of 2:02, son of Peter the Great, the bright star in the equine world, owned by Stoughton Fletcher, has been sold by its down-east owners to the Walnut Hill Stock Farm near Lexington, Ky. It is said the price paid for Peter Volo is the largest ever paid for a harness horse since Mr. Fletcher bought Peter the Great for $50,000. Indiana is becoming known as a harness horse state through the establishment of the Laurel Hill Stock Farm by Mr. Fletcher and the bringing of Peter the Great to head his stables of blooded animals.

Andrew Steffen, whose death was announced a few days ago, was known as a "counsellor of youth." Many Indianapolis business men in their young days knew Mr. Steffen and asked his advice on many questions. He was known for his good comradeship and his sympathy and probably had as many or more close personal friends as any man in Indianapolis. He was in the same business location, as a cigar manufacturer, for forty-five years.

A judgment of $7,500 has been awarded to Benjamin F. Havey against Robert B. Alfonte, who is alleged to have sold Havey whiskey which contained wood alcohol and which disabled Havey and made him partly blind. A prominent Indianapolis physician, who has treated many "white mule" and wood alcohol cases, said recently that time will reveal that a large number of drinkers of bootleg whiskey have been permanently disabled through the rapacity of bootleggers who increase the quantity of bottle-in-bond liquor by the addition of various kinds of poison, including deadly wood alcohol.

Pang Yun is a "heathen Chinese," but he loves America. In fact, he is charged with having entered the United States unlawfully, so according to the mandates of the court he is to be deported. One of Pang's Chinese friends said Pang was born in the United States—but he wasn't. So he will pack up his tea samovar, his flowered robes and his chopsticks and will sail away to the Orient. How long he will stay?—that's another question. Pang says so.

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Is Indianapolis Musically Cold?

(Continued from Page 6)

The latest expansion of the school took the form of the establishment of a branch on the south side. After a survey of the city to ascertain from what quarters the students were drawn, it was discovered that very few came from the district south of Washington street and east of Meridian. To meet the needs of the musically inclined among the sixty thousand inhabitants of that quarter of the city, a piece of property at 1218 Prospect street was bought, a resident principal, Miss Mayme Julian, put in charge, and arrangements made for instruction, not only by Miss Julian, but by the various members of the faculty, whose services were in demand in that community. Enrollment at the branch and attendance at recitals is encouraging.

One of the important features of the school, which deserves particular mention, is its symphony orchestra. Every teacher and advanced student is given the opportunity, after passing a required test, to become a member of the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Kafka. Weekly rehearsals are held and occasional public programs are given during the year. This is the largest organization of its kind in Indiana.

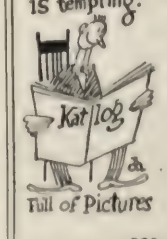
One proof of the merit of the school is the record of the students it has trained. There are many who are worthy of mention, but lack of space prevents setting down the names of more than a few. In piano, Clarence Morrow, Amelia Kroeckel Monninger, Ruth Jewell Alford, Dorothy Bruce Knight, Mabelle Hendleman, Beatrice Luce, Mary I. Harter and John Gunder are a few of whom the school has a right to feel proud. Paul Brown, well known as a local violinist, and Mrs. Paul Ragsdale, a singer known throughout the state, received their training at the College of Music and Fine Arts. Mr. Ernestinoff has the credit of discovering Orville Harrold when his chief business in life was driving a delivery wagon for a casket company in Muncie, and his singing was a mere matter of recreation.

The school has such a splendid record of past performance, and so promising a future before it, that it deserves the hearty support of every music loving citizen in Indianapolis. Dr. Hill and his faculty have given so much and so freely of their time and energy and enthusiasm to the life of the school, that the best that the city can offer in the way of hearty support and appreciation will be fully earned.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920 — NUMBER 25

Turning the Spotlight on the Supes

How the "Spear Carriers" and Others Are Trained for Producing the "Atmosphere" for the Aphrodite Spectacle.

"Supeing" in a Spectacular Play in Order to See the Leading Lady Is Like Joining the Navy to Get to See the World—You Don't.

By Barbara Bond

Nearly everybody has at some time in his life felt a strong desire to go on the stage. I never did. But I got there just the same.

Ever since that day when I agonized through my first Christmas poem, I realized that I would not find happiness on the stage. I admit that the thought of being an actress had a peculiar fascination for me, but then so did the idea of attending a hanging. I never really thought I would make the grade, even while I was negotiating and rehearsing for my first theatrical position; and it was a shocking surprise to me to find myself blinking at the footlights as I tripped onto the stage of the Murat Theatre one evening as a supernumerary member of the cast of "Aphrodite."

And this is how it happened. I was elected to investigate the working conditions of the actor tribe, and I decided that the only way to gather the actual facts in the case was to go on the stage myself, and soak up atmosphere by direct contact. I proceeded to do this by communicating promptly with a young friend of mine who dances in the "Aphrodite" ballet, and having her O. K. my qualifications to join the company as a "supe."

In my wanderings backstage I learned a great deal, I was frequently surprised, and, upon one or two occasions, most shocked. But as for discovering immorality and abandon any more abundant among stage people than among the members of any other profession—I was disappointed to find that they seemed to be much like other folks, except in the matter of costume. Of course, it is possible that they were all on their good behavior that Monday night, the mayor being among those present in the boxes. If so, I regret very much that I did not "supe" on a Tuesday night.

Speaking from the eminence of one night's experience on the stage—which is more than most people have—I propose to narrate herewith life backstage as it really is.

Applying for a position as "supe" is no more thrilling than trying to get a job as bookkeeper. In either case, if you know somebody in the company your place is assured. Since I knew Loretta, Mr. Jackman, supervisor of the "supes," accepted me and no questions asked. The only thrill in this part of the process of "suping" was due to the presence of a tidy little wire cage full of huge, scaly snakes.

All of the "supes"—six women and a large gang of men—were ordered to report for rehearsal Sunday morning at ten thirty.

When I arrived via the stage door I found a large mob assembled. Mr. Jackman presided at roll call in the midst of the stage, which was bare of all setting and seemed huge in its emptiness. Overhead long ropes dangled, and several drops and curtains were hauled up there out of the way. Daylight was the only illumination, and the empty house out beyond the footlights seemed much smaller and closer than it does from the other side. The stage seemed the biggest part of the theatre.

All the lady "supes" huddled together waiting for their instructions. One was a very tall, pretty girl who had been an usher in the theatre; one had "been in the profession" years ago and was voluble about details of make-up, creams and grease paints; one tiny little woman was such an illuminating exponent of the art of make-up that she could have gone on the stage then and there and been visible to the people in the double Z row of seats; two of the girls were amateur dancers; and the other was I.

"Now the coi'ten goes up," said Mr. Jackman in rich New York accents. "All you Asiatics are over here at this side, and when you hear some one say, 'Throw the old fish tale into the burning oil and let it sizzle,' that's your cue to laugh—'Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!'" and Mr. Jackman neatly trilled down the scales. He was short and dark, and perfect in his part.

"Now, the goils. You line up here in twos, you walk slowly down these steps, down in front, and around these two principals, shaking your cinterns in time as you walk. Watch the foist goils for the tempo for the cinterns."

Lifting his right hand aloft, he went into explanations. "This here," shaking his right hand, "is something like a rattle, with bells on it, and you kinda shake it as you walk."

The lady "supes" lined up according to size. I thanked heaven that I came in the middle, as we marched down, wiggling our right hands in musical fashion. Then we learned how to turn around at the end of the promenade, how to bow on the cue "from time to time," and how to walk off in a brisk but not undignified fashion.

Mr. Jackman then went on to instruct his mob of men. He told the story of the play in sketchy fashion as he proceeded and when he was at a loss for words he supplied, "There's a lot of business now down here," making a comprehensive stirring gesture to indicate much action. If the mob looked confused he cheered them up with, "All you got to do is watch the folks in the company. Just follow the principals"—and the gang took heart at this.

We lady "supes" were surprised at how much we had to do. We had certain places to sit and make a background of ourselves in a garden scene; we had to hang around in the offing and appear to drink wine at the feast of Bacchus, and we took a little stroll with some of the men "supes," marching and counter-marching across the stage.

Besides the Asiatics, there were men to take the part of chanters, wine bearers, and others whom Mr. Jackman called "gods." "Come on, gods," he would shout as he pranced across the stage after howling the proper cue. And the motley crew followed him. "About face, gods," he yelped as they stolidly stood and watched him, when he nearly exploded with the fervency of his emphasis on the prearranged cue.

This sacreligious familiarity with the gods rather shocked me. What a way to talk to gods! Certainly to look at them no one would think that they were gods. "Big clean-cut men" had been the wording of the advertisement for "supes"—and while a few of the crowd were really not bad looking, even the handsomest of the crew didn't seem exactly god-like.

It was not until the next evening when I observed these same chaps all lined up with their spears over their shoulders that I realized that they were only guards, the deification being due to the director's pronunciation.

Half a dozen of the guards were told off to promenade across the stage with the girls. "Lover's Lane" was the director's private cue for this stunt, for each man promenaded along with his arm about the girl's waist.

This performance worried the tiny little woman with the wonderfully made-up face and the frizzy black curls. "My husband's back there," she confided to me. "He's going to 'supe,' too, and I know he won't like this. He's awful jealous," she giggled with a furtive glance husbandward. "But he's out of work and we need the money," and she marched off on the arm of a god—no, guard. Two girls were left over, minus a guard here, so the director nobly volunteered his services and pranced across with one on each arm.

All of this seemed simple enough, saving the fact that there was an enormous amount to remember. But one scene which puzzled me was the one that featured the Beacon. I had always had an idea that a beacon was something like a light house or a signal fire. This "Aphrodite" Beacon was a puzzle to me.

Everybody—"supes," male and female, and principals—all hung around the wings and at the cue, "Flee! Flee!" the whole mob was to run around the beacon and off. So far, so good. But the orders were that if you didn't get off the stage before the lights went off you were to hide in the Beacon. If it was a lighthouse or a bonfire, it would scarcely be a good hiding place for a lost "supe," so I made inquiries, being leary about spending a scene hidden in either place.

"What about this Beacon?" I asked a fellow "supe."

"I saw the show in Chicago," he replied, "but I forget who played that part."

This upset all my calculations, and I got still more excited.

"What is this Beacon?" I asked the director. And when he explained that it was "a tall beacon, right up here," I gave up hope, and decided that I simply would have to see that I got off stage before the lights went out rather than run the risk of climbing some beacon to get out of sight.

The last appearance of the lady "supes" was when they ran on in pur-

suit of an old witch, shouting "Ah-ee" and waving their arms in sorrow. We did this with great gusto, yodling "Ah-ee" in merry tones. But in spite of our efforts, Mr. Jackman was displeased.

"You mustn't laugh, goils," he said sternly. "You see, a moider's just been committed, and everybody's groaning and all, and you come on like this," and he lifted his arms aloft, and with the short skirts of his coat-tails flying in the breeze, he ran down the stage to the tune of an ear-piercing "Ah-ee!" We repeated, and only by the greatest effort succeeded in keeping our faces straight as we chased Mr. Jackman down the stage.

"Ah-ee" is really not nearly so nice a thing to shout as the fine rolling "Ee-voy" that the men growled on various and sundry occasions.

The next evening at five we arrived for a second rehearsal, and a fitting of costumes. I had heard a great deal about the glory of "Aphrodite" and I expected something rather nifty in the way of a costume. But, no. The first dress was of yellow, a decidedly soiled and shop-worn garb. We informed the wardrobe mistress what we thought of those costumes.

She explained. "The girls in Chicago who wore these dresses just tore them to pieces. They tore off all the fastenings and ripped off the jewels, and droped them around on the floor. They were such rough girls," she said as she looked at us hopefully, wondering if we were rough girls, too.

Then we tried them on. The yellow dress had a waist made of a few straps of heavy yellow material in harness-like fashion, several of the straps being made of flesh-colored silk, which made them almost invisible. The skirt had a yoke of the heavy material, but the skirt proper was of thin georgette, bespangled about the bottom. From the yoke and girdle hung a wide bejeweled strap which dangled to the bottom of the skirt in front, after the fashion of the princess's girdle in all standard pictures of "Beauty and the Beast." They must have been lovely costumes before the Chicago women wore them, if the wardrobe mistress spoke the truth.

A nun-like cap with side wings, and a long trailing veil reaching almost to the floor, and full of glittery spangles, went with this costume. I felt grateful for the comprehensive head dress, for the dress itself was very scanty; and even at that, more than half of it was transparent. The only necessary, or rather permissible, undergarment with this costume was a pair of trunks, and even these showed tendencies to appear when they shouldn't. No stockings and a pair of sandals finished the costume.

The sandals were simply soles with a set of straps and elastics to hold them on. The pair which fell to me looked all right, but when I had had them on for a while, I found that the strap between my toes cut horribly when I walked. Also, the heel of one was very sticky and uncomfortable. Evidently some previous occupant had pulled out the heel pad and left the mucilage uncovered. Though this sticky heel was far from pleasant, it at least assured me that I would not lose that sandal, no matter how wildly I dodged about to get away before darkness covered the Beacon.

It was while trying on these costumes that the first sister fell from the ranks of the "supes." The poor little lady of the effulgent complexion and the dusky curls was entirely too tiny to stay in her suit. She simply fell out of it. There was no way of fixing it so that it would possibly fit, and when the wardrobe mistress gave her up as entirely too small to fill the part and the costume, the little woman was almost in tears. After all her earnest rehearsing, not to be in it after all. She wept. Then she got angry. "Well," she said, "if I can't be in it, I won't let my husband, either." And the tallest of the guards was lost to "Aphrodite."

The second costume was the white dress of the votary. Even less material was wasted on the upper part of this costume than on the yellow dress. It was simply a full, long skirt made of two layers of filmy georgette, a wide silvery girdle arrangement, a pair of flowing scarfs for sleeves, and a few straps to hold the costume together and form the bodice or upper part. A graceful, but not remarkably cozy costume.

For the first performance, I was late, of course. With the help of the mother of one of the "supes" and with much pinning and hooking and puzzling over odd bits of the costume that didn't seem to belong, I finally got into the yellow dress and veil, though I was disturbed every few minutes by the shouts of "Half Hour," "Fifteen Minutes."

Then I realized that I didn't have on any make-up—in fact, I had forgotten all about bringing any. About this time a buxom member of the regular company, black of eye, blue of eyelid, and brick-red of lip, shook her head of emphatically blonde hair in my direction and offered to do my eyes for me. I didn't care to have my eyes done. I trembled. But the hefty young woman was determined. She bore down upon me with her eye-stick in hand, and in spite of my protests, painted me two large and beautiful black eyes. I was saved from further beauty by the call of "First Act."

We rushed down and so did everybody else. Stumbling through gins and pitfalls of electric light wires and gingerly balanced properties, we navigated the wings and slipped around the back of the stage to our places. As we slid in with the rest of the company bunched at the wings, we remembered our musical rattles, and plunged back through the darkness back of the stage to the property room and got our cinterns. I noted with interest that a few horses and camels were stored away with the other properties.

Back we dived through the dangerous backstage region to our previous position, where we waited for our cue. Every time we tried to converse in low lady-like tones, some painted man made loud hushes and we subsided. At last, behind us began moving, and crest of the eruption we debouched the stage, madly scrambling for partners, as we passed the wings somehow getting down the stage along the appointed route. cumnavigated the people who tered up the stage and took places at the side. "Back up called some leopard-skinned behind us, and we gratefully back to the wings, poking our into the girls in front and them to come along. We our bearings, and I managed one person in the third row knew. Beyond that the glare shut out the whole house was unable to identify any one Just as I was beginning to feel at home, and my heart action calming down to around 90, the priest or Theoxines called out night," and we knew enough to at that.

When we arrived at our dressing room on the third floor one of the regular company informed us that had been altogether too slow in getting off. We were chagrined, not discouraged.

Then some one else mentioned that we evidently hadn't completed our costumes before we went on. As one woman, we blushed violently. All along we had felt that these dresses were inadequate. In the midst of our confusion some one handed us a bunch of bright red crepe paper and announced that the only thing lacking to make us all perfect was red heels and toes. So we dutifully moistened the red paper and painted beautiful pointex heels and toes and tried to recover our aplomb.

For a while now I took time off from worrying about whether I'd get on and off in time and hung over the iron railing of the balcony in the wings trying to watch, but all I could see was a camel and a horse and a Chinaman waiting for their cues.

The last call came finally, and I knew I was about to find out about the Beacon. We were pushed up with about a hundred and ninety-nine other people in the wings, and finally we overflowed onto the stage. In the middle of the stage was the Beacon—a tall gray stone tower looking like the tower of the jail on Alabama street. In the top was a light and at the front door stood McKay Morris moaning, "Blind, Blind!" I decided then and there that I'd take no chances of rushing past Mr. Morris into the Beacon, for even if I managed to get in, how would I ever get out, and how awful it would be to go on to Louisville packed in the Beacon.

I hung pretty close to the wings and as the stage seemed well filled without me, I didn't bother to go on and when the lightning flashed and darkness descended, I skipped over the steps and out to safety, the Beacon scene over.

That was Monday. Today is Tuesday, and I am madly searching for a girl about my size, who is willing to "supe" for the eight remaining performances of "Aphrodite."



I don't know why a tent in a show window should recall some late August days—a camp and the enticing odor from a valley on a misty, moist morning, but it did, and left me a yearning to repeat that ten days spent on White river.

It was a warm, langorous and lazy afternoon when the old farmer deposited my dunnage on a knoll under a thorn tree, where I was to pitch my tent and "rough" it a few days alone. With the aid of my farmer friend my tent was soon up, my box of cooking utensils and some staple grub stowed away, and my cot made ready.

The farmer paid, his wagon soon disappeared in the curve of the road and the distance-softened rattle told me I was alone. I say alone—but not quite. A fox squirrel chattered on the snag of a tree not so far away —and the zoom of a bumble bee indicated that a forager was preparing to get ready for winter. Incidentally, a band of piratical mosquitos made their appearance and proceeded to lunch off me. I remembered my mosquito netting, which I proceeded to hang. * * *

With fishing pole and camera I started out on my first expedition. I can still smell those perfumes, inextricably mixed with pennyroyal, peppermint, ripened bluegrass and clover hay from a nearby meadow, that assailed me on every hand.

One speaks of the silence of the woods—and it is silent as to extraneous sounds, but it is noisy with the sounds peculiar to itself. Bees hum, countless insects chirp, rasp and chatter in all the varying forest arpeggios. * * * I seek the river, or rather a nearby bayou some distance from my camp, and by the time the sun drops below the rim of woods I have enough fish of various kinds and sizes to supply me with a supper. * * *

By the time I have dined sumptuously, twilight has come. The katydids begin their evening concert. * * * across the swag which finally dips into the river there is a firefly scene that would make David Belasco gaze with wonder. Millions of fireflies, it seems, open and close their tiny lanterns until the whole landscape fairly glows in phosphorescent fire. It's some lighting system for the "forest symphony" that starts as soon as the sun goes down. * * * An

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Bliss Carmen and His Poem of Thanks

One of America's Greatest Living Poets Sends a Message of Cheer to Those Fighting the White Plague.

Friend of James Whitcomb Riley, in a Remarkable Poem, Tells of His Recovery from the Dread Disease.

By Ona B. Talbot

Bliss Carmen, one of America's ablest poets, some time ago, was stricken with the white plague. His life was despaired of, and he was sent to the north woods to recuperate. His many friends in Indianapolis and over the country sent him letters of cheer. To them he said in a letter to me:

"Will you read these lines (the poem), which were begun last winter and are just finished? They are my "circular letter" to all those who were so very good to me during the past year, and who are so many that I can not reach them, except through the public print.

"I am sending identical copies at the same time to you to F. P. A., of the New York Tribune, and to Dr. Frank Crane, in New York, and to Alan Sullivan, in Toronto, asking that some newspaper space be allowed to the letter, in whole or in part. You were so generous and large-hearted in my necessity that I want you to be one of the first to receive my attempt at thanks. . . . During the last summer I have been in the Catskills. I am as strong as seven horses and have begun to work again after so long a silence. . . ."

The following is his "circular letter" poem, which was finished a few weeks ago:

AN OPEN LETTER

I

A cold, a cough, and suddenly one
day a gush of red.
Then the doctors tapped and listened,
with very little said.
There are some things never mentioned, as we tacitly agree;
So they called it "an involvement,"
and I knew they meant T. B.
"But the clean-aired North will cure
you, pack up your kit and go.
The cold will be your doctor, and
your nurse will be the snow.
There is virtue in the open; there is
healing out of doors;
The great physician makes his rounds
along the forest floors."
So they shipped me in a sleeper, with
a ticket for the North—
From the city of my hopes and
dreams, and all I loved on earth.
I did not want a golden throne in
any lonely star,
I only wanted to be left where loving
people are.
I wanted just the smiles and hands
that waved me out of sight,



BLISS CARMEN

A unique figure in the literary world is Bliss Carmen, idealist, altruist, and one of America's ablest poets; a warm friend of the late James Whitcomb Riley. He is just recovering from an attack of tuberculosis.

As we slipped beyond the station—
to the tunnel and the night.

II

At dawn I saw the dying moon get
up as we went by,
And the yellow autumn larches standing cold against the sky;
A shanty in a clearing—all desolate
and lone,
As if the chill of morning had struck
it to the bone.
Then a line of split-rail fences, a lift
of rugged hills;
And so into the great North woods I
took my puny ills.

III

On a porch that faced the morning,
in a blanket on a chair,
I came into my fortune as they left
me lying there;
When Adam lay in Eden and looked
upon the sky,
He was master of a leisure no more
absolute than I—
Here was the earth, all bleak and
bare, with winter coming on,
A grim untempting battlefield for a
soul's Marathon.
This was the selfsame earth which
gave the shining April flowers,
The thrush's flute at twilight, and the
tranquil summer hours;
Now dour and taciturn and hard, yet
standing by to aid
The dauntless spirit that must prove
of what stuff it is made.
One lesson here was plain, that I must
learn the final worth
Of good and ill, of weal and woe, as
they are named on earth.

IV

The mountains lay around me, like
giants on the trail,
Whose strength was at my service,
whose patience would not fail.
The Sun was my attendant to light
my morning fire;
The Night brought in my candles,
what more could we require?
And one great shining planet would
come before the dawn,
Over the dark blue eastern hills, to
tell me night was gone.
I watched the silent sunrise come up,
melt and change
Through mauve and saffron glory, as
it flooded range on range,
And rimmed the purple valleys, and
tipped the peaks with fire,
Till the world seemed no more desolate, but a land of Heart's desire.
New life and warmth and beauty were
born there in my sight,
And all the dimming corners of my
heart were filled with light.

V

I saw across a valley the autumn
rains come down,
And sweep in solemn grandeur across
the forest crown;
And I thought upon the valley where
each man walks alone,
And all the trails run out and stop
at the edge of the unknown.
But I did not dread solitude, nor find
the vasts forlorn

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Orchestras of Other Cities

After many invitations from the managers of the Detroit and Cleveland Orchestras to come as their guest to hear their symphony orchestra, I availed myself of this opportunity when in the East last week, and enjoyed two very fine symphony programs.

The individual stories of the founding and the phenomenal success of these two orchestras for the past three years is Aladdin-like, and makes me fairly want to weep and wish for the magic lamp and the fairy godfathers to be brought to Indianapolis and make a great symphony ochestra a reality.

The program of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which I heard on Sunday afternoon, was called a popular concert, and lighter numbers than one usually finds on a symphony program were featured, opening with Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which I have never heard so beautifully played. Augusta Cottlow, pianist, was the soloist for the afternoon; she played the MacDowell Concerto No. 2 with rare brilliance and artistry. In the "Overture 1812," of Tschaikowsky, Mr. Gabrilowitch displayed his wonderful interpretative powers in the music of this famous Russian, and to me Mr. Gabrilowitch and Leopold Stokowski are the two greatest conductors in America today. I say this with the assurance that this statement will not be disputed in regard to Mr. Gabrilo-

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Taxpayer Sees More Additions to the Call on His Purse, From Street Car Transfers to Higher Water Rates.



Death and taxes are two certain factors.

You can put off one for a time, but you can't side step either forever.

The average person who pays taxes does not object to paying a fair percentage for his privilege of having some of the comforts and protection of a government and a community. What he does object to is having a free horse ridden to death.

Perhaps no question since the Civil War has received as much thought as the taxing question. It can not be evaded or dodged. It raises its head at every turn, and the ordinary citizen who buys luxuries or necessities has to contribute.

The bureau of internal revenue in its most recent report shows that the low-salaried men and women—persons drawing $5,000 or less a year, and not the war millionaires, are carrying the overwhelming percentage of the Federal Government tax burden.

Computing the tax liability of persons whose salaries are $5,000 or less, the bureau in its report points out that this group paid income tax on net incomes totaling nine billion dollars, or about 80 per cent of the total net income.

Men in the class of millionaires or better, paid on a basis of net incomes scarcely exceeding one billion, five hundred million dollars.

The average individual tax was $254.85 as against the decrease in the millionaire taxpayer group. The group in between the $5,000-a-year or less class and the millionaire class showed a big increase.

It used to be that the Federal taxpayer did not know he was paying a Federal tax. The war changed all that. The street urchin who buys a glass of ice cream soda and the man who invests in a flivver each contributes to the paying of the war debt. He knows exactly what he contributes directly to the government—if he wishes to keep account. As one man said: "I pay on an average of $75 a year Federal tax. I didn't realize it until I began keeping an account."

But most taxpayers grin and bear it when the subject of Federal taxation touches them. They take the position that they wish to do their share in paying off the war accumulation. They feel that the victory was worth it.

However, when they get down to local affairs and see the enormous burden they are having to carry, it is then that they murmur.

By some economic twist, public utilities take the position that the burden of their taxpaying should not fall on the stockholders, but upon the taxpaying public. They do not hesitate to come out in public print and say that their taxes have been increased to such an extent that they must have more revenue from the public. The law recognizes this claim.

The Indianapolis Water Company says in its public advertising that since the company was awarded an increase of $125,000 by the public service commission, the state, county and city taxes have been increased to the point where it takes $86,000 of this money to pay its taxes, and the company must of necessity raise its rates to take care of this deficit.

There was some difference of opinion at the time the company was awarded an increase as to the justness of the raise. That difference yet prevails in some quarters. While it is admitted that the company stockholders are entitled to a fair return on their money, there is a divergence of views as to how much the public is supposed to contribute.

It has been suggested by the Indiana Daily Times that the consumers of water could be protected in part by the city expending its share of the $86,000 in the form of fire hydrant rentals.

Many water consumers are pointing out that while the city's hydrant rental is $45 a year per hydrant it is unfair to ask the individual to pay an increase in water rates and the city not.

Under the increased rates the consumer would be expected to pay from 5 to 20 cents over the present quarterly rate, according to the amount of water used.

The petition filed by the company before the Public Service Commission sets out that the company is planning improvements and extensions to the amount of $600,000. Of course, the city must have adequate water service—but it must have it at the lowest possible rate.

Harmonious Industrial Relations

Optimistic reports of business conditions, which are said to be reflecting more steadiness in various trades and industries, have been received without much stir in Indianapolis because the situation locally has been far above the average in comparison to other cities.

Secretary Allen, of the Indianapolis Employers' Association, is of the firm belief that people in Indianapolis do not fully appreciate the harmonious conditions that now exist and have existed in this city for some time.

"Relationship between employer and employe has been amicable and harmonious. Our industries are so diversified that there is scarcely any idleness because idle labor from one plant is quickly absorbed by another."

Mr. Allen said that the story printed outside of Indianapolis relative to many thousands of idle men here was a fake.

Owing to trade conditions the metal working industries were affected first when the business readjustment came on the country, touching the motor car trade particularly. In Detroit, which depends almost altogether on the automobile industry for its basic prosperity, the number of men out of work was put as high as 50,000, with the employers' association attempting to ration skilled labor so as to keep the men there.

In Indianapolis, which does not depend on any particular industry for its prosperity, the effect on the motor trade was not generally felt, inasmuch as a great majority of men laid off were absorbed by other industries.

This leads up to the fact that the Chamber of Commerce has done well in using discrimination in its choice of industries brought to this city.

The fact also is emphasized that there has been the heartiest co-operation between employers in assisting in bringing new enterprises to the city and in keeping healthy those that are already here.

A well-known manufacturer, recently approached on the subject of joining the Indianapolis Athletic Club on the ground of showing more civic spirit, refused, as he said, because "we have too much civic spirit already." He took the position that there was too much of the "take" spirit—that is, other employers were taking his men, and that he was forced to make reprisals on the labor of other employers, usually at higher wages.

Investigation of this phase shows that no such spirit prevails—at least a fostered spirit of this kind. On the other hand, it has been pointed out by many employers that such actions were not countenanced.

When new enterprises are brought to Indianapolis, one of the first principles of civic co-operation is impressed—and that is that industries are supposed to bring the bulk of their labor with them and not depend on getting the labor of old-established plants.

One employer, in commenting on the accusation of lack of co-operation—or the spirit of reprisal mentioned by the disgruntled employer—said that he had had the same thing to contend with, but that it was not reprisal or "overbidding" for somebody else's labor, but the result of circumstances. He men-

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Figures Show That "Salaried Man" Pays Big Bulk of Not Only Federal Taxes But of All Other Kinds.

Samuel Ashby, corporation counsel, has announced that the city will oppose any further increase in water rates unless the company shows that such rates are necessary for better service. Usually it is not difficult to show how service may be improved if the money is forthcoming.

But the water company is not the only utility with its hand extended. The street car company is asking for increase in rates by the way of a 2-cent transfer. It says it must take care of a tax increase of $150,000 a year. The strap-hanger who furnishes the "velvet" for the stockholders is expected to pay this tax increase.

It hasn't been so long ago since the light companies received rate increases—based on excessive prices for coal and labor. Perhaps justified, but at the same time another straw laid on the back of the taxpayer.

The gas company has been taking a few peeks at the crumbs falling from the taxpaying table. It is wondering when it will get a little more revenue—and how?

The latest plan is to have the legislature amend the city standard of 600 British thermal units—the heat measure of the present gas supply—to 570 units, thus cutting down the quality of heat units to this degree. It is pointed out that gas can not economically be produced in Indianapolis at this standard. It is said that there will be opposition to lowering the heat unit value, which would mean a "cheaper quality" of gas at the prevailing rate, and a further draft on the taxing money of the gas consumers.

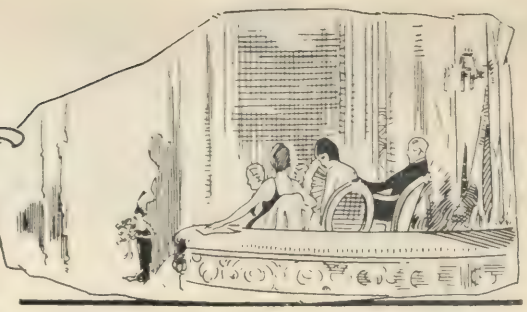
There are other forces that draw the money from the consumer's purse. The landlord in his higher rents, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, whose taxes in various forms have been increased, lay plans to make it up off the consuming public. Where will it all lead, when will it end? That is the paramount question.

This article is not discussing the ethics of the cases or the particular necessities of the various forces seeking new rates and new prices. Perhaps they are all legal and legitimate, that is for the courts to determine. The big question is: when will the consumer be allowed to get his breath? What can we do without for a time to permit the taxpayer to get his second wind?

Perhaps some of the political economists can answer the question. It is one that should be answered and answered rightly. It will be a glad day when the consumer can buy something or pay a civic duty without having to dig down in his jeans for a little extra tax to help some institution or somebody.



notes of Society



Mr. and Mrs. James P. Baker are leaving this week for New Smyrna, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

* * *

William E. English and daughter, Mrs. Stewart W. Parsons, are at their country home, Englishton Park, Lexington, Ind., for the hunting season. Mrs. Rosalind English Walling and Willoughby G. Walling, of Chicago, are their guests for a few weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Heinmiller have returned from Dubuque and Chicago.

* * *

Mrs. Philemon Mitchell Watson has returned from a visit in Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Mrs. Joseph C. Schaf and Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Schaf, Jr., have returned from a trip to New York.

* * *

Mrs. Hewitt H. Howland entertained with a Thanksgiving tea at her home.

* * *

The Woodstock Club gave a Thanksgiving dinner-dance.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Homer L. Cook are traveling in the East and South. They will return early in December.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Kealing and Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Parry have returned from a trip to French Lick.

* * *

Miss Martha Rabb returned from Indiana University to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with her mother, Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb.

* * *

Mrs. Benjamin D. Walcott has returned home from a visit in Muncie.

* * *

The Rotary Club gave a Pilgrim Party at the Claypool Hotel the evening of November 23.

* * *

Mrs. T. W. Burt has returned to Lafayette after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Henderson.

* * *

H. J. Corwine, mayor of Topeka, Kas., and Mrs. W. O. Anderson, of Topeka, spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Clark.

* * *

Miss Helen Graves, of Buffalo, has been visiting Mrs. Frederick A. Joss.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thornton will receive formally Saturday evening, December 4, from 8 to 11 o'clock, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Emerson Thornton, whose marriage was celebrated Thursday evening, November 25. Mrs. Thornton was formerly Miss Helen Biederman.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Munk entertained at dinner Saturday, November 27, for their son William, who spent a few days at home before returning to St. Louis. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William B. Gates and little son, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gates and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. David Allerdice and son, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Ragsdale and son, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Schaf and daughter.

* * *

Miss Eliza Jane Pickens is the guest of Mrs. Meade Arbogast, of Millpoint, W. Va.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Young and sons, Garland and Nelson, of Louisville, visited Dr. and Mrs. R. O. McAlexander the past week-end.

* * *

Mrs. O. E. Hawn has gone for a five months' trip to the Bahama Islands and Palm Beach, Fla.

* * *

A pretty wedding was that of Miss Edith Funkhouser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Funkhouser, to Haney E. Berry, which was celebrated Thanksgiving Day at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Edward Haines Kistler officiating. The attendants were Miss Betty Schriber and Arthur Guy Funkhouser. The ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding supper at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Berry will be at home after December 15 at 660 East Sixteenth street.

* * *

Miss Lucyanna Joss is visiting for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Parker, whose home is near Boston.

* * *

Miss Katherine Rice, of Detroit, formerly of Indianapolis, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Lockwood.

* * *

Mrs. Charles T. Vajen entertained twenty-five guests at luncheon Tuesday, November 23, at the Woodstock Club.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Chapin and Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Bratton spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John S. McFarland.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Ruby Dodge Stone, of Litchfield, Ky., to J. F. Cantwell, the wedding to take place at the home of the bride, December 4. Miss Stone is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. G. W. Stone, of Litchfield. After the wedding trip the couple will be at home at 4307 Garfield ave., Indianapolis.

* * *

The committee in charge of the Christmas ball to be given for the benefit of the Wellesley College endowment fund, includes: Miss Amelia Henderson, chairman; Mrs. Gordon Cameron, Mrs. Homer McKee, Mrs. Francis Fauvre, Jr., Mrs. Charles Jewett, Mrs. William H. Insley, Mrs. John R. Curry and Mrs. Robert C. Winslow. The ball will be given December 30 at the Propylaeum.

* * *

Mrs. James D. Stanley gave an informal reception Wednesday afternoon, November 24, for Mrs. Nelson Montgomery Graves, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Pirtle Herod; for Mrs. Lewis Watson, recently of Washington, D. C., who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Benjamin D. Walcott, and for Miss Alma Vinton, of New York, who is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hurty.

* * *

Mr. Vachel Lindsay and his mother, Mrs. Catherine Frazee Lindsay, were guests of Mrs. L. O. Hamilton last week.

* * *

A luncheon will be held at the Chamber of Commerce Saturday, December 4, at 12:30 for all alumnae, former women students and friends of Indiana University. Miss Agnes Wells, dean of women, will be one of the speakers. Miss Edna Johnson, of the faculty, and Miss Dorothy Donald, president of the Girls Self-Government Organization, will be present. Mrs. John T. Wheeler and Mrs. Charles Harris will have charge of the program.

* * *

Elizabeth Noll, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Noll, of Fort Wayne, gave a house party over the Thanksgiving holidays for a group of students at Tudor Hall. The Indianapolis guests were Dorothy Dietz, Madeline and Dorothy Campbell, Rosamond Kittle and Virginia and Marion Seeds.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Burr spent Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Burr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGibeny.

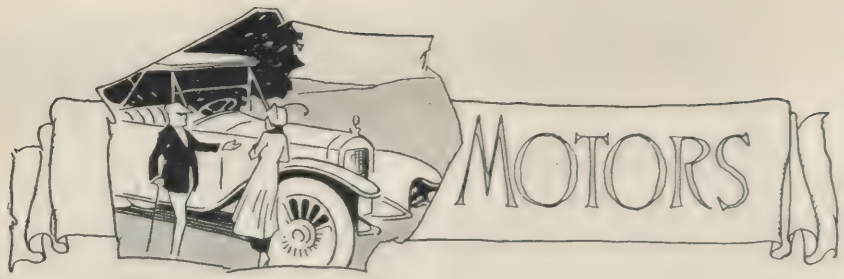
* * *

Mrs. John N. Carey was hostess for a benefit bridge party Thursday, December 2, for the Indiana Federation of Music Clubs.

(Continued on Page 16)



Miss Frances Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hill, whose marriage to Eugene Arms of Lansing, Mich., will take place December 11.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

Gaston Chevrolet, 1920 champion race driver, with his quiet smile, his calm confidence, and his unassuming, but pleasing modesty, is gone. Gaston Chevrolet, not Franco-Swiss, not Franco-American, not Swiss-American, but just plain American, the youngest of the great Chevrolet trio, has driven his last race and has been laid to rest in Indianapolis, his home, the home of his brothers, Louis and Arthur, and the scene of his greatest triumph.

Only a few of us knew Gaston well, for he was quiet, retiring, and was not what might be termed a good mixer. His best friends were his own family, his guiding genius was Louis, and his closest confidant, Arthur. But though few of us knew him personally, no one ever will forget Gaston on that great day last May when he flashed across the finish line at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway in his green Monroe, winner of the big 500-mile race, with the finest products of the world, piloted by the greatest drivers in the world, trailing behind him. It was the biggest day the Chevrolet family had known, for a Chevrolet designed automobile, driven by the youngest member of the Chevrolet family had won the biggest race in the world in their own home town.

No wonder that Arthur in the hospital, recovering from injuries received in practice said when the news was flashed to him over a special line at his bedside, "The baby of the family is the best of us all." No wonder that Louis, a thousand times more excited and demonstrative than the winner, rushed out on the track and embraced his kid brother as the youngster climbed from the winning machine. But typical of Gaston, his first thoughts were not of the victory, the big $20,000 purse he had won, or of himself—but of a team mate. A few laps before the finish Joe Boyer, had crashed on a turn. The very first thing Gaston did after coming into the pits victor of the world's greatest automobile race, was to make his way to the Speedway Hospital to assure himself that Boyer was not seriously injured.

Gaston was born at Beaune, France, in Burgundy, not far from Dijon, familiar enough to thousands of American doughboys during the war. He came to the United States when ten years of age, in 1902 with his mother, his sister, and his brother, Arthur. Louis was the pioneer of the family and had come two years before. He attended school in Brooklyn, gained his first taste of automotive engineering at a French garage in that city in a day when American motor knowledge was sketchy at the best, and in 1916 he helped Louis turn out the first Frontenac racing cars in Detroit, Michigan.

He was a first-class mechanic, a skilled draftsman and under the training of his brothers rapidly was developing into a high-grade automobile engineer. As a matter of fact both Arthur and Louis had tried many times to persuade Gaston to give up the racing game, but it ever had been his ambition to become the greatest American race driver, and this year with the A. A. A. championship safely won, he was well on his way to the realization of the big ambition.

His rise in the racing world was rapid, his first recognition as a first-class driver coming in 1917 when he won third place in the 300-mile race at Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1919 he won the July 4 race at Uniontown, setting a new world's record for the distance.

This year of his death is the year of his greatest triumph, for when the fatal accident occurred at Los Angeles, Thanksgiving Day, he had won the highest position in American automobile racing, the A. A. A. championship.

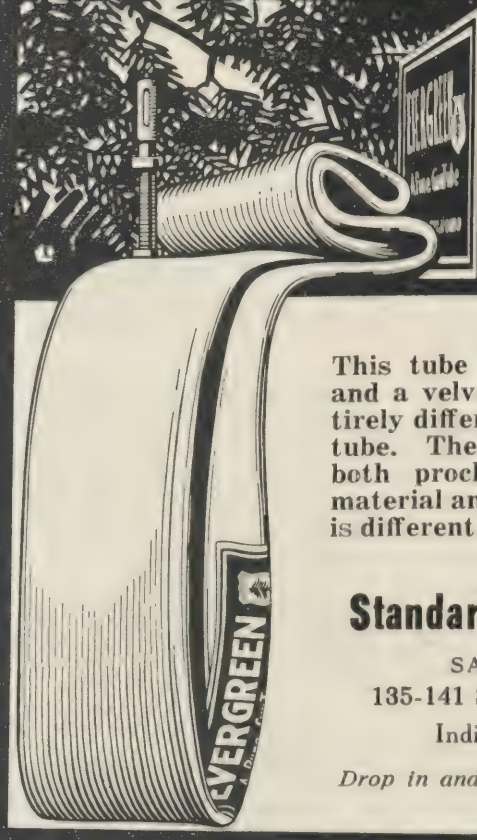
When asked how Gaston had liked America, Arthur smiled sadly and said, "Like America? Why, Gaston was an American!" That is why we say that in the death of Gaston Chevrolet America has lost one of her really fine men.

In a short time the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association will start its winter get-together meetings in the office of the association on Delaware street. One of these meetings has been scheduled for each month, and a speaker of prominence will address each meeting. The first talk will be made by Harry B. Smith, adjutant-general of Indiana, who will explain a proposed plan for the foundation of the Indiana state constabulary.

President R. V. Law, of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, and N. H. Cartinhour, of the Indiana Automotive Dealers' Association, which was formed only last month, addressed a meeting of automobile dealers at Crawfordsville last Thursday.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce reports that it has taken 500,000 freight cars each year to carry trucks, pleasure cars and finished automobile parts from factories to the consumer. These figures do not include parts and unfinished materials. In the past twenty-one months, 570,730 new machines have been driven overland under own power to the distributors.

EVERGREEN TUBES



This tube has a green color and a velvety feel that is entirely different from any other tube. The color and the feel both proclaim a quality of material and construction that is different and better.

Standard Metal Co.

SALESROOMS
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Drop in and let us convince you.

Convenient Transportation



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Price With Wood or Wire Wheels

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Heaters Are Standard Equipment on Our *Sedans* and *Coupes*

Oakland Motor Car Co.

325 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA STREET

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Phone Us For Demonstration



Burglars came near carrying away the State House museum the other day. L. F. Ferguson, who has charge of the museum, is thankful the robbers left the show cases.

* * *

Be careful when you ask for a "dressed chicken." Somebody might hand you a quart of white mule. The Indianapolis police have found this phrase is code for home distilled booze.

* * *

If you are itching to join a club and you are a soldier, you might try joining the Cootie Club, the latest thing in Indianapolis organizations. L. P. Fulton, formerly a soldier with the Second Division, and F. C. Schnacke are behind the move.

* * *

L. C. Huesmann has been made chairman of the site committee of the Indianapolis Athletic Club because of his sound business judgment as well as to sensing the need of the community as to other matters vital to its need.

* * *

South side residents are walking in the mud occasionally due to the track elevation work in the vicinity of the railroad yards, but they are hoping for the best.

* * *

The Great Lakes Coal & Coke Corporation of West Virginia will have its general offices in Indianapolis. K. C. Adams, editor of the American Coal Miner, of this city, is president of the new concern, recently capitalized at $250,000. Robert P. Skinner, consul-general to London, and his brother, J. V. Skinner of St. Albans, W. Va., are among those interested in the company.

* * *

Best hogs reached a new level last week in Indianapolis, touching $12 a hundred at the local stock yards. Prices are close to pre-war quotations. You might whisper this information to your butcher.

* * *

Rotarians and their women folk celebrated Thanksgiving and the landing of the Pilgrims with a big banquet and fun-fest. President Floyd of the club, and William Ransburg, chairman of the entertainment committee, saw that everybody had a good time.

* * *

J. Clyde Hoffman will draft a bill for a planning commission for Indianapolis which will be presented to the next session of the legislature. Mayor Jewett and 100 other citizens will be named to back the bill by the Chamber of Commerce. It will be an interesting time at the legislature, no doubt.

* * *

Edward Nell and his chorus know how to sing to entertain. At least the Rotarians think so.

* * *

Sidney Miller, former major in the 150th field artillery, has been named chief deputy prosecuting attorney by William P. Evans, prosecutor-elect. Sid's "buddies" are offering congratulations.

* * *

Isaiah Allison, who willingly paid a fine in police court on the charge of operating a gambling house, so he would not be detained and kept from feeding his hungry team of horses, ought to be a good booster for the buy-a-brick campaign of the humane society. His action was literally true as was later disclosed.

* * *

It was at an Indianapolis concert wherein a noted Jewish cantor was to appear. Just before the time for the program to begin a Jewish woman of amazon size, accompanied by a small boy and a diminutive husband, approached the box office window. She laid a silver dollar on the window ledge and said sharply:

"One ticket, please." The pasteboard was passed out.

"Can I take in the boy?"

"Not unless you have another ticket," was the reply.

"Ike, you hear vat he is said," turning to her husband, "take him back home!" And she handed the youngster over to the little man and disappeared inside the door.

* * *

Lester Winter, political news writer of the Indianapolis News, has shelved his old Oliver to become the private secretary of Harry New, United States Senator. Perhaps Lester wants to know a little more about politics.

* * *

Fred Millis thinks the Chamber of Commerce turkey dinner is cheap at $1 a throw, especially when turkeys are so scarce.

* * *

Adj.-Gen. Harry B. Smith, who is reorganizing the National Guard, says that rifle practice will be one of the principal features of the new guard. He advocates rifle ranges in every town and city where a guard company might be located.

* * *

George Girard says that as a prize dancer he is in a class by himself—that is, he belongs to the class that never wins any prizes.

* * *

Will Dobyns has announced that the association of past masters of the Masonic Blue Lodge is going to raise an endowment fund of $50,000 to give the orphan children in the school at the Masonic Home in Franklin a vocational education. After the pupils leave the orphanage school they are to be further educated by the fund. Past masters of the state will be interested in the plan.

* * *

The Marion County Tuberculosis Association has started its sale of Christmas seals for the purpose of raising funds for its prevention work in the county. Dr. Alfred Henry is president of the association, and he expects to raise $40,000 to fight the white plague here. This is a great work to boost.

* * *

Elmer Gay says that inasmuch as Atlantic City refused to co-operate with the imperial potentate of the Mystic Shrine, the 1921 convocation will not be held in that city. The imperial potentate, Ellis F. Garretson, of Tacoma, has officially announced that Savannah, Ga., will be the place. Maybe Atlantic City is too stingy with its ocean.

* * *

Dr. T. Victor Keene is in Washington attending the meeting of the American Legion's hospital committee. This committee will have charge of the conversion of the soldiers' home at Marion into an institution for world war veterans.

* * *

Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the American Legion, has gone to New York and other eastern points. Incidentally he will confer with officers of the American Legion Weekly regarding the future policy of that paper.

* * *

The charge of $380 for repairing a bead bag belonging to Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, and the $200 allowed by the court seems to indicate a very particular job, either in work or abilty to charge.

* * *

Charles Malee is a youthful student at the St. John's Academy. In a letter to the mayor recently he designated Indianapolis as the "Queen City of the Western World." Now, won't Cincinnati be jealous!



Over 75,000 sold to FORD OWNERS

TRADE MARK
Hoosier
SUB-CARBURETOR
THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR

Saves Gasoline

It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

Editorial

AN ANSWER IS NEEDED

The apparent necessity for some sort of a plan whereby the city could improve certain short stretches of streets, which could not be done under the property valuation, was recently discussed in these columns. In this same connection the matter of a law whereby the public in general would bear the expense of the upkeep of all city streets after the property owners had paid to have them paved was mentioned.

It now develops, since this discussion in TOPICS, that George L. Benedict, an Indianapolis attorney, will present such a bill to the legislature. He takes the ground that legislation along this line would be of benefit to the people and at the same time distribute the burden of street upkeep among a large number of people who do not now contribute toward their repairs.

Mr. Benedict says his proposed law would eliminate the remonstrances and controversies that arise when proposals are made to improve streets. It is conceded that these factors retard street improvement and that such a law would likely create more regular and systematic repairing. Eventually it would in all probability lighten the burden of improvement taxes.

However, as TOPICS pointed out at the time, strenuous objections will be made to any such law on the ground that after a property owner had paid for the improvement of the street contiguous to his own property he would not favor paying for somebody else's.

Augustus Lynch Mason, who wrote the Indianapolis city charter, gave it as his opinion that while such a law would be worth while and a benefit to the city, it would be fought on the grounds just mentioned. In fact, he said that on one occasion he and certain other property owners attempted to obtain such a law, but found too much objection to it.

It is understood that Mayor Jewett and the city administration are not in accord with the bill proposed by Mr. Benedict. Samuel Ashby, corporation counsel, said that such a law would be unjust and that property owners would object to paying anybody's street improvement bills but their own.

However, it is known that an effort will be made to have the law enacted, and even if it fails the agitation will serve to call attention to discrepancies in city planning that perhaps the city planning commission—if it is created—can take up and work out a solution for the problem.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

The board of safety, on recommendation of the chief of police, abolished the "morals squads" which have been a factor in suppressing vice in Indianapolis. In some quarters this action was questioned. As an aftermath of the order the chief of police has informed all policemen that they will have to "clean up their districts."

Under the new plan of the chief and the board of safety, all vice conditions will be handled under the direction of six lieutenants of police with the co-operation of sergeants and patrolmen, instead of by the two morals squads.

What the people want most of all is the strict enforcement of the law and the eradication of vice. The members of the board of safety said that was what they wanted. Neither the board nor the public is so much concerned as to method of eradicating vice as they are with the actual doing away with it.

Felix McWhirter, vice-president of the board, said that the board felt that Chief Kinney had the matter well in hand. "We are going to uphold him in this recommendation. We have never been otherwise than insistent in the continuity of law enforcement"—the board taking the position that results were what counted, no matter what the agency. The public takes about the same position, and time will tell if its confidence has been misplaced. Temporizing with bootlegging, gambling and attendant evils serves only to increase them. Close co-operation between all law enforcement bodies is the only answer, and the public is going to demand that regardless of methods.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

CITY PLANNING

Every citizen of Indianapolis will be interested in the program of the Chamber of Commerce for a city planning commission. Charles E. Coffin, president of the Chamber of Commerce, has appointed a committee of 100 to get behind the plan and obtain the necessary legislation for creating the commission.

It is an undisputed fact that for lack of some proper authority, serious mistakes have been made as to Indianapolis planning. The object in mind now is to prevent or at least minimize further mistakes. The future growth of the city can be directed into the right channels and thus stabilize property values in both the residential and business districts.

For lack of proper definition of authority the citizens of Riverside Park community are now warring against the establishment of an amusement park in their neighborhood, which, it is contended, would undermine property valuations and make that community an undesirable residential district.

Citizens in the north part of the city have struggled against the locating of garages and filling stations in their communities. Other communities have had like experiences. The point is made that under proper statutory authority included in a city planning law, these questions would be settled before they arise. The city would have full power to direct and control affairs looking to the best interests of not only the residential property owner, but the factory owner as well.

FOOTBALL GAMBLING

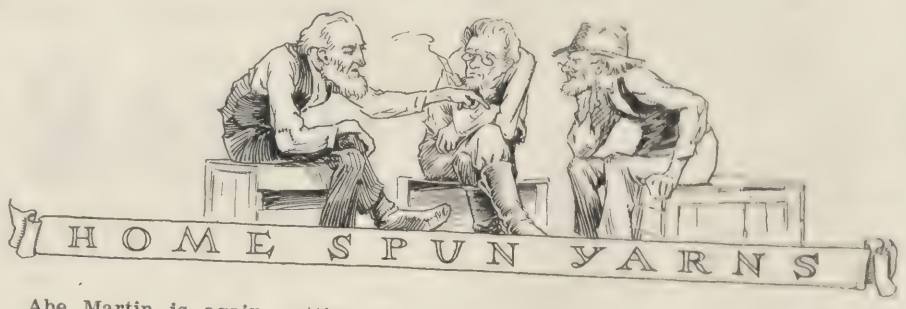
Followers of football—the real friends of the game—are fearful that the popularity of the sport will be its undoing through the betting evil. Within the last two or three years the game has grown enormously in favor with the lovers of outdoor sport. But to the gamblers nothing is sacred, and they are hanging on the fringe of its popularity, hoping to gain from it without regard to what injury they may commit.

However, the menace is not confined entirely to the loud-vest fraternity. College students themselves are guilty of stultifying the game by betting on it.

One incident has been brought to notice touching a game played in Indianapolis wherein one of the players bet a student of the opposing college that he (the player) would score as many points individually as the total of the opposing team. The bet was for $250.

That this sort of a bet was inimical to the game is apparent. It stands to reason that the terms of the wager would become known and that the opposition players would concentrate much of their attack on the player who thought so well of his own individual prowess, and thus militate against particular team work.

Student betting on football games is particularly reprehensible, and should be discouraged wherever it crops out if the game is to be kept to its high standard.



Abe Martin is again cutting high capers within the covers of his annual Christmas book, and while this Hoosier funmaker, with his usual vigor, is sprinkling literary ginger into the minds of his friends, he is doing it with an effort. His Christmas book gives no evidence of it, but Abe Martin, in this year of 1920, is sad at heart. He has lost his best friend.

This is the last of a number of years that copies of the Abe Martin book, autographed by its author, will go to one thousand friends of James H. Johnson, who are scattered far and wide over the United States.

James H. Johnson used to be a manufacturer of glass at Hartford City. He lived in Indiana long enough to absorb the kindly Hoosier spirit. Business affairs caused him to move from the land he liked to Pittsburgh, and Abe Martin became his connecting link. He gave Abe a standing order for one thousand books a year, and the order has stood for several years. Abe's staunch friend died this year, but the one thousand books will go forth to Mr. Johnson's friends as of yore.

A stipulation of the order all these years has been that Kin Hubbard should autograph each of the one thousand books. It is some feat of penmanship to autograph even so short a name as Kin Hubbard one thousand times.

Bill Herschell and Spin Williams, the other members of the News Comedy Trio—the trio occupies the same "idle ward" in the News editorial department—with generous spirit have year after year offered to help the author of Abe Martin's book autograph the thousand copies. But Kin Hubbard knows how to spell and write his own name, and Abe Martin will tolerate no counterfeiting in his literary contribution to the Christmas festivities. So "Hub" is doing his own autographing.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.



Credit and Money

Now that the end of the year is approaching, business men and banks are taking stock of their positions as to credit and money. Indianapolis has always occupied an enviable position as to its banking facilities and its credit requirements. In fact, no city in the country is so favorably situated as to industrial condition. Those who watch the trend of events say the city's industrial and business factors will enter the new year in excellent condition.

The country's credit requirements, say eminent eastern financiers, have about reached their maximum levels. There is no substantial increase anticipated in the demand for banking accommodations either for crop financing or to meet industrial and commercial requirements.

It is also pointed out that the banks of the country have financed an enormous volume of current requirements with no weakening of their reserve strength. Indianapolis is reported particularly fortunate in this respect. Banks throughout the interior of the country are reported to be moderately increasing the volume of their purchases of commercial paper, an evidence of the release of funds for other employment. Outstanding obligations are being liquidated and this is taken to mean that the future trend of this feature will be to contraction rather than expansion. This is explained, however, by the fact that the volume of speculation will diminish and the financing of substantial requirements will take its place.

The situation as it now exists, say financiers who keep their fingers on the business pulse, is that while there is a stringency in the money market the fact that many products can be bought for less is encouraging. It is admitted, however, that the purchasing public is "laying off" buying just now in the expectation that prices will go lower. Farmers are not in the market to any great extent just now due to the slump in prices for live stock and other farm produce. Farmers say that their cost of doing business has not diminished—and in fact the market offerings are now sold at a considerable loss due to high overhead. Wage earners while not spending as they once did are buying conservatively in view of the curtailment of working time. While the number of idle men in Indianapolis has increased within the last six months, most plants have not reduced wages but have working time.

The general indications are that as soon as new permanent levels are reached in prices, business will show a new impetus, as the times seem to be waiting on further adjustments.

Declares Stock Dividend

Indianapolis stockholders in the Indiana Silo & Tractor Company, an Anderson corporation, are rejoicing over a stock dividend of 25 per cent recently declared. Reports made showed that the company did a business of $1,800,000 during the year, and operates seven factories.

Must Pay on Date

Recent suggestions that the payment of December 15 installment of income taxes should be postponed have been strongly discouraged by the treasury department in a statement in which it said that the Government could not take chances on having its tax receipts interfered with. It was the hope of many business men that the payment of these taxes could be postponed for six months owing to prevailing financial conditions.

Several Bond Sales

A number of bond sales by various counties and municipalities of the state are scheduled. Marion county will sell $20,000 worth of voting machine bonds with an interest rate of 5½ per cent. Rensselaer will sell $12,000 of 6 per cent municipal bonds. Whitley county will sell, December 1, $20,329 of 5 per cent highway improvement bonds. Dubois county will sell $30,000 highway improvement bonds, bearing 5 per cent, on December 13. Daviess county will sell $50,000 of county bonds, bearing 6 per cent, to be issued on account of road repair, on December 28.

Open New Branch

Thompson & McKinnon, Indianapolis brokers, have announced that a branch office of that firm has been opened at Washington, D. C., with Herbert E. Brown in charge.

Wm. F. Johnson Lumber Company
"Lumber Measured by the Golden Rule"
Fine Millwork, Lumber, Building Material, Coal
WHOLESALE — Special or standard stock, One piece or a trainload, The way you want it, When you want it, We are for YOU — RETAIL
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Nineteenth St. and Monon Railroad — INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
"Our Service Department is at Your Service to Help You Solve Your Problems"

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ROBISON CO. ON THE CIRCLE
OPTOMETRISTS-OPTICIANS
INDIANAPOLIS

National City Bank
SECURITY
COURTESY
INDIANAPOLIS

What's on Your Mind

Edwin B. Ellison (photographer)—A lot of folks are looking pleasant for us these days.

* * *

Bowman Elder (real estate)—The best way to dabble in politics these days is to talk it—and I'm not even doing that now.

* * *

J. Walter Stokes (pharmacist)—I like selling drugs better than imitating a wild western, cow camp preacher.

* * *

Bert Swiggert (battalion fire chief)—That fire college for Indiana firemen to be held here ought to be a hot school.

* * *

C. L. Kirk (vice-president Water Company)—We wouldn't ask it, but we've got to have the money if we are to furnish more water.

* * *

Chief of Police Kinney—Crooks and thieves from other cities will find Indianapolis a mighty warm place if they light here.

* * *

George Jackson (President Gatling Gun Club)—We are going after a lot of new members for the club, now that we are well established.

James M. Noel (attorney for fuel commission)—Coal prices fixed by the fuel commission will continue to save the people of Indiana millions of dollars.

* * *

Bernard Batty (coal operator)—If coal operators are permitted to conduct their business without interference there need be no fear of a fuel shortage this winter.

* * *

Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch (to Governor-elect McCray)—I felt sorry for you a month before the election—and I don't know but what I do yet.

* * *

A. G. Lester (tailor)—When anybody says "Listen Lester," I think they want a suit of clothes.

* * *

Walter B. Stern (building commissioner)—Building in Indianapolis while not so heavy as at other times is quite active.

* * *

Jesse Bogue (secretary Indiana area Methodist centenary fund)—We intend to start an educational campaign to show the people what is becoming of the money raised in Indiana for this purpose.

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Quality the Best—
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Sundays and Holidays by Appointment.

Elks' Children's Party

Indianapolis Elks will not forget the children at Christmas time. In fact, plans are now being made for quite a Christmas jollification, which will include entertainment as well as gifts and goodies.

John Orman, secretary-manager of the Indianapolis Auto Trade Association, who has charge of the affair, said general plans had already been made for the annual children's party, following the arrangements of last year. Among the features this year will be a concert at the Murat theater. Just what sort of program will be given has not yet been worked out. It will be held Sunday afternoon, December 19.

There will be the street car office at the corner of Market and Pennsylvania street for the collection of names and addresses of deserving children. The big "party" at the Circle theater will be held on Christmas day at which a special moving picture program will be given and gifts distributed to the children. "We are going to have one of the best parties we have ever given," said Mr. Orman; "we don't want to miss a single deserving child."

The committee having the matter in charge will hold another meeting this week to work out the final details.

Bliss Carmen and His Poem of Thanks

(Continued from Page 7)

With their enfolding silence, for I was
northern born.
The great unbroken wilderness was
all a joy to see,
And the firs and pointed spruces were
like old friends to me.
And when I heard the whisper of the
snow begin to sing,
My heart went wild for gladness, as
if it had been spring.
Out of the gray came whirling the
legions of the air,
That dance upon the storm-wind and
make the world more fair.
All night they wrought their witch-
work until the morning glow,
When every bough was bending with
blossoms of the snow.
Then slowly, very slowly, I crept out
to the wild,
With the rapture and the wonder and
the footsteps of a child.

VI

There was a wild young river—where
Robert Louis heard
The rapids brawling in the night, and
with the stars conferred.
And black between its banks of snow
it ran and murmured still,
And beside it ran the highway in the
shelter of the hill.
There day by day and yard by yard I
learned to walk again,
With the North Wind for my trainer.
His ways were rough and plain,
But he stung me into courage, and
put his heart in me,
While the silent spruces watched us
and the river ran to see.
There in that snowy woodland under
the mountain side,
The surge and lift of life came back
like a returning tide.

VII

Once when the thickening storm came
down and shut the hills away
I saw a vision in the woods—a host
that showed the way.
They spoke no word; they were not
real; but they were real to me;
And as I looked I saw my friends, a
smiling company—
All those who left me years ago to
take the unknown trail,
And those I left but yesterday; and
they all gave me hail,
With lighted eye and lifted hand, the
wonted sign of cheer—
"The trail is good, good all the way,
and there is naught to fear!"

VIII

There was T. R., our hero who crossed
the Last Divide,
And left the world all leaderless when
its great captain died.
Peter, the Sage of Ekfried; Pirie, laird
of the Glen;
Alan, a monarch of the air; and Eric,
a prince of men;
Great Mathew, with his four score
years and royal heart of youth;
And Levi, old-school gentleman and
lover of the truth;
Good Father John, hale, merry-souled,
and straight as any reed,
Whose tender voice makes scripture
seem the Word of God indeed;
And that tall soldier of St. George,
whose heart's glow through tan
Proclaims the captain of our faith a
brother and a man;
Brave Dr. Frank and F. P. A., those
humanest of seers,
Whose smiling wisdom helps us bear
the fardel of the years,
Familiar with the selfless smile St.
Francis might have won,
Came Rutger, strong with lifting his
brothers, overborne.
And there my fellow craftsmen, The
Authors, in a band
Make haste to play their generous
part as those who understand;
Close to their ranks a patron and
patriot of Yale,
True friends of letters and the land
that is too proud to fail.
Joe, Willis, Louis, E. A. D., and Harry
and B. J.;
Dillon and George, my brothers in love
—my pals through Judgment day;
Morton and Mitchell, good to see, and
my kinsmen Will and Ben,
Who keep the ancient covenant that
binds the hearts of men;
And from the little country town,
where once I went unknown,
Were those who set me by their
hearth and made me as their
own;
The fine old man who stayed my heart
with home-made talk and wine;
And those with whom I sat at meat,
or walked through rain and shine;
Billy, the music master—his genius
free at last;
Great Reedy, no more troubled now—
his final proof-sheets passed;
And Alfred, matchless playfellow, who
helped me pitch my tent
Among wild roses and sweet grass,
where we found heart's content.
Perry, my lad from overseas, with
proffer of his best,
Grown from a kiddie on my knee to
powers none had guessed.
And who are these with modest mien,
yet aureoled in light,
Whose paths are like the gleaming
trail of meteors through the night?
O'er pampering and ignorance lies
their unresting way,
Bearing reprieve—the doctors came,
with cure for all dismay.

IX

And women—glory be to God, who
looked upon this earth
When it was all but finished, and
marked one lack of worth,
And gave it for full measure brimmed
over, and above,
All dream of understanding, the grace
of woman's love!
God's happy thought for Eden, the
sheer unmeasured good,
Incarnate faith and fondness, in
beauty there they stood.

X

High overhead within the storm there
grew a wondrous scroll,
Inscribed in characters of light re-
vealed as clouds unroll.
And oh! the names, bright lists of
those whom I had never known!
I want the hands that fit those names
to hold within my own;
And see the light of brotherhood from
all those faces shine,
Attesting their high lineage from
Mercy—the divine.

XI

The snowshoes of my boyhood I har-
nessed on with joy—
And with them the excitement and
illusions of a boy.
With the creaking of the snowshoe
came back the limber stride,
As I swung across the meadow and
along the mountain side.
Gay shadows from the balsams stole
out to walk with me—
Friendship, Hope and Joyousness—
no other eyes could see.
Through the wilderness all sparkling
and powdery with snow,
We kept the pace together, as we kept
it long ago,
Till beyond the bounds of exile, with
new life to explore,
A glow on a far-seeing height I stood
—a man once more.

The Adirondacks, 1919-20 —B. C.

H. G. Wells' latest book is a most all-embracing affair—another adventure far afield from the novel. "The Outline of History" is a "Plain History of Life and Mankind" in two volumes.

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Shop Tours

A shop which specializes in importations is showing a collection of lamps and lamp shades which are sufficiently splendid to light a dark room, even without their electrical fittings. Despite ranting American



superiority in all things under the shining heavens, it must be said in fairness that the French excel in the making of those delicate and unsubstantial things which make life pleasant and home a place of beauty.

The collection of French lamps and shades at this shop is headed by a small vase-shaped lamp of china, intended for use in a lady's chamber, or in a corner devoted to music and tea. The china vase is decorated with broad, irregular vertical stripes of blue, black or yellow on a white ground. In one spot where the lines spread apart, a little oval frame is made, in which is painted a decoration of fruits and flowers. The distinctive thing about this lamp is the fact that its French maker has completed it, in characteristic French style, with a silk shade painted to match, exactly. The lower edge is finished with gold braid, from which dangle beads in pairs, blue and amber, black and pink, and other combinations to suit the colored stripes of the lamp. For this quaint illuminator the modest price of ten dollars is asked.

Among the French shades for tall floor lamps, are a great many which look like hoop-skirted ladies decked out in their best. One full spreading shade had a foundation of cream silk, festooned after the best manner of colonial days with lace and dull blue silk, and trimmed with knots of gold ribbon.

Another, even more lady-like and consequently more fully clothed, was dressed in layer upon layer of transparent chiffon, profusely trimmed with gold lace and topped with an arrangement of flowers and ostrich feathers that looked very much like a small chapeau perched atop.

Gold lace and ribbon are extensively used. One very deep shade, a shape that would ordinarily shut off all light, except that falling directly below the lamp, was made of yellow silk, very lustrous, with a webby and open mesh of gold lace covering the entire shade. The tiny frill that finished the shade was of a very open spiderweb pattern, so that in spite of its deep shade plenty of light was diffused.

One deep shade was covered in such a way that the ribs of wire stood up from the surface of rose-colored silk in high points. This shape was also found in a size suitable for a table lamp.

If Father Christmas sees fit to pass out any of these lamps on the twenty-fifth of December, he will be safe from any indictments from the S. P. U. G.

* * *

The most highly appreciated Christmas gifts are those which are handmade. If one hasn't the time to embroider, or sew, or make laces and French knots by the yard, it is very convenient to drop into the Art Department of one of the larger shops and select someone else's handwork for gift purposes.

One of the latest novelties in handwork is the indestructible black oilcloth lunch-cloth. Some are decorated with painted borders in bright greens and yellows and reds, that give a Greenwich Village effect. Others, with similar bright color schemes, are worked in heavy wool yarns. They come in all shapes—circular, oblong, or in the criss-cross style of twin runners.

A house dress in heavy natural color linen crash, very plainly made, with comprehensive pockets that give a pannier effect, are stamped with a simple design that can be worked up very quickly in wool yarns.

A pleasing variation on the Japanese cotton crepe kimona, is a negligee in a very deep rose, with silk and wool embroidery in dull slatish blue and light green, touched up with a little black. It is of a silp-on style, each shoulder laced up with black cord; and a black cord girdle slips through slots at the waistline.



All sorts of cunning kiddie dresses, decked out with hand work, are to be found in the various local shops which specialize in hand-made articles. Heavy blue linens, with dull red embroidery, soft ecru lawns with rosebud trimming on ruffly berthas; dainty dimities with pink and blue French knot trimming; heavy piques with thick white embroidery; dresses, fluffy, or severe, to suit any type of baby prettiness, are shown, all enhanced by the intimate touch of handwork.

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Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will have a Christmas party on December 10th at the home of Mrs. Mord Carter, 536 North Central Court.

* * *

Current Events will be discussed by Mrs. J. W. Chryst at a meeting of the Friday Afternoon Reading Club with Mrs. Walter Grow, 4240 Park avenue, on December 10th.

* * *

At a meeting of the Irvington Tuesday Club with Mrs. Curtis Hodges, 20 Audubon Court, on December 7th, Mrs. F. D. Stilz will read a paper on "The Development of Economic Independence." Mrs. J. L. Hunter will lead the discussion.

* * *

Mrs. Demarchus Brown will speak on her recent trip to Europe at the next meeting of the Magazine Club December 4th, which will be held at the Y. W. C. A. The hostesses for the occasion are Mrs. J. F. Edwards, Mrs. A. L. Leatherman, Mrs. H. W. Dragoo, Mrs. Henry Knudson, and Mrs. J. B. Phillips. Members are privileged to bring guests at a fee of twenty-five cents, the proceeds to be used for the work of the City Court Detention Ward.

* * *

The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will meet on December 7th at the home of Mrs. Charles A. Mueller, 4643 College avenue. Mrs. H. L. Mitchell will read a paper on "Virginia and the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee," and Mrs. E. J. Rust on "Way Down South."

* * *

The Monday Club is planning a Christmas party at the Propylaeum on December 13th. It will be membership day, and there will be a special roll call.

Mrs. Carl Day will entertain the New Century Club at her home, 4416 East Michigan street, on December 8th. She will be assisted by Mrs. Laura B. Hancock. "The Child Library" and "The Family Library" are the titles of papers to be read by Mrs. Frank W. Parrish and Mrs. Robert Gordon respectively.

* * *

The New Era Club will meet on December 6th at the home of Mrs. Charles Rosenbarger, 1109 Parker avenue. Mrs. Rosenberger will be assisted by Mrs. J. H. Messick. Mrs. Everett A. Hunt will discuss "American Artists" and Mrs. S. P. Scherer will talk on "American Musicians."

* * *

The programs for the Woman's Department Club for the week of December 6th are as follows:

Department of Drama will meet at 2:30 p. m. on December 8th to review Chapter 5, How to See a Play—Richard Burton, by Mrs. J. L. Beattey. "The Drama of Symbolism" will be read.

Department of Home and Education will tour the Indiana Girls Industrial School at Clermont on December 7th. Mrs. David Ross will act as conductor.

* * *

The Woman's Research Club will meet with Mrs. C. J. Buchanan, North Meridian street, on December 6th. Dr. Charles F. Neu will discuss "The Feeble-Minded Problem."

* * *

On December 8th the Zetathea Club will hold an "Indiana" meeting at the home of Mrs. B. C. Keithly, 1303 University Court. Mrs. C. E. Crippin will give a talk on Indiana Tax Laws and the Public Schools, and Mrs. G. B. Hoch will read a paper on the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.



AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

An unconventional portrait of the great soprano, taken on the board walk at Atlantic City. She will sing in Indianapolis January 17 at the Murat theater.

Notes of Society

(Continued from Page 9)

Judge and Mrs. Henry Clay Allen received informally Wednesday afternoon, December 1, at their home in observance of their golden wedding anniversary.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Darrach and Miss Mary Darrach returned on Monday, November 29, to their home in Washington, D. C., after visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Darrach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand L. Mayer are visiting in Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Born have returned from New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson G. Trowbridge entertained the members of the board of directors of the Rotary Club and their wives with a box party at the Murat Theatre Monday evening, November 29.

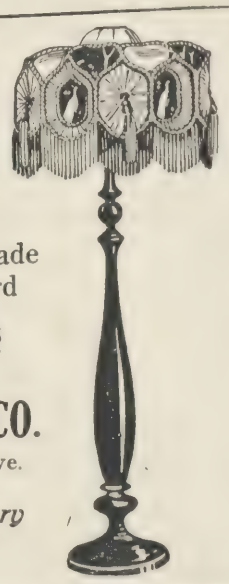
* * *

Mrs. Percy A. Gough, of Deerwood, Minn., is spending a few days with Mrs. James W. Lilly. Mrs. Gough was formerly Miss Mary Stowell, of this city.

A map of Fairyland has been published. Not the actual plot of the magic place itself, but a map indicating all the spots known to those who are well versed in legend and fairy lore from the days of the gods that preceded the Olympians down to the comparatively modern days that gave us the miraculous folk of Anderson and Grimm and even Carroll. The children's room of the New York library already owns one of these charts.

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Eve to the Rescue

If duty ever whispers, "Thou must," to Eveley Ainsworth, duty will certainly get a shock, for Eveley will answer, "I won't," in no uncertain tones. Eveley, who is the charming young heroine of "Eve to the Rescue," by Ethel Hueston, firmly believed that duty was a curse to the human race and the cause of much of the unhappiness in our midst. She decided early in the book that duty deserved the same fate as some other more widely recognized curses, and she proceeded to wage a campaign against it. That's where the rescue work came in. In almost every chapter, some poor soul who was struggling in the slough of duty was triumphantly rescued by Eveley and set up on a nice green hill where all was peaceful and happy. The fact that some of the rescued ones soon wearied of the green hill and sneaked back into their slough didn't worry Eveley a bit. According to her theory, a thing that you really want to do is not a duty, so when those former slaves of duty returned to their task



EVE TO THE RESCUE

"Let's find him a house, just a bit of a shack, with a little garden and a mangy dog, and then dazzle him with visions of independence, and show him the house."

Then Eve stood up. "Will you help me do this, Nolan? You get nicer every day of your life."

with joy in their hearts, they found it had turned into a pleasure.

There was just one exception to Eveley's theory about duty. She believed it was everybody's duty to love somebody else with all his heart and mind and soul and body. Yes, Eveley found her Big Exception in the last chapter, and nobly did her duty by him. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

The Age of Innocence

Edith Wharton leaves the atmosphere of the war and harks back to the New York of the 70's for the setting of her latest volume, "The Age of Innocence." The story has the rich flavor of Manhattan days when New York society was a very select and tightly-closed circle, when only luck and the miracle of personality enabled an ambitious member of the pushing nouveau riche to gain recognition in that proud little hierarchy, when the standard of precedent was a far more powerful thing than it is today. It was the fashion then, the unwritten law, that every nice woman should be innocent of the crude facts of existence, and though reality knocked at her door, or even broke it down, she still remained determinedly innocent. Newland Archer, a young blade only a bit more sensitive than the other young men of his day, was engaged to marry lovely, innocent May Welland, when her cousin Ellen, Countess Olenska, returned to New York, having separated from her brutal husband under circumstances somewhat damaging to her own reputation. Young Archer's allegiance was divided between an honest affection for innocent May, and an overwhelming love for Ellen, who had had a deep, vivid and painful experience of life. He struggled hard for what he considered the nobler course, but yielded to expediency; for determined innocence is almost as difficult to combat as sheer stupidity.

The character portrayal is clear, illuminating, but not greatly detailed. Particularly is this true of the principal characters; Archer, May and Ellen are blocked in lightly, and from actions and conversation the reader may draw his own estimates of their values. Mountainous Mrs. Manson Mingott, with her tiny little hands that played in her vast lap like two small pets; grotesque Marchioness Manson, who was forever annexing undesirable husbands; Mr. and Mrs. van der Luyden, whose almost complete seclusion was the paradoxical secret of their absolute rule over New York society; these minor characters are for the most part unmistakably and definitely sketched.

There is a deal of Meredithian conversation—light chat whose heavy undertone is supplied by the author's explanations. Again, there are a number of high points where a great deal is told in a very few words—for example, when Archer, ready to defy the world for love of Ellen, received the telegram that dragged him rudely back to earth and the age of innocence.



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The story is interesting, well-written—an Edith Wharton book—with an ending that will not be altogether satisfactory to the determined happy-ender, but which is, nevertheless, highly artistic. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Although Booth Tarkington once had ambitions to become an illustrator, and not a novelist, his drawings are not in wide circulation today. His amusement, however, in reading the "script" of Robert Cortes Holliday's new book, "Men and Books and Cities," resulted in his making two pen drawings illustrating points in the narrative. One is a highly humorous caricature of himself, "looking," as the author says, "like some huge and curious bird out of the Bronx Zoo." The other illustration is a spirited sketch of Meredith Nicholson in "blackface" make-up, doing a song and dance before the Boys' Club of Indianapolis. The two pictures (of, by and for Hoosier authors) are reproduced in Mr. Holliday's new volume, which was published the latter part of October.

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children" is ranked first by a recent vote of seventeen of the leading children's librarians of the country as to the best books published in the year of 1919 for the children's shelves of a public library.

E. F. Benson's "David Blaise and the Blue Door" takes second place. It is said to be an extraordinarily delicious fairy tale, one of the best wonderland stories since "Alice."

* * *

In November the Doran Company published "Margot Asquith: An Autobiography," a piquant book of reminiscences which has been widely discussed in England.

The latest variation to be played on the "New Lamps for Old" theme is the title of a book for those inclined to be fat, "How to Reduce—New Waistlines for Old," by Antoinette Donnelly, health expert for the Chicago Tribune.

Orchestras of Other Cities

(Continued from Page 7)

witch when he comes here on March 31 in the double capacity of conductor and soloist.

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra is now in its third year, and last year Orchestra Hall was built as a home for the orchestra, with a seating capacity of 2,300. This has already proved inadequate and a fund of $4,000,000 is being raised to erect a Fine Arts Building of such proportions as to be a permanent home for the orchestra.

The Cleveland Orchestra situation was of special interest to me, since it is Mrs. Adella Prentis Hughes, who, by the way, has been the musical impressaria of Cleveland for the past twenty-two years, just a year less than I have been working for musical development in Indiana, who founded the orchestra and is its manager. In comparing notes of these years of work, trials, tribulations and successes, we had much in common, but I found that only the first two years of her work was she without guarantees; and when two years ago she founded the Cleveland Orchestra, with Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor, she had the splendid financial and moral support of the leading citizens of Cleveland, as well as the musical clubs, and as one prominent man remarked to me: "We can never do enough for Mrs. Hughes—she should have a monument erected to her for what she has done for the cultural advancement of Cleveland."



Theatre Calendar

Week of December 6, 1920

English's—William Rock's Revue of 1920.

Murat—Not So Long Ago.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

Girls who aspire for a position on the stage can take courage from the remarkable career of Valeska Suratt, the little actress who comes from Terre Haute, Ind., and who is another of the colony of Hoosier players who have reached the topmost rung in the theatrical business. Miss Suratt will appear at B. F. Keith's next week as the stellar attraction of a high-class bill, presenting her newest starring vehicle, "Scarlet," written by Jack Lait, the well-known newspaper critic and playwright.

A few years ago Miss Suratt was drawing the munificent sum of $3 per week from the William H. Block Company, where she worked as a clerk. Her talent, however, declined to be hid under the proverbial bushel basket and the little actress by dint of hard work and self-denial reached the point where she is able to demand and receives every week 2,500 big iron dollars for her services in the act that runs about thirty minutes.

Miss Suratt had many difficulties to overcome before she attained the place she now occupies in the theatrical world. Her biggest handicap was the fact that she was born in Terre Haute. Her great business head shows itself in her early exodus from that town to the Hoosier capital.

Miss Suratt tells of when she worked at Block's how she begged and maneuvered to get transferred to the millinery department during the Christmas season. The girls there got a percentage on the things they sold, and she was tired of receiving only $3 every Saturday night. That week before Christmas she says was a harvest for her as she made $18. and thought herself a rich woman indeed. But she had a place for every penny of the salary and it did not last long.

Miss Suratt began her theatrical career playing a small bit in a musical comedy and soon rose to stardom. Then she went into vaudeville and became a headliner. Then she took a fling at the movies and became one of the films' principal stellar lights.

Serious acting always appealed to her, so she decided to become a dramatic actress. She secured a playlet from Paul M. Potter called "The Purple Poppy," produced it in vaudeville and scored the biggest hit of her career. But Miss Suratt insisted in doing other things and before "The Purple Poppy" had in any way completed its services as a vehicle, she discarded it. Now she has another one act play in "Scarlet," which is said to be the best that Mr. Lait has ever written and which gained him the name as the present day O. Henry from dramatic and book critics.

"Scarlet" is an incident of that underworld which Lait has made a thorough study of. It shows the efforts to mix two distinct stratas of life. Miss Suratt is cast in the role of a cabaret artist who strives and deserves to reach a higher plane of life.

John MacFarlane and Jack Hayden, two players of recognized ability, are her leading men and she is supported by a company of capable artists.



VALESKA SURATT

This well-known movie star has returned to vaudeville and will be at Keith's week of December 6th.

ENGLISH'S

William Rock's Revue of 1920 will be the attraction at English's the week of December 6, the engagement comprising Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The Rock Revue is said to be the last word in this style of entertainment, and it attained a run of many weeks at George M. Cohan's Theatre in New York last summer. The book is by Jingo, the lyrics by Louis Weslyn, with music by Leon. Rosebrook. The Rock Revue has two acts with twenty-two scenes altogether. Mr. Rock, himself well known as a dancer, supervised the entire production, and it is declared to be the most sumptuous of the many with which he has been connected. The featured members of the company are Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett, and others who play important roles are Marion Sunshine, Ernestine Meyers, Jay M. Regan, Irene and Bernice Hart, Avey and O'Neil, Johnny Dale, Helen Eby, Hazel Webb and Jue Quon Tai, the latter a Chinese contralto, said to be the only one of her race.

MURAT

"Not So Long Ago," Arthur Richman's comedy, which under the management of the Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert was one of the outstanding hits of the last theatrical season in New York, will be the attraction at the Shubert-Murat Theatre for one week, commencing Monday evening, December 6, matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"Not So Long Ago" may not be exactly real life, for it is more delightful than real life would be. To this naturally intriguing play has been added exceptional beauty and real talent. Among the important members of a wholly admirable cast are Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer, May Kennedy, Betty Linley, Thomas Mitchell, B. N. Lewis, George Henry Trader, Margaret Mosier, Leatta Miller, Frank Gillespie and Louise Treadwell. The story of "Not So Long Ago" relates to Michael Dover, and old inventor, and his daughter Elsie. Elsie, to help out the family purse, does dressmaking for rich families, who economize by having last season's dresses made over at home. Elsie is a pretty girl, who is being constantly wooed by a traveling salesman, who is remarkable for his egotism. The girl inherits from both her father and mother a dreamy temperament and a vivid imagination. Her sweetheart, however, is too stupid to realize that half her stories about herself are made up out of the romantic novels she reads in her leisure time. Elsie, however, has been engaged in helping out the Ballard family, and has become acquainted with the scion of the house, one Billy. A love story ensues of a particularly romantic and enchanting character. The play has been staged by Edward Elsner.

LYRIC

Bringing a breath of the splendor of the royal court of Persia, the Al Golem troupe comes to the Lyric the week of December 6, presenting an interesting and amazing exhibition of the sports and pastimes of the Far East. The Golem troupe is billed as "late entertainers to the Shah of Persia." It is composed of pantomimists, dancers, jugglers and acrobats. Not the least feature of the act is its special stage setting composed entirely of Oriental rugs and hangings, priceless in value, the customs duty alone of which exceeded $25,000. Running the headline attraction a close second will be the Rag-O-Marimba band, a quintet of classy instrumentalists who are experts on the mellow South American marimbaphone, an instrument that produces a tone rich in quality. Other acts on the bill will include The Saltos, variety performers; Bert and Betsy Ross in a singing, talking and dancing skit called "The Checker;" Lorraine and Herman, a humorous pair; Bobby and Earle in a laughable sketch entitled "Oh, Doctor;" the Four Mountaineers, a comedy harmony singing quartet, and Howland, Erwin and Howland, three girls who offer a vocal divertissement. A Fox film farce, "Pretty Lady," the Bray pictograph and the Pathe review will be shown on the screen.



SIDNEY BLACKMER AND ALICE BROMLEY WILSON

in "Not So Long Ago," appearing at the Murat, week of December 6th.

B. F. KEITH'S

Valeska Suratt, one of the highest-salaried artists in the theatrical profession and former film star, makes her reappearance at B. F. Keith's theatre the week starting Monday, December 6th. Associated with Valeska Suratt is John McFarlane and Jack Hayden, two of the principal players in the one act production, "Scarlet," written by Jack Lait.

Thomas F. Swift and Mary H. Kelley will be seen in their offering "Gum Drops," a comedy confection along farcical lines.

Herschel Henlere, one of the best-known entertainers now in vaudeville,

(Continued on Page 19)



MARY GARDEN

Noted prima donna whose portrayal of "Thais" and "Carmen" has stamped her as one of America's foremost artists. She will appear in concert at the Murat, Sunday afternoon, December 12th.

"White Mule" and Amnesia

A good many ills have been laid to "white mule" and other products of the moonshine still, but the latest is that the unusual number of amnesia victims in Indianapolis is due to the kick supplied by the "mule."

An Indianapolis doctor, in discussing the latest case of lost identity or memory now at the city hospital, advanced the theory that the atrocious brand of booze being peddled throughout the country is responsible for the three recent cases which came to the notice of the hospital authorities. This doctor said the poison in "white mule" which is distilled or "aged" out of "legal" whiskey is responsible for the disease in that it paralyzes brain and nerve cells.

At any rate, there have been three amnesia victims in Indianapolis within a short time—soldiers or former soldiers. It is also known that considerable illicit booze is being sold and that it has a powerful "come back"—even in small amounts.

This explanation of the cause of amnesia is about as plausible as any other, inasmuch as neurologists do not know what causes this disease. They say that certain brain cells are cut off from communication and cease to function, with the result that all impressions recorded in these particular cells are sealed.

The brain is likened by neurologists to a central dynamo from which radiates wires (nerves) to all parts of the body. When a part of this dynamo or some of the "wires" leading to it become separated, amnesia ensues.

In each case at the city hospital the victims were absolutely unable to remember their own names or the names of any of their friends or kinsmen, thus emphasizing the theory that the particular brain cells governing these impressions ceased to register when called on by mental effort.

The case now at the city hospital is similar to the others. The victim appears to be perfectly normal in every respect, except that when it comes to remembering who he is and ideas associated with himself he fails. Letters found in his clothing indicated his name was "Jim," but he did not recall this when it was suggested to him. Somewhere in his memory, however, was the knowledge that he knew something of automobile mechanics, for he was able to adjust a carburetor and do other things that only a mechanic could do.

Neurologists and psychologists say that the mind is made up of many smaller "minds" or groups of brain cells which function in their particular capacity when called on. That is why this newest victim of amnesia, when he sees an automobile, street car, human beings and various objects, knows what they are—these particular groups of cells being able to function. But the group in which is recorded his remembrances of names, persons, places, dates, etc., has been severed from the main line of impressions, and he finds himself in the same position of a person who has never had any such impressions.

Specialists say that amnesia victims often recover their lost memory through physical accident or excessive mental effort, and are again able to establish direct communication through some unknown physiological process, thus disclosing that these inactive brain cells were not dead, but that they retained all their former impressions and were ready to give them up as soon as the line of communication was established.

"It is a fascinating subject," said an Indianapolis physician who has taken considerable interest in the victims at the city hospital, "but one that is full of mystery as profound as anything on earth. The thing called the brain with its wonderful makeup is able to withstand an enormous amount of strain and work, but sometimes it gives way totally or in part, without any appreciable warning—and that is all science knows about it for sure—the rest is theory and guess work."

Contrary to general impression, amnesia victims are not subject to "eerie" or "wierd" feelings on loss of memory, but they are about in the same state of mind as the person who does not know that such persons as the Akoond of Swat or Tillie Tiptoes, the dancing soubrette, exist.

The Poor Player

(Continued from Page 18)

presents his "Madam Skiddikadinki," in a comedy entitled "Pianoflage."

Baroness De Hollub (Harriett Lorraine) makes her initial appearance in American vaudeville and is presenting "Fifty Loves," in which she is assisted by Harry Crawford.

Fred and Daisy Rial have a comedy skit "A Ring Flirtation," Raymond Wilbert is a comedian with original ideas, while Carney and Rose will present a comedy concoction entitled "Lost, A Husband."

The usual Kinogram news weekly and Digest Topics will be shown.

"Blue Sky"

The ruling by the state "blue sky" commission that at least 80 per cent of the money derived from the sale of stock must reach the treasury of the company unimpaired, will have a disheartening effect on the promoters of "blue sky" securities.

In almost every case where a fly-by-night concern, a phoney oil company, gold mining stock promoters, etc., have marketed their wares to the unwary at a trifling amount per share, about 95 per cent of the proceeds from the sales went into the pockets of the promoters or the salesmen who peddled the stock. In the event that a disgruntled stockholder sued for a receivership, and the receiver was appointed, he usually found empty coffers.

The ruling of the Indiana commission will put an end to the practice of get-rich-quick promoters coming into this state and disposing of their lithographed stocks that are worthless.

It is pointed out that legitimate promotions will not suffer from this ruling, as sufficient promotion expenses will be allowed, although it may not be 20 per cent in every case.

It is expected that the ruling will bring about a radical change in stock selling, inasmuch as heretofore commissions as high as 50 per cent have been paid to promotion salesmen.

ENGLISH'S

ALL WEEK—Dec. 6th

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Picking an All-State Team

As the football season of 1920 drew to a close, the question, "When will Tom Hendricks spring his All-State team?" was asked more frequently every day. From Hanover to Notre Dame, and from Earlham to Purdue his selections were watched for anxiously by every student, alumnus and football enthusiast in Indiana, and when announced were almost universally accepted as final. In fact, he has come to be regarded in Hoosierdom much as is Walter Camp in the East, as the highest football authority.

This brings up the question, "How has he attained this position?" First of all, Tom takes his job seriously, conscientiously. He does not wait until the last hectic weeks of the season to take a cursory glimpse at the Hoosier elevens, but is busy from early in September. The first kickoff in the first game of the season finds him parked on the sidelines, and the last blast of the timekeeper's whistle in the last November game finds him still on the job. He takes nothing for granted, accepts no hearsay evidence or secondhand judgments. He willingly takes advice and listens to the opinions of coaches and other experts, but in the final analysis he makes up his own mind in his own way.

He sees every team in the state as often as is humanly possible for one man to do; he makes special midweeks trips to various colleges to see practice scrimmages; he mixes with the players and with the coaching staff, and it is safe to say that no man in the state knows personally as many individual players, coaches and football officials as does Tom.

Being a Princeton man, with no Hoosier college affiliations, he is not susceptible to prejudice or bias for or against any institution. This fact is generally recognized throughout the local collegiate world, and Tom is received with open arms into the innermost circles of any team. So great is the faith in his integrity that many a coach has told him things in confidence which, if tipped to an opponent, might ruin the chances of victory in an important game, and been sure in so doing that his confidence never would be violated.

Square, cool-headed, courageous, free from prejudice, and a fine judge of football ability, Tom makes an ideal man for the ticklish job of making up an All-State team. Probably only a few of us know the personal disappointment with which he made some of his selections this year. For example, he was at Lake Maxinkuckee in those early September days when the DePauw squad was working out there. He got to know the boys intimately, loafed with them, sailed with them, swam with them; among them are boys for whom he was pulling hard throughout the year, and yet only two of the thirty-three players named in his three All-State teams were DePauw men. At the first officers training camp, at Fort Harrison, during the early days of the war, he found himself in a company composed largely of Notre Dame men, among them Chet Grant, Notre Dame quarterback. Tom and Chet were buddies for four months; they became the best of friends, and when Tom went to Notre Dame this fall, Chet was the first man he hunted up. But the Chet of the post-war days, for some unknown reason, was not the same speedy, fast-flying Chet of three years ago, and he did not gain a mention on any of Tom's teams. To leave off one of his best buddies must have hurt him a lot more than most of us know.

These are the reasons why he is recognized as the one big football authority of Indiana. It explains why you hear remarks of this kind:

"I thought Millstead would be picked for first-string tackle," says the Wabash man, "but if Tom Hendricks says he is not quite up to Coughlin or Birk I guess he knows more about it than I do."

"Eddie Anderson sure looked like an All-State end," says the Notre Dame alumnus, "but Tom Hendricks picked Strohl and Stasand. He saw them all play and I know he was on the level when he did it."

Picking an All-State team this year was no job for a man of less courage than Tom. Its general acceptance as authoritative is a great tribute to his integrity and ability.

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

owl in a nearby tree starts his flute obligato—he's a cheerless little cuss and doesn't play in the rhythm of the night orchestra. * * * A wind starts the dry grass singing. * * * I didn't know there were so many sounds at night! New ones break in, last a stave or two and then others take their place. I close up the tent and "hit the hay," strongly of the opinion that I will have to do my sleeping in the daytime as it is too "noisy" at night for a city fellow.

And thus it went from day to day. I never arose so late again as sunup, but always before. An August sky in the early morning is worth looking at. * * * But it does not take one long to fall into the niche that nature prepares, and while you sense the many things that interest you soon fall into step with nature itself, become a part of it and forget the rest.

Fishing, hunting, "lazying" around, reading your favorite authors, getting new experiences—sizing yourself up. * * * It was a great vacation. That four-pound bass * * * the inquiring cow that stuck her head in the tent and started to chew my hair * * * the visit of a raccoon early one morning * * * the "chiggers" * * * the pungent smell of smoke * * * a thunderstorm one midnight. * * * I must live them all over again. * * *

"You've been staring at that show window for ten minutes — what's wrong with it, or is it the tent?" said friend wife as she handed me a basket to carry.

"Nothing," I said fatuously, as I dodged a motor truck on the way to a crowded car.—C. S. G.

Harmonious Industrial Relations

(Continued from Page 8)

tioned the fact that a few months ago, when labor was scarce—at least more so than it is now—men employed in plants where less skilled mechanics, for example, worked, heard about the higher wages being offered by plants requiring unusually skilled men, and quit their old jobs to secure these higher skilled places.

This labor turnover, he said, was to be expected, but was considerably less in Indianapolis than most any other city.. In commenting on this phase, he said: "I think the community spirit is very much alive in Indianapolis, and is growing all the time. The employers of Indianapolis have shown great loyalty to the city and to each other."

A special census report published for Indianapolis at the outbreak of the World War showed there was an average of 30,971 wage earners in manufacturing establishments in the city. Within the last year, even, the number has been greatly augmented by the locating of new factories here.

Secretary Allen, of the Employers' Association, called attention to the fact that while Indianapolis had not made as much of a mushroom growth in industries as some other cities, the quality of the plants secured was far above the average, not only as to class of products, but as to the quality of labor employed. "There is a certain class of labor which is not desired here," he said, "and plants which use this sort of labor are not encouraged to locate in Indianapolis. As a result we have a class of wage earners far above the average of that of other cities."

Referring back to the metal trades, it is pointed out that a larger stock of iron and steel is carried in Indianapolis than is carried in any other city in the Central West outside of Chicago. With this in mind, it can be realized how diversified the city's industries must be when dull business in the metal trades did not cause any particular commotion.

President Coffin, of the Chamber of Commerce, said that there seems to be the greatest spirit of co-operation among Indianapolis employers in relation to the best interests of the city. He said the obtaining of nearly fifty new industries since the first of the year indicated that the civic spirit was abroad. His only hope was that it would continue to spread and increase in intensity.

Other business men have emphasized the harmonious relations that now exist between employer and employe and say that this spirit will continue to make Indianapolis the best city of its class in America.

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Motion Pictures

Week of December 5, 1920

Alhambra—Wanda Hawley in "Her First Elopement"; Bryant Washburn in "Burglarproof."

Circle—Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Business."

Colonial—Zeena Keefe in "Red Foam."

Crystal—Viola Dana in "The Chorus Girl's Romance."

Isis—Shipwrecked Among the Cannibals.

Mister Smith's—Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Regeneration."

Ohio—Pauline Frederick in "Madame X."

Regent—William Russell in "The Iron Rider."

Alhambra

Kidnapping a young woman and then eloping with her provides a humorous plot for "Her First Elopement," a comedy starring Wanda Hawley, which will be shown at the Alhambra the first half of next week. The story deals with the efforts of two families to prevent the young male members from falling under the influence of a skittish "vampire." An elder brother meets the woman whom he thinks is the cause of all the trouble, and believes that by forcing her to spend a night on his yacht far out at sea he will compromise her to the extent that she will be willing to seek new fields of adventure. Complications follow thick and fast when he discovers that he has abducted the wrong girl. Much of the action takes place on board the yacht, and some beautiful scenes at sea are incorporated in the picture. Miss Hawley's support is adequate in every way, and the charming star herself was never cast to better advantage. A Mutt and Jeff farce and the Fox News Weekly will be subsidiary attractions. The midweek change of program on Thursday will bring Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof."

Circle

A very modern version of the parted-at-the-altar theme, is offered in "Dangerous Business," in which Constance Talmadge will be seen at the Circle Theatre next week, beginning December 5. In this case it is the lady, naughty Nancy, who is the cause for the interruption in the marriage services. In order to escape a distasteful marriage, she announces at the altar that she has been married before, and recklessly names the man who she has selected for her husband. He unexpectedly arrives upon the scene, vouches for the truth of her fairy tale, and takes her home with him. Poor Nancy's bluff is called and she is ready to be good and tell the truth, but Nancy's "bridegroom" is a caveman, and she has a hard time trying to make him dance to her tune. A Torchy comedy, a Bruce scenic, a Circlette of News and an overture by the Circle orchestra—from the Symphony "Eroica" by Beethoven—will complete the program.

Colonial

Zeena Keefe will appear in person at the Colonial Theatre on Monday and Tuesday in connection with the showing of her picture, "Red Foam," which will be the feature for the week, beginning Sunday, December 5. Miss Keefe is probably best known for her work as leading lady for Eugene O'Brien in most of his productions. "Red Foam" tells the story of three people of a small Missouri town, Andy Freeman, a traveling salesman, bluff and hearty to everybody but his wife; Arnold Driscoll, business like and reserved and therefore unpopular, and Mrs. Andy Freeman, the high-strung and sensitive wife. When Andy is found dead and Driscoll beside him with a smoking revolver, the red foam of mob rule bursts forth. A comedy, "Twelve P. M.," a news reel, and music by the American Harmonists and Liberty Entertainers, will be included in the program.

Mister Smith's

A Robinson Crusoe story is the basis of "The Island of Regeneration," the feature attraction at Mr. Smith's Theatre the week of December 5. One of the outstanding scenes is the burning of a ship at sea. Only one person is saved from the disaster, a boy of six, who grows up alone on a South Sea Island. Antonio Moreno plays the part of the modern Robinson Crusoe, but his lonely sojourn is interrupted by the arrival of a small boat bearing a runaway lady, Edith Storey, who undertakes the education of the lone survivor. An earthquake furnishes the necessary impetus to bring the two together as lovers. A Larry Semon comedy and music by the Three Melody Girls are also billed for next week.

Ohio

Dark tragedy will hold the screen at the Ohio Theatre next week in the person of "Madame X," who has been transferred from the stage to the screen. Pauline Frederick plays the part of the unfortunate woman who is unjustly driven from her home by her husband, and who is denied the right to see her son. The most notable part of the picture is the famous court scene in which she is brought to trial before her husband, who has attained the position of judge of a Paris criminal court, for the murder of a blackmailer who would have ruined her husband's career. The son, unrecognized by his mother, pleads in her defense. The program for the week will also show Literary Digest Topics and Buster Keaton in "One Week."

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Six o'clock downtown. Pushing, crowding stream of people on Broadway. Legless man going at fast clip on a roller skate, pushing himself along with his hands. Wonder why he's going west on Forty-second street? Two flappers in front of Childs' talking about calories. How many are there in Hungarian goulash? That man is telling his friend that "there ain't no business." Bet he's a tire salesman. Pretty girl buying an Indianapolis News at stand at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street. Would she call the cop if I spoke to her? Believe I will. No, I haven't the morale. Woman drops her bundle. Shall I be the Chesterfield? Too late, she's already stooped. Glad I didn't now. She looks too much like Sylvia Pankhurst. I ought to drop in the library and work a little. Need to read more. Vocabulary hitting on one cylinder. I'll do it tomorrow. That devilish Fifth avenue bus passed me up. That's nothing new. I'll go back to Sixth avenue "L" to spite them. Besides, I'll save a nickel. How does that hurdy-gurdy man get by? The traffic cop at home wouldn't let him play three measures. These "L" stairs are interminable. I'd better run for that train. No army wind left. Missed it. Believe I'll stay downtown.

If you enter a Broadway restaurant this fall it's ten to one that the orchestra will be playing "Castle of Dreams," "Avalon," "Love Nest" or "Whispering." These tunes, superior to the mine-run output of the last two years, are the prevailing lullabies of the White Way, especially in the places where dancing is featured.

Roast turkey turning on a spit is an attraction for Broadway promenaders near Forty-eighth street. There is usually a fair-sized crowd before the restaurant which provides the tempting display.

Indianapolis street car motormen and conductors are Chesterfields in comparison with the New York surface car operators. The temperamental motorman here always stops his car with a sudden jolt which forces the passengers to stagger about the aisles to preserve their equilibrium. Conductors give the go signal while passengers are struggling on the steps and rail at them to hurry inside the car. All of which makes New York people exceedingly thankful for the "L" and subway.

Leong Yung smoked his opium with the other Chinese in dirty Pell street dives until the war came. Then he marched away to a cantonment with the drafted men of his district. When he returned to Chinatown after the war he was no longer a hop head. Open air, squads right and army sanitation also made him disagree with many of his former companions in regard to their ideas of living.

But Leong Yung talked too much, especially about his Hip Sing Tong, a strong Chinese secret society, and he was expelled from membership. In spite of this setback, Yung continued to preach Caucasian sentiments.

The other night, as Yung was amusing himself in a poolroom on Doyers street, a revolver was pressed against his back and three shots fired.

When the police arrived most of the Chinese had departed. "We know nothing; there were shots; Yung is dead," was the enlightening information the sergeant obtained from an English-speaking celestial.

Yung's sweetheart, Josie, said that he had a premonition of disaster when he left their home. "He said, 'I may not come back,'" Josie told the police. "And he didn't."

"Ships That Come in the Night" are often manned by rum runners, New York harbor police say. At Detroit precious liquor is said to be torpedoed across the river from Canada. In New York mysterious tramp steamers bring it in the harbor and speedy motor boats carry it to the shore in the dark of the moon. Then it passes through a middleman or two, sometimes making the famous "curb market"; thence to the bar or to the hip pocket hootch salesman.

The Circle
On the Circle

FEATURE

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

In

"Dangerous Business"

Adapted From the Story by
MADELAINE SHARPE BUCHANAN

"The Chessboard"

COMEDY

Johnny Hines

In

"Torchy in High"

Taken From the Story by
SEWELL FORD

BRUCE SCENIC

"The Cast-A-Way"

With Overture by the

Circle Orchestra

First and Second Movement From the Symphony "Eroica," by Beethoven.

(The scenic and overture are run and played at the same time.)

Circlette of News

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

According to reports the state legislature will be called upon to boost the taxes $10,000,000 in the state. Plans now in course of formulation by various state departments indicate that taxpayers will be hard hit—if the legislature accedes to the demands. If the taxpayer has anything to say about the proceedings the proposed plans will be put on ice before they do much more than reach the legislature. No tax increase for the present seems to be the attitude of most people.

The letting of a road contract, recently, by the county commissioners, totaling $300,000 for the building of what is known as the Apple road, a part of the Pendleton pike, without the requirement of a maintenance bond, has caused considerable comment among taxpayers. The question has been asked, why omit maintenance bonds now after having required them on roads built in the past. It is contended that without this bond the county would have to make repairs at its own expense, should the road go to pieces soon after it has been built. The county commissioners say that the bond is without any particular use and only adds to the cost of the road. The people of Marion county want good roads—permanent roads, but they want them at the lowest possible cost. It would appear that it would be easy to determine whether maintenance bonds are desirable. If roads are built up to specifications there would be no need of maintenance bonds, but if not, the taxpayers should not be forced to pay a second time in repairs for a road supposed to be well enough constructed to last the estimated life of the specifications.

There is evidence to show that the "cement trust" has been active in Indianapolis as it has been in the East. Disclosures reveal that there is a close unanimity between cement manufacturers as to price, regardless of where the mills may be located or who makes the cement. According to all laws of production there is a differential existing between products of the same character, due to freight rates, overhead, labor turnover and other factors entering into manufacture—that is, in most all products save cement. This country has not seen any wild and woolly trust-busting for some time—apparently we are about to have another exhibition. Perhaps it will help the building business in Indianapolis.

Dwight S. Ritter, purchasing agent for the city of Indianapolis, who buys a great amount of products of all kinds, and who keeps in close touch with the markets, says a break is due in gasoline and oil within the next thirty days. Car drivers will hear this faint note of optimism with considerable pleasure—and they are hoping for realization.

The Hoosier family generally observed Thanksgiving this year. The average person had much to be thankful for. The election is over, the war may be over, peace signed, before the year is out; crops have been bountiful; Indianapolis industrial situation is much better than that of most any other city, and the same conditions prevail in ratio over the state. The only fly in the ointment is the coming session of the state legislature. But no doubt we'll live through it, so carry over your thankfulness into the Christmas holidays and quit the year "like a gentleman."

That there will be an anti-rent profiteering bill introduced into the next session of the legislature is a certainty. That there has been rent gouging in Indianapolis and in other cities of the state is also true. Landlords—and "landladies"—who have mental strabismus—will have to pay for their shortsightedness in the form of increased taxes, among other things. However, the fair-dealing landlord will not be affected by this proposed law, according to the framers of the bill, but only those who seek to squeeze unlawful profits out of their property or who take advantage of their tenants' helplessness will feel the weight of the law. For example, an Indianapolis woman, who owns several rentals, one double which rented for $16 a month a side, raised the rent on the tenants until it is now $32 a side and soon to be $35. In Gary, houses which rented for $15 a month were raised to $45 in some instances. It is this sort of practice that the framers of the law propose to stop, the bill to be modeled on the present Rhode Island law.

George Lemaux, a board of works member, has served notice on the company having the contract for lighting certain streets with gas that it must either put the lamps in repair and keep them burning on schedule or else the contract will be rescinded. As a matter of fact, gas lights in these electric days are an anachronism. In addition, the consumption of gas in this lighting system, when gas is so scarce for cooking and heating, is an outrage. While there may be a few streets in certain localities where gas lights are needed, as a general proposition they can be done away with, and they should be when the contract expires next year. Burning gas for street lights these days is not conducive to even tempers when the pressure goes out in the old kitchen range and the biscuits half baked.

The latest importation to make you laugh, cry and dream has come to the United States from the celestial kingdom, and famous ever since the Manchu dynasty took on kingly dignity—and that's a long time. It is Ng ka py, which experts who trail the bootleggers say smells like horse liniment and has a taste between a fricasseed rubber boot and an abandoned glue factory. The concoction, however, is a favorite "cold cure" with the Chinese, who say it is a peppermint far stronger than any produced in America, and while no one knows whether any of it has appeared in Indianapolis, prohibition enforcement officers say it would be mild as rose petal dew as compared with stuff that has been bootlegged in Indianapolis.

Indianapolis lovers of motor racing heard with keen regret of the accident which caused the death of Gaston Chevrolet, driver in the auto race at Beverly Hills Speedway, California. In the same accident, Lyall Jollis, mechanician, and Eddie O'Donnell, driver, received injuries from which they died later. Gaston Chevrolet, who won the last Indianapolis Speedway classic, was a resident of Indianapolis and was widely known in the automobile fraternity. He was a keen sportsman and known as a daring, but careful driver. The body will be brought to Indianapolis for burial.

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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1920 — NUMBER 27

A Glance at Pavlowa, the Person

Famous Russian Artist Adds New Laurels to Those She Has Already Won in America

With Her Russian Ballet She Will Appear in Indianapolis on December 21st.

By Ona B. Talbot

The press of the country has been unanimous in declaring Anna Pavlowa "greater than ever." To me she has always been without peer, but when the itinerary of the company was sent to me, and I found they were playing in Dayton on the 12th I could not resist going to see for myself.

All that has been written and more is true. Anna Pavlowa is still the greatest dancing actress and subtle pantomimist.

The program was in three parts. The ballet, "Amarilla," was arranged by Ivan Clustine, the ballet master for many years of the Pavlowa company, with music by Glazounow and Drigo. The setting for this ballet was a charming picture of a fete after the ideas of Valesquez. The cast was a large one centered about the chief parts danced by Pavlowa and Volinine. Pavlowa was the poetry of motion, a living melody, her perfect charm and grace revealing her high order of artistry. The other ballet programed was "Snowflakes," where beauty of grace combined with the Christmas spirit was one of the most beautiful spiritual interpretations of the music from "The Nut-Cracker Suite" by Tschaikowsky that I have ever seen.

The usual divertissements, seven in all, concluded the program. "The Swan," in which Pavlowa dances the sad creature to his throbbing death, was done with as exquisite poignancy as ever. "A Syrian Dance" was magnificently done, with music of Saint-Saens. A delightful bit of comedy was introduced in Grieg's "Holland Dance." Never was a wooden shoed coquette more coy or comical and never was a kiss harder earned by a red pantalooned boy. The "Pierrot" of Volinine had all the joyousness and abandon of which this famous dancer is capable. The Christmas Dance was interpreted by music of Tschaikowsky, and breathed all the spirit of the holiday time. Among the numbers for the Indianapolis programs on the afternoon and evening of December 21 will be "Snowflakes" at the matinee performance; chosen because of the many children who will be present.

Troy Kinney, artist and writer, has written concerning "Pavlowa, the Person." His analysis is interesting and is as follows:

"Someone has said that a complete artist must be three people—a dreamer, a scientist and a self-critic. We account, by the application of this test, for the lack of the undefinable something that we call greatness in most artists. It is perhaps because Pavlowa has fully developed a consummate genius. To see the dreamer, one needs only to regard some of her own chorographic compositions—the ballet "Amarilla," "The Dragon Fly," "The Butterfly," "Moments Musicale," and divers things too many to catalogue, each intense and rich with a motive.

As a self-critic, or rather as a critic of the work of the company representing herself, I saw an illuminating instance—a rehearsal of "Amarilla"—in the passage where the despairing gypsy girl feels the necessity of a pretense of light heartedness, the "variation" in the suite of dances, of which the ballet is made up, is taken at a tremendously rapid tempo with the lightness of the flight of a bird—the music is in two four time, but it became evident that it was not Pavlowa's idea that there should be accents on the second and fourth beats, but instead, something which can not be easily expressed in words. With the gestures of a tambourine in an effort to get it into words, it became clear to me that she wanted an effect—not an accent—something that might be called a "lift" on the fourth beat. The rehearsal was halted while the orchestra repeatedly tried this passage, for parhaps a quarter of an hour—the experiment seemed futile, so the rehearsal was resumed and finished. After the rehearsal the company trouped away to the dressing rooms of the various members—Madame remained standing, leaning against a property settee that is used in "Amarilla," and I noticed that she was weeping. I am very glad that I overruled my hesitancy to intrude on her anxiety and gave way to my impulse to assure her that, even if the orchestra failed to get this quality, she might be assured of a glorious performance—that everything else was perfect. How she had conveyed this to the orchestra, I do not know, but at the opening performance that night, they somehow got the effect. She really seemed grateful of my assurance that the performance was perfect without the effect she desired.

"She is always on the lookout for anything that can give the least contribution to the spirit of the piece. At that time I was making studies and sketches for an etching of Mme. Pavlowa and Volinine in this same ballet. My procedure before determining the exact moment which I should represent in my etching, I made a great many small rapid sketches during the course of the various dances, particularly the adagio. After rehearsal, it was my practice, during these early stages of preparation, to go over the sketches with Madame to compare opinions with her as to what should be eliminated. Owing to the rapidity with which they were made, these sketches were the most economical indications of pose—a figure would be represented sometimes by four or five lines. Referring to one in particular, Madame became tremendously excited and started a rapid stream of conversation in Russian with Volinine, then remembering herself she asked to be excused for not speaking in another language, and said: 'You have given me a suggestion—this line representing an extended leg, by accident or otherwise, you have executed in a manner that suggests the bent knee with an effect of "tristesse," which is

(Continued on Page 14)



ANNA PAVLOWA

The Russian dancer with her special ballet are said to be "greater than ever" and will appear at the Murat Theatre on the afternoon and evening of December 21.

"Painting" on the Human Body

How a Tattoo Artist and His Electric Needle Decorates the Brave and Fair.

The Bamboo Splints Have Given Way to the Modern Apparatus That Leaves Its Indelible Mark.

By Beatrice Sherman

"The good old days are gone," said the tattoo artist, otherwise Mr. Francis Louis Hawley, at present of Indianapolis, Ind. He wasn't regretting the good old days when the sail boats plied the seas and rough sailormen were all tattooed; he wasn't reminiscing about the days when the river boats sailed up and down the Mississippi and supplied an annual harvest for the tattooer's needle; he wasn't even remembering the Maine and the Spanish-American War days when tattoo decorations of that ill-fated vessel were greatly in vogue. As a matter of fact, he's too young to do much remembering along any of these lines for he is only in the neighborhood of twenty, although he boasts six long years of tattooing experience.

"The good old days" whose passing Mr. Hawley regretted, were the halcyon days of the summer of 1920 when victims for the tattooer's needle were plentiful. "There's a lot of tattooing in town when work is plentiful," said Mr. Hawley, "and last summer there was enough to do. A lot of the soldiers from the Speedway and from the Fort would come up. In my place down on Kentucky avenue, I had a Victrola and everything just like your own home. The fellows liked it, and they'd come and bring a lot of the other fellows the next time.

"Sometimes a bunch would come up, and after I'd got through tattooing them we'd have a regular party. They'd go out and get pies and stuff, and stay all night. Those were the good old days. I made a lot of money, and it's easy work. Sometimes I'd make $27 in eight hours of a Saturday night. I had a seven-passenger Overland, and lived high. But cold weather coming on, there's no business to speak of. So I'm not tattooing now. I'm working."

When trade conditions are favorable, Mr. Hawley is a strictly up-to-date and modern tattoo artist. He doesn't in the least resemble the tattooed man that one would expect—he might be a bank teller or a Y. M. C. A. secretary from his appearance—but we have his word for it that he is a successful and modern edition of the tattooed man.

His studio on Kentucky avenue is painted a neat, bright green and has the same bizarre look that one associates with the three-steps-down chocolate shops and cafeterias of the Washington Square neighborhood in New York. At present it is closed and is plastered with fictitious information as to where Mr. Hawley may be found.

Instead of the thin bamboo splints that were used in the times long before the "good old days" of last summer, the modern tattooist uses an electrical apparatus. It has the two small electric coils that any doorbell paraphernalia uses, a small framework somewhat like the telegrapher's instrument, and a long shaft with a needle on the end. The electric current causes the pricking of the needle, and the tattoo artist guides the needle, just as neatly and easily as the seamstress guides a machine.

Mr. Hawley denies that there is any danger of blood poisoning from being tattooed. "My inks," he says, "couldn't possibly hurt you. I could drink them. And the poisons in them counteract any germs that there might be on the needle.

"No, there isn't any ink inside the needle. It's not like a fountain pen. Just an ordinary needle, like a sewing needle. You dip it in the ink and enough runs down the side of the needle to color the design. I have eight different colors and almost two thousand different designs.

"About these designs—you can buy them, or get 'em off a fellow's arm when he comes in with some pattern you haven't got. Or I can draw any kind of design free hand.

"You see, to make a pattern you just take a sheet of celluloid and scratch the design on it with a sharp tool. Then you shave the arm, put mentholatum or vaseline on it, lay on the pattern, and rub on lampblack. The grease makes it stick and when you take off the celluloid, there's the design in lampblack all ready to tattoo.

"I did a lot of chest pieces last summer. One that they all like is this—a big spread eagle reaching from shoulder to shoulder with a couple of flags crossed behind the bird and a big American shield on top. More soldiers here than sailors, but the gobs like a big battleship on a flag with a wreath around it. There's an order that no sailor can have a nude woman tattooed on him. They wear about everything else in the way of tattoo work—flags, flowers, birds—everything imaginable."

Prices for tattooing range from about a dollar on up. One can be stamped for life with his initials, twined, worked in blue and red, for the modest sum of seventy-five cents. For the more artistic soul, a very plump cherub equipped with regulation gossamer wings, spread for flight, can be acquired in ten minutes' time for a dollar and a half. Working steadily on one human canvas after another, the tattooer who is experienced can make seven dollars an hour at his trade. Of course, business isn't rushing all day long, as customers are generally engaged during the day; but the big night for tattooing is on Saturday.

Aside from soldiers and sailors, the clientele of the tattoo artist is rather limited. Occasionally lodge members wish to be marked with the Masonic emblem or the three links of the I. O. O. F. Once in a while a candidate for the position of tattooed man with a circus offers a big job of tattooing. It isn't possible to finish him off in one sitting. It takes a week for tattooing to heal. The work is begun on one arm. The next day the other arm can be decorated. Then the chest pieces, back, thighs, until the entire costume is complete. After the tattooing is finished, there is a slight soreness and stiffness, somewhat like the result of a vaccination that doesn't take very well, but it wears off in a few days.

Last summer Mr. Hawley had two women customers. Each purchased a small blue bird perched on a cherry-bearing twig to decorate her upper arm. Mr. Hawley says that in New York, the vogue for short skirts and rolled down socks has caused a brisk demand for neat flower designs to be tattooed on the calf of the leg. As yet this style has not reached Indianapolis.

The professional tattoo artist, like the prevaricating dentist, has a "No Pain" advertisement on his business card; but, in confidence, he admits that it does hurt—not much, but some. Occasionally a husky customer arrives in the studio, bares his arm for the needle, and faints dead away at the first prick. Then cold water and the eternal aspirin are forthcoming, chafing of wrists and fanning are in order, and the victim is restored to consciousness. Sometimes he decides that he'll come back another time to have his art work finished, but, according to Mr. Hawley, this is the wrong idea. It's much better to finish it off the first time, for if he comes back a second time, the mere sight of the needle may send him off into a faint.

"I have a fellow helping me that's a buster. You can't hurt him. When somebody comes in and is a little leary about getting hurt, I just tattoo a little piece on this big fellow, and that fixes it. After that, a man's afraid to admit that he's hurt, for this big fellow can stand anything.

"Tattooing won't come off without leaving a scar, no matter what anybody tells you. To get it off, you have to use phosphorus, and that leaves a scar, like this," pulling up his sleeve and displaying a cherub with one corner missing under a dull red scar. "That's the way it looks after the phosphorus works. I just did that to show people how it's done.

"Of course, along with the tattooing I do other work, sign painting and show cards, oil painting or pen and ink, any kind of drawing. But one thing you've got to admit about tattooing, you can do just as fine work with the needle as you can with the brush."



His hat was askew, his necktie under his left ear. He was gray-haired and weary, and was waiting for a car on a crowded corner, hugging an armful of Christmas purchases, largely toys.

"You may talk about Christmasses of the modern days being an 'improvement' over the days when I was a youngster, if you want to," he said to me, "but nowadays it is an orgie of buying rather than giving. I'm frank to say that I don't like it—but I guess what I like and don't like don't amount to much.

"Buying Christmas presents for kids nowadays is a vastly different proposition as compared to what it was when I was a youngster.

"I don't believe anybody ever had a better holiday time than I did," he went on. "I lived in a small town in south central Indiana and my parents were prosperous for those days. On Christmas morning, my three brothers and two sisters awoke about 4 o'clock. We were anxious to see what old Santa had put in our stockings—we always hung up our stockings around the mantelpiece. Such a thing as a Christmas tree was unknown in our community except at the two churches. It was an ironclad rule at our house that none of us was to arise on Christmas morning until 6 o'clock, and it was some job lying in bed two hours after being awake. * * *

"But when the clock struck six! How we bounded out of bed! Without stopping to dress we grabbed our bulging stockings and piece by piece we emptied them out on the floor of the big sitting room before a fire of logs in the fireplace.

"Don't I remember that pair of galluses—the first pair I ever owned—pink with leather ends—that I pulled out of that home-knit woolen sock! I can still feel the thrill of joy that passed over me as I extracted a long-wished-for mouth organ—French harps, we called them. Then came a package of Chinese firecrackers, a barlow knife and a silver half-dollar. This with a bag of candy and nuts and an orange made up my share. The others fared equally as well and how we yelled and laughed as we compared presents and swapped pieces of candy! Sometimes, we got some extra 'Christmas' if we were quick enough to shout 'Christmas gift' at mother and father or the

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Looking Back With "Gentleman Jim"

How the Most Attractive Figure in the Roped Arena Impresses the Casual Observer.

Former World's Heavyweight Still a Beau Brummel With Intelligence and Physical Grace.

By Henry K. Burton

He was the same "Jim" Corbett who won undying gladiatorial fame by "putting away" John L. Sullivan in New Orleans and many others, a good many years ago. That is, he had the same virile look that made him so deceptive as a fighter; the years had dealt kindly with him—from the viewpoint of an athlete—and when I saw him back stage of English's a few nights ago, I was struck with his fine physical condition, as I was when he used to come to Indianapolis doing the "three a day."

To begin with, Corbett has always been an attractive figure to me. Perhaps this is because I like boxing, and as a boxer James J. Corbett has always been a sort of a "hero" to me. I attribute this to the fact that as a newsboy I sold "extras" on the streets in Indianapolis when Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, and annexed the world's championship crown. In that dim, distant period I had always wanted to have a whole dollar that I had made off my own efforts, to own and to spend in my own way, and Corbett's victory over Sullivan was the thing that paved the way to this achievement. If I remember rightly on that occasion I had something like $1.75 profit when I had disposed of my bundle of papers, and was therefore 75 cents richer than I had ever dreamed of being.

In view of this you can readily see why it was more than a pleasure to me to fulfill the assignment of this interview—though meeting "Gentleman Jim" was not a new adventure because on his last visit to town he played an entire week for me at the Lyric Theatre and I had become fairly well acquainted with him.

Corbett isn't the biggest man, physically, that ever held the world's championship. Jim Jeffries was a half head or so taller. So was Gus Ruhlin and several other fighters of Corbett's day—but, nevertheless, Corbett impresses you as being an exceptionally big man, though he is built proportionately, and wears clothes like a model. You can readily see that in his prime Corbett was no mean antagonist for the best of fighters, and he still moves with the quickness and grace of a panther.

Quite naturally in talking to a man who for more than three years held the world's pugilistic championship one is bound to discuss the affairs of the roped arena, and so I asked Corbett what he thought of Jack Dempsey, the present champion.

"Dempsey! He's a great fighter," said Jim. "He ought to hold the championship for a long time to come because he has everything in his favor—youth, stamina, speed, and a knockout wallop in each hand. That's a wonderful combination. Is there a man in the heavyweight class today who can compete with him? I don't know of one. Fact is, I couldn't name a half dozen men in the first rank of heavyweight boxers right now. Let's see. There is Bill Brennan, whom Dempsey will meet next week in New York; Carpentier, the French champion (a very clever chap, by the way); Capt. Bob Roper of army fame—and, well, is there any one else? Jess Willard, of course, the man whom Dempsey whipped for the championship, and who is matched to meet him again, according to press reports, but you can see that the field is rather limited.

"Now, in my time it was different. Good heavyweights were numerous then. There was Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin, Sharkey, Black Peter Jackson, the dusky-hued Bob Armstrong, Joe Choyinski, Kid McCoy, Peter Maher and a host of others. Any one of them were of championship calibre, and they were all hot on the trail of the title holder. Wouldn't they have made an imposing lot for a champion to tackle today? But then I am not trying to detract one bit from Dempsey. Maybe he could have licked 'em all. But, really, wouldn't you have delighted in seeing him swap punches with good old Bob Fitzsimmons when the brawny blacksmith was going at top speed? And with big Jeff? Say, boy, how he could hit!" Jim rubbed his chin reflectively, for it will be recalled that Jeffries landed on it with telling effect twice in battles for the title.

"How about John L. Sullivan?" I asked.

"The history of ring affairs in America, and in the world, for that matter, takes care of Sullivan," replied Corbett. "He held the undisputed championship for twelve years, and met all comers. There wasn't any quibbling about $100,000 purses in his time. It was just a question as to who was the best fighter and John L. was always on deck to answer in the affirmative. It didn't matter whether a fight was with bare fists or with gloves. As a matter of fact, Sullivan was the last of the old bare-knuckle fighters. In those days a fight was a fight, and every knockdown constituted a round. Sullivan was a gladiator. Dempsey is his modern prototype, with this difference: In Sullivan's time it was only a question of 'when and where' to do battle. Nowadays it is a question of 'how much and why?'

"Understand, I don't mean to cast any aspersions upon Jack Dempsey. I believe he would have held his own during any period of ring history. The difference that I am citing is simply one of clever management and publicity."

"Do you think Carpentier has any chance against Dempsey?"

"Yes," replied Corbett, "providing he can weather Dempsey's initial attack. The champion has won all of his fights within a very few rounds. If Carpentier can keep away from him, say for the first six or eight rounds, he may be able to wear Dempsey out, and then land a sleep producing punch. Dempsey sets a terrific pace. Whether he can stand up at his own game or not is something that is yet to be demonstrated, because Dempsey has never met an opponent who could, or at least who did, keep out of his way. Maybe Carpentier can do this. I think Kid McCoy could have done it. But where is there a McCoy today? Carpentier has proven that he can hit. He will have to hit harder than ever before to stop Dempsey, and he will have to tire Dempsey out before he can do it. Of course, if in the meantime, Dempsey gets in one of his wallops, good-night, Georges!"

Talking all the while, Corbett was by now nattily attired for his first appearance in the William Rock Revue. He bears no marks of his ring encounters. There is nothing boastful about him. He never refers to his own fistic prowess—or to the fact that the roped arena has never produced his equal in speed, skill or science. This is probably the secret of his popularity. At any rate, Corbett, of all prize fighters, is still my hero. I am still 75 cents richer than I ever thought I would be because of him. I believe that if Dempsey were in the ring twenty years ago, Corbett could have whipped him. At least I would bet my 75 cents that he could.

Need of an Athletic Club

By Thomas A. Hendricks

He jumped clear of the mark at the crack of the starter's pistol, his long, well-trained body leaping forward for four hundred and forty yards of the hardest sprint that ever was run in America, fought his way through the field of twelve of the best runners in these United States and finished the race stepping high and handsome. He was one of the most exhausted, yet one of the happiest youngsters in the land, for he had won a place on the Yankee Olympic team and had gained the right to represent his country in the largest and most important athletic event in the history of the world, the 1920 international games at Antwerp.

He went to sleep that night with the athlete's conscience of a race well run and an honor well gained, and woke up early for a hurried look at the Boston morning papers to see what all they had to say about it. One glance was enough to gloom all over his ebullient joy, and what he beheld was enough to snip the winged heels off any Hermes—even a 440 champion. For though he had qualified well up along with the great Ted Meredith and the leaders, he read that the high and mighty executive committee of the Olympic board had taken from him the right to represent America in the world contests overseas and had picked another in his place.

Here ends the true story of an athletic tragedy in which Larry Butler, of Indianapolis, 2945 Washington boulevard, formerly a Shortridge High School star, now captain of the 1921 track team of Michigan University, and one of the gamest quarter-milers who ever zoomed himself over the finish line, is the leading character and victim.

The facts behind the case are these. Jake Driscoll, a Boston youth of whom much had been expected and whom Butler had defeated clearly the day before in the elimination trial last August in the Harvard Stadium, was placed in the honored position taken away from the Indianapolis runner. Why? Because Driscoll was running under the colors of the Boston Athletic Club and apparently organizations of that sort have a great deal of influence with Olympic committees.

Unlike Driscoll, Butler was running merely as an individual from Michigan University and wore the colors of no strong, well-known, powerful athletic club. The point to be made is not against Driscoll, not against the Boston Athletic Club, and not especially against the Olympic committee, but against Indianapolis and every so-called "live wire," "athletic backer" and "prominent booster" of the Hoosier capital. Here was an Indianapolis boy, with proved ability and courage, running as an individual without any backing, against a whole army of athletes with legions of supporters from large athletic clubs of Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, New York, Detroit, Columbus and other cities.

Had there been such a thing as an Indianapolis Athletic Club and had that athletic club been behind Butler, as it surely would have been, Butler probably would have held his rightful place on the Olympic team. The Butler tragedy is only one of the many which will be multiplied from year to year with the constantly growing importance of athletics until the day we

(Continued on Page 9)

Every Day Brings to Light the Glad Tidings of Lower Food Prices in Cafes and Restaurants of Indianapolis.



The poor farmer is protesting that if food prices continue to drop he will be bankrupt; and the unfortunate city chap, on his part, is declaring that if food prices do not soon begin to fall he will be put out of business. The man who must depend upon restaurants, hotel dining rooms and cafeterias for his meals can see no reason in the prices on his menu card for the farmer to feel alarmed. He has seen the newspapers and magazines featuring dizzying statistics to show that foods have come down 20 per cent or 25 per cent since a month or two ago; and if he is properly altruistic, he may have felt a pang for his poor brother in the country, who was forced to sell at these low prices. The chances are, however, that harking back mentally to the prices which he has paid for food at restaurants, he has decided that all this talk about lower prices for foodstuffs is pure bunk, and there's no reason why every farmer isn't raking in profits with both fists.

Every day brings to light more glad tidings of price reductions on staple groceries—sugar and potatoes leading the rest—but these welcome reductions seem to take considerable time to percolate through the complicated routine necessary to make them visible on the menu cards of local restaurants and hotels. There seems to be little occasion as yet for great rejoicing over a vanquished H. C. L. in the culinary field.

A survey of local conditions shows varying views of restaurateurs and hotel keepers on the situation. Some are predicting lower prices soon; some say pre-war prices will never come; and some say that there is no prospect of a decreased scale of prices immediately or in the near future. Taking into account individual tendencies towards optimism and pessimism, the general feeling seems to be that lower prices are on the way, even though they may be as slow as the famous Arkansas train in arriving.

To begin at the more conservative and pessimistic end of the scale, the local hotel keeper sees no prospect of an immediate decline in prices. A few items on his menus have been reduced, but only five or ten cents. Such articles as lard, beans, corn, tomatoes, apples, etc., have come down in market price, and show a corresponding decrease on menus, but the things like hams, bacons, sausages—things that everybody eats—have not decreased. Therefore, while one or two items may cost less now, the price of a complete meal is practically the same.

When faced with the striking statistical reports on declines in the local market, one hotel keeper called attention to the fact that the cost of raw foodstuffs is only a small factor in the expense of keeping up a hotel dining room. "As long as the overhead expenses continue as high, or nearly as high, as during the war, there will have to be enormous decreases in prices of foodstuffs to warrant an appreciable decrease in our prices.

"Take the matter of china. During the war most big hotels got all of their china from England, France and Germany. None of these countries have resumed production of china, and our entire supply must be bought from manufacturers in this country. There isn't enough at that, and for what we do manage to get, we have to pay whatever price is asked. A plate that cost 69 cents three years ago, costs three dollars and a half now.

"Then the matter of linen. We can't use cotton in our dining rooms, and for linen, prices are still exorbitant. For exactly the same napkins that cost $4.50 before the war, we are paying $14.40 a dozen now. There will have to be a big decrease in prices of foodstuffs to counterbalance such an enormous increase in price as that.

"Then the biggest item of all—labor. Girls who got $25 a month a few years ago, now get twice as much. Wages of waiters, porters, every kind of labor, have increased enormously, and the prices asked for food must pay for all that.

"There's the huge cost of an enormous refrigerating system, that must be kept going whether we have ten people or a hundred in the hotel. And all these overhead expenses must be paid for out of the prices charged for a meal, as well as the mere cost of the raw food."

Prohibition also took a big slice from the profits of the hotel man, and it is up to his dining room now to help bring in revenue to replace the stream that used to pour in from the hotel bar.

All of these weighty reasons make a beautiful sob story for the hotel man, and seem to furnish a cast-iron alibi. Apparently, the only thing that the diner who wants cheaper prices can do, is to dine elsewhere until time and fate reduce all the prices of all the things that go to make up a modern hotel dining room.

One encouraging word must be said here, however. One local hotel keeper, who refused to be trapped into predicting lower prices, admitted that "within a few months conditions may change."

* * *

In the local restaurants, where the more expensive meals are served, much the same conditions prevail. One cafe has a decrease from $1.10 to $1.00 for chicken; from 95 cents to 85 cents for a T-bone steak; from 85 cents to 75 cents for chops. They have also inaugurated a complete luncheon for 75 cents. On the whole, however, the menu is not badly mutilated, and the manager is as skeptical as a hotel keeper of any further decreases in the immediate future.

The most cheering news is that of the opening of a small restaurant on South Illinois street, which seems thus far to have been more successful in its attack on high prices. A generous and well-cooked lunch is served for fifty cents; dinners are 75 cents; and there is an increase of 25 or 50 cents for chicken or turkey dinners. The service, of course, is hardly that of a first-class hotel, but the food is palatable and served in generous portions. If it is possible for a proprietor of a restaurant, who came to the city only about six weeks ago, to serve meals at this price, it would seem that other establishments that have been in the city longer might be able to emulate the example of the newcomer.

Since the opening of this new restaurant, prices of other places in the neighborhood have been reduced.

* * *

The humble cafeteria has begun to show the effect of the lower prices, and the manager of the local branch of a national dairy lunch institution promises further decreases in the near future. If these cheaper eating places make marked drops in prices, it may be that visitors to Indianapolis will develop the famous New York habit of stopping at the finest hotel in town and dining at the dairy lunch around the corner.

In the technical language of behind the counter, it is the size of "issues" which is showing the decreases in prices, rather than a change in the figures on the menu; that is, instead of getting a sixth of a piece of pie for a dime, you can now get a fifth; instead of a sixteenth of a cake, you now receive a twelfth; instead of one spoonful of corned beef hash, two spoons are the portion; and two slices of roast beef, instead of one, nestle up beside the portion of mashed potatoes on the plate now offered the hungry man.

There have been a few actual decreases in prices of portions. For example, potatoes are now ten, instead of fifteen cents a portion. Beef stew bids fair to start the downward slide from 25 cents to the pre-war price of 15, by a conservative slump to 20 cents. A 35-cent plate lunch of meat, dressing, a vegetable, and a cup of coffee is now offered—an impossibility during war time.

Buying in large quantities, as the restaurant keeper does, insures lower prices than the housewife can obtain. This is, of course, one of the factors that should make for lower prices in restaurants. An interesting exception to this general rule is shown in the

Hotels Say that Owing to Labor Charges, High Prices of China and Linen, Food Prices Still Hold.

case of sugar. Probably the lowest price on sugar has been 9½ cents, but when quoted at that price for retail trade, the manager of a dairy lunch was unable to get a supply at less than 9.9 cents a pound. The reason was that where sugar was being sold at retail for 9½ cents, the seller was really taking a loss on this one article, in order to get customers to his store. His loss was money spent for advertising.

Another interesting story is that of the egg sandwich. With eggs at 83 cents a dozen, one egg averages about 7 cents, the bun a penny, and the cost of butter, cooking and service make the sandwich cost more than ten cents. Still it is sold at ten cents—again as a matter of advertising. What is lost on the sandwich must be made up on some other article, for instance, the hamburger bun.

* * *

Looking over the situation as a whole, it seems that while there is no occasion for wild hurrahing, the downward trend has definitely begun. To the impatient consumer, it appears that the laws of gravity are reversed in the cases of prices—that they are coming down not nearly so fast as they went up. Still, having once begun the down grade, the momentum of descent should do something toward bringing a return to more normal conditions, even though the millennium of pre-war prices may never be reached.

While no one but an omniscient observer could hope to arrive at a conclusion that would be fair to all concerned, it may be that the remark of one hotel keeper, in regard to manufacturers, will apply equally well to hotelkeepers.

"During the war they raked in profits, big profits. They made so much that now they can't be satisfied with a small profit. Rather than accept a narrow margin of gain, they would shut up shop altogether. You see, after living on pie for a long time, it's pretty hard to go back to bread."

Van Nuys Speaks Out

Frederick Van Nuys, district attorney, recently had something to say about "letting Uncle Sam do it" as regards illicit booze selling. He declared the Federal court had been nearly swamped by people who rush into the court with complaints. The district attorney took the stand that the county authorities should attempt to do something and not try to shift the responsibility. The comment by the district attorney followed the assertion that the Kokomo booze party had been put up to the Federal authorities. The suggestion that county officials might exhaust their efforts before calling on the Federal Government is at least timely.



notes of Society



Miss Dorothy Rentsch, who has been dancing in New York, will return home Thursday, December 23, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Rentsch.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Burns Clarke received informally Wednesday afternoon, December 15, in honor of Mrs. H. E. Barnard, who is soon to move to Minneapolis for residence.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Willis and daughter, Mary Ellen, are leaving this week to spend the winter in New York.

* * *

Mrs. Ernest N. Smith has gone to Coronado Springs, Cal., to spend the winter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ewing Brown, of Hazard, Ky., are visiting Mrs. Brown's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Talbott.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Wood and niece, Miss Martha Kimball, of Chicago, are to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edson T. Wood.

* * *

A number of cadets will arrive from Culver Military Academy on Wednesday, December 22, to spend the holidays with their parents. Ralph Lemcke, Howard Foltz, Morris Wadley and Louis Wilson will be among these returning students.

* * *

Miss Ruth Rainier will arrive this week from Wellesley College to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Rainier.

* * *

Mrs. Bertha Balke and Mrs. Louise Balke Dixon will entertain with a luncheon-bridge party at their home Saturday, December 18, in honor of Miss Ruth Elizabeth Thompson, a bride-elect, and Mrs. Otto Dreis, of San Francisco, the guest of Mrs. Harry Winterrowd.

* * *

Miss Louise Metzger will return this week from Mrs. Merrill's School, Nomoroneck, N. Y., to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Metzger, during the Christmas holidays.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Anna Gertrude Hyatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hyatt, to Merlin Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Boyd, which took place Friday, December 10, at Louisville, Ky.

* * *

Miss Ruth Page, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lafayette Page, is to leave Friday, December 17, for New York City to resume her work with Adolph Bohm.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington will give a tea dance at the Woodstock Club on the afternoon of December 22 for the Princeton University Triangle Club, which will present "They Never Come Back" at the Murat Theatre the evening of December 22. The Indianapolis Princeton Alumni Association, of which Dr. O. D. Odell is president, will also entertain the members of the club.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Harper Smith of Philadelphia is visiting in the city for a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Harry Coleman Moore, and Mrs. Clark E. Day.

* * *

Mrs. Hugh McGowan recently returned from England, where she spent several months.

* * *

Mrs. Charles W. Lefler has gone to Miami, Fla., where she will spend the winter.

* * *

The Governor Oliver Perry Morton Chapter of the Daughters of the Union met for their Christmas party at the home of Mrs. Fred Hoke, which was beautifully decorated in the Christmas colors. Mrs. D. M. Parry read an interesting paper on "The Life and Inspiration of Betsy Ross." Grace R. Richmond's story, "Christmas Day in the Morning," was read by Mrs. L. L. Fellows. The most charming feature of the program was a group of songs by Miss Ruth Parry; Chanson de Florian by Benjamin Goddard; Ould Doctor McGinn by Herman Lohr; and Standin' in the Need o' Prayer by William Reddick. Miss Parry has a delightful voice, and her songs were greatly enjoyed. After the formal program, the audience joined in singing Christmas carols and a number of patriotic songs.

* * *

Mrs. Donald Test and sons, Charles Edward and Donald, Jr., have gone to their winter home in Miami, Fla. Mr. Test is to join them there the last of the week.

* * *

Invitations have been issued by the Corpse Club for the annual dance on Christmas night at the Woodstock Club.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac E. Woodard will leave Sunday, December 26, for an extended trip through the West of six or seven weeks. They will visit Mrs. Frank Wall, of Long Beach, Cal., formerly Miss Josephine Evans, of this city, and C. C. Elliott, of Portland, Ore., Mrs. Woodard's uncle.

* * *

Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, was the guest of Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge for a few days recently.

* * *

Miss Catherine Dunn is expected to arrive Friday, December 17, from Washington, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Tutewiler and family during the Christmas holidays.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hogan and daughter, Frances, have returned to the city for residence at 1815 North Pennsylvania street after several years' absence in Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Mary Hogan is to arrive December 18 from the Bennett School at Milbrook, N. Y., to spend the holidays here.

* * *

Miss Frances Morrison entertained with an informal tea Friday afternoon, December 10, in honor of Dr. Henry Noble McCracken, president of Vassar College. Those who assisted were Mrs. Frederic Krull, Mrs. Albert Seaton, Miss Cerene Ohr, Mrs. George A. Ball, of Muncie, Mrs. Cornelius Holloway, Mrs. D. Laurance Chambers, Mrs. Edmund Burke Ball, of Muncie, Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr., Miss Mona L. Taggart, Mrs. C. F. Merrell, Miss Margaret Shipp, Mrs. Charles Gerrard, and Miss Helen Woodfill, of Greensburg.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur Johnson has returned from a tour of several months in Europe, and has as her guest Mrs. H. H. Nelson, of Paris. Mrs. Johnson spent a short time with Mrs. Lucius B. Swift while in Paris.

* * *

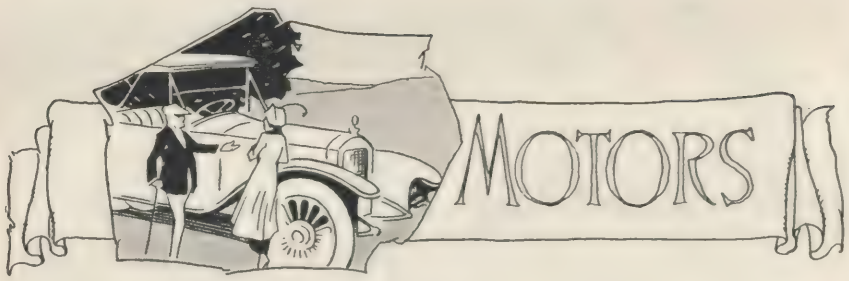
Box holders for the Wellesley ball, to be held December 30 at the Propylaeum, have been announced as fol-

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MISS ELIZABETH GREER

Wednesday, December 22, Miss Elizabeth Greer will return from Smith College to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. S. R. Greer.



By Thomas Hendricks

Old Scrooge Public sat at home with his feet in front of the fire, and the usual pre-holiday grouch darkening his face. "There ain't going to be no Santa Claus for the automobile dealers this year," he said with gloomy satisfaction, "nobody is going to buy any cars for presents, nobody is going to buy any cars until next spring, and I don't think they are going to buy 'em then."

But Old Scrooge Public hadn't taken a careful look around before he hollered, and like all Scrooges in all literature he is bound to get the usual Yuletide bump and will be forced to smile in spite of his old grouchy self when he sees just how cheerfully things are working out.

Business depression, tightening currency, pessimistic predictions, and off-season sales slackness have utterly failed to take the pep out of the Indianapolis automobile dealer. If you don't believe it just take a run down Motor Row, or rather in this city, Motor Rows, and just see all the festive Christmas decorating that is being done by the various agencies.

And all this isn't external show either, for on the interior you will find that the dealers are firmly faithful that their Christmas stocking will be far from empty this year. There is a general feeling of really Christmas cheerfulness among them that is very different from the gloomy pictures that have been painted.

While there has been no mad rush of buying there has been considerable business in closed body cars and more sales have been made since the first of the month than was generally expected, and there will be many homes in Indianapolis that on Christmas morning will find a new car parked out in front to the surprise and joy of Friend Wife.

Every automobile show room is getting out the holly wreaths and some of them are blooming with novel attractive and artistic decorations.

The Boozer-Patterson Company has "bricked up" its front and side windows to look like the litle red garage on the hill. Small windows that kiddies have to stand on tiptoe to see through blaze forth at night with friendly light. Behind the windows stands a shiny, new Auburn beauty six.

A baby tractor doing business as usual despite the handicap of a big snow bank catches the holiday eye of the passer by at New York and Illinois streets. The Utilitor Company has followed up the pretty display of last year with one equally as attractive this year. Last season's display was so effective that it was reproduced by one of the leading motor magazines in the country.

Window displays always have been a strong feature of the Sterling Motor Car Company. Its Christmas window has not yet been made up, but no doubt it will be up to the standard set by the company in the past.

Tinsel and berries are not strongly in evidence at the Wildhack Company, but there is a new four cylinder Oldsmobile in the window that is attracting a lot of attention at a price refreshingly reminiscent of pre-war days.

One of the leading holiday events of the local motor world always has been the big annual Christmas party of the Lathrop-McFarland Company for its entire force. Everybody from the front office to the service station turns out, gets a Christmas basket, and oh boy, what a party.

The H. T. Hearsey Company may be combining Christmas greetings with commercial enterprise, with its holly-decorated card in the window, which reads: "All the family will appreciate dad's gift if it is an auto heater," but such advertising doesn't give a fellow a chance to forget the time of year. Decorations do not have to be elaborate to be pleasing, as is seen from the very simple, though effective, display of the Bearings Service Company salesroom. Cotton snow, with just enough tinsel to put in the natural sparkle, covers the window in which polished bearings of various sizes and designs are scattered. The Melvin Company is wishing all who pass their new salesroom on Meridian street, a happy holiday by means of an electric-lighted sign.

But the biggest holiday joy-giver that comes from the automobile dealers of Indianapolis is the part they play in the annual Christmas Elks-Circle children's party, for which event they supply the cars to carry the kiddies to the theatre for their big party. John Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, says:

"The occasion is the one bright spot in the lives of many of the poor children of our city, and the least we more fortunate folks should do is to lend our cars to carry them to the big party."

A big Christmas tree, trimmed in all those glorious trappings that mean so much to the American youngster, will bloom with presents. The association will supply machines to carry the kiddies from their school districts to the Circle and then back to their schools.

The Elks will be at the Circle with barrels of candy, popcorn, nuts, fruit, toys, baskets of food for at least 3,000 children.

The Jones-Whitaker Sales Company is sending out a series of letters calling attention to J-W service that should appeal strongly to owners looking for service that satisfies.

Fred R. Fisher has been appointed receiver for the Indiana Motor Company.

John B. Orman says:

"George Kanouse, 'a mighty hunter,' says: 'Lots of fellows have the right aim in life, but their gun arm is shaky.'

"Charley Sanders thinks that the fellow who puts things a hundred years ahead is a wise bird, for he won't miss anything.

"Ray Brown told us that prohibition has at least reduced the number of men who think they can sing.

"Motor trucks moved 1,200,000,000 tons of freight in the United States last year. They were second only to the railroads as public carriers."

Need of an Athletic Club

(Continued from Page 7)

complete our own strong, progressive Indianapolis Athletic Club.

When that day comes no longer will boys like Paul Koehring, with the natural ability and nerve to be one of the best long distance runners in the country, be forced to go to Chicago and enter Olympic preliminaries without proper training. No longer will Johnny Hennessey and our other oncoming stars go East to make their fight for tennis titles, nor will Johnny Simpson and our many ambitious golfers go West after championship honors with the meager backing of the relatively small group of tennis or golf enthusiasts of the city. For it will be the duty of the new Indianapolis Athletic Club to stand back of every local boy who goes forth to compete against athletes from outside cities, and to give every youngster the support, recognition and encouragement so necessary to success.

It is not merely the material ease of lounging rooms nor the quiet of softly-lighted reading rooms that is uppermost in the minds of the founders of this Indianapolis Athletic Club. It is rather the mental picture of an organization which will aid Indianapolis in maintaining the prominent place she is gaining in athletics. We have become a real center in national tennis, golf, track athletics, football, amateur baseball, swimming, open-air park play, and all that is needed is the establishment of a big powerful Indianapolis Athletic Club, similar to the New York, the Detroit, or the Illinois athletic clubs—a club that will show the way to continued athletic success and development.

It is the plan of the Indianapolis club to affiliate itself with the Indiana Amateur Athletic Union, and thus attract amateur athletes to its ranks and at the same time give them the protection such an organization can give the amateur and save him from such treatment as fell to the lot of young Butler and others.

The state union is affiliated with the National Amateur Athletic Union, and in fact, a Hoosier, Paul Jordan, is national vice-president. Jordan was sent as a delegate to the national meeting from Indiana and made so strong an impression that he was elected to a national office. In addition, he is state secretary. T. M. Wynne is state president. The Indiana union has memberships from several cities and colleges and universities in the state.

ANNUAL ELECTION

"The nominating committee, appointed by President Law, to select candidates for nomination as directors for three-year terms, on what is known as the regular ticket, have been named by the committee, and are Mr. Frank Hatfield, of the Frank Hatfield Co., Mr. L. L. Banford, of the Stewart Products Service Station, and Mr. N. H. Cartinhour, of the Cartinhour-Bowman Co. Mr. Cartinhour is now vice-president and a director of our association and president of the recently-organized Indiana Automotive Trade Association. He has been an active member of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association for many years, and has always taken a deep and active interest in any movement having a tendency to improve and develop the automotive industry.

CHRISTMAS CALLS FOR

BETSY ROSS CANDIES

ON SALE *ONLY* IN OUR OWN TWO SHOPS

Thus assuring you of absolute freshness and the Betsy Ross high standard of quality.

Place Your Order Now for Christmas Delivery

The Betsy Ross Candy Shops

of Indianapolis

15 East Market Street — 12 North Illinois Street



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

L. O. Hamilton and E. W. Harris, moving spirits in the Hamilton-Harris Company, are to be congratulated on the adding of $3,500,000 to the capital stock of this progressive concern. The firm is now the largest jobber of tobaccos and cigars west of New York City.

* * *

Judge Moll of superior court has his own opinions about "jury slackers" and does not hesitate to express himself. He says men who seek to avoid jury service "are unfit to be citizens" —and perhaps he is right.

* * *

South side citizens presented a petition 230 feet long to the board of works asking for the elevation of the Belt railroad tracks from White river to Prospect street. The plans will be prepared, as 9,000 citizens signed the petition.

* * *

Marion county has 1,382 persons in the nineteen charitable institutions of the state, according to a report made by Amos W. Butler, secretary of state charities.

* * *

That bunch of Shriners who went to Kokomo last week to help the newly organized club of that city stage a celebration, has no kick coming on Kokomo hospitality. Also, they are of the opinion that John B. Cockrum, who supplied an official private car, measures about 100 per cent.

* * *

Charley Orbison, state prohibition enforcement officer, journeyed to Kokomo with the Shriners last week, and it is denied that anybody in Kokomo took to the woods while he was there.

* * *

Roe Fulkerson, editor of the Kiwanis Magazine, spoke before the local club last week and told the members that human beings have allowed themselves to become too much like horses—living their lives in the harness. He might have had "mules" in mind—for some—but he was too polite to say so.

* * *

Governor-elect McCray is in the city conferring now and then with his advisers regarding the coming session of the legislature. Nobody envies the Governor his job—unless it is Dr. McCulloch.

* * *

As a Bible teacher, Ed Jackson measures up to the best of them. At least the Bible Investigation Club thinks so.

* * *

Larz A. Whitcomb has been honored by election as president of the Indianapolis Bar Association, succeeding William P. Kappes.

* * *

Tom Buskirk, who has been connected with the Denison Hotel for several years, will leave the first of the year to take over the Parke Hotel in Rockville. Tom has many friends among the traveling public.

* * *

An effort was made to match Jim Corbett and Lew Shank in a finished fight while Corbett was in Indianapolis last week. It might be explained that the battle was to be over the checker board, as both men are experts at the game—and at one time on the same vaudeville circuit.

* * *

Don C. Prentiss is some Indianapolis booster. He told the Anderson folks, on a recent trade trip, how glad the Hoosier capital was to greet this bustling little city. Charley Bookwalter, king of boosters, told the same sort of story to the Muncie people.

* * *

Dr. Marl Zeigler, of the United States public health service, told the members of the city council that there were approximately 350,000 rats in Indianapolis. The council appropriated $1,000 to pay for rat-tails—a bonus for every rat tail brought to the city hall, or wherever it is they are delivered. It might be said in passing that the city doesn't know what to do with the tails after it gets them.

* * *

Cheer up. The price of potatoes is steadily declining and they are now quoted at 40 cents a peck. Who remembers when they used to cost $2 a peck?

* * *

Relly C. Adams bought a new automobile one afternoon last week, parked it in front of the English Hotel for a few minutes when a thief started to drive it away. Prompt work of a bicycle policeman and a passerby resulted in the thief abandoning the machine, which was recovred. Moral: Buy a padlock.

* * *

John B. Reynolds, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, begs to announce that the Honey Producers' Association is scheduled to meet in Indianapolis in February. This is really a sweet announcement.

* * *

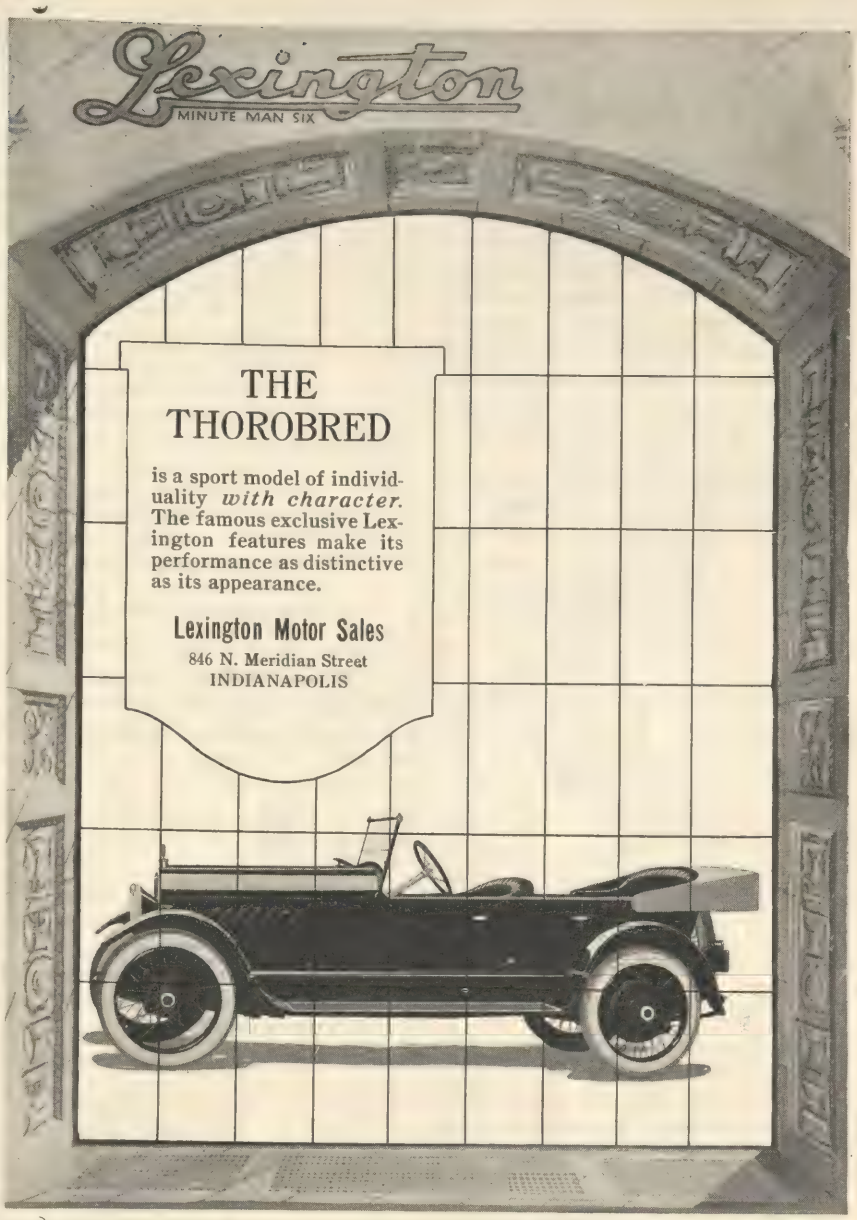
Tom Snyder told the Advertising Club that transportation methods in vogue in Indianapolis cost, in waste, $460,000 a year. Chance for the reformers here!

* * *

Alonzo Hoyt, who was before Judge Lahr's juvenile court, told the judge he either wanted to be discharged or sent to jail on the charge of child neglect. His wish was granted—he went to jail.

* * *

The hearing on the water rate case which was to come before the public service commission on December 15, has been postponed indefinitely because the lawyers could not agree on a date. Meanwhile the poor consumer can still smile.



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TRADE MARK Hoosier SUB-CARBURETOR THE LUNGS OF A MOTOR

Saves Gasoline

It's made in INDIANAPOLIS

Frederick McCoy, director general of a British gold mining company in Mexico, wrote to his father in Columbus, Ind., criticising the Americans at the inauguration of the Mexican president as the "kind that have given American tourists a black eye all over the world." How many Hoosiers were there?

* * *

Lieut. Thomas E. Orr, in charge of local recruiting for the navy, says that 103 recruits were received last week. The navy must be popular among "cornfield sailors" of Indiana.

* * *

A man and his wife, bent on doing their Christmas shopping early, happened into a shop where smokers' articles were on display. The man was quite taken with a tobacco jar, which had inscribed on it:

"Keep me at hand; and as my fumes arise
You'll find a JAR the gates of paradise."

"Hump," said the woman, as she turned up her nose, "the stuff you'd keep in that jar wouldn't keep the gates of paradise ajar—it'd be the other place." The man compromised —and the woman bought a pickle dish.

Editorial

A GOOD SERMON

Homer McKee's literary volcano has erupted again, and it has thrown burning lava over everything. This time the prerennial "knocker" touched off the volcano, and Homer, in paid spaces, calls for the everlasting extermination of the said knocker, the burial of the war hatchet and a more friendly co-operation between men of all classes in Indianapolis.

This honest indignation is timely, and while the general public may not know just what industries Mr. McKee had in mind when he wrote so vitriolitically about the knocker, yet we can read between the lines and know that the application contained in his paid message can not go amiss when applied to the consideration of any and all industries in this city—industries which provide the bread and butter for a greater part of the population. The McKee diatribe is really a blanket sermon, and it is hoped that it will so be taken by those interested.

Just now there are many industries in the city undergoing reorganization and changes incident to the readjustment of war times. But because an industry is under the process of reconstruction is no reason why it should be classed as being on its last legs, or "cramped" or near the door of dissolution. In truth, an organization that starts in premeditatedly to reorganize and to cut its sales according to its cloth is one that deserves considerable praise for its courage in getting on safe ground.

It is a characteristic of the average human to speak askance of what he knows but little about, and to scoff at things that are more or less mysterious. It is also characteristic of some persons to "knock" anything that excites in them envy or jealousy or to "pan" anything with which they are not connected, on general principles. It is this class of "knocker," doubtless, that Mr. McKee had in mind when he wrote the "Kill the Knocker" advertisement.

What Indianapolis needs is a little more of the Christian virtue of forbearance and a little bit more of the milk of human kindness to distribute. Possibly this McKee advertisement will cause a taking of stock and the subsequent formation of some resolutions for the New Year. If it does these things it will be worth what it cost.

NO JUST CLAIM

The president of the Illinois Woman's Press Club has declared in print that Illinois leads Indiana in the business of raising authors. She says to "listen to Indiana you'd think all the authors in the world lived in the Hoosier state," and then she attempts to clinch her point by quoting a list of 160 native sons and daughters of the Sucker state who are some pumpkins in the world of belles-lettres.

Of course, the Hoosier state has no quarrel with this defender of the Illinois literati. We are secure in our own fame. We would not swap James Whitcomb Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace, George Ade, Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson for a like number from Illinois. The trouble with Illinois authors is that they are not an "institution" as authors are in the Hoosier state.

The press club president says that many Hoosier authors have done their best work on Illinois soil. This is probably true, and demonstrates the fact that a Hoosier author can do good work anywhere. As a matter of fact, George Ade made Chicago famous. Other Indiana authors have likewise added to Chicago fame. Indiana is glad to lend its literary glamour to "Porkopolis," as the sport writers have dubbed Chicago. If the truth was known, it would be found that Illinois has been bathing in Hoosier glory for lo, these many years. But we are not selfish nor jealous, and if our authors can furbish the dull environs of the Illinois state we are only too glad. But as far as admitting that Illinois leads us in authorship—it will not be conceded. Illinois may have Chicago as its wonder city—but that is all that will be admitted.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382



HOME SPUN YARNS

While he "vice-presidents" for the Union Trust Company, Fred C. Dickson now and again pauses to ruminate on far-gone days when he was in daily contact with another kind of financier.

It was back in the years when Indianapolis lived up to the slogan "Everybody Goes to the Park." Not only was it known in Indianapolis that "Everybody Goes to the Park." It was a slogan the financial echoes of which echoed and re-echoed in the "ten-twenty-thirty" theatrical world of the United States. The Park was not only the goal of Indianapolis folk, but it was also the desired goal of countless theatrical companies which, buffeted about in the stress of barnstorming, sought the Park as a haven, where a week's stand meant large receipts, good meals, comfortable beds, and something left over to make a new start on the rough and much traveled "entoure."

Oh, those were the days!—the days of Lincoln J. Carter and other dramatists of his lurid kind. But the making of the "ten-twenty-thirty" circuit was not easy going, with one-night stands more frequent than stays of a week in a packed theatre like the Park. It took a business manager, a genuine financier, to pilot these companies over the routes from one theatre to another, without counting the railroad ties between some of them.

One February day, when the biting cold was down below the zero mark, one of these melodramatic companies arrived at the Park to spend a week. It was to be a week of financial recuperation and of good living. The company had been stranded in a small town far down in the state, where it had played one night to an almost empty house. There was not enough money in the business manager's pocket to pay for hotel lodging and buy railroad tickets to that theatrical haven in Indianapolis—the Park Theatre. So the company spent the night in the little railroad station. There was a villain in the company, but he gave up the trunk truck in the station to the heroine of the cast—she of fair hair and blue eyes. The hero of the cast lent his befurred overcoat to the girl who played juveniles, and other men made similar sacrifices that the women of the stranded company might be as comfortable as possible in the cold, bleak, dimly-lighted railroad station.

But it was with happy hearts that the company came to the doors of the Park on that biting Monday morning in February. They had had no breakfast, for the station agent had stripped them of money for railroad fare. One of the women went to the box office, where young Fred C. Dickson had raised the window preparatory to

(Continued on Page 21)

Editorial

SHOWING INTEREST

The League of Women Voters has been getting the sentiment of members of the Marion county legislative delegation in the next assembly on proposed state laws. One member told the women that the state is now being governed by bureaucratic boards instead of by the people. He called particular attention to the Public Service Commission and said it was "useless," pointing to the fact that the commission had abrogated almost every contract entered into between the people and public utilities, with the result that rates had been raised instead of lowered.

This sentiment is in line with that expressed by many citizens who feel that taxation has reached a highly burdensome point. However, there is apparently no disposition for retrenchment by various utilities, but they want higher rates to keep up expenses that no doubt could materially be cut down. The street car company wants a 2-cent transfer. The gas company wants a higher rate. The water company is asking for "just a little more." The county, state and city also have their hands out for more money to meet expenses.

Perhaps if the women get a little deeper into state questions, taxation and the cost of living they may have an influence that will rebound to the good of the people.

UP TO PARENTS

Judge Frank Lahr of the juvenile court, who comes in contact with all sorts of children—and parents, too—recently read a warning to the fathers and mothers of Indianapolis that they must not depend on the juvenile court, the police department, low-grade motion picture shows, schools or any other agency—save the home—if they want their children to yield dividends in morality and good citizenship.

Judge Lahr declared that the moral laxity of many parents regarding their children in appalling. What is more, the indictment is true. Parents, many of them, leave the teaching of morality, good manners, courtesy, etc., to the overworked school teachers. Too much praise can not be given the teachers for the work they do along this line, but it is unfair to the child and shows an inordinate selfishness on the part of the parents to shift this responsibility.

Good laws do not make good people, is an observation of Judge Lahr's that is pertinent. Good teachers, good juvenile courts and other welfare works will not insure children against immorality. It takes the guiding hand—the firm discipline of parents to pilot children to an honorable manhood and womanhood. The fathers and mothers who neglect their children pay for it in the end.



Bonds Are Going Up

Regarding the future bond market and a review of the year's activities in securities, "The Policy," official organ of J. F. Wild & Company, for January, will say:

"A development of the last sixty days, coming rather unexpectedly and without apparent cause as some investors look upon it, has been the advance in prices asked by dealers for Indiana tax exempt gravel road and municipal bonds.

"Right up to the late fall road bonds of this state were quite plentiful and were selling, as they had been for several months, at prices to yield an income return of six per cent. Township school bonds paying six per cent interest were also easy to get and easy to sell at par. Prices on the higher grade municipal bonds, those obligations of counties and the larger cities of the state of which a number were marketed during the summer were held a little firmer, selling on from a five and one-half to five and three-quarters per cent income basis, although one issue of straight county bridge bonds were offered and sold by us to yield six per cent.

"At the present time, however, it is next to impossible to find a six per cent township school bond in the Indiana market that can be bought at par, unless it be the "tag end" of an issue and a bond that has a very early maturity. It is also getting nearly as difficult for the investor to find his old 'stand-by,' the gravel road bond, at prices to beat a five and three-quarter per cent income basis, especially if he is looking for long-time maturities, while the higher grade city and county bonds are now selling on a five and one-quarter, five and one-eighth and even a five per cent basis.

What is the reason for this change?

"In the first place, our old friends 'supply' and 'demand' have quite a finger in the pie, as usual. Indiana road and school bonds are not so plentiful now as they were a few months ago, whereas the demand for them is just as great and, from our observation point, it is steadily increasing.

"The winter time is never a season for the building of roads and school houses and work of the sort that can be laid over until next year will be laid over, more especially this year with the anticipation of lower prices for material and perhaps for labor in the spring. That is going to cut down the supply of bonds. The demand, on the other hand, is going to increase, naturally owing to the approach of March first tax listing time, and again, because the investing public always turns toward lower-yielding, high-grade bonds as soon as the higher-paying, not-so-safe industrial stocks begin to decline in value. And the last few weeks have certainly seen a rapid falling off in the prices of stocks.

'Speaking generally, business conditions just now are bad. They are not alarming, nor dangerously bad, as we see it, but they are depressed. Commodity prices are on the decline. Merchandise of all sorts is undergoing a drop in prices and the bottom is probably not yet reached. According to the economists and their teachings of the movement of prices in the business cycle in which trade is continually moving, bond prices always begin to advance when commodity prices and stock values begin to go down.

"A review of this situation, as it affects the welfare of the Indiana resident with surplus funds to invest between now and the first of March, should bring home to him one conviction:

"That it is not wise to wait too long in arranging for placing those funds, if the best bargains in long time, tax exempt bonds are what he desires.

"As the early spring approaches it is our opinion that it will be more and more difficult to purchase Indiana bonds at anything like the attractive prices they have sold for in the past. One reason for this not mentioned above is that investors outside of the state will be competing with local investors for the best bargains in the long time city and county bonds."

Schwab Is Happy

Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in an address in New York the other night declared he was happy over the business outlook. "I want to go on record here," he said, "as saying nothing could be healthier for American business than the very conditions through which we are passing. The severer the storm now the quicker it will be over and the sooner we can emerge into clear weather and shape our course upon the sea of prosperity."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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What's on Your Mind

Russell Willson (city councilman)—I had to rub my eyes and convince myself I wasn't seeing things the other night, when I passed a popular downtown restaurant and saw about one hundred rats scampering over the place.

* * *

Dr. Herman Morgan (city health officer)—Indianapolis has no room for a dirty kitchen—unless it is in a private home.

* * *

Joseph G. Hayes (county commissioner)—Getting public improvements is a great deal like a man who has eaten a big dinner—he's not hungry and thinks nobody else is.

* * *

W. N. Logan (geologist)—Indiana is utilizing about 10 per cent of its water power. Why not use white coal and save the black? It's cheaper.

* * *

Fred Meyers (former column conductor)—I saw a sign on Massachusetts avenue which said: "Everything for children on wheels." Anybody with that kind of kids might be interested.

* * *

John Ruckelshaus (attorney)—Anyway the Columbia Club elevator has been repaired—that's one of my Christmas gifts.

* * *

E. P. McCaslin (astronomer)—If conditions are favorable be sure and get a close-up of the moon on the night of December 25.

Homer McKee (advertising)—Crucify the knocker on a cross of contempt.

* * *

Howard Robertson (insurance)—Maybe the city will create the office of rattail inspector, now that we have a bonus on rats.

* * *

Charley Bookwalter — Indianapolis kids will find real Elks hitched to the Santa Claus sleigh this year.

* * *

Lew Shank (auctioneer)—Maybe Jim Corbett could lick me in the ring, but he can't playing checkers.

* * *

Harry Levinson (hatter)—It's not the biggest bundle that contains the best Christmas gift.

* * *

Chauncey Manning (city detective)—Your nose knows when trailing a thief covered with 10-cent store perfume.

* * *

Thomas A. Riley (city board of works)—Don't mix tin cans with your garbage if you want the containers emptied.

* * *

Charley Greathouse (salesman)—After one more "killing" the Democratic party has come to life.

* * *

George Buck (principal of Shortridge)—Public schools can not officially recognize the present day style of dancing.

Pavlowa, the Person

(Continued from Page 5)

different from the idea in which I have rendered that particular passage, and the next time we play it we are going to try it with that 'bit sad,' and I think it will harmonize with the rest."

"Underlying all of this study, the means of interpretation of her thoughts, is technique, the education beginning almost in infancy, gives a foundation of skill to which it is hardly an exaggeration to apply the word 'marvelous.' This skill of Pavlowa not only maintains what I am assured, through correspondence with members of her company during their absence from America, that she has improved. This is by daily practice. She goes into the ballet hall and practices under the watchful eye of the maestro daily, with the same care and interest as the most ambitious among her coryphees.

"I have known the Russian ballet for nearly ten years, and in that time have seen some interesting steps in its development. Among the first aims of the new ballet was a correlation, formerly not duly observed, between music, decoration, costume, design and electrical effect. A union of all of these resources collectively emphasize one mood—the mood of the story that is being told. This expedient now seems simple and is more or less accepted as a matter of course, but it was not achieved without a good bit of difficulty, and its achievement marked an extremely important step in the ballet art. Some very fine works have resulted from a fine correlation from these various parts, along with a high degree of finesse in the individual parts themselves. In some instances, however, the balance of the parts were distributed so that the dancers and their work became subordinate to other interests. We have seen, for instance, ballets in which the dancers and the dancing were less interesting than the scenery and electrical effects, so it has come to pass that while good works continued to be composed and produced, there were, along another direction, also composed and produced a number of productions in which the dancing became so far subordinated to other things that so-called ballets ceased to merit the name and became nothing more than spectacles.

"One of the refreshing things about Pavlowa is that her performances are always dance performances—her ballet dramas are always a vehicle for dancing in the most delightful variety and in its higher forms.

"'Amarilla' always comes to mind as an instance of fitness of what a ballet should be. The minuet of the party at the country fete, the character dances, the various groups of the strolling gypsies, that most perfect of all adagios perhaps on the ballet stage, in which every device of adagio arrangement has its dramatic significance—all are made an inherent part of the story—contributing their bit to the telling of the story.

"The same could be said of that ancient masterpiece of ballet art—Coppelia—and when we think of Pavlowa, we must think not only of the ballet dramas, but of that seemingly inexhaustible supply of divertissement numbers and their endless variety of type and motives. And there we come to another one of the amazing qualities of Pavlowa. It is not alone that she is a great danseuse—she can do the work of different kinds of people with equal perfection and equal conviction—her 'Bacchante' is the very spirit of wildness—indeed my friend Volinine tells me that he never knows during this number exactly what she is going to do. Never has there been a Columbine more dainty, lighter, more completely within the classic Columbine convention. Whatever she touches she becomes that kind of a person. I really think that these changes of character carry with them perhaps a radical change in the woman's personality. Hours before the performance of a dramatic ballet, in which patos is interpreted, I have seen Pavlowa seemingly incurably depressed—before a number in which she dances as a Greek nymph, I have seen her so playful that it was impossible to believe that she was herself, and not some member of the company with whom I was not acquainted. With all her artistry, Pavlowa knows her trade, which is to entertain.

"She is ready for emergency to conceal mishap, perhaps often to capitalize it. At one time her partner had her at the height of a 'lift' through the air—she told him to let her drop; he did so and she alighted in a kneeling position facing the audience, whom she saluted in that position. She afterwards explained that she felt that he was out of balance, and that to carry her through the lift would be to risk an awkward descent. These things signify ambition, and it is supposed to be the part of ambition to glorify its owner's attainments, often by the belittlement of the attainments of others. I know all of the Pavlowa company; they have the goodness to call me a member of the family. I have never heard one whisper of complaint from the highest to the lowest that they possessed any capabilities that they were not allowed to exhibit. On the contrary, the people to whom I have talked about this were enthusiastic in their gratitude to Madame, whom they adore for her unfailing readiness to help them develop their abilities in any direction, and to exhibit it under the best circumstances."

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

others. It was an unwritten law if you called 'Christmas gift' first the person so addressed had to come across.

For that reason as soon as we dressed and had our breakfast we all trooped out to various neighbors, slipping in quietly and shouting 'Christmas gift' before any one knew we were on the place.

"It was the custom in our community—brought from the south—that Christmas day and night was the time for fireworks. We always shot fireworks then instead of the Fourth of July, I don't know why. So the money we got in our stockings usually went for simple kinds of fireworks. Christmas was a real holiday in those days—such dinners! Everything good to eat and the best part about the entire celebration was that it lasted one solid week.

"But nowadays—my grandchildren are not happy unless they have a stack of intricate mechanical toys. I've got a steam engine, an electric motor, a mechanical building set, a toy circus, a dancing man, and a lot of other junk in these parcels for my three grandsons. I doubt if they will be satisfied with them—they'll want an airplane that can carry the cat, a real motor car that will haul one passenger and various other entertainers that will last probably during holiday week. * * *

"Here's my car—I guess I'm about as foolish as anybody else, and besides why not show the youngsters the best time of their lives—on Christmas * * * goodbye * * * Merry Christmas. * * *"

"I'll bet that man'll get as much fun out of that junk he's bought for his grandchildren as they do—and probably more," said an individual who had overheard the conversation. "I'm about his age,—and that's why I buy toys for my grandchildren. There's nothing like it!"—C. S. G.

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CRAIG'S CANDIES
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With the advent of cold weather, New York women are prone to use the telephone in ordering the family groceries, instead of lugging them home herself, dealers say. The "carry-your-own-goods" slogan, which became a habit during, and for some time after, the war, is gradually playing out.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

De Sandman—Quartette.
Dreamy Paradise—Fox trot.

Columbia

Any Time, And Day, Anywhere—Fox trot.
Avalon—Al Jolson.

Edison

Kismet—Fox trot.
I'd Love to Fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms—Tenor solo.

Gennett

Oh, Come All Ye Faithful—Baritone.
Old Pal—Tenor.

Pathe

Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.
Toodles—Fox trot.

Victor

Fair One—Fox trot.
Wang-Wang Blues—Fox trot.

Shop Tours

A man with the body of an athlete and the face of an idealist stood in one of the downtown stores the other day with all his attention focused on some moving objects on a counter. Next to him stood an old lady with white hair and dim blue eyes, and a market basket on her arm. On the other side was a pair of youthful enthusiasts in khaki, possibly from one of the high schools, but more likely Butler students. The quartet, so assorted in age, appearance and tastes, stood fascinated before a toy electric train that raced busily around on the counter. It dashed through tunnels, clattered across switches, stopped at stations, slowed up for crossings and behaved as a good little train should.

The man gazed as if the train had at least one passenger, his own boyish figure, carried back to some happy Christmas. Finally he asked the girl in charge, a young thing with bobbed hair, who was having the time of her life with the toy, if they carried trains run by steam any more. They did not, and the man took his passenger off the electric train and departed.

Neither the old lady nor the student made a purchase, but finally departed with wistful backward glances. The boys were consoled for the loss of the train by a lot of toy animals that were capable of various forms of activity.



All kinds of creatures, large and small, were fixed on wooden platforms with four little wheels, and these moved only when some one pulled the cord attached to the toy. Elephants, goats, cats and mice, and dogs of a number of species are included in this category. Still simpler are the dogs that sit on the end of a striped stick, for they depend on some baby's chubby hand to wave them in the air before they can fulfill their mission. The puppy-on-a-stick has a bright ribbon around his neck, and from his mouth dangles a jingling bell.

Most extraordinary of all are the furry things, looking very much alive, which move about by jumping. They gather their hind legs up under them and give remarkable leaps, which carry them over the floor. Their faces wear bright and funny expressions, quite intelligent, in keeping with their ability to perform.

In all the toy departments the number of visitors is large, a good omen for the success of early Christ-

(Continued on Page 21)

Tucker's Gift Sets

provide a means of choosing quickly a Christmas gift that will be at once distinctive and moderately priced. They are carefully chosen from Tucker's beautiful store of gift specialties. They are specially displayed all this week. Ask to see Tucker's gift sets. Come early.

For Women

Gift Set No. 1— A pair of Tucker's beautiful French National Kid Gloves (or Mocha Gloves), two wonderfully finished hand-made Handkerchiefs. In a dainty Tucker Christmas box ---------- $10

Gift Set No. 2— A pair of Tucker's French National Kid Gloves, your choice from a wonderful assortment; a pair of Tucker's choice Lace Hosiery in distinctive designs. In a dainty Tucker Christmas box ---------- $10

Gift Set No. 3— A pair of Tucker's Chamoisette Strapwrist Gloves, rare novelty gloves; a pair of pure silk, full fashioned Hosiery of Tucker's finest quality. In a dainty Tucker Christmas box ---------- $5

Gift Set No. 4— A pair of Tucker's White French National Kid Gloves, in 10-button length; a pair of full fashioned Wool Hosiery of the better sort, in plain and heather colors. In a dainty Tucker Christmas box ---------- $10

For Men

Gift Set No. 1— A pair of finely made, full fashioned Silk Socks; a pair of Tucker's Chamoisette Gloves of the finest make; a pure Linen Handkerchief. In a Tucker Christmas box---------- $5

Gift Set No. 2— One of Tucker's finest cut silk Neckties; a pair of Glascott Gloves; a pair of imported English Wool Socks; a pure Linen Handkerchief. In a Tucker Christmas box---------- $10

For Children

Gift Set No. 1— A pair of Tucker's finest Silk Stockings for juveniles; a box of Handkerchiefs. In picture box for children ---------- $2.50

Gift Set No. 2— A pair of children's wearproof Capeskin Gloves; a pair of real Wool Stockings; a box of Handkerchiefs ---------- $5

Good Gloves Are Good Gifts

Tucker's Gift Certificates make your gift certain to please.

Tucker's
Since 1880
a Specialty Shop
18 North Meridian

Will Sing Old Time Melodies

I like the old-time tunes the best
At Christmas time, because
Somehow, they outlive all the rest—
Just like old Santa Claus.
—William Herschell.

Old-time tunes are best; they are the ones that, like friends, are most often in our mind. Whenever the gang gets together they are sung. They helped the doughboys overseas in the march to the front, and they marked the cadence of the long victory hike from the battle front to the Rhine. They are the songs of the seventies when our fathers and mothers were kids, and now they are to be sung all over again with all their old-time charm and old-fashioned sweetness for the youngsters of Indianapolis. You will hear them Sunday evening, December 19th, at the Murat Theatre in the annual Old-Time Melodies concert given by the big brother Elks to raise money for Christmas presents for the Indianapolis kiddies, who, otherwise, would have to go without any.

The program for the concert will be in charge of John B. Orman, who has arranged an entertainment of thirteen numbers to be given by more than 100 volunteer musicians and singers of the city. The price of admission is $1.00 and every cent of the one hundred you spend will go into presents, for the music and individual services all have been donated.

John B. Orman says: "The annual Christmas party by the big brother Elks for the children of Indianapolis is really one of the biggest and most worthy things of its kind in America. Every nook and corner is searched so that not a single youngster will be forgotten this year by Santa Claus. Every school teacher in every school district, every policeman, and every Salvation Army member has been drafted in a vast corps of scouts to hunt up the deserving children and send their names to the Elks Lodge.

"On Christmas morning hundreds of automobiles are sent out to nearly every school house in the city to gather up the kiddies and bring them to the Circle Theatre where the big Christmas tree with all the trimmings stands to be admired by all the youngsters. Then there are movies that bring forth merry laughter and there is wonder music."

"Following the pictures the children are each given bags with candy, nuts, popcorn, together with toys of every description for girls and boys. And then they return home in the big, joy-going automobiles.

"All the orphan children of all colors and creeds are brought in the city for the party, too," continues Mr. Orman. "To do all this the Elks do not make a campaign for funds outside of the lodge but they do not refuse any contributions from outsiders and so hundreds of good fellows who desire to contribute something towards Christmas happiness do it through the Elks. These donations are received at Santa Headquarters of the Elks, that has been established this year at 131 North Pennsylvania street in the Denison Hotel building. Names of the children who might not have any Christmas were it not for the Elks are also received here."

The program, which promises merriment, as well as melody, follows:

The Harmony Saxophone Quartet—"The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

Miss Kathleen Bumbaugh—"When the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold," Miss Mary Brown, accompanist.

Leland Lytle—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Carl Fell, accompanist.

Miss Norma Mueller—"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," Mrs. Milton Elrod, accompanist.

Harold Stockton, whistler—"The Mocking Bird," Mrs. Hazel Brown, accompanist.

(Intermission)

Beanblossom Glee Club (Rotarians).

Miss Agnes Hodgin—"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," Frank Ronald Evans, accompanist.

Pasquale L. Montani, harpist—"Medley of Old Airs."

Otis Igelman, violinist—"Love's Old Sweet Song," accompaniment, harp music by Mr. Montani.

DeWitt Talbert—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," Mrs. Frank Edenharter, accompanist.

The Indianapolis News Quartet—"Annie Laurie."

The Lincoln Quartet—"Juanita," Mrs. S. K. Ruick, accompanist.

The Harmony Trio—"Old Melodies."

Federation of Clubs Calendar

Mrs. J. L. Stacy, 1555 Ashland avenue, will entertain the members of the Inter Nos Club with a Christmas party on December 22nd.

* * *

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the Christmas party of the Irvington Coterie, which will take place on December 20th, consists of Mrs. Charles Davis, Mrs. Luther Shirley and Mrs. Clifton Donnell. Mrs. Arthur Robinson is the hostess for the occasion.

* * *

The Irvington Tuesday Club will meet on December 21st at the home of Mrs. W. H. Jeffries, 5329 University avenue. Mrs. E. C. Rumpler will give a talk on "Songs of American Wars" and Mrs. G. W. Moore will discuss current events.

* * *

Mrs. Frank W. Parrish, 2163 North Illinois street, will be the hostess for the New Century Club on December 22nd. She will be assisted by Mrs. D. B. Carter. The following papers will be read: "Learning to Do by Doing" by Mrs. M. L. Moon, "The Project Method of Education" by Mrs. Curtis A. Hodges, and "Industrial Training in the Public Schools" by Mrs. Frank Miller.

* * *

The New Era Club will have their Christmas party on December 20th at the home of Mrs. Nellie B. Petri, who will be assisted in entertaining by Mrs. C. L. Temple. Readings will be given by Mrs. R. O. Wolf and Mrs. J. H. Davy, and a small musical program will be given by Mrs. S. P. Scherer. Christmas quotations will also be read.

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Notes of Society

(Continued from Page 9)

lows: Mr. and Mrs. John J. Appel, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley C. Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. George O. Wildhack; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cameron; Mr. and Mrs. John Curry and Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Wolff; Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Fauvre, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hogan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Hornbrook; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Insley; Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Jewett; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Homer McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Morrison and Mrs. Juliette G. Rogers.

* * *

There will be a number of dinner parties on the evening of December 22 for members of the Triangle Club of Princeton. Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLeod; Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Stevenson, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Lockwood will be among those who will entertain for the Princetonians. A luncheon Wednesday noon at the University Club, and a smoker in the evening after the club performance, will be given by the Princeton Alumni Association.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Pfaff will give a dance for young people on the evening of December 28.

* * *

Mrs. Frederic Ayres entertained with a luncheon on Friday, December 10.

* * *

Word has just been received by cable from Mrs. Frank Tarkington Baker of her safe arrival in Bombay, India, where she has gone to join her husband, who is interested in the construction of a motion picture studio there.

* * *

Mrs. Edward H. Dean entertained Thursday, December 9, with a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Randle C. Dean.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Macy Malott will entertain for the young people with a dance Christmas evening at the Propylaeum in honor of their daughter, Mary Florence Malott.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur W. Dark returned last week from a two weeks' visit in Michigan City.

* * *

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Ruth Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Evert M. Thompson, and Boyd M. Gillespie, which will take place Monday, December 20.

* * *

Frederick Fahnley has issued invitations for a dance for his grandchildren, Ada and Frederick Payne, to be given at the Propylaeum on Tuesday, December 21.

* * *

Miss Marjory Lewis, Miss Mary Hoke, Miss Helen Coons and Miss Helen Spring will return this week from LaSalle Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., for the holidays.

* * *

Miss Elsa Pantzer will arrive this week from Smith College and Miss Margaret Pantzer from the University of Wisconsin, to spend the holidays with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Pantzer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samual R. Wells have gone to Chicago to live. They will be at the North Shore Hotel in Evanston temporarily.

* * *

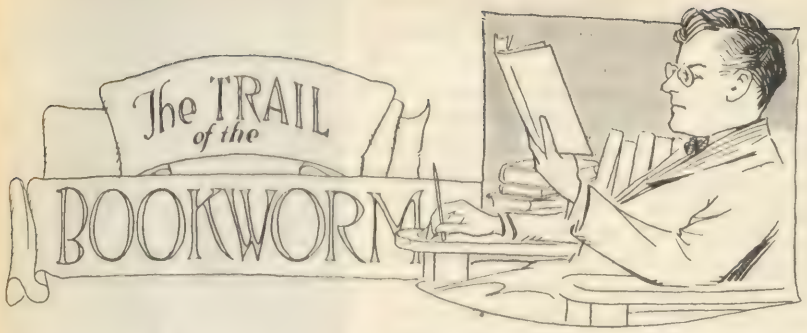
Miss Annie W. Tooney, of Boston, has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Benson.

* * *

Miss Lillian Dynes arrives this week from Pine Manor, Wellesley, Mass., to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Dynes.

* * *

Mrs. Otto Lefler and Miss Arleen Lefler have issued invitations for a tea dance for Monday, December 27, at the Propylaeum.



Mary Wollaston

"Mary Wollaston" is an absorbingly interesting story of the struggle of a young girl who wanted to face life squarely, without sham or hypocrisy, while her family and friends insisted on giving her a halo and considering her a sort of a human angel. The book is a convincing story of modern life, by Henry Kitchell Webster, and is undoubtedly one of the most important books of the year.

Mary Wollaston is a real person who believes in facing the facts of life without flinching. She is not an innocent child by any means. She has seen bits of life and experienced emotions that are supposed to be a sealed book to the conventional sweet young thing. She does not regret her experiences, but wants to be judged by the true facts. Her family and friends are extremely sentimental and insist on placing her on a pedestal and making a lovely image out of her, attributing to her the thoughts and desires they think she ought to have. And Mary really looks angelic, which makes it all the harder for her to convince people that she isn't. She is a slender, fragile blond, with a rose petal skin and clear, unsophisticated blue eyes—the sort of a girl you would instinctively want to rescue. However, there is nothing fragile about Mary's courage and she makes a desperate effort to force people to believe the truth, but everyone is stone deaf to her story. She tries to confide in her brother, who has just returned from France, but he insists that she is a victim of "shell-shock" and refuses to take her seriously. When she starts to talk it over with her father he refuses to listen to her. The boy who wants to marry her thinks her the most saintly person in the world, and when she tries to smash this image of his with the truth she fails miserably. Mary is so honest that the thought of living a lie causes her untold mental anguish. She can not work out this great emotional crisis in her life alone and decides to give up the struggle. Then she meets a young musical genius, a realist like herself, who is able to see her as she really is and in an intensely vivid scene, he prevents Mary from making a tragedy of her life and gives her the love and comfort that her soul craves. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

The Counsel of the Ungodly

A story in which an elderly gentleman plays fairy godmother to a young and lovely maiden should, by all the rules of precedent, end with their falling in love, marrying and living happily ever afterward. "The Counsel of the Ungodly," by Charles Brackett, does nothing of the sort. The old gentleman contents himself with such minor amusements as losing his fortune, going "into service," adopting a niece—the aforementioned adorable maid—and playing providence over her destinies. The god of coincidence goes out of his way to be accommodating to Peter and his niece, but they're both very likable people and so why shouldn't the great god help them out a bit? The tale is lightsome and airy and proveth beyond a peradventure that the counsel of the ungodly is a far pleasanter and more efficacious remedy for human ills than the recommendations of the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. Also, it makes clear that the observations on men and manners of an ungodly person, such as old Peter van Hoeven, are far more entertaining and sparkling reading that the philosophizing of the admittedly upright. Selah. (D. Appleton & Co., New York).

Pigs to Market

The pigs in George Agnew Chamberlain's latest volume of short stories, "Pigs to Market," have all been to market before, and having evidently survived the test of time, have been collected to make their collective bow before the public once more. All three are stories on serious subjects, told in a highly frivolous and extravagant manner. The first has the most joyous spirit and is the most frankly and shamelessly entertaining. "Lovely Reason" is the nickname of the lady whom Mr. Pim is searching for to enable him to provide his wife with an excuse for divorce and freedom. Mr. Pim's adventures in pursuit of "Lovely Reason" are highly edifying; the reader hasn't a chance to realize how utterly absurd the tale is until Mr. Pim begins to blossom out as a financial genius as well as a tamer of women. "Simon Simon" is an epic account of the rise of a Fifth avenue tailor, and his discovery of an artistic young man who dreams clothes on his fair customers instead of designing them in the ordinary fashion. "The Door to Freedom" is another highly colored tale of fantastic design, narrating how a young man came out of Central America with a fortune made as a contractor, and played the pretty game of finding the one woman in a thoroughly business-like way, and won the game and the woman. These tales are the kind that must be read rapidly and intensely, for if the book is once put down, the story breaks in two. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)



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December Records Now on Sale



Pathe Shop



17 East Ohio Street

A recent catalogue of foreign language books offered by a Boston book shop is particularly interesting for the translations from English to Spanish which it offers. Shakespeare's complete works are, of course, included in the list, and Scott comes second with seven volumes. Dickens with five and Mark Twain with four volumes are next. Among the remaining English masterpieces offered for the Spanish consumer are "La Cabana del Tio Tom," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "La Isla del Tesoro," by R. L. Stevenson; "El Caballero Don Juan Halifax," by Mulock; "De Esclavo a Catedratico,' by Booker T. Washington, and "Juana Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.

Many a book that was read to tatters in the days of our youth is experiencing a second and even more enjoyable series of readings as Christmas approaches. Little do youthful friends and relatives realize that the juvenile books that are now en route to Christmas stockings are being gloated over by admiring adults in these days before Christmas with just as much enjoyment as any first-reader child could experience. "Alice in Wonderland," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," "The Jungle Books," Grimm's Fairy Tales, and a score of others are reaping their annual harvest of adult readers.



Theatre Calendar

Week of December 20

English's—Macushla, December 20, 21 and 22. Al G. Field Minstrels, December 23, 24 and 25.

Murat—Adam and Eva, entire week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

Little Theatre—"The Star of Bethlehem."

ENGLISH'S

"Macushla," the comedy of good cheer with Chauncey Olcott, comes to English's December 20, 21 and 22. Matinee Wednesday. It is in accord with the spirit of the times when morbidity should be thrown into the discard and optimism encouraged in the theatre as in all affairs of life. It has been received upon the stage with hearty enthusiasm. Rida Johnson Young is credited with preserving the rainbows of humor and the blending of sentiment and romance. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that this is a comedy for everybody. It is full of joyous surprises. It spreads broadcast the spirit of courage. It inspires the desire for mutual helpfulness and conveys one of the tenderest messages that the stage has carried to humanity.

The Al. G. Field Minstrels will be presented at English's December 23, 24 and 25 with Christmas Day matinee. The current production is one of unusual brilliance and the many experienced showmen and critics who have witnessed preliminary performances declare that it surpasses all of Mr Field's former efforts. Bert Swor heads the corps of funmakers this year and he has scored a distinct hi in his new vehicle. Harry Shunk and other capital comedians are also on the roll, among them Johnny Healy, Jimmie Cooper, Ed. Ewald, Grover Schepp and others. Jack Richards and Billy Church are again prominently cast among the balladists, with such other favorites as Harry Frillman, Dolf Kastor, Loyd Gilbert, Leslie Berry, Reo Brodeur and others. John Cartmell is again in his happy role of interlocutor, a part he graces with particular eminence. Henri Neiser, famous for his impersonations of animals, having at one time been associated with Nat Goodwin and other famous stars in classic plays, has a brand-new feature this year, programmed as "The Human Spider."



BERT SWOR

Heads the funmakers with Al G. Field minstrels at English's December 23, 24 and 25.

Among the many interesting features of the performance, chief interest probably centers in the laugh-provoking skit, "A Front Porch Campaign," with Bert Swor as the speechmaker.

"Moonshine on the Sunshine," or "The Anti-Everythings," is another brilliant bit of comic characterization and darky fun. "The Arkansaw Traveler," or "Fun on Rumpus Ridge," is one of the clever bits also, featuring the old-time dances of "Down South."

MURAT

"Adam and Eva," one of the most charming diversions the theatre offered in many seasons, is booked for an engagement at the Shubert-Murat Theatre beginning Thursday, December 23, with matinee Christmas Day, under the direction of F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest, direct from a year's run in New York and four months in Chicago. It comes to Indianapolis with a capable cast, headed by Molly McIntyre, William Boyd, Berton Churchill, Dianth Pattison, Percy Waram, Philip Tonge, Arnold Lucy, John Thorn, May McCabe, Maria Namara and David Munro.

With a wealth of brilliant lines and characters typically human, "Adam and Eva" satirizes the fads and weaknesses of the smart Long Island set in a manner most amusing. The story tells of James King, a wealthy widower, who is perpetually harassed by demands for money and engulfed with mountains of bills, incurred by his family, consisting of two daughters, a son-in-law to whom work is an unknown quality, a fussy, cynical old uncle, who is invited for a week-end and has remained for fifteen years and a club-crazy maiden aunt. They are all idlers with only one thought in mind—spending father's money.

Mr. King, in sheer desperation, plans a business trip to South America, intrusting his young business manager, Adam Smith, to run his family and household affairs as he would any other business enterprise. He starts in by curtailing allowances and canceling charge accounts with a firm and indiscriminate hand, thereby causing a small riot in the family. Not content with this, he upsets the even tenor of the lives of his charges, old and young, by convincing them that the King fortune has been entirely wiped out in a flurry of the stock market, thus making the earning of money by these erstwhile dwellers in the lap of luxury an absolute necessity.

KEITH'S

An unusually strong bill of vaudeville has been booked for the Christmas week attraction at Keith's, starting Monday matinee. Emma Carus, the former musical comedy star, will make her first local appearance in a singing act in which she will be assisted by J. Walter Leoppold at the piano. Miss Carus is a big favorite everywhere and will doubtless receive a warm welcome during her engagement here. She will sing her own songs.

The act of Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin is called "Visions of 1970." It was written by Jack Lait and is a forecast of what will happen at that time. Miller and Mack, who come billed as "The Bing Boys," are singers who combine real vocal work with comedy. They were former features at the New York Hippodrome, the London Hippodrome and the Follies Bergere, Paris. They were also members of "The Passing Show" for three seasons. Kara, the eccentric juggler, who is in a class by himself, will contribute his juggling act that has made him a headliner for years. His juggling and comedy is known the country over. Miss Bobbie Gordone, a shapely young woman, will be seen in character poses and studies from the old masters. Billy Duval and Merle Symonds, farceurs, will appear in "Their First Quarrel," a winning little sketch, being a satire on love's young dream. Polly and Oz sing and play the piano and offer a number of pleasing songs interspersed with comedy. Frank Browne, who is a xylophonist, famous as a player for phonograph records, will offer a repertory on this instrument. The performance will be opened with the Kinogram news weekly and the Literary Digest topics.

LYRIC

Beatrice Morrell's sextette of girls, instrumentalists and vocalists, who are credited with having the daintiest, most dignified and distinguished offering in vaudeville, will top the Lyric's bill next week. Miss Morrell is herself a concert artiste of international reputation and she has been surrounded by a group of girls, who take their work seriously, and who go far in demonstrating that good music is still heartily appreciated by the theatregoer. Fisher's Circus, consisting of ponies, dogs and monkeys, will provide a divertissement for the youngsters and the Four Casting Campbells, long considered the most daring and expert of horizontal bar performers, will supply thrills with their routine of hazardous feats. Completing the show there will be Smith and Bagley in a comedy skit, "The League of Nonsense"; Watts and Ringgold, "The Blushing Bride and Groom"; Kelly and Day, a humorous duo, known as "The Tourist and the Maid"; McCormick and Winehill, clever comedians, and the Aerial Rooneys, double trapeze performers.



EMMA CARUS

A vaudeville headliner who sings her own songs and does it well. At Keith's week of December 20.

LITTLE THEATRE

The Little Theatre will contribute "The Star of Bethlehem" as its offering to the Christmas celebration. The play is an arrangement of some of the English miracle plays and is different from Christmas plays usually seen. The play is of a time when the people wanted a mixture of comedy with their tragedy. It is in four parts and seven scenes and a very elaborate production has been prepared by Mr. Somnes, the director. There is a running accompaniment of music throughout the play. The Cathedral quartet will assist in this. It will be produced on the evening of December 23 at the Masonic Temple.



ALLYN GILLYN
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

These two popular players will be seen at English's in Olcott's new play, "Macushla."

Santa Claus on Kids' Trail

If any youngster in town wakes up Christmas morning feeling that Santa Claus has slighted him, it will not be the old saint's fault. It will simply mean that that kidlet is an expert dodger; for the forces of Santa Claus are out in such numbers that if any child is left off their Christmas lists, it will look as if he wanted to be. Even at that, he'd have a hard time to keep from being drawn into some one of the numerous jollifications that are scheduled to take place during the holidays. Not since the long gone days of before the war have there been such preparations for Christmas festivities in Indianapolis.

Mayor Jewett will open his official Christmas tree celebration on the morning of December 24 with a "Pageant of the Toys," in which some forty boys and girls, dressed to represent various Christmas toys, will dance the light fantastic about the City Hall rotunda where a gorgeous Christmas tree will be planted as a center for the performance. The dance is under the direction of Miss Alice Mescall and Miss Gertrude Hacker. The guests of honor will be the Indianapolis newsboys.

The Salvation Army is at present engaged in the very authentic Santa Claus task of checking over the lists of prospective recipients of Christmas baskets, to make sure that all the good little families are remembered. Brigadier George M. Casler announces that four to five hundred baskets will be given out on Christmas day, each basket to contain a menu of chicken, potatoes, yellow turnips, onions, celery, bread and butter, tea and coffee, milk, corn, tomatoes, etc., to make up a complete Christmas dinner. Of course, a Christmas dinner is an absolute necessity for a youngster's holiday but that isn't enough to make the day complete.

The presents and candies and oranges are a necessary part of the entertainment, properly mixed with a salutary dose of Christmas poems and recitations. The factor of the holiday festivities will be celebrated by the Salvation Army on December 28 in Tomlinson hall when 2,500 to 3,000 guests, poor children and their mothers, are expected. After a proper program, Santa Claus and his twin brother will empty their bags of mittens, sweaters, scarfs, candies and oranges, so that there will be no excuse for even the youngest of the guests to feel slighted.

Another big party for the boys and girls whom a careless Santa Claus might find it easy to overlook will be held in the Circle Theatre Christmas morning. The proceeds from the Old Melodies Concert to be given by the Elks at the Murat Theatre, December 19, will foot the bill for this celebration. On the stage there will be an imposing tree, decked with all the goodies and toys that every self-respecting Christmas tree produces. Combined pictures and presents should make this affair a joy to the heart of many a youngster who doesn't have too many opportunities to attend gala celebrations.

The Elks' Santa Claus is receiving so much mail from prospective guests to the theatre party that there is no danger of his falling short of a full house. A couple of kiddies who wrote the following note, are sure now of front seats and the presents that go with them:

"Dear Santy:

"Please don't forget me and my sister. We will not have any Santy unless you come, for Papa has been out of work for six weeks and can't find any. Now do come to see us.

"William and Bettine."

There's no question but that Santa will accept this invitation.

The Indianapolis Advertising Club will share its Christmas with the children at the City Hospital. At their regular luncheon on Thursday, December 23, they will have a big tree, which will be decorated with toys and gifts to be brought by the members. After the luncheon, the tree will be taken to the children's ward at the City Hospital, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Williams, who is chairman of the entertainment committee.

Various missions throughout the city will have big celebrations. The cooking teacher at Christamore College Settlement left a batch of candy bubbling on the stove to tell of their program for the week preceding Christmas. Monday the Harmonic Club will give an entertainment, and various other clubs will give programs for the children of the neighborhood during the week. Monday night Miss Stanton's dancing class will have their party, and Friday evening the various club organizations will have a Christmas eve celebration with the accustomed "treat." Parents who wish to give presents to their children from the Christamore tree may make the necessary arrangements with the Christamore Santa Claus.

The Shriners are arranging for the distribution of five hundred baskets to poor families of the city.

Community Christmas trees are to be the center of celebrations at Brightwood, Haughville, Irvington, Fountain Square, and various other places in the city. The postoffice also will have its tree, and there will be caroling there on Christmas eve.

With all these holiday gaieties in progress Christmas week, it will be a sheer impossibility for any child in town to miss getting a substantial share of the Christmas spirit.

Wild's New Bank Building

J. F. Wild & Company has planned to erect a twelve story office and bank building on the present site of the Wild Bank, at 123-127 East Market street. The building is estimated to cost $900,000 and will be modeled after the newer structures in the financial district of New York. The building will be of white stone and of fireproof construction. The main floor and mezzanine floor will be occupied by the bank and its offices. The top floor will be used as an auditorium capable of seating 450 persons. A stage will also be a feature of this room.

In the basement the new safety deposit vault is to be placed. It will be of battleship steel incased by a water compartment which automatically releases water pressure alarms at police headquarters in case an attempt to drill the vault is made. The main banking room will be modern in every particular with several new features.

It is expected that work on the building will begin next spring, tenants having been notified to move by January 1. The new banking department will be completed within three months.

ENGLISH'S

Mon.—Tues.—Wed.
December 20, 21, 22
Matinee Wednesday

Al Erlanger presents
The Distinguished
American Actor—

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In the Romantic Comedy

MACUSHLA

By
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Don't fail to hear the peerless lyric tenor in a new repertoire of distinctive ballads.

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December 23, 24, 25
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Motion Pictures by the Mile

Indianapolis has no natural wonders to rival the palmy California scenes or the palisaded heights of Fort Lee on the Hudson, but nevertheless it is no mean city in the motion picture business—even if it doesn't do very much in the way of studio work.

As the center of a district that is sprouting every day with new motion picture theatres, Indianapolis is in a fair way to gain glory as a film exchange center. Pathe, Fox, Robertson & Cole, and a half a dozen other film corporations already have branch exchanges here, and the latest arrival in the film family is the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, distributors of Paramount pictures, who have just opened a branch exchange at 38 South Capitol avenue in the old Monninger building, under the direction of C. C. Wallace, manager.

The building has been remodeled at a cost of about $30,000 to meet the requirements of the exchange, which is said to be one of the largest and most completely equipped in the state. Photoplay theatres throughout the state which formerly secured bookings through Chicago and Cincinnati will now be served from this branch. to the number of approximately 350.

The ordinary movie fan doesn't know very much about what the inside of a film exchange looks like, and while it doesn't have the thrill of a studio where Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson and various other stars of the movie firmament are to be seen (in person), it is an interesting place, nevertheless, for the real fan.

The fireproof vaults for film storage have just been completed, and will hold 33,100,000 feet of film. They have the huge, black doors that properly belong to any storage vault, lined up in an imposing row down one side of a corridor. The doors opened, a narrow aisle is revealed lined with shelves and shelves, reaching all the way to an enormously high ceiling, all stacked with neat flat tin cans of films. The film smell—a sort of burnt out brake-linings odor—is almost overpowering so that people who frequent this part of the exchange really should be provided with gas masks.



MISS ANNA MERLE JOHNSON

Miss Johnson is the competent supervisor of film inspection for the Indianapolis branch.

However, exhibitors who want to use Paramount pictures do not have to do their shopping in this part of the exchange, which is a fortunate thing, for aside from the overpowering celluloid smell, a comedy and a problem play look just exactly alike on the vault shelves. The building has a little private theatre of its own—a display room for moving pictures, equipped with two machines—where prospective exhibitors may see a picture run off before booking it for some theatre out in the state. Famous Players-Lasky is the only exchange in the state which has the luxury of its own projection room.

The film inspection department is the most interesting feature of the whole plant. It never occurs to the ordinary movie fan that films, like all other things that go to make up the H. C. L., will wear out in time. Films aren't indestructible, however, and the girls in the film inspection departments go over the films as they are returned to the exchange and patch them up before sending them out on further travels. Each of the girls, who work under the supervision of Miss Anna Merle Johnson, sits at a small table, which has a reel the size of a dinner plate at each side. The film is passed from one of these to the other, and as it flicks by the girl inspects it and makes any necessary repairs. Broken places are patched by the use of brush and glue pot; at the proper places long strings of blue film are set into the brown to give some mystic warning to the operator that the end of the reel is approaching; and the light-flecked bits that also signal the operator are checked. Every little bit of film that is cut out is stowed into a small box in the metal table top, for films, being highly inflammable, can't safely be thrown about like waste paper in a newspaper office. This department is one of the unromantic but nevertheless necessary features of the movies, and who knows but what some day the beautiful young film clipper may have an opportunity to rival Mary Pickford on the screen?



C. C. WALLACE

Mr. Wallace has the job of seeing that motion picture houses are "next" to what good films are.

In one storeroom, tons and tons of "paper" are stored away. Billboard signs, posters, "stills," advertising matter of all kinds—is stored away, and each little compartment with its share of paper is marked "Danger" in warning red letters, for the emulsion on the photographs makes them almost as inflammable as the film itself.

The advertising work is in charge of Mr. Oscar Kantner, formerly with the Indianapolis News. Mr. Kantner will work in co-operation with Mr. Claud Saunders, who is manager of the division of exploitation of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation with offices in New York.

Other members of the staff of the newly-organized branch include E. V. Mitchell, auditor; J. C. Rodman, booker; A. R. Mueller, advertising service manager; John Finn, shipper; Miss Margaret Downs, chief contract clerk, and Trevor Faulkner, projection engineer.

On and Off Broadway

All land west of the Hudson river is a barren wilderness to the average New Yorker, but he does not hesitate to admit that Gotham has its drawbacks. When the suggestion is made that New York is the loneliest place in the world, where persons may live under the same roof for a lifetime without knowing each other's names, except as attached to the post boxes, Monsieur Manhattan owns up to it with a shrug of resignation, and changes the subject to the inexhaustible Broadway.

But reform is already on the way. An organization, yclept the Golden Rule Clubs of America, whose object is to promote neighborliness, has hit upon the idea of opening club rooms in large apartment houses, the persons living in the house to be eligible to membership. Whole families may join. The women members of families are to have the exclusive use of the club rooms on some days; men are to have their own evenings, and the children are to have their own special gathering times also.

The prevailing idea is that there are some faint sparks of congeniality about Manhattanites, even if they do sometimes seem to be endowed with about as much cordiality as a White river catfish.

Who pays the bills for Broadway, the most luxurious pleasure thoroughfare in the world? Certainly it is not the native New Yorker, who faces as keen an H. C. L. problem as any community in this country. Give him credit for his share, for Father Knickerbocker has no fish hooks in his pockets, but he has most of his amusement bills paid by his guests. For the old fellow is a great entertainer. A floating population, which has been estimated by transportation experts at 250,000,000, passed in and out of New York last year. Commuters account for the lion's share of the estimate, but even a commuter is, in a sense, a New York guest.

Visitors and sightseers, plus the semi-annual deluge of cloak and suit and other buyers, keep the shows and restaurants out of bankruptcy in these dubious prohibition days. Limited to a stay of a few days in the metropolis, the guests shed lucre speedily, all of which vexes the Broadway concession holders exceedingly.

Friends of Lady Nicotine, who, with poor old John Barleycorn, was worth several divisions in winning the war, are joyful this week, because a plebiscite of Fifth avenue bus patrons has favored smoking, with reservations on the upper decks of the lumbering vehicles. Said reservations are, namely and to-wit: That smoking may be indulged in only on the two left-hand rear seats and the three right-hand rear seats.

One man was killed and eleven persons were hurt this week when a bus overturned at Seventy-ninth street. It was the first bus accident for a long time. Ordinarily the motor buses are considered to be safer than any other form of New York transportation.

Visitors who wish to see the famous curb market on Broad street in full cry should do so before July 4. After that date the brokers will cease to be playthings of wind and weather, rain and sunshine, and will house themselves in a new building near old Trinity Church. The curb market is an exceedingly picturesque place in the heat of the day's business. It seems to the innocent bystander a motely, agitated mass of struggling, yelling, finger-wiggling humanity. The signals between brokers, however, are to them quite intelligible. They are also binding. The curb market has been in existence since the early '70s.

Men's wrist watches and sleeve handkerchiefs no longer call for the kiss-it-or-kill-it question, but here is an example of carrying things too far. A newspaper reporter avers that he saw a MAN pay for Red Cross stamps out of a gold mesh bag, suspended to his watch chain, in the full glare of the noonday sun on Broadway.

Broadway and Fifth avenue are symphonies in gray silk hose and skirts whose length is decidedly Parisian these days. The gray color is almost monotonous in its predominance.

Motion Pictures

Week of December 19, 1920

Alhambra—Bebe Daniels in "Oh Lady Lady"; Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventure."

Circle—Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad."

Colonial—Eugene O'Brien in "Broadway and Home."

Crystal—Montague Love and Emily Stevens in "The Place of Honeymoons."

Isis—Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party."

Mister Smith's—Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley."

Ohio—Will Rogers in "Honest Hutch."

Regent—George Walsh in "Number 17."

Alhambra

"Oh Lady Lady," the frothy musical comedy hit of a season or so ago, has been made into a peppy screen farce for the talents of Bebe Daniels and will be shown at the Alhambra the first half of next week. The story introduces the piquant Bebe first as a gawky country girl, and later as a famous chorus beauty. In this role she endeavors to save her erstwhile small-town sweetheart, played by rotund Walter Heirs, from the allurements of a would-be "vamp", just at a time when he is about to be married to a conventional young girl with whom he is very much in love. He mistakes the actions of Bebe in the belief that she wants to sue him for breach of promise. Then Harrison Ford, as an artist friend, gets into the mix-up and a merry mess is the result. Originally written by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, "Oh Lady Lady" was prepared for the screen by Edith Kennedy, who, according to reports, made an excellent job of it. A Mutt and Jeff comedy and the Fox news weekly will be added. The mid-week change of program on Thursday will bring Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventure."

Circle

Mildred Harris Chaplin has a flapper role in "Old Dad," the film version of Eleanor Hallowell Abott's story. Miss Chaplin, as Old Dad's dear and only daughter, is continually getting into scrapes at the boarding school where she has been sent because she has no mother to superintend her education. She is expelled from school because Ralph Wiltoner is found in her room at midnight, although the incident is entirely innocent and easily explained. Her father understands and is not shocked, but Daphne is ostracized socially and in her loneliness succumbs to an infatuation for a young roue who has a place near her father's mountain lodge. When affairs look blackest, a wife appears on the scene and curiously enough, clears up everything for Daphne. The program will also include a Harold Lloyd comedy in "Number Please," songs by Beulah Dale, a Circlette of News, and music by the Circle orchestra.

Colonial

"Broadway and Home" is both the title and the locale of the feature picture which will be shown at the Colonial Theatre next week, beginning Sunday, December 19. Eugene O'Brien plays the interesting character of Michael Strange, a young man who has always lived in a small New England fishing village, and who is suddenly transplanted to the gayest of gay Manhattan society life. He is almost swept off his feet by the violent change, and it is only his earlier training and faith that enable him to survive the maelstrom of tragedy into which he is swept. A current news review, a Clyde Cook comedy, "All Wrong," and music by the American Harmonists and Liberty Entertainers complete the week's bill.

Ohio

How the mere idea of possession of wealth can inspire industry is the theme of "Honest Hutch," the feature attraction at the Ohio Theatre next week. Will Rogers plays the part of a town loafer whose greatest effort can accomplish only unsuccessful fishing expeditions. One day he chances to dig up a fortune hidden near his favorite fishing resort by a bank robber. He doesn't dare to blossom out in a day as a rich man, but his efforts to live up to the standards of a man who possesses $100,000 lead him to give up his shiftless life and begin making a substantial fortune for his hitherto neglected family. The program is completed by the Literary Digest Topics, and a comedy showing Eddie Barry and the Follie Girls in "Back from the Front."

Regent

Mystery, love and adventure combine to make up the story of "Number 17," the picture to be shown at the Regent Theatre the week of December 19. George Walsh will be seen in the role of Frank Theydon, a young and successful author, who is beset by a gang of ruthless enemies, against whom he struggles in an effort to frustrate their plans. The underworld of New York provides the setting for the picture, which is a film version of the novel of the same name by Louis Joseph Vance. Snub Pollard will also be seen in his latest comedy.

Crystal

Montague Love and Emily Stevens will be co-stars in the feature picture at the Crystal Theatre next week, "The Place of Honeymoons." Miss Stevens plays the part of a frivolous young person who rushes gaily from one love affair to the next, until she meets the irresistible Mr. Love, with whom she decides to live happily ever after.

Shop Tours

(Continued from Page 15)

mas shopping. Children are, of course, as thick as bees 'round apple blossoms, for their elders consider it as much a duty to take the children to see the toys as it is to take them to the circus. And the elders are just as brazen about the toys as they are about the circus. There are just a few, like the man who watched the train, brave enough to invade a toy department, with the evident intention of enjoying himself, and not for the ostensible purpose of showing the toys to some child.

* * *

Frilly trimming for the dark wool dress is offered in all kinds of captivating collar, cuff and vest sets. These dainty, light sets, incidentally, make charming Christmas gifts because, like handkerchiefs, they are the sort of thing of which people say, "You can't have too many of them."

One shop offers dainty organdie collar and cuff sets in delicate shades of pink, blue and lavender, and at an



adjoining counter airy boutonnieres, made of frivolous organdie flowers of the same shades, may be purchased. Some of these collars are trimmed in Val lace; others have the silk or wool embroidery, which is so popular now.

The becoming Buster Brown collar pattern is used for combination collar and vest in heavier and more severe materials. A heavy white-corded silk, a dull silk with a narrow satin stripe in a very light shade of pink, and a brocaded silk in the darker colors, are the materials used for several of these more tailored styles.

* * *

Bedroom slippers, in styles to defy the most disagreeable weather, are shown in various shoe shops. They all wear the most enticing, comfort-suggesting names that could be imagined. The pattern which is designed, however, to inspire green-eyed envy in the heart of every foot-sore Christmas shopper, is somewhat similar to the footwear which Puss-in-Boots sports in all the authentic fairy tale books. It has the comfortable soft sole, padded heel and round toe of the ordinary slipper, but instead of being a low pump-like affair, it is cuffed at the ankle in a sort of abbreviated boot top, which gives it a very manly air.

THE Circle THEATRE ON MONUMENT CIRCLE

Week of Dec. 19

HAROLD LLOYD
in
"Number Please"

"OLD DAD"
with
Mildred Harris Chaplin

Soloist
BEULAH DALE
An Indianapolis Favorite

Circle Orchestra
Circlette of News

Home Spun Yarns

(Continued from Page 12)

selling out the house for the first afternoon and night. The actress—she of the fair hair and blue eyes—carried a bundle in her arms. She began to unwrap it so the young man in the box office might see.

Young Mr. Dickson looked down from the window into the eyes of a baby—a real, live baby!

The cast of the play called for a baby and this was she, four months old.

There was a tear about to overflow each baby eye. And tears did overflow the eyes of the mother—she of the fair hair.

"My baby hasn't had a drop of milk or a bite of food for twenty-four hours," said the mother of fair hair to the youth in the box office.

Down came the window of the box-office with a slam, and the door was closed with a bang. A young man without hat or overcoat sped to the restaurants of the neighborhood. When he returned, he had enough bottles of rich, warm milk to give the stage baby a bath.

"I fed that baby so much milk that it flowed out the infant's eyes," said Vice-president Dickson, as he ruminated at the Union Trust Company. "Everybody went to the Park that week, as usual, and the company left after a week of good living and salaries paid up."

LANNES MCE

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

The police recently captured one of the biggest illicit whiskey stills ever found in the state, on a farm southeast of the city. Evidently the prohibition law is "working" and some men have the opinion they can beat Uncle Sam at his own game.

Woodstock is the newest town in Marion county, the county commissioners having granted a petition of residents in the neighborhood of the Woodstock Club to incorporate as a village. The plan was brought about to prevent the annexation of the various county estates to the city and to prevent speculative real estate men from gaining footholds in subdivisions. This ought to be a good remedy.

The courts recently undid a marital tangle which had all the ear-marks of a movie plot. Miss Emma L. Habeney was granted a divorce from Samuel Kinney after it was shown that she married Kinney—a stranger—so that she could obtain legal control of a $10,000 legacy held by her guardian. The bride was a high school girl at the time of her marriage. The girl found later that her husband had married again and that the court refused to dissolve the guardianship. When we dance we have to pay the piper.

The campaign against dirty kitchens in restaurants and cafes begun by the city is timely. There is no question but what many of the kitchens are filthy and that the general public, which is compelled to take part of its meals downtown, deserves some consideration.

Labor leaders in Indianapolis are talking of establishing a municipal coal yard here. An investigation of conditions will be made by a committee from labor organizations. If retail dealers refuse to handle coal at the price fixed by the commission and if coal can not be obtained in any other way save through a municipal yard, then it would appear that the plan of the labor leaders would have merit, otherwise it would seem to be out of place.

The Hoosier Motor Club has opened a branch office at the corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets to provide an auto license service. As it is about time to take out new licenses for the coming year, no doubt this service will be appreciated by car owners. A notary public and all necessary blanks will be on hands and the service is free.

The Indianapolis Rotary Club has planned a trip to Evansville in February, the occasion being the annual conference on the 22nd. A special train will be obtained and Rotarians and their wives will make the trip. A special committee has been appointed to provide "train entertainment." The committee might employ the Melodeon trio—Eggleston, Hubbard and Herschell.

Governor-elect McCray is going to appoint a legislative committee to investigate the state school system and see what improvements can be made in it. The new Governor is especially strong for more centralized township schools. It is high time that something was done to bring Indiana back to her place in the educational world.

The Evansville woman who waited seventeen years to obtain $2,000 of her husband's estate ought to make up for lost time in spending it.

Leo K. Fesler, county auditor, is against a lower valuation of the Indianapolis Street Railway. He appeared before the public service commission and declared that the reduction of $4,000,000 asked for would cut off about $100,000 from the county's revenue. Inasmuch as the company waited until its day of grace was out, there can be no legal reason why it should have consideration at this time. Private citizens whose assessments were found too high received no consideration after the time of filing protests had passed.

Felix McWhirter is urging the members of the legislature to consider the establishment of a rural police force in the state. He makes a point by showing that more than $200,000 in money and securities were taken from rural banks during the last year by yeggmen. Mr. McWhirter has had great opportunity for observation along this line, being a member of the Indianapolis board of safety and conversant with police systems in other states as well. After calling attention to the successful attempts to rob rural banks, Mr. McWhirter says: "In addition twelve unsuccessful attempts were made, unsuccessful because of the extra precautions taken by the banks to protect their depositors. The amount stolen is a large sum of money, belonging, not to the banks, but to depositors in those banks." Mr. McWhirter points out that a well-trained and equipped police force similar to that in other states would be a capable addition to the protective forces of the state and would be able to give quick and relentless pursuit to such robbers. About the only opposition to such a law would come from labor unions who object to a state constabulary.

The Rev. Mr. Grubb, pastor of a church at Converse, announced to his congregation that he would take up a freewill offering for the pastor—inasmuch as he had to have what his name implies—grub. That night, when the collection envelopes were taken up the minister found that he had 45 cents, a pants button and a tobacco coupon. While he was wondering at home what sort of a Christmas he could buy with 45 cents and when he could get out of town, there was a knock at his door and an envelope containing $190 was handed to him. Also he received a quarter of beef, jams, jellies, ad infinitum. He learned that the collection was a Christmas joke—and now he's again wondering what he will buy for Christmas.

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6 OTHER BIG 1921 FEATURES 6

DANCING IN THE LYRIC BALL ROOM
AFTERNOON AND EVENING

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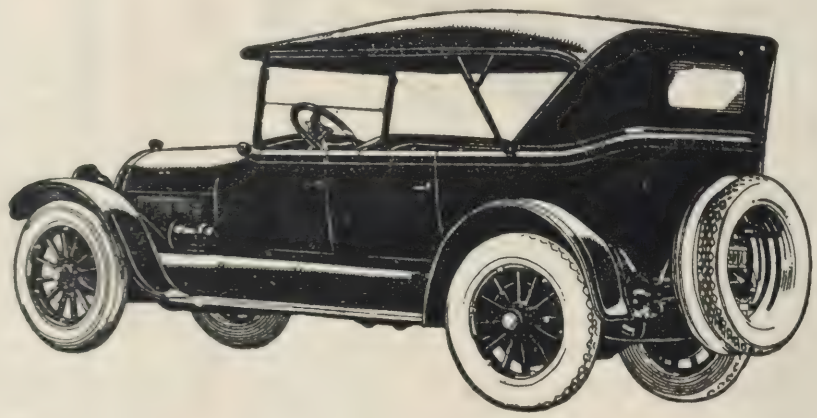
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TOPICS

VOLUME I — INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1920 — NUMBER 28

The Lure of Greenwich Village

A Near View of the New York "Latin Quarter," as Seen by an Indianapolis Woman.

It Is the Home of the Sulphite—the Unusual—With All Its Realities and Shams.

By Annie Parker Bross

Is there a streak of Bohemianism in the most staid of us? It would seem so, for how else can be explained the lure of Greenwich Village, for lure it surely has to Gotham visitors of all ages.

Here are gathered artists and would-be artists, poets and near-poets, erratic geniuses (sometimes erratic without the genius), temperamental folks (who often display more of the temper than the mental), bob-haired women and long-haired men, litterateurs, painters, actors, sculptors, all more or less unusual people, unconventional, but always interesting.

Gillete Burgess, in his charming little book, "Are You a Bromide?" divides all humanity into two classes—Bromides and Sulphites—the former always saying and doing the proper, conventional thing, and the latter saying and doing the unexpected. The Bromides are, of course, safer and saner, but how dull and gray and colorless life would be should we all conform rigidly to rule. People are generally more interesting when they depart from set routine of speech or action; the Sulphite keeps one on the "qui vive," as one never knows what is coming in the way of quick repartee and unanticipated action.

That is the charm of Greenwich Village. It is the land of the Sulphite, the home of the unusual. It is our "Latin Quarter," with its posers and its real workers, with its shams and its realities, with its surface gaiety, often hiding inner heartache, with its failures and successes.

Like Boston, it is not so much a place as a state of mind. The curious visitor sees very little of the real artists who do serious work, for they do not disport themselves for the entertainment of the crowds who swarm to Greenwich Village every night.

What the layman does see, as he walks along Fourth street, the Village Broadway, is its tawdry exploitation for profit. Bizarre tea-rooms and shops with all kinds of absurd names greet one on every hand. "The Pink Lizard," "The Pirate's Den," "The Yellow Lantern," "The Lavender Canary," "The Blue Elephant," "The Samovar," "The Pig'n Whistle," "Grace's Garret," "The Rabbit's Hole" are some of the signs on all sides.

These hostelries are frequently located in garrets or cellars; the visitor usually finds them rather dark, often lighted only by sputtering candles, not over cleanly (why does high art seem incompatible with cleanliness), poorly furnished and altogether Bohemian.

But to give these haunts a thorough house-cleaning, to repair the furniture, have everything spick and span and smelling of fresh paint and varnish (as Dickens said of America) would be to destroy the "atmosphere." It would be similar to the story of the artist who engaged a poor man of the streets as a model on account of his long unkempt locks, untrimmed beard, ragged clothing and generally picturesque appearance. Imagine the disappointment of the artist when the man appeared at the appointed hour with hair cut, face shaved and neatly dressed.

These tea-rooms are sometimes conducted by young women, who have high hopes of achieving success in their special lines, but who must live in the meantime. Art is slow, and tea-rooms and trinket shops bring fast returns. They generally have bobbed hair, wear smocks and smoke cigarettes and talk in an artificial, stilted style.

One hears much of "Art for Art's sake," of scorn for filthy lucre, of idealism with corresponding contempt for business and money-making, till one hesitates about offering payment for the refreshments partaken of, lest it might wound the sensibilities of these delicately organized souls. However, when the check is presented, one sometimes comes back to earth with a vague feeling of being overcharged for the weak tea, the still weaker lemonade, or the warmed-over coffee; but artists must live the same as those of "the earth, earthy," so the bill is paid without protests. The visitors realize that they pay not only for such light refreshment as has been served, but for the thrill of doing the unusual, in almost tumbling down dark steps to shop underneath the sidewalk or climbing ricketty stairs to garrets where interesting people of all professions—actors, writers, artists, movie stars, journalists—congregate.

The presiding genius of others of these unique meeting places are older women, or, in vulgar parlance, "has-beens," who have no future, but who entertain with stories of their past triumphs. Then, again, many of the Greenwich Village shopkeepers are there for purely commercial reasons. Without anything artistic about them, either past or future, they take advantage of the popularity of the district. It is, perhaps, the most advertised section in the country; it is almost internationally known. Every newspaper man who gets within speaking distance of the village writes it up; the elevated trains rumble overhead and the sight-seeing bus brings many curiosity seekers. Its old colonial doorways and quaint dormer windows are reminiscent of a bygone generation, when every house was a real home, instead of the so-called "studios" of today with their restless changing occupants.

Perhaps the most fascinating center of Greenwich Village is the "Art Mecca," Sheridan Square. This is a kind of "Old Curiosity Shop," where books, paintings, bronzes, china, glass and articles gathered from all over the world are thrown together in artistic confusion, a study of which would be a liberal education. Its proprietors are unusually versatile in their knowledge, having traveled extensively and having had experience as lecturers, painters, journalists, actors. They create an atmosphere of hospitality, and extend a gracious welcome to appreciative visitors, not measured by the extent of the caller's purchases. A little daughter, who writes remarkable poetry, is known as the "Sappho of Greenwich Village." She claims to be the reincarnation of the Grecian poetess.

This quaint shop is on a corner, where several streets converge; it is truly cosmopolitan, as citizens of all parts of the world drift in and conversation ranges from the petty gossip of the village to the abstrusities of Theosophy. During an hour spent there, a prominent man from Russia, a Swami from India, an Italian, several persons from our own states, including the far-off Pacific Coast, met in this clearing house of fancies and experiences, where to spend an evening is almost equal to taking a trip around the world.

To the practical, business mind, Greenwich Village would make no appeal; it would seem but an old-fashioned, crowded district, not over clean, inhabited by people more or less erratic. But to another order of mind, it is irresistible. On every hand may be gathered material for the writer, plots for plays, subjects for stories; everything is unusual, every one teeming with human interest; nothing is drab, ordinary, commonplace.

Notwithstanding all the fun poked at Greenwich Village on account of the posing, the affectations, the shams and the dilletantism, many intelligent and hard-working artists do live there—painters, actors, designers, architects, writers—whose names are known throughout the world. John Barrymore has an apartment and roof-garden on Fourth street; Phillip Moeller, author of "Madame Sand," and a score of other plays, writes from Washington Place; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has a residence and studio on Eighth street and maintains "The Whitney Studio Club" on Fourth street. Batik work, which has become popular all over the country, was first brought to Greenwich Village from Java by Peter Mijer. The first home of "The Washington Square Players" was on MacDougal street.

"Washington Mews," just off Fifth avenue, is a delightful little corner of the world; it is in reality only an alley, upon which rows of stables open, but they have been transformed into the most charming studios, for with the passing of the horse, the stables no longer had a reason for being. They remain unchanged in general appearance, but are covered with stucco and on some of them vines soften the lines. The rents are said to have a tendency skyward, so they are occupied by the more prosperous artists.

One feels as if in a foreign land, when in this artistic, peaceful oasis, which is but a stone's throw from "the madding crowd," where life is at its highest tension.

Greenwich Village has a charm all its own. It attracts because it is "different."

Small Boy Is Probably the Forerunner of a "Commercialized Christmas," Now the Bane of All Gift Givers.



Perhaps it was as many years ago as a hundred that the first small boy in Indianapolis showed an unexpected willingness to attend divine service on the Sabbath days closely preceding Christmas. As a general rule, he objected to even the neighborhood of the church, fearing that he might be inveigled within its sacred portals if he approached too closely. He found all occupations other than church-going singularly attractive on Sunday during the summer and fall, but as the winds blew crisper, and the cold weather came on, he grew rather suddenly amenable to maternal discipline, and lined up with the more tractable small boys of the neighborhood on a December Sabbath to go to Sunday school.

It must be admitted that upon occasion he did omit to produce his penny for the collection, having lost it en route to church via the confectionery road, but, taking into account his generous share of original sin, he developed into a fairly good and biddable boy. Upon a careless suggestion from his mother that Sunday school was a very good place for him, and it wouldn't hurt him a bit if they had it twice a week, he even divulged the information that he knew of a Sunday school over on Blank street where they had Sunday school in the afternoon, and he wouldn't mind very much going there. And so he went.

Then the First Church had their big entertainment on Christmas Eve, and the small boy got his orange and his bag of candy, and perhaps the proper uplift from the recitations and poems On Christmas night the Second Church had their cantata—which, of course, was Greek to the small boy, except as it signified refreshments—and was awarded the Christmas cornucopia.

And after that his religious fervor rapidly cooled. The Sunday after Christmas he nearly overslept; the next Sunday he had a lame ankle, but managed to hobble to church; and the Sunday after that he was completely hors de combat with a sore throat that improved a great deal about dinner time, but as two o'clock drew near suffered a serious relapse. By three, however, he was pretty well recovered and complained no more that day.

The next Sunday the folks all went out to grandmother's for the day, and when the next Sabbath and succeeding Sabbaths rolled around the boy was simply out of the notion of going to church, and only returned to his former religious habits under compulsion.

This young sinner was probably one of the first apostles of the commercialized Christmas—an exploiter of the gift-giving spirit that is inseparably linked with Christmas. But, unfortunately, he isn't the last. While the poor child no doubt earned in mental anguish and painful boredom any and all profits that may have accrued to him from this calculated spasm of religious fervor, he belongs in a class with the rest of the people who make Christmas a business matter—he's a Christmas profiteer. In some way he offends against the Christmas spirit.

Just exactly what the Christmas spirit is may never be made entirely clear, in spite of the volumes that have been written on the subject since the world first began Christmassing—but surely it has nothing to do with the dollar-and-cents attitude that colors the gift-giving and receiving of a vast number of people.

There's the practical woman who decides that times are hard and that economy prohibits her celebrating Christmas. "No," she announces cold-bloodedly, "we aren't going to have any Christmas at our house. We can't afford it. (As if they could afford not to have it, when Christmasses are to be had only once a year!)

"And I'm not going to 'exchange' presents with any of my friends, either, this year. I would like to get something for Mrs. Smith—she's been so sweet to me, and the children are so fond of her—but I just can't 'remember' her this year."

A great many clubs and sororities have a spontaneous little system of gift-giving that solves many of the difficulties incident to the old-fashioned Christmas. In solemn convocation, it is agreed, moved, and seconded that the Christmas gaieties be added to by the giving of presents, everybody to bring a gift, valued at say, three dollars. The grand total is to be arranged in some grab-bag fashion so that each person gets a gift, regardless of who happens to be the donor. It is a merry game, but whether it is intensely sentimental or extremely practical will probably never be decided.

One young woman went about hunting for her gift, and in her shopping happened upon a perfect love of a silk camisole. But having taken it home and received the admirations of her sisters on the remarkable purchase, she thereupon decided that it wouldn't do for the Christmas party; she'd better keep it herself, for no telling who'd get it. And then she sallied forth for a gift of just the right kind, something that looked as if it cost the full three dollars, and still something not so enticing as to make Mary want to keep it herself. Shades of Santa Claus, what a problem!

Then there's the mathematical gift-giver, who rations off so much cash to be spent for gifts, and apportions a certain sum for every individual on a carefully made-up list. For the inner circle, ten dollars; for the next best friends, five; and for the outer fringe, a dollar a piece. This is a schedule that works out beautifully on paper, but the poor mathematician figures without taking into account the 39-cent and 98-cent tendencies of the modern shop.

For dear Ernestine, the very book she wants is to be found in an ideal binding for seven and a half. But ten dollars is the price set upon the donor's affection for Ernestine, and so a paper knife for $2.25 is selected to go with the book—although Ernestine happens to have a full dinner set of paper knives—and the poor Christmas shopper still feels vaguely uncomfortable because Tina may feel slighted on the odd quarter question, though up to this Christmas she has never displayed any Ouija board tendencies to locate the missing sums of money.

Then she decides to get a cigarette case for Rob. There are lovely ones in tooled leather to be had for four dollars, but she had decided that she'd spend five on Rob. She asks the clerk, in appealing tones, if they don't have just one case that is a little more expensive. But no, they all cost four.

"But if you wish, madam," says the clerk, as inspiration strikes her, "we can have a bronze monogram put on for two dollars extra."

Saved! thinks the distraught shopper. But four and two make six, not five. That will have to do, however, and the unhappy shopper buys the monogrammed case and feels for the next six months that she's been quite too good to Rob. You know she really spent more for his present than she had intended to.

She meanders down her entire list, trying to keep the mathematical balance of her expenditures and friendships—triumphant when she succeeds, and troubled when she fails. Christmas is just one big problem for her,

(Continued on Page 16)

Christmas Spirit Has Nothing to Do with the Dollar-Cents Attitude Assumed by Many Persons at Present Day.



Passing a water tank at the edge of a little village in Southern Indiana, I saw painted in black the legend "A-No.-1," on one of the tank supports.

I remembered reading a four-line paragraph in a newspaper not so long ago telling of the death under the wheels of A-No.-1. The sign I saw on the tank support was a vivid reminder of the "hobo with a mission," or the world rambler, who was known from Cape Town to Skagway, and whom I had met on two different occasions.

"Old No. 1" was not old to begin with, except in experience, and he had a half-dozen lifetimes of that. The first time I met him he told me he had "visited" Indianapolis a dozen times and was then on his way to Honolulu and thence to south sea ports.

At that time he had traveled more than a half million miles at an expenditure of $7.50. He had crossed the American continent one hundred times—had traveled from the Occident to the Orient and back again a dozen times—always on the move, consumed by a wanderlust that held him in spite of countless resolutions to "settle down." All this would imply that "A-No.-1" was given to talking about himself—but he wasn't. He knew newspaper men and it was only through casual conversation and "pumping" that he talked to me.

He was a strange character—shrewd, educated and had the "papers" to prove just where he had been. "I always leave my trademark —'A-No.-1'—every place I go," he told me.

"I warn boys everywhere I go to stay off the 'road,'" he used to say. "Once they get the wanderlust as I have got it, they will go up and down the earth until the undertaker gets 'em. There is no cure for the 'call of the sky.'"

To prove his wanderings "A-No.-1" kept a sort of diary or an account of his goings and comings and each town was recorded together with whatever incidents that may have occurred to him. The last time I saw him he was "advertising" a "hobo convention," which was to meet in St. Louis.

To have seen this wanderer on the street of any city, he would not have been taken for a tramp. He always rode the passenger trains, and fast ones at that. If he could not stow himself away in a baggage car vesti-

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notes of Society



Mrs. Booth Tarkington entertained with a dinner party Tuesday evening, December 21, at which Miss Susanna Wood was guest of honor. Miss Wood came from Dayton, Ohio, for the Princeton Triangle Club play, "They Never Come Back," which was given at the Murat Wednesday evening.

Mr. Booth Tarkington Jameson entertained with a dinner followed by a box party Wednesday evening, December 22. Miss Wood and Jack Wehr, a member of the Triangle Club, were guests of honor.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Fortune entertained with a Christmas party on Thursday, December 16.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Darmody has returned from the Gardner School, New York, to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Darmody.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffin Perry will give an informal dance for their daughter, Miss Ruth Perry, on Wednesday evening, December 29, at their home.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Oliver will have as their guests during the holidays their nephew, James Livingston Thompson, of Ranger, Texas.

* * *

Miss Blanche Shaw, daughter of Mr and Mrs. John Shaw, who arrives this week from Smith College, will have as her guests for the holidays, Miss Eleanor Burckhardt, Teasdale Fisher and Walter Allen, of Cincinnati.

* * *

Joseph A. McGowan, Jr., has returned from Georgetown University to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. McGowan. He has as his guest James Hamlin, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

The annual Bryn Mawr College luncheon will be held Tuesday, December 28, at the University Club. Present and prospective Bryn Mawr students will be entertained. The committee in charge includes Miss Elizabeth Holloway, Mrs. Quincey Dunlop and Miss Elizabeth Fauvre.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wolcott and daughters, Nancy and Jean, and John C. Craft, of Chicago, are spending Christmas with Mr. Wolcott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eben H. Wolcott.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart W. Parsons have as their guests for the week at Englishton Park, Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Wheeler, Miss Virginia Kahn and Ralph Gauss.

Mrs. Charles B. Clarke received for Mrs. H. E. Barnard on Wednesday afternoon, December 15. Mrs. Barnard is to leave soon for residence in Minneapolis, Minn. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. R. B. Long, Mrs. Beecher J. Terrell, Mrs. John P. Street, Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown, Mrs. Walter F. Kelly, Mrs. Adolph Schmuck, Mrs. Charles R. Cook and Mrs. H. B. Treat.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel H. Dowden entertained Wednesday afternoon, December 15, with a tea, at which Miss Catharine Coburn and Miss Betty Lockard were guests of honor.

* * *

Mrs. Jaquelin Smith Holliday and Mrs. Augustus Coburn entertained with a tea on Thursday, December 23, in honor of their daughters, Miss Alice Holliday and Miss Catharine Coburn.

* * *

Mrs. John Chandler Dallam, of Schenectady, N. Y., has returned to her home, after her visit with her father, Mr. Albert Baker.

* * *

Miss Helen Sheerin has returned from Georgetown Convent, Washington, D. C., to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. S. P. Sheerin.



MISS ANNA LOUISE GRIFFITH

Miss Griffith will make her formal debut at a reception to be given Thursday, December 30, at the Woodstock Club, by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Aufderheide, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph C. Aufderheide and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Kaufman have issued invitations for a dance to be given Tuesday, December 28, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Aufderheide.

* * *

Mrs. Theresa Smith and niece, Miss Tarquinia L. Voss, will leave soon to spend the rest of the winter in Los Angeles.

* * *

Miss Mary Chambers has arrived from New York to visit her mother, Mrs. S. N. Chambers, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bopp.

* * *

Mrs. E. O. Langen has issued invitations for a dance Monday evening, December 27, at the Columbia Club for her children, Kathryn, John and William.

* * *

Gordon Griffith has returned home from Andover, Mass., to visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Griffith, during the holidays.

* * *

Mrs. H. O. McNierney and her little daughter, Marcia, have come from Toledo, Ohio, to spend the holidays with Mrs. McNierney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav A. Pfeiffer.

Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Hood will hold open house New Year's afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock for the young people who are home for the holidays.

* * *

Mr. Edward Ogle entertained for the members of the Triangle Club of Princeton with a dance at the Woodstock Club on the evening of December 22 after the performance of "They Never Come Back" at the Murat.

* * *

Miss Helen Foley is home from St. Mary-of-the-Woods to spend the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael E. Foley.

* * *

Mrs. Lydia A. P. Whitcomb has as her guest her daughter, Mrs. Harry C. Holloway of Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Charles Schaf, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Charles Schaf, Jr., entertained with a Christmas party on Tuesday, December 21, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schaf, Sr., North Delaware street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Drake of Newark, N. J., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Pritchard during the holidays. The Misses Justine and Jane Pritchard have come home from Illinois University to visit with their parents during the holidays.

* * *

Mrs. Hervey Bates, Jr., entertained for Miss Martha Jane Reynolds of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. F. G. Darlington, with an informal tea on Saturday, December 18.

* * *

Miss Ruth Fifer has returned home from Northwestern University to spend the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Fifer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Watkins will receive on Sunday, December 26, from 4 to 7 o'clock, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwyn F. Elkin of Pittsburg, who are their guests for the holidays. Mrs. Elkin was formerly Miss Maida Watkins.

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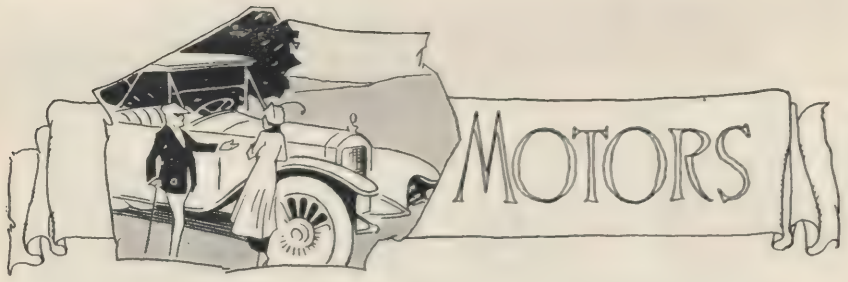
Arthur Iles, a student at Yale University, will be home for the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Iles.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Iles will entertain Miss Betty Thompson, who will arrive December 26 from Rochester, N. Y., to be her guest for the holidays.

* * *

Miss Anne Speers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. O. Speers, will give a tea and "500" party at her home on Thursday afternoon, December 23.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

With the increasing knowledge that good roads are a necessity and the growing realization that good roads mean improved communities and a happier America, it is little wonder that the subject of better highways occupied such a prominent position on the three-day program of the American Farm Bureau Federation convention in this city. Road and highway improvements along intelligent and carefully planned lines were advocated by Henry Sherley, secretary of the Federal Highway Council, and by George C. Deal of Buffalo, N. Y., chairman of the good roads board of the American Automobile Association, in addresses before the convention.

Mr. Sherley, in his talk to the six hundred delegates gathered from every state in the country, urged the necessity of inducing Congress to make appropriations for liberal road improvement. He pointed out that the very individuals who object the most strenuously to any kind of Federal control of highways, on the ground that such a move is putting too much authority in the hands of the Federal government, are usually the very persons who would benefit the most materially from such a system. He favors a plan by which the Federal government would make appropriations for the construction of certain roads approved by it while their maintenance would remain in the hands of the local state and county road authorities.

Mr. Sherley expressed himself as favorable to the maintenance of road commissions by the various states similar to the commission in Indiana, but opposed the laws that require the improvement of roads on petition in such a manner as to result in haphazard and random building of roads.

Establishment of a Federal highway commission was urged by Mr. Deal, who said:

"Every man and woman has a responsibility to discharge regarding highways of the United States. In advancing the cause of good roads in the country we must think in terms of all the people and all the highways. There are three economical and sound systems of highway construction:

"First—National.

"Second—State.

"Third—County.

"These three programs should go forward simultaneously. Just what parts of the highway system should come under the control of one of the three is difficult to determine because so many elements enter into the question. The policy of the good roads board of the American Automobile Association is to co-operate with the state and county in plans of road construction and care."

In discussing the creation of a Federal highway commission, Mr. Deal said that it should be a continuing body and the members should have a reasonable continuity of office. The commission should hear all the plans proposed before making a decision. Each plan, according to Mr. Deal, should apply to all the roads in the United States and consequently should be of interest to each individual.

"Of course, the plan must be based on a sound financial policy, and therefore a slow start is advisable, but if the commission presents the right plan the project will go forward with its own momentum," concluded Mr. Deal.

Approximately ninety-five miles of highways in this county petitioned by taxpayers for permanent improvement have been surveyed and are ready for consideration by the county commissioners, according to J. J. Griffith, county surveyor. Plans have been drawn and blue prints and specifications are ready for bids on the part of the contractors.

Mr. Griffith has revised the specifications hitherto used for county road work and has submitted the new specifications to the Federal authorities at Washington for approval.

"Elwood Haynes, the inventor of the first American automobile, and president of the Haynes Automobile Company at Kokomo, is ready to bring forth an entirely new automobile that promises to revolutionize the automotive industry," runs the Haynes publicity. "Nothing definite as to the exact character and details of this latest product of Mr. Haynes' genius is known here, but the stories are prevalent that the new Haynes car is to be considerably smaller and lighter than the present car and will be marketed at a relatively lower figure."

The Indianapolis Chapter of the American Association of Engineers has recommended that the traffic around Monument Circle be prohibited altogether, and these suggestions will be made to the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce committee of one hundred on city planning.

Ninety-cent Gas?

The Citizens Gas Company, which has made 60-cent gas famous, is now wanting to make 90-cent gas famous. The company has petitioned the Public Serice Commission to make the change. The guess of 90 per cent of the gas users is that the change will not be made.

A Tale of Two Brothers

Ten years ago two mechanics, with greasy hands and overalls, were running a little shop in Detroit, making an honest living with plenty of work to do because they did good work.

About a year ago one of these mechanics died in New York with the flu, a multimillionaire. The other day the other one died at his winter home in Florida. They were John and Horace Dodge, two brothers—no longer classed as "mechanics"—but as motor car builders.

The lives of the Dodge brothers are strangely moving. Probably outside of the career of Henry Ford, no other men engaged in the motor car industry—or any other industry for that matter—made such an impress on the industrial world as these two men.

Their careers, which ran parallel, would be scoffed at should they have formed the basis of a story in the films or in the magazines.

When Henry Ford began his business of manufacturing a popular priced motor car, he looked around for a firm of mechanics to build parts for him. He chose the Dodge Brothers, and they put their best efforts into every part that they supplied for this plant. For their pay they took stock in the Ford plant, which they sold a few years ago for a fabulous sum.

It was then that they decided to go into the manufacture of a motor car. They planned, experimented and tested various designs, and finally decided on what is now known throughout the world as the Dodge car. These two men had high ideals as to what they should put into a car and what a car should return to the purchaser. They wanted a product which would secure public confidence and lay a solid foundation for their business. They builded even better than they knew.

First of all, these two men surrounded themselves with experts—real authorities in the mechanical engineering and industrial world. They provided the best efficiency methods that could be devised. They left nothing to chance, from building a completed car down to writing a letter to a far-away prospect. Their advertising was noted for its paucity of adjectives and in the adjectival description of their products it was kept down to the thought that the Dodge car is a good car.

It was on this foundation that the policy of Dodge Brothers was laid and it is the same policy that will hereafter be maintained by the organization now conducting the business, though both founders have gone.

At the time of the death of John Dodge in New York the question was asked in the motor world, What will be the future policy of the company? The public was informed by Horace Dodge that it would remain as always. Since the death of Horace Dodge in Florida, the same question is being asked. It has been answered as follows by the company in a statement addressed to its many representatives throughout the world:

"Knowing that each member of our organization will wish a word from us at this time and as an acknowledgment of the messages of sympathy and loyalty received from every one, we wish to say that the founders of the business built it on such a rockbed foundation of honesty, integrity and good will that not even the passing of our dear president, Mr. Horace E. Dodge, will in the slightest degree affect the continuity of policies of the business. In faithful accord with his expressed wish, every policy and principle around which the business has grown will continue to dominate it for all time, and under the express authority of the owners of the business we wish to say there will be no pause nor hesitation. The business will be continued as John and Horace Dodge had planned. The plant goes on."

On December 15, the day of the funeral of Horace Dodge, every dealer in the United States closed his doors for one hour out of respect to the late head of the company. It was a spontaneous tribute—and a genuine one—to a man who a few years ago was working at the lathe.

Little Theatre Society

The third production of the season by the Little Theatre Society of Indiana was presented Friday evening, December 17, at the Masonic Temple. A comedy in four acts by Allan Monkhouse, "Mary Broome," was the bill offered to an appreciative audience.

The story of the play deals with the dire results of an intrigue between the youngest son of a very conservative English family and a maid of the same household. Young Leonard is a thoroughly selfish and self-centered person, without being in the least deliberately immoral—a sort of male "Invincible Minnie," except that he has fleeting moments of contrition for what other people regard as his sins. Forced by his father into marriage with the maid, Mary Broome, he continues to be an unsolved problem to Mary. A good, practical girl, she finds both his virtues and his vices equally inexplicable.

George Somnes found a part to his liking in the prodigal son who had no capacities for reform, and his characterization was effective and sincere. As Mary Broome, the wronged maid, Mrs. Eugene Fife did a very convincing piece of work in a beautifully restrained way. Montgomery S. Lewis played the father, a hide-bound conservative, who believes that bluster can accomplish anything; Mrs. Alexander Hamilton as the mother, the only one who really understood the misunderstood young man, was convincing; Miss Lulu Kanagy made the most of her small part as the landlady. The remainder of the cast, Miss Angeline Bates, Miss Jeanette Parry, J. F. Gates, H. H. Hussman, Mrs. S. T. Bogert, Mrs. J. D. Pierce, H. L. Earnest and Miss Elsa Goett, handled their parts in creditable fashion.

Christmas Music From Old Russia

Tschaikowsky, Greatest Composer From Former Czar's Domain, Was Born on Christmas Day—What He Did For Art-Music.

By Ona B. Talbot

On Christmas day we celebrate the birthday anniversary of Russia's greatest musician and composer, Peter Iljitsch Tschaikowsky.

The history of Russian art-music proper, unlike that of the other nations, does not take us back into the remoter centuries. But if we are to appreciate the full significance of the greatest products of the Russian school of creative musicians, it is to the earliest historical records of their race-that we must turn.

Viewed from the literary standpoint, Russian art-music is clearly seen to have its root in natural and political history; in examining it as music we are not long in discovering that its character has been completely altered in the last hundred years from what was written in the far-distant age of minstrelsy. Beginning with Glinka and continued by the staunch little band of idealists of which Balakeref was the recognized leader in the early part of the nineteenth century, with him were Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakof, Stravinsky and Tschaikowsky.

Russian musical history resolves itself into a chronicle in which we see the alternate rise and fall of native folk-melody. With Catherine the Great, the national element began to obtain a somewhat firmer foothold in the first rung of the ladder it subsequently climbed.

Half French in his ancestry, Tschaikowsky's prenatal influences were a blend of east and west. While westerners regarded him as especially Russian, his compatriots think him less "native" than other Russian composers. Like most Slavs, he drew sustenance more from France than Germany. He loved music, he said, that came from the heart, that expressed "a deep humanity" like Greig's. To the delicate brain and nerves of the modern man he added the long accumulated eruptive passions of his race.

The color of life in his music ranges from pale gray to intense black, with here and there a note of angry scarlet tearing through the mass of cloud. Almost all his work, like Tourgenieff's, lies within the one scale of emotions; but from relatively few elements he evokes an infinite variety and complexity. More interested in personal, dramatic emotion than in music of abstract beauty, he worked his way through and beyond the ordinary symphonic form, to the symphony with a human significance or the symphonic poem pure and simple. Music, he held, must always interest in the first place. His real contribution to the history of music, apart from the general beauty and expressiveness of his work, is the modification of the symphonic form in obedience to a poetic idea. His three great symphonic poems, "Fatum," "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Tempest;" the first two dedicated to Balakeref and the last named to Stassoff, apostles of the nationalist group.

The Tschaikowsky ballets all belong to the domain of fairyland, which is always a happy background for a ballet. The ballet in Russia has always occupied a very important place. The first of these ballets was "Lake of Swans," then "Sleeping Beauty," and the third, and one that is well-known to every English Tschaikowsky lover, "Casse-Noisette" or "Nut-Cracker."

This is especially interesting and a happy memory to those who on last Tuesday afternoon witnessed the magnificent interpretation of this famous ballet, "Snowflakes," with Anna Pavlowa assuming the role of Marie. This ballet was arranged with the thought in mind of the Christmas spirit of which it is filled, and to commemorate the anniversary of Tschaikowsky.

The curtain rose on a Christmas tree in the house of President Silberhaus. The guests assembled and the candles were all lighted. Entrance of the children. After they had all received their presents, Councillor Drosselmeyer arrived with dolls that moved as if they were alive (to the delight of the many children in the audience). To his favorite Marie (Anna Pavlowa), the president's daughter, he gave also an ordinary nut-cracker, but this pleased the little girl more than all her other presents. Her brother Fritz and the other boys, with the natural mischievous spirit of boys, snatched it away from her and broke it. Marie burst into tears, and caressed the nut-cracker as if it were a real wounded person. After the party was over, and the candles on the tree were all put out, Marie could not sleep for thinking of her nut-cracker. She got up from her little cot and slipped down to have a look at it. Suddenly she heard mice approaching from all sides. Then a wonderful thing happened, the fir tree began to grow, and all the toys and honey cakes came to life. Even the wounded nut-cracker awoke and began to move. There ensued a war between the toys and the mice, and the tin-soldiers took the leadership, led by the nut-cracker, in which the king of mice and the nut-cracker have a fierce battle. When it looked as though the nut-cracker would be the loser, Marie threw her shoe at the mouse king and killed him. With this the nut-cracker changed into a handsome prince, and took Marie to his magic kingdom. Here was one of the most beautiful features of the ballet; as they flew over the forest, each snowflake was a living thing.

The jam mountain, in the kingdom of sweets and titbits, the Sugarplum Fairy, and the superb dancing of all will be one of the outstanding features of that afternoon in fairyland that the little folk will always remember.



TSCHAIKOWSKY

Greatest exponent of Russian music, subject of tribute from musicians over the entire world on Christmas Day.

Musicians Over World Celebrate Great Pianist's Natal Day—Program in Pavlowa Ballet Contained Famous Selection.

Of the operas written by Tschaikowsky, which include "Eugene Oniegin," "Joan of Arc," "Mazeppa," "The Sorceress" and "Iolanthe," none caused him as much mental anxiety as his first symphony, "Winter Dreams," which portrays the poetic idea of dreams of a winter journey, and the rugged country cloudland.

Of the six symphonies, the one bearing the most national influence is his second, known as "Little Russian" symphony. Although a comparatively brief period separates the third and fourth symphonies, this division represents the passing from the creation of merely good musicianly symphonies to the works to which unquestionably the term "great" must be applied. The fifth and sixth are the two symphonies best known and most frequently heard. He first called it "A Program Symphony," but after its first hearing the name was changed to "Pathetique." Much has been written about this symphony. Many have attempted to guess the riddle of the program, and it is generally conceded that this symphony is as the life of the man. The story is of man's illusions, desires, loves, struggles, victories and end. It has been called Tschaikowsky's "Swan-Song," and writers have not been wanting who read into the music a certain premonition of death.

The introduction of Tschaikowsky's orchestral music into this country, so successfully accomplished by a few devoted pioneers, offers a convincing refutation of the charge so often raised against us, that we are an unmusical nation. Our appreciation of Tschaikowsky has been at the same time deeper and warmer than that of any non-Russian country. As a fitting tribute to the memory of the Russian great composer, James Gibbons Huneker has written: "Because of its opportunities for soul expression, music has ever attracted the strong, free sons of earth. The most profound truths, the most blasphemous things, the most terrible ideas, may be incorporated within the walls of a symphony, and the police be none the wiser. Supposing that some Russian professional supervisor of artistic anarchy really knew what arrant doctrines Tschaikowsky preached! It is its freedom from the meddlesome hand of the censor that makes music a playground for great, brave souls."

Editorial TOPICS Editorial

TOPICS *is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.*

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor
STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas without the youngsters having a real holiday time, with gifts and goodies, is indeed a sorry spectacle. Through the force of circumstances there are always a number of children who would be left out of the Santa Claus radiance were it not for certain kindly spirited people. Christmas in Indianapolis will be no exception, and it is good to contemplate the many "parties" that have been planned to take care of those whom the children's patron saint might miss.

A survey of the situation shows that no children in the city will likely be out of the magic circle. Various fraternal bodies, clubs, organizations and private individuals are going to be "good fellows" this year and see that the children have a good time. The Elks, Shriners, Salvation Army, women's clubs, Advertisers Club, Mayor Jewett and other individuals, will have "celebrations" for the youngsters.

The children of the Indianapolis Orphanage, who did not have chicken or turkey on Thanksgiving, but hamburger instead, will not only have chicken on Christmas but will be a part of the invited guests at the Circle party which the management and the Elks will provide. In fact, the child who misses Santa this year will have to go into hiding, for the old fellow will be manifest everywhere and on most every occasion.

It is a tribute to the spirit of the city that the kindliness of those interested makes this holiday possible. There can be nothing finer than carrying out the principle of "Unto the least of these," as spoken by the Savior so many centuries ago. It is a testimonial that the world can stop long enough in its mad rush to pay homage to the One who was born in a manger and who loved children. Perhaps peace on earth, good-will to men has come back after five years of strife. Let us hope.

A SPECIOUS PLEA

Indianapolis' 60-cent gas evidently was not "on straight," for the Citizens Gas Company has petitioned the Public Service Commission to increase the rate to 90 cents. The average consumer is beginning to wonder where he is going to get off. It may be that the gas company took heart from the water company, which has a petition pending for an increase in water rates. The same plea obtains in both cases—"We need the money."

The gas company takes a fling at tte Indianapolis public for not buying its coke, saying that were it not for other cities buying the by-product of the plant 60-cent gas would be impossible, and further conveying the idea that Indianapolis citizens had not made cheap gas possible, anyhow.

A search of the files of newspapers published during the stock selling and organization of the company emphasized the fact that the sale of by-products would make cheaper gas possible, so the plea set up now for higher rates based on the fact that Indianapolis only has cheap gas because of the purchase of the by-products is a mighty poor argument to those who remember the cheap gas campaign—made on that identical factor.

Aside from home pride, Indianapolis citizens do not care who buys the by-products of the plant—just so they are bought and the result is cheap gas. They are interested, however in the fact that the company weathered four years of war handicapped by scarce and dear materials and yet managed to pay a 10 per cent dividend on a capitalization of $2,000,000. Citizens feel that if the company can do that it can manage to worry along in the face of declining prices on almost everything, including coal and labor.



HOME SPUN YARNS

If there is a man in Indianapolis who is glad to see Christmas come and go, he is Postmaster Robert Springstein. He has been playing the role of Santa Claus not only for Indianapolis people who sent parcels by the truck-load and post cards in showers resembling snow storms to kith and kin all over the broad land, but for people away from this city who have poured a deluge of Christmas gifts into the postoffice here for their kith and kin in Indianapolis.

For ten days or two weeks before Christmas the tide of gifts was running out of Indianapolis, with the mail service as the channel through which it flowed. But early this week the tide began to turn in favor of the home folks of this city. It reached its peak yesterday, and while the pressure of delivery is heavy on this Christmas day, the bottom will have almost completely dropped out tomorrow, although some belated presents may not get to their destination until Monday.

Christmas time is always a big time in the Indianapolis postoffice and on the railroads centering here. Postmaster Springstein prepared for what promised to be an extraordinary volume of gift-giving by adding about two hundred extra men to the clerical and delivery force, and also fifty trucks to the service. If there has been any slowing up, or decline in the volume of gift-giving, it has not been in evidence in the postoffice this week.

Indianapolis has also been a gateway through which trainloads of Christmas presents have moved from the East to the West and from the West to the East. Some of the limited trains over the Big Four and Pennsylvania railroads have this week been made up entirely of mail cars and the cars have been piled to the roofs with Christmas gifts.

One of the famous Christmas trains of America is that over the Pennsylvania lines, arriving at the Indianapolis Union Station at 6:45 each evening. This train has its origin in New York, where it gathers up west-bound mail from that city, Boston and New England. It runs through Philadelphia, where more cars are added, and as it leaves Pittsburg the number of cars in the string has increased to ten or a dozen. It travels with the speed of a windstorm and only "hesitates" for a few minutes at Indianapolis.

At St. Louis the cargoes of the Pennsylvania train are distributed to other mail trains over transcontinental lines for the Far West—to Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco. The Pennsylvania limited mail is a regular train in the United States mail service, but at holiday times its great volume of business is dominated by Christmas gifts.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

THE NEW PROSECUTOR

Contrary to pre-election forecasts, the office of prosecutor of Marion county has fallen into good hands. William P. Evans, prosecutor-elect and a captain in the World War, will take over the office with the best wishes of the law-abiding people of Marion county. His announced selection of aids for the office has met with the approval of the public generally, judging from the many complimentary remarks heard from people of all parties. The men he has chosen as his deputies have good records and are known as young men of sterling character and ability.

Sidney Miller, who is to be chief deputy and who served in the World War, is a lawyer of ability. Burdette Little, a second deputy, is also a former soldier and is highly regarded by his associates of the Indianapolis bar. Jackson Carter, who has been chosen as the third deputy and who will have charge of grand jury investigations—an important position, by the way—is known as a straightforward man and well informed as to the law.

As the prosecutor's office is one of the most important in the county it should be conducted with that view uppermost. It must function properly with the city and criminal courts and the grand jury and there must be harmony in these three places, if justice is to be administered.

No doubt harmony will prevail. In any event the public will look for the enforcement of law regardless of class or political affiliations. It is believed that the prosecutor's office will deliver the goods.

FREAK DANCES

The modern, freak dances seem to be under fire here of late, since Judge Lahr of the Juvenile Court and George S. Buck, principal of Shortridge High School, have openly denounced them. Indianapolis club women at a meeting last week took up the cudgel against the "shimmey," the "camel walk" and other "steps" which have been dragged into polite society from the underworld of the big cities.

Judge Lahr especially denounced the downtown dance hall, where nothing but this sort of dances is on the program, as a hotbed of vice. Professor Buck put his foot down on the proposed Shortridge "prom"—an annual event for many years—because of the vulgar character of the "steps." He said the modern, freak dances ought to be under police supervision and because he did not want police supervision of a high school dance he would simply forbid the dance.

The club women warmly defended the action of the Shortridge head for banning the "prom" and adopted a resolution asking other clubs to protest against such dances. All of which goes to show that the modern dance steps are pretty rotten.



Rails a Good Buy

Investors in rail stocks will be interested in the present trend of these stocks, which show a downward tendency just now due to poor showing of earnings. It has been only within recent days that rail shares have sold off, the market ever since last summer having shown a strong upward urge. There has been considerable objection from certain shippers, particularly from citrus fruit growers of California, to the higher freight rates, they claiming that the rates force higher prices and shut off trade. However, now that both passenger and freight rates are up to stay, the earnings of the roads are expected to show a big increase the coming year, which should have a tendency to boost the stocks. At any rate, rails are a good investment proposition at this particular time, when chosen with discrimination.

No Gold Coins

The usual distribution of gold coins as Christmas presents will be seriously curtailed this Christmas owing to a ban having been placed on such distribution by the Government, which wants the gold hoarded in the vaults at the treasury department as a reserve force. However, persons with gold certificates can demand gold and get it at most of the banks, this being the only exception allowed by the Government. The same condition exists in England, where the gold sovereign has almost completely disappeared from circulation.

Prices Declining

That prices are gradually receding is noted in the monthly report of the bureau of labor statistics of Washington, which shows that in all of the fifty-one cities reporting to the board declines in prices were marked during November. Indianapolis recorded 3 per cent as the average. The lowest was 5 per cent at Memphis, with the other cities averaging between 3 and 4 per cent.

Investment Buying

An eastern financial writer, commenting on the habit of speculation by Americans, says that those who believe the public is always getting "stung" have another guess coming. He points out that Wall street commission houses, connected with outright investment buying, are doing a bigger business in comparison than houses dealing in speculative securities. In other words, the public is buying good investment stocks outright and salting them down. The habit of buying investment securities by farmers, small business men and others was acquired during the war as a result of Liberty Bond campaigns. These buyers are shrewd and take only worth-while stocks. Indianapolis brokers likewise report an increase in investment buying by persons of limited capital who wish to add to their holdings from time to time. Government bonds, high-class railroad stocks and bonds and industrial securities seem to be the favorites. As was pointed out in these columns last week, high-grade stocks and bonds are going higher. Now is the time to buy.

Brokers Get License

Under the new Indiana "blue sky law" security dealers must have license to do business within the state. The commission appointed for that purpose is now busy granting licenses. Becker & Overman, Union Securities, Inc., Haueisen & Jewett and John F. Wild, Jr., all of Indianapolis, have been granted licenses to sell securities.

Wire Connections

The Fletcher American Company has installed telegraph wires in its office in order to facilitate the handling of its bond business. Direct connections are had with New York and other Eastern points.

Buy Big Issue

The Meyer-Kiser Bank has announced its purchase of the $400,000 issue of bonds made by the city of Indianapolis to motorize the fire department. The bonds were bought at par, the Meyer-Kiser Bank being the only bidder on the entire issue. The Union Trust Company submitted a bid on part of the issue.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Margie—Fox trot.

Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home—Tenor Duet.

Columbia

I'm Coming Back to Dixie and You—Tenor Solo.

Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere—Fox trot.

Edison

Buddies—Waltz.

Tripoli—Contralto and tenor.

Gennett

One, Two, Three, Four Medley.

Jinga Bula, Jing, Jing, Jing—Tenor with orchestra.

Pathe

Whispering—Fox trot.

Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere—Fox trot.

Victor

Silent Night.

Gems from "Mary."

WE LIGHT THE CITY

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OPTOMETRISTS-OPTICIANS
INDIANAPOLIS

National City Bank

SECURITY
COURTESY

INDIANAPOLIS

What's on Your Mind

Ralph Lemcke (county treasurer)—That Philadelphia treasurer must have been awfully surprised at receiving $2,250 as conscience money for taxes. I would have been.

* * *

Sol Schloss (clothier)—If you've got dyspepsia, it won't help it any to see newsboys at dinner.

* * *

Charles J. Wacker (president Riverside Realty Co.—There's more than one way to keep out undesirable amusement parks—buy their sites.

* * *

Paul Donald Brown (advertising manager)—Scientists say that fish can talk, but maybe the reason goldfish don't is because them haven't enough privacy.

* * *

Doc Smiley (M. D.)—White mule peddlers ought to throw in a snake with each quart as a Christmas present.

* * *

H. K. Burton (press agent)—Somebody has asked what has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to get a pair of red-top boots for Christmas. I think the answer is that he's crying for a pair of $15 English brogues.

* * *

Lew Shank (auctioneer)—It's never too late to get on the Shank band wagon.

* * *

Burt New (lawyer, nominated as collector of internal revenue)—Boys, I can't talk about it yet—I'm too surprised.

* * *

The Rev. Lewis Brown (rector)—Fashion has no right to condone that which is indecorous.

* * *

Phil Brown (Keith's Theatre)—I see where Attorney-General Palmer has put the headache back in the cider keg.

* * *

Dr. Herman Morgan (city health officer)—It's about time the old roller towel was sent to the laundry and kept there. It's liable to fall and hurt somebody.

* * *

Robert W. Springsteen (postmaster)—Santa Claus appears to be on the job—the holiday mailing at the postoffice is the heaviest ever known.

* * *

J. D. Forrest (manager gas company)—There is a direct relation between our application for increased gas rates and next winter's gas.

* * *

Stanley Wyckoff (poultry dealer)—Christmas turkeys are almost worth their weight in coal.



Theatre Calendar

Week of December 27

English's—Marcus's Peaches, all week.

Murat—The Charm School, entire week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

MURAT

In putting on the stage a dramatization of Alice Duer Miller's delightful story, "The Charm of School," which is the coming attraction at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, commencing Monday, December 27, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and which has been so widely read, Robert Milton, hitherto recognized as one of the most notable stage directors identified with the present-day theatre in America, enters the ranks of producing managers. While it is the first play sponsored by Mr. Milton in a managerial capacity, the production of "The Charm School" has the benefit of his wide knowledge and experience which has previously found expression in a series of such notable musical and dramatic successes as "Upstairs and Down," "The Cinderella Man," "Friendly Enemies," "Adam and Eva," the Princess Theatre New York musical shows and others, all of which were staged by him.

The story of "The Charm School" is too well-known to bear relating at this time, other than to say that Mrs. Miller's fascinating romance is written around a chap hardly out of his teens, who inherits from a maiden aunt a girl's boarding school and tries to run it according to his own unique and humorous ideas. The footlight version will have the added advantage of introducing several incidental musical numbers by Jerome Kern, and with the array of youth and talent which Mr. Milton has gathered as a decorative background, the performance should claim attention as one of the most artistic and appealing novelties of the season.

The cast is an imposing one, including as it does such well-known players as Minnie Dupree, who heads the cast; Miriam Sears, Rapley Holmes Malcolm Duncan, Elsie Scott, Neil Martin, Ruth Hammond, Philip Leigh, William Lennox, Ruth Urban, Frances McLaughlin, Mary Mead and others.



RUTH HAMMOND

The "Charm School," which comes to the Murat week of December 27, features Ruth Hammond and the "twins" in a dainty offering.



BEE WINSOME

Bee is all that her name implies and occupies an important place with the Marcus Show at English's week of December 27.

ENGLISH'S

More than one-half of the seventy-five people with "Marcus's Peaches," which comes to English's the week of December 27, are girls. This musical attraction is one of the costliest on the road and is said to have cost $100,000 to produce. The show is divided into twenty-three scenes. These run the gamut from a palace of jazz to the desert. One of the most elaborate settings of the show is that required for the sub-sea spectacle, "Under the Sea," which culminates in the reproduction of the famous painting, "Birth of Venus." The scenery is from the studio of Joseph Physioc.

While the scenic environment is particularly elaborate, the music and songs are notable. It is also notable for the sartorial garnishment in which the Marcus show outdistances all rivals.

In the twenty-seven musical numbers the double score of beauties composing the famous Marcus Peach chorus, exhibit no less than nine hundred costumes. Add to this the number worn by the principal artists and we find that the complement of habiliments runs well over twelve hundred. Many of the bizarre garments are so elaborate that an entire hamper of ample size is required for the reception of each. However, this does not apply to the gossamer zephyrs which bedeck Venus and her votaries nor yet again to the startling bathing suits displayed in the "Bathing Peach" number. The complete assortment of these can be carried in a vanity case.

KEITH'S

Manager Eggleston of Keith's announces an excellent array of vaudeville acts for his house as the New Year's week offering starting next Monday matinee. The bill is headed by Jacques Hayes and Buster Santos, a pair of the funniest women on the stage today. They will be seen in a musical revue in three scenes in which comedy is the keynote. These two clever comediennes have surrounded themselves with a big bevy of pretty girls, who can sing and dance, and a number of principals whose names are well known in the realms of musical comedy. The list includes Bobbie Tremaine, Will Higgie and Saul Marshall. Several snappy song numbers will be introduced by the principals and chorus. The act will be presented in a special stage setting which is said to be most elaborate.

The children will come into their own in the act of Howard's ponies and dogs. These animals do everything but talk. They dance, drill and play musical instruments in a manner that shows wonderful training. Bert Kennedy, one of the funniest blackface comedians on the stage today, will have his argument with nobody about nothing in particular. His singing of the old Southern blues is a feature of his act. Marie Dorr, "The Rube Girl," will be seen in an act that embraces character singing and impersonations. Jack Rolls and his pretty partner, Ruby Royce, are dancers of a different sort. Their program includes numbers ranging from the popular ball dances to the latest jazz steps. Lucas and Inez are a 1920 Apollo and Venus. Mr. Lucas is a giant in size and his muscular development is wonderful. Miss Inez is a perfect 34. She is trim and neat and has a bewitching smile which she exhibits during the performing of the various aerial stunts by herself and Mr. Lucas. Lynch and Zellar style their act "One of the Six Best Cellars." They are comedy jugglers.

The program as usual will start with the Kinogram News weekly and the Digest Topics with its snappy paragraphs.



JACQUE HAYS, BUSTER SANTOS

Thick and thin, fat or lean, they supply a lot of fun at Keith's week of December 27.

LYRIC

Jimmie Rosen, the little chap who played "Buster" in the musical comedy, "Buster Brown," and who afterward starred as the baby in "The Newlyweds," is to be one of the features of the Lyric's vaudeville bill next week in an act entitled "Call Me Papa." It was written especially for and built around the diminutive funmaker and it is said to be the best vehicle he has ever had for the exploitation of his mirthful talents. Rosen will share the headline honors with "Now and Then," a classy girl act billed as a melodious youthful revue and which is declared to be a veritable riot of color, song and dance. Thomas and the Frederick sisters, a trio of clever terpsichorean artists, will introduce a cycle of whirlwind classical, ballet and Russian dances. Completing the show there will be Mills and Smith, "The Hickville Rubes," in a funny rural skit; Arthur and Lydia Wilson, comedy entertainers; Max Yorke and His Pupils, an out-of-the-ordinary canine divertissement; Francis and DeMar, formerly with the "Top o' the Roof" company, in an amusing offering entitled "Making Good," and the sensational Eugene troupe of novelty acrobats. Screen contributions will be a Mack Sennett farce, "My Goodness," the Bray pictograph and the Pathe review.



FRANCIS DeMAR

Miss DeMar provides some entertaining singing at the Lyrice the week of December 27.



John Lewis, president of the International Union of United Mine Workers, is receiving advance congratulations of his friends on his re-election as head of the miners. Lewis is known as the man with the iron jaw.

* * *

Indianapolis firemen earned their salaries last Saturday afternoon. Thirty-one fire alarms were turned in, a record for one day.

* * *

Harper Ransburg arranged a fine entertainment for Rotary kids at the Athenaeum. There were plenty to eat, drink and gifts for all. It was the Rotary Club's first entertainment for children.

* * *

Sol Schloss and Mayor Jewett made the speeches to the dinner given for the newsboys at the Y. M. C. A. last Monday night. One kid said the speeches were all right, but the dinner was better.

* * *

Caleb Denny, Indiana chairman of European relief, has started organizing one-half of the state to assist in obtaining relief for the starving children of the Far East. Children starving at Christmas time is a sorrowful thing to contemplate.

* * *

Students of the Indiana Law School are at work rehearsing a farce-comedy to be presented some time after the holidays. Now, if they'll all talk in law language" the farce will be funny.

* * *

Oscar Kantner, of the Famous Players Distributing Company, had the time of his life at the Isis Theatre the first of the week, where he gave a children's party, the admission for which was an apple or an orange. The collection of fruit and vegetables was quite imposing and was distributed to the worthy poor by the Salvation Army.

* * *

Former Governor Ralston entertained a bunch of "unterrified Dimmycrats" at his home the other day. The list included most of the old wheel-horses of democracy who have "fit and bled" together.

* * *

Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, Lew Shank is going to be a candidate for mayor. He says so himself and intimates his hat is already in the ring. Lew can be depended on to add a little jazz to an otherwise drab-colored political situation.

* * *

Pay your 1-cent transfer charge and look pleasant. Just suppose there wasn't any street railway. What would you and Mr. Todd do?

* * *

There is always a silver lining. The department of statistics of the labor bureau shows that Indianapolis prices declined 3 per cent in November.

Mrs. Julia Nelson, the only woman member of the state legislature, has said that she intends to talk little and listen much at the coming session. Now if the men members would only do that there might be much accomplished.

* * *

Dr. Henry Jameson, chairman of the board of directors of the street railway company, says that the time is not propitious for a southside cross-town car line. Wonder what Lew Shank'll think?

* * *

Henry L. Dithmer has been elected president of the Kiwanis Club. This despite the fact that he was charged with "using white mule" to aid in his campaign. In fact, the mule was produced at the meeting—a real white one, led in by a halter—and it had kick enough to elect Mr. Dithmer. The other officers elected were Walter White, first vice-president; J. Edward Morris, treasurer; directors: J. A. Kebler, Robert F. Daggett and O. B. Iles for three years; Paul Donald Brown for one year.

* * *

It might be said in passing that O. B. Iles, the retiring president, must have made a good presiding officer for the Kiwanians, for he received a handsome pitcher as a memento from the members. As the gift was being brought forward for presentation, the member carrying it, stumbled and fell, breaking the pitcher. The retiring president, however, was equal to the occasion, and gracefully accepted the gift anyway. Some one tried to lay the accident on the "white mule," but it was not guilty.

* * *

James Cronin, Charles F. Dawson and Cletus L. Weaver, veteran members of the police department, have asked to be retired from active service. These men have been connected with the department for many years and are eligible for retirement.

* * *

A proposal has been made to the members of the Transportation Club to change its name to the Traffic Club. B. W. Fredenburg, commercial agent of the Illinois Central lines, is chairman of the committee having the matter in charge.

* * *

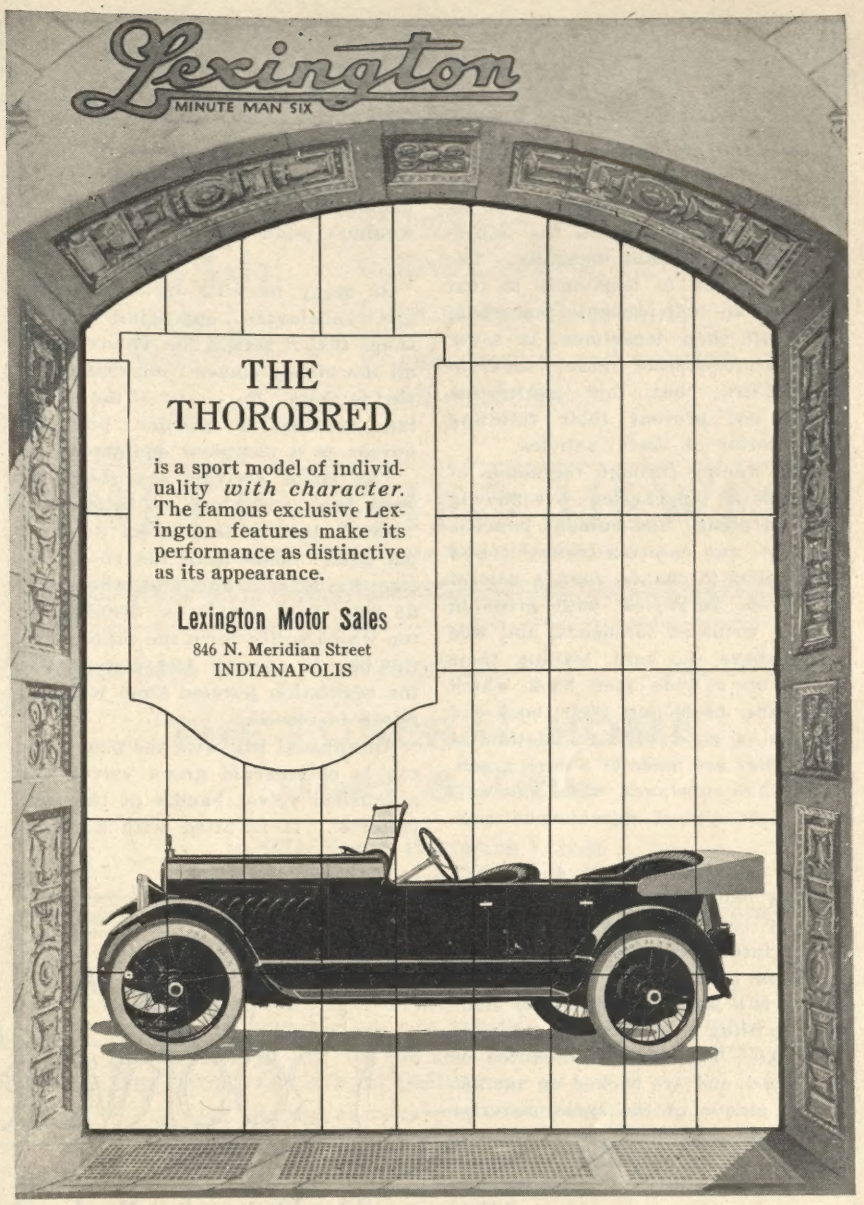
During the holiday season old Grinn & Bearitt will take the place of Tom & Jerry, erstwhile friends of the gladsome season.

* * *

As Julian Wetzel might remark, the oldtime spark plug that could be driven with one hand was about as good as any.

* * *

An eight-year-old Arizona boy was almost carried away by an eagle recently. When the lad is eighteen a chicken can carry him anywhere without trouble.



ENGLISH'S

Monday and All Week—Mat. Wed. and Sat.

Tenth Annual Tour of America's Foremost Girliesque Harlequinade

MARCUS SHOW

of 1920

MIKE SACKS & COMPANY of Seventy-Five

Oh! Baby!!

Sure You'll See the
MARCUS PEACHES

More Startling and Stupendous Features Than in Any Other Two Shows Combined

Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to $2.00, except New Year's Eve, 50c to $2.50

Wed. Mat., Best Seats, $1.00

Shop Tours

Book-ends to hold the Christmas books, at least until their new, unfamiliar feeling is rubbed off by familiar association with the household, are a pleasant necessity. The chief objection to book-ends is that they are an indispensable feature of every gift shop department in town and therefore seem rather superfluous affairs; but this association should not prevent their fulfilling their destiny as useful articles.

After wading through regiments of atrocities in polychrome—overflowing horns of plenty, and bulbous bunches of grapes and assorted fruits—it is a great relief to chance upon a pair of ugly little gargoyles, with grinning mouths, wrinkled foreheads, and wee horns above the ears, leaning their elbows on a wide open book which forms the basis for their book-end life, and a good solid foundation at that. They are made of a dark green pottery-like substance, which fits well with their air of mischievous grotesques.

After growing footsore and weary treading one's way about among all sorts of column bases—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian—all chopped off short to fit them to their lowly task as book-ends, it is a joy to find a pair of mandarins willing to do duty as supports for books. They are hand-carved of dark wood, and are backed up against a dark plaque of the same material as a background. One is straight and tall and dignified, a learned-looking Chinaman; his mate is a sinister individual with long, straight mustaches and a finger pointing in an Iver-Johnson attitude. They are weighted in some manner to lend stability, and the sinister member of the firm has a queer, inexplicable rattle when he is shaken about, that may be due to spirits or to a loosened weight. At all events, they are a delightful and accommodating pair of Chinamen.

A more prosaic set is made of two heavy, metal books, with one cover slightly opened to hold the volume vertical. They are a rich, dark color, with a soft tinge of verdigris in the creases, and they are so enormously heavy that they would easily serve to hold the entire five-foot shelf in position. Incidentally, they cost some sixty dollars, though why they should cost so much more than their lighter-weight relatives is not apparent.

Prices range from five dollars up, but the artistic quality of the book-end doesn't vary with the price paid. Some of those offered for ten to fifteen dollars are quite satisfying, companionable things with which one wouldn't mind living.

* * *

So many fetching styles of purses are constantly appearing in the shops that it makes one wonder where all the money comes from that is carried in them. For many of the charming vanities a powder puff and mirror is a complete equipment.

The latest arrivals are short, full little bags with tops of hand-carved Trinity plate—a lacy effect in greenish gold. Some have the round top, like the lid of a box, and others have an odd, new design—a dome-shaped top which splits down the center when the bag is opened, and fastens with the regulation jeweled knob when the purse is closed.

An unusual bag with the new dome-top is of emerald green velvet with a crushed velvet handle of the same material. It is fitted with a mirror



which has a little pocket on the back for the powder puff and the mirror is anchored safely to the bag by a short chain. There is a wide variety of these new bags at the little specialty shop where this emerald green bag is on display, and several of the department stores have a more limited selection.

* * *

If some of the clerks in downtown shops had divulged the Christmas secrets which they knew, Christmas would have been a fiasco as far as surprises went. One young woman whose recent marriage caused a great social stir, was to receive a magnificent beaded bag from her newly-acquired husband. Before the purchase was made, every member of both the bride's and groom's family had to pass judgment on the artistic merit of the bag. It is to be hoped that the young woman is pleased with the gift.

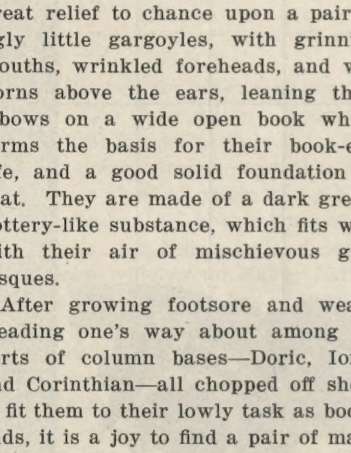
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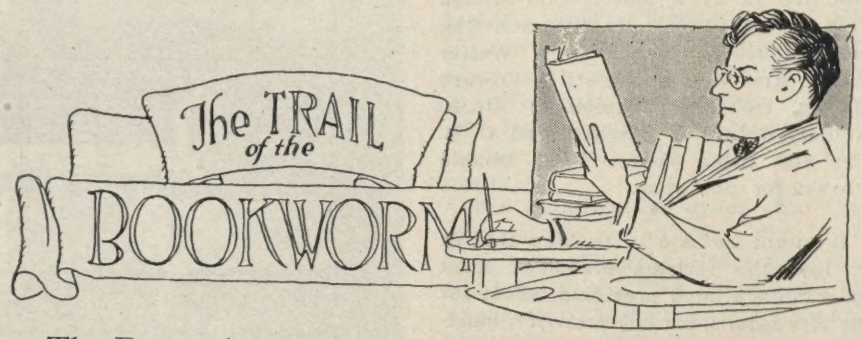
Ever since the scarcity of desirables due to the war first set in, leather goods in really hand-tooled designs have almost disappeared from the stores. At present the market is flooded with cheap imitations but the rich colors and high relief of the hand-tooled Cordoba leather are unmistakable. Shortly before Christmas a number of new pieces were received by one of the leather goods stores, among them several purses on which the tooling of the leather, and the design and the colors, are exquisite. There are new shapes, new fastening arrangements, and the new braided leather handles. Prices range from twenty-five dollars up to sixty and seventy, but any one of these bags will last a lifetime, getting handsomer all the time, for the leather mellows in tone with use.

* * *

The veil is once more in high favor, now that high winds and winter blizzards are here again. Silk mesh veils are shown at one shop with a wide design at one edge and a narrow border at the other. The big, sprawling pattern is caught up over the hat showing up beautifully on a light, plain cloth hat, and the narrow edging is pulled up snugly under the chin. Others, edged on one side only, hang more loosely from the hat.

In addition to the soft taupes, browns and grays, a number of patterns are gaily spotted with bright chenille dots in blue, henna or orange. A striking veil is entirely of bright orange, square, with a border all the way round in a vermiculate design, to be dropped over the top of the hat, with the four corners hanging.





The Domesday Book

The most objectionable feature of the Domesday Book, by Edgar Lee Masters, is its physical resemblance to the Funk & Wagnall's office dictionary. After having escorted a fat, carefully-covered volume on the long trip from office to home, and having opened it up to a first page dealing with idiotic a's, Aachen, Aar, Aardvark, aardwolf, Aarons and A. A. S., instead of the fascinating story of Elenor Murray as told in the Domesday Book, it is almost impossible to avoid being prejudiced against all fat books, Domesdays and dictionaries included. But Mr. Masters' story, written in blank verse on heavy, wide-margined pages, is not really as formidable in length as it appears.

The Domesday Book is the story of the life and death of Elenor Murray, but it is told in original fashion, somewhat after the plan of the play that began with the courtroom scene and proceeded backwards to the crime itself. The Domesday Book tells first of the birth of Elenor and then leaps to the other end of life and describes the finding of her body at the bank of the river, with no evidence of the cause of her death. Coroner Merival holds the inquest, and in his efforts to find the clue to her sudden death, he traces her career as completely as he can, through every circle, every riffle that spread out on the river of life from Elenor's existence. He believes that in finally getting a complete view of many human lives, he will unearth a store of secret knowledge from which laws and codes may be deduced that will avoid the fearful waste of human spirits. He can not understand why men should devote enormous amounts of time, energy and money to perfecting the breeds of cattle and hogs and feel that the breeding of the human race is a divine muddle where human intelligence has no right to interfere.

The story of Elenor's life, its many connections, its far-reaching causes, are told through the stories from many different people that are brought to the coroner—her parents, her lovers, her friends, an editor, a doctor, a preacher, a poor widow and others who apparently have not the slightest connection with Elenor, but whose lives really were bound to hers. The story of this emotional girl, striving always toward some perfect love, is very appealing and at times beautiful.

The book is built on an original scheme and is excellently worked out. It takes its name of Domesday Book after the fashion of William the Conqueror's Domesday Book, which was a census of the people and belongings in his realm. Mr. Masters' book, he says, is a "spiritual census." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Points of Friction

A number of essays by Agnes Repplier, which originally appeared in

(Continued on Page 15)

Camera Club Exhibition

An exhibition of pictorial photographs by B. F. Langland of Milwaukee is on display in the club rooms of the Camera Club in the Rauh Building. The technical name of these misty, art-finish photographs is "gum bichromates." They are done in black and white, green, and different shades of brown. Of the twenty-one pictures included in the exhibit, the one pronounced the best by Mr. Harold Haven Brown of the Herron Art Institute is a photograph in flat grays of a boat lying at the dock. Many of the club members think "The Old Homestead" the most artistic example of this type of photographic work. The exhibition will be open to the public from three to five o'clock Sunday, December 26.

The monthly exhibit of pictures by club members will be on display early in January.

Don't all speak at once: Indianapolis fish and game dealers have venison on sale at from 75 cents to $1.25 a pound. It sounds like round steak used to during the war.

Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

the Atlantic Monthly and other magazines, have been collected in book form under the title of "Points of Friction." In these discussions of mooted questions, Miss Repplier invariably takes up the cudgels for the less popular or at least the less advertised side of the argument. In "The Cheerful Clan," she makes an onslaught on all the glad gang that will appeal immensely to those of us whose facial muscles easily weary in the sad task of maintaining a glad face. She makes a distinction between determined cheerfulness and the philosophical attitude:

"It is not optimism to enjoy the view when one is treed by a bull; it is philosophy. The optimist would say that being treed is a valuable experience. The disciple of gladness would say it was a pleasurable sensation. The Christian Scientist would say there was no bull, though remaining—if he were wise—on the tree-top. The philosopher would make the best of a bad job, and seek what compensation he could find."

In "Dead Authors," Miss Repplier reviews all the literary contributions that have come to us from "the other side," and judging them on their merit and originality decides that certainly the best thing they have yet told us was the message Prudence Worth gave when she said, "This be nuff."

She also raps soundly our sympathetic attitude toward "The Beloved Sinner"; waxes wrathful and contemptuous over the world's mixed notions of "Cruelty and Humor"; takes a fling at the American attitude toward women in "Woman Enthroned"; and sheds a tear for the young American prohibitionist of the future when he begins his wanderings through the wine-soaked pages of the world's great literature.

The remaining essays included in the volume, which are probably more learned but not nearly as entertaining as those mentioned above, are "Living in History," "Consolations of the Conservative," "The Virtuous Victorian," and "Money." (Houghton Mifflin Company, New York.)

If any woman who buys books wants to know the real reason that moves her to part from her money and leave the shop with a book under her arm, she has only to consult the December 4 number of the Publisher's Weekly. Here she will find the secret exposed in a frivolous disclosure by Merrill Ketcham, who has obtained his inside information at the W. K. Stewart book shop. "Adventures of a Bookseller" is the title of the tale, which is, alas, only too true.

Stephen B. Leacock, in response to many requests for more of his popular burlesques, has been funny again in "Winsome Winnie, and Other New Nonsense Novels." It was published early in December, just in time to catch the Christmas shopper.

Federation of Clubs

The Friday Afternoon Reading Club will hold its New Year's party at the home of Mrs. W. H. Ogborn, 2452 North New Jersey street, on December 31. Letters from associate members will be read and responses will be given.

* * *

The Ideal Embroidery Club will meet on December 29 at the home of Mrs. H. Hand.

* * *

Mrs. T. M. Richardson will be assisted by Mrs. W. H. Gadd in entertaining the Irvington Fortnightly Club at her home, 120 Johnson avenue, on December 31. "What Is It to Be an American?" is the title of a paper by Mrs. Billman, and "Indiana—Educational Advantages," is the subject of another by Mrs. Porter.

* * *

The Woman's Research Club was entertained at the Third Christian Church on December 20 by the Little Theatre Society. The title of the Christmas play given was "The Christ Child." Each member was allowed two guests, and refreshments were served after the entertainment.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 6)

she admits, and where some people get the idea that it's fun, she can't see.

Another member of the crew, who can't keep Christmas and business properly separated, is the man who decides that he can afford to spend just so much money on Christmas, and trusts to his wife's expertness in bargain hunting to keep within the prescribed budget. Then when she brings the inevitable announcement that just twice that amount will pay the bill, he is aghast, can't believe it possible, and then submits.

But the spending virus is in his blood. He decides that if he is spending so much money as all that for others he might just as well get himself something before all of his substance is wasted in riotous giving. So he goes to his favorite tailor and orders an overcoat with a fur collar, and, until the bill comes in, feels not quite so badly abused.

"A Successful Calamity"

The Dramatic Club gave its second production of the season Monday evening, December 20, at the Murat Theatre. A competent and well-trained cast, under the direction of Mr. D. Laurance Chambers, presented Clare Kummer's lightsome comedy, "A Successful Calamity." The audience was appreciative and responsive to a degree that very nearly held up the performance at one or two points

The story of the play hinges on the efforts of a tired broker to have a quiet evening at home surrounded by his wife and children. He apparently regards this paradisiacal state as an utter impossibility until he gets the butler's viewpoint on quiet evenings at home. According to Conners, the poor haven't enough money to go out very often, and so staying at home is their chief diversion. Applying this idea to his own affairs, wealthy Mr. Wilton tells his family that he is ruined. As a result of this smashing announcement, his family rally round him in startling fashion, beginning by dining at home en masse. His wife drugs him and goes off with an artist to sell her jewels; his son goes to work in Wall street and precipitates a near-panic by the news of his father's ruin; and his daughter decides to marry for money. Mr. Wilton happily recovers from the effects of the drug, his wife returns with the money for her jewels, and his partner cleans up eight millions on the false report of the firm's failure, a fairly successful disaster even if the family never again have another evening at home.

Anton Vonnegut gave a convincing performance of the socially weary broker who longed for domestic quiet. As his frivolous young wife, Mrs. Hewitt H. Howland was pleasantly irresponsible and yet deeply impressed by the importance of ruin. The young daughter of the family, who juggles fiancees to help her poor dear father, was very smoothly done by Miss

(Continued on Page 16)

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No more will the "shimmy," "the camel walk," the "cheek-to-cheek" and other ultra dances be seen at Shortridge High School, according to an announcement by George S. Buck, principal. Mr. Buck said that such dances ought to be under the supervision of the police, rather than to be danced at educational "proms." In the old days of the dignified dances a ball was decidedly a conservative amusement where dancers had to stick to all the proprieties and show good manners and rearing. Since the ultra modern dances—steps copied from the underworld in both Europe and America—have come into favor, the average ball looks more like a stage rehearsal for a burlesque than a simple society event. Mr. Buck and the school authorities have taken the right step.

The "city gardeners" are coming into their own. A recent report shows that in the state almost 20,000 children took part in raising a garden this last year. Indianapolis was largely represented and will make a better showing next year. The value of garden products raised in the state totaled almost $100,000.

South Side citizens who have been hoping for a cross-town car line have been informed that such a line is impossible to build at this time as it would create considerable loss to the street car company. Meanwhile employes in factories and plants will continue to ride downtown, then transfer and ride back—and finally to their work.

The Indianapolis chapter of the American Association of Engineers has adopted a resolution calling for improvement in traffic on Monument Circle. One resolution asks that the Circle be made a safety island at the Meridian and Market street point and that no left bound traffic be permited whatsoever, all traffic going to the right. The resolution has been sent to the committee of one hundred on city planning. No doubt pedestrians crossing the streets that bisect the Circle should have better protection, and it appears that the plan of making traffic keep to the right is a solution, inasmuch as vehicles would only traverse a quarter segment of the Circle before having to turn in order to keep to the right.

Senator William E. English advocates the separation of the offices of the president pro tem of the state senate and the floor leader. Senator English thinks the practice of combining the two positions in one man is opposed to all established parliamentary proceedings and is not for the best interest of the state. The fact that the duties of a floor leader demand active partisanship and the duties of president pro tem the very opposite, indicates that Senator English has some good argument on his side—and besides it would create another honorary office!

The public dance hall has come in for another drubbing at the hands of Judge Lahr of Juvenile Court, who says he is unalterably opposed to any downtown dance halls. As a general proposition Judge Lahr is right, as the dance hall as conducted—not only in Indianapolis, but elsewhere—is a hotbed of vice. Judge Lahr says that young girls, who think they are grown up, are permitted to roam the streets and fall into vice, which is true, but this is largely the fault of parents. A properly supervised dance hall may be a good thing. A community dance hall properly supervised is a better thing. Youth must have its playground and it is the duty of the parents and community to provide it.

One of the oldest confidence games in existence is the so-called "Spanish game," which bobs up now and then. The scheme is worked through a letter sent to some "prospect," appealing for assistance to get the writer out of a Spanish prison, through the payment of a sum of money with a larger sum as a reward for the benefactor. Recently Abraham T. Morris, a former groceryman of Indianapolis, received such a letter, which he turned over to the police. Sometimes the game works, money is sent to the supposed prisoner, and that is the last of it, of course. A few years ago this sort of fleecing was common, but the public has long since tumbled to it.

The driver of an automobile who abandoned a car and 224 quarts of liquor in a garage, which was later confiscated by the police, has a lot of experience, no money and no booze, which goes to show that some activity is being displayed in chasing the festive bootlegger to his lair.

Manager Jack Hendricks of the Indians has announced that he has sold Jimmy Smith, second baseman, to the Seattle club of the Pacific Coast League. Hendricks has been in New York several days and has obtained a number of new players for the Indian lineup from the New York Giants, which will be good news to the fans of Indianapolis.

The physical consolidation of the two telephone systems in Indianapolis will be effected in 1921, according to Frank Wampler, vice-president and general manager of the company. After the unification is complete it will be possible to talk from any automatic telephone to a Bell telephone and vice versa. The job is a big one and will require considerable engineering and planning to accomplish, but will greatly simplify the telephone question in Indianapolis. The company will spend perhaps a million dollars on completing the merger.

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